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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 IV.

'TIS NOW OLD WINTER binds
Our strengthened bodies in his cold embrace,
Constringent; feeds and animates our blood;
Refines our spirits through the new-strung nerves,
In swifter sallies darting to the brain.

* * * * *
All Nature feels the renovating force
Of WINTER. Only to the thoughtless eye
Is ruin seen.

THOMSON.

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TO THE READER.

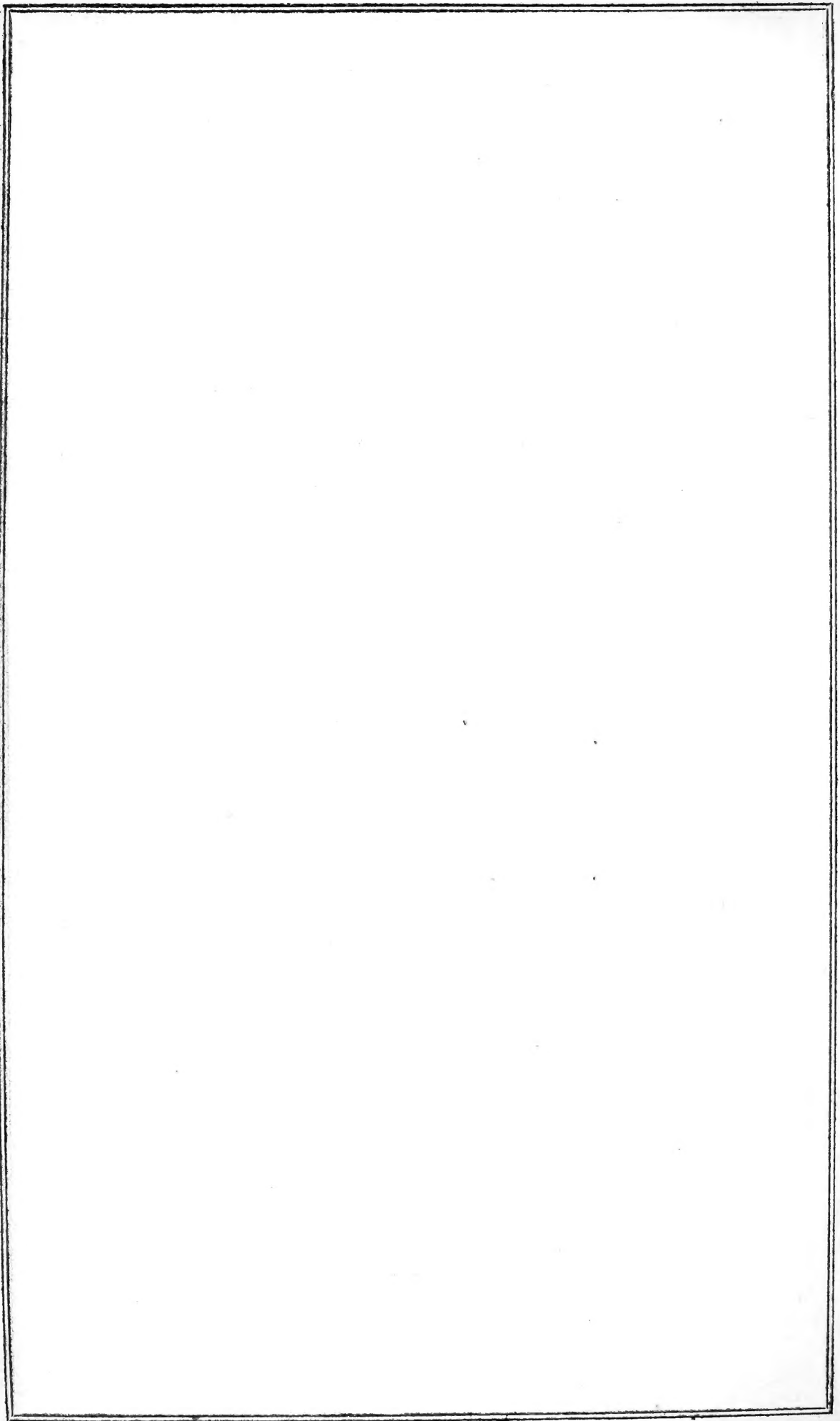
ALBEIT WE ARE AN AVOWED enemy of Fashion, yet do we vastly approve the fashion that recognises a short Preface.

All we need say, on issuing a FOURTH VOLUME, lies in a nutshell. Our friends are now so numerous—our fair fame is so extensive—and our Information, gathered from all parts of the World, is so interesting—that we have only to tender our best thanks to those who have so bravely supported us; and to express the hope that we shall win even more laurels ere we meet again.

The Contents of this Volume speak for themselves. An endeavor has been made to render them amusing as instructive. To produce, and arrange the subjects, has been a labor of love; and if our readers feel, whilst perusing them, one twentieth part of the pleasure WE have experienced whilst preparing them for the public eye,—then will our fondest hopes be realised.

WILLIAM KIDD.

NEW ROAD, HAMMERSMITH,
January 2nd, 1854.



INDEX AND CONTENTS OF VOLUME IV.

Air, Value of, to the Roots of Plants, 250
 Animal and Vegetable Sensation, 53
 Ant, The, 356
 Ants and Earwigs, to Destroy, 189
 Arabian Scenery, 121
 Ardent Spirits, 198, 312, 373
 "Art" of Advertising, The, 222, 367
 Art, Triumph of, 334
 Ass, The, 63
 Atmosphere and its Pressure, 141
Australia, Natural History of, 323
 Auto-Biography of a Dog, 39, 107, 168, 234, 296, 361
 Awful Interrogative, An, 223
 Aztec Children, The, 31, 301
 Bad Temper, 32
 Baldness, Causes of, 87
 Beauty, analysed by "Walter," 317
 Bees, 56, 59, 121, 124, 186, 188, 227
 Birds, British Song, Acclimated in the United States, 213, 289
 ——— Confined in Cages, 253
 ——— Eyes of, 250
 ——— Our "Noble," 357
 ——— Their Dislike to White Fruit, 60
 ——— Provincial Names of, 249
 ——— Vocal Machinery of, 121
 Black Beetles, 52
 Blessing, The, of Pure Water, 185
 Blindness, Thoughts on, 160
 Boring Shells, 123
 Botanical Notes,—Salcombe Aloes, &c., 325
 Bronchitis, Cure for, 254
 Bullfinch, The, 251
 Butter, Statistics of, 120
 Canaries Living in the Open Air, 252
 Capercailzie, or Cock of the Woods, 27
 Cat, The, 51, 115, 122, 191, 246, 319, 373, 374
 Cats and Mesmerism, 374
 Cedar, The, 11, 127
 Chaffinch, A Remarkable White, 219, 318
 Cheap Penny Publications,—The Curse of the Land, 266
 China and the Chinese, 324
 Chinese Primrose, 126
 Chloroform as a Motive Power, 255
 Cold, How to Cure a, 252
 Convents, and Similar Abominations, 10, 24, 77
 ——— "The Agapemone," 10
 Cricket, The, 189
 Cruelty to Animals, 137, 283, 312, 327, 340

Crystal Palace, at Sydenham, The, 55, 181
 Cuckoo, The, 276
 Cypress, The, 124
 Dardanelles, The, 254
 Delicacy, "Extraordinary" Instance of, 192
 Destructive Insects, 54
 Dog, The, 39, 41, 42, 107, 109, 168, 172, 234, 236, 249, 296, 298, 361, 363, 374
 Duration of Human Life, Averaged, 120
 Earth, The, An Ocean of Melted Rock, 56
 Earthquakes in the Tropics, 125
 Echoes, Remarkable, 64, 249
 England, Good by Compulsion, 245
 England's National Failing, 32
 English Climate, The, 254, 335
 ——— Cottage, An, 264
 ——— Modesty, 91
 Engravings Copied by Iodine, 119

ESSAYS AND SKETCHES.

Autumnal Ramble, by "Our Editor," 209; Christmas, 281, 295, 301, 305, 320, 352; Clouds of Heaven, The, 260; Condescension, 81; Death, The, of Summer, 214; Death Viewed as Sleep, 17; Education of Women in England and America, 142; Essay on Good Taste, 68; Fashionable Weddings, 272; Fashionable Follies, 273; First Oyster Eater, The, 95; Gentleness and its Power, 5; Golden Rules of Life, 198; Hints to Fast Men, 22; Hospitals of London, 259; How to make Home "Happy," 221; Human Heart, The, 193; Journey of Life, The, 270; Little Children, 161; "Little Things," 159, 319, 337; Loves and the Graces, 143; Man's Weak Point, 330; Musings by a Benedict, 7; Nature's Master-piece, the Mechanism of the Human Body, 65; Notes upon Notes, 129, 273; Our Mirror of the Months, 34, 102, 171, 232, 294, 350, 353; Our Moral Nature, 365; Past, Present, and Future, 321; Puffing Husbands and Patient Wives, 74; Study of Natural History, 257; Summer, and more of its "Consequences," 26; Thoughts on a Few Drops of Water, 93; To-day and To-morrow, 197; Travelling at Home and Abroad, 179; What do we all Live for? 1; Wife, The, of a Literary Man, 131; Wives, Useful and Useless, 86; Women and Novels, 265; World's Kindness, The, 203; Wrong Letter-Box, The, 66.

INDEX.

Essex Lunatic Asylum, 255
 Every Thing has its Use, 16
 Excitement and its Charms, 15
 Faith and Friendship, 60
 "Fashion's" Devilries, 190, 318
 Female Figure, The, 246, 368
 Ferns, The Cultivation of, 303
 Fish, Artificial Production of, 182, 875
 — Affection of, 126
 Florists' Flowers, 53
 Flowers and their Influences, 33, 62, 78.
 — How to make them Bloom, 121
 Fly-Catchers, A Pair of Remarkable, 220
 Forced Fruits and Vegetables, 88
 Fossil Turtle, A, 252
 Frog, The, 119
 Fruit, Its Use and Abuse, 279
 Fruits and Flowers, Degeneracy in Races of, 125
 Gentleman, Definition of A, 273
 Glove-Making Machine, 61
 Gnats, To Destroy, 118
 Goats in Switzerland, 341
 Goldfinch, A Tame, 220
 — Mules, 53
 Gold Fish, 376
 Gossamer, The, 130
 Grass Lawns, 61
 Gravel Walks, Advantages of, 256
 Great Cedar of Hammersmith, 11
 Ground-Fish, The, of Bootan, 57
 Habit, Thoughts on, 72
 Hackney Carriage Act, 59
 Haddock, The, 61
 Hawking,—The Heron, 42, 94
 Heated Vessels, A Paradox, 110
 Herring, The, 252
 Hints to Amateur Gardeners, 48, 111, 174, 238,
 251, 252, 254, 256, 304, 346
 Home Birds in Foreign Lands, 213, 289, 318
 Horse, The, 317
 Horse-hair Eel, The, 58
 House-Marten, 273
 Howqua's Own Tea-Garden, 242
 Human Frame, The, 355
 Hyacinths, and Early Tulips, 224
 Hybridising of Plants, 152
 Innocence of Childhood, 335
 Insanity, 248
 Insects,—Deilephila Elpenor, 128, 189
 Insect Life, 44
 — Strength, 117
 Instinct and Reason, 139, 284
 Interrogative, An Awful, 223
 Intoxication in India, 135
 Jealous People, 22
 Jeannette, The Amiable Monkey, 132
 Judgment applied to Education, 90
 King-fisher, The, 57
 Leaves of Trees, Impressions from, 125, 189
 Life and Beauty in Damascus, 75
 — in an Oyster, 125
 Light and Air, Importance of, 32
 Lightning, Importance of, 251
 Literary Labor,—Drudgery, 374
 Live and Let Live, 136
 Lobster, Notes on The, 339
 Love and Jealousy, 22, 60
 Lunacy, 56
 Masculine and Feminine, 62
 Medical Quackery, 123

Men and Monkeys, 154, 273
 Mesmerism, 313, 374
 Mignonette Trees, 123
 Minuteness of Matter, 62

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

Absence, 223; Action, 27; Affection, 227; Bashfulness, 117; Begin Well and End Well, 128; Botanical Gardens, Manchester, 189; Candor, 311; Charity, 352, 357; Cheerfulness, 32; Childhood, 268, 315, 334; Clouds and Sunshine, 88; Cold, To guard against, 317; Companions, 47; Confiding Hearts of Women, 253; Cure for Burns, 315; Cure for Cramp, 313; Cure for Gout, 374; Cure for Lumbago, 315; Cure for Scalds, 315; Cure for Tender Feet, 188; Curious Petrification, 248; Cypress, a Large, 317; Dust, Value of, 319; Employment, 374; Epitaph on an Infant, 262; Fallacies, 16; Folly and Wisdom, 312; First Love, 71; Force, Doctrine of, 311; Forgiveness, 317; Frankness, 371; Full Purses and Hard Hearts, 368; Fur, Warmth of, 313; Game, Directions for Packing, 247; Gold Fish, 376; Golden Sun, The, 357; Good Actions, 36; Goodness, 67, 228; Happiness, 330; Hearts must be Won not Forced, 242; Human Sorrow, 72, 84; Humility, 339; Immorality of the Age, 243; Justice and Mercy, 52; Language of Nature, 314; Love, 112, 123; Marvellously-Proper Man, A, 25; Missetoe, The, 295, 315, 319, 320; Modesty, 117; Nature's Eloquence, 82; New Planet, 313; "Odd," but True, 325; Odor of Flowers, 371; Optical Appearance, 181; Our Old English Writers, 135; Poetry and Its Influences, 318; Preaching, Object of, 318; Prudence, 43; Prudery, 117; Putrefaction, 187; Religion, 16, 22; Remembrance, 202; Revenge, 208; Science and Revelation, 375; Sea Soundings, 317; Selfishness and Brutality, 106; Self-Interest, 50, Singular Epitaph, 55; "Spinsters," 190; Stirrup-Cup, 314; Strife, 44; Suggestions by Steam, 295; Summer and Winter, 269, 318; Sweet Melancholy, 83; Tact, 231; Taste, 7; Tears and Laughter, 323; Titmouse, Nest of the Great, 317; True Greatness, 89; True Ladder of Knowledge, 355; Use, Second Nature, 153; Variegated Leaves, 188, 252; Vice, 134, 333; Wet Clothes, 288; Who is the Most Unhappy? 224; Who shall Decide? 185; Worldly Pleasure, 96.

Mistaken Charity, 337, 351
 Mock Modesty, 124
 Mocking Bird, The, 371
 Mole, The, 56
 Mont Blanc, 150, 246, 375
 Morning Air, The, 2
 Moths, To Drive away, 55
 Mount Vesuvius, 24
 Mountains of the Moon, 93
 Mulberry Tree, The, 60, 188
 Music, Its Effect in Insanity, 248
 Nature's Gift to Man and Beast, 354
 "Naturalists,"—Improperly so called, 283, 340
 New Year's Dinner, A, 376
 Niagara, Scene at, 90
 Notes on the Season, Nov. and Dec., 372
 Nuthatch, Nest of The, 149
 Oak, The Evergreen, 128
 Obituary,—Professor Adrien de Jussieu, 58

INDEX.

Observation,—Value of, 125
 Ocean, The, and Its Colors, 27, 92
 Oil from Tobacco Seed, 54
 Ostrich, The, 250
 Owl, The, 127, 248, 318
 Oxygen Gas, 127
 Palm Tree, The, 314
 Parasitical Plants, 61
 Parrots, 52, 53, 186
 "Penny-Wise," &c, 89
 People who do not like Poetry, 12
 Perfumery and the Fair Sex, 64
 Photography, 190, 345
 Phrenology for the Million, 37, 104, 165, 229
 291, 358
 Pigeons, Affection of, 317
 Pitcher Plant, The, 57
 Plants Sprinkled with Water, 122
 ———Motion of, 58
 ———in Bed rooms, 119
 Poultry, 54, 59, 121, 176, 240, 252, 314, 343

POETRY.

"Address" by the "Devonshire Dove," 339;
 Alas, that he should Die! 200; Bachelor's
 Dream, The, 84; "Beauty!" 362; Birth-day
 Song, 212; Bright Summer Days are Gone,
 277; Bright Vision, A, 88; Come let us part
 with lightsome Heart, 197; Could I but find
 on Earth a Spot, 222; Dead Sparrow, The,
 208; Dead Rose, The, 360; Decay of Nature,
 205; Dying Year, The, 258; Evening Hour,
 29; Expansive Heart, The, 350; Fairy King,
 367; Fall of the Leaf, 196; Farewell to Sum-
 mer, 227; Fate of the Oak, 194; Flowers on
 the Tomb, 89; Fond Hearts! Listen, 366;
 Forget thee? Never! 354; Fortune and Love,
 8; Gentle Words, 53; God, I thank thee for
 thy Blessing, 335; God made the World, 132;
 Hark! 'Tis the Voice of Summer, 10; Heads
 and Hearts, 77; Helen! leave thy Silken
 Thread, 23; Holiness of Night, 116; Holyrood,
 144; Home, 352; Hopes, 10; Human Life,
 200; Hymn of the City, 119; I Said,—you
 Vowed, 351; I sigh for the Land, 154; If Life
 be ever Pleasant, 349; It is the Song my
 Mother sings, 330; I would not wish thee back,
 my Boy, 219; Invitation to the Country, 20; Joys
 of Life, 164; Ladies and their "Yes," 21; Light
 and Shade, 238; Lines to Mary, 290; Life a
 Vapor, 355; Live and Let Live, 80; Love for
 Me and You, 288; Loved-one's Day, The, 26;
 Love and Constancy, 87; Love Song, A, 256;
 Maiden's Dream, 73; Maidens! take Heed,
 170; Make Hay while the Sun shines, 4;
 Music of falling Water, 204; My Love is not
 a Beauty, 299; Nature's own Charade, 135;
 New Year's Day, 322; No More! 80, 87; Ode
 to December, 301; Ode to Woman, 280; O!
 Sing again that touching Song, 47; One Glass
 More! 14; Over the Grass, 157; Past and
 Present, 260; Path of Duty, 147; Pledge me a
 Health, 365; Praise, 11; Primrose in Autumn,
 300; Quiet Hour, The, 29; Rainbow, The,
 139; Resignation, 356; School and Summer,
 12; Smiles, 72; Soon I shall hear my Mother's
 Voice, 348; Three Voices, The, 44; Time and
 Love, 266; To my "Dove," 366; To a Wife
 and Children Sleeping, 240; To my
 Soul's Idol, 168; True Friendship, 69;

True Happiness, 68; Village Lovers, The,
 275; Voice from the Church Bells, 90;
 What I Love, 78; Winter Nights for Me! 279;
 With Roses Musky Breathed, 87; Woman's
 Love, 91; Woman's Smile, 92; Would'st thou
 be Mine, 136.

Poetry, Charms of, 86, 133
 Poisonous Fish, 118
 Proposed New Park on Hampstead Heath, 50
 Quackery in England, 255
 Railway Acts and Bills, &c., 255
 Ramble in Darenth Wood, 83
 Ranunculuses in Winter, 53

REVIEW OF BOOKS, AND MUSIC.

ABC Railway Guide, 286; Boys and their Rulers,
 347; Cyclopædia of Poetical Quotations, 153;
 "Dowsing Fork," The, 342; Fanny Fern's
 Portfolio, 217; Ferguson's Poultry Book, 343;
 Glennys's Garden Almanack, 346; Hardwicke's
 New Plan of Publishing, 344; Hogg's In-
 structor, 287; Illustrated London Almanac,
 348; Illustrated London Magazine, 214, 284,
 341; Lady's Almanac, 342; McIntosh's Book
 of the Garden, 151; Naturalist, The, 94, 148,
 216, 283, 339; New Quarterly Review, 217;
 Prince Arthur's Alphabet, 348; Story of Mont
 Blanc, 146; Thornthwaite's Guide to Photo-
 graphy, 345; White's Selborne, by Sir W.
 Jardine, 345.

MUSIC:—Sailing on the Summer Sea, 192;
 I love the Spring, 218; Davidson's Musical
 Treasury, 348; Hail! Prince Albert, 348.—
 Hammersmith Concerts, The "Black Swan"
 &c., 315—Exeter-Hall Concerts, 349.

Reading at Meal Times, 120
 Robin, The, 318, 373
 Roman Coins, 127
 Rook, The, 216
 Roses, 59, 122, 186, 187
 Sea-side Manceuvres, 52
 Sea Worm, The, 189
 Seeds, Germination of Old, 125
 Sensitive Plant, The, 53
 Shark, The, 184
 Shrike, The, Red-backed, 283
 Silkworm, The, 97
 Skylark, A Remarkable, 219, 319
 Sleep, 127
 Snow Storm in May, 84
 Soap Plant, The, 192
 Sole, The, 126
 Somnambulism, 269
 South Africa, Life in, 28
 Sparrow Hawk, The, 55
 Spider, The, 128, 248
 Sprains, Cure for, 124
 Squirrel, The, 220
 Stainbro', and its Feathered Tribes, 247
 Stars, Light of The, 364
 Stickleback, The, 148
 Stimuli, The Uses of, 202
 Strange Fish, 125
 Summer Delectabilities, Pic-nics, &c., 29
 ———Enjoyments, 118
 Sun, Power of the, 254
 Suspended Animation, 60
 Suspicious People, 22

INDEX.

Swallow, The, 62, 127, 318
 Swan, The, 145, 256
 Table-Moving, 45, 63
 ———— New Theory of, by Lunatics, 373

TALES AND SKETCHES.

Blackberry Pudding, A, 241; Broken Heart, The, 113; Christmas Disaster, A, 305; Compliments of the Season, 332; Eccentric Naturalist, The, 157; Edith May (with a moral), 217; Fashionable Secrets (the Honeymoon), 177; Fashionable Weddings, 272; Plum-Pudding Island, 369; Practical Jokes, 149.

Tadpole, The, 119
 Tame Animals, A Chapter on, 192
 Tenacity of Life in a Fowl, 192
 Tench, The, 126
 Thermometers, How to Compare, 124
 Toad, The, 119
 Toad-Fish, The, 187
 Tom-tit, Song of the, 149, 248
 ———— Nest of the Great, 317
 Turbot, The, 255
 Turtle Dove, The, 51
 Umbrellas and Sticks, 63
 Vaccination, 121
 Vegetable Life, Curiosities of, 356

Vegetable Physiology, 3, 70, 195, 250
 Vegetation, Prolific Power of, 355
 Ventilation, Importance of, 262
 Village Tea Party, A, 20
 Vinegar Plant, The, 200
 Visit to Mucross Abbey, 13
 Vulgar Error,—“Blind as a Mole,” 266.
 Walton Hall, A Visit to, 205
 Wasp, Notes on the, 225
 Water Cresses, 52, 61
 What do we all Live for? 1, 349, 375
 White Wax, Uses of, 56
 Wild Dog Spearing in India, 155
 Wives and Money, 366
 Woody Fibre, Tenacity of, 55
 Woman,—Her Form; How to be Preserved
 “Beautiful,” 368
 Woman’s Mission, 300
 Women of China, 144
 ———— Spain, 134
 Women-Cricketers (!) 64
 Works of Art, and Public Morals, 308
 World, The, and Its Maker, 223
 Yew Trees, 11, 80
 Zoological Folk Lore, No. III., 278
 Zoology, On the Study of, 365

KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL

AUGUST, 1853.

WHAT DO WE ALL LIVE FOR?

WHAT'S "LIFE?" At best a wandering breath;
When saddest, but a passing sigh;
When happiest, but a summer wreath—
A sigh of roses floating by.

CROLY.



CHEERFULNESS, IT IS WELL-KNOWN, IS THE CHARACTERISTIC FEATURE OF OUR LIFE. We hate long faces; and wherever we find them, we zealously set to work to reduce them to the shortest possible length, in the quickest possible time.

We do this on the great principle,—for in order to be "happy" we *must be* cheerful. The one is the natural consequence of the other. In all that flows from our pen, we try to establish this truth.

Yet with all our cheerfulness, let it not be imagined that we are, or can be, indifferent to the scenes that are daily passing around us, or that we fail to sympathise largely with what we are necessitated to witness in the way of sorrow. He who is the possessor of "a heart," has enough to do, if he live in London, to control the emotions which that heart *must* feel between sunrise and the close of day.

It may be said, that all people have hearts. They have truly; but all hearts are not tender alike. That which causes one to sigh, will more frequently produce merriment in another. We see this, whenever we walk abroad; and blush for our race.

We have headed this paper—"What do we all Live for?" We are not going to say what we all *ought* to live for. Our sentiments on this matter are impressed upon every page of OUR JOURNAL. We are going to speak of that which IS.

At no season of the year more appropriately than the present, could we take observations. Every street is full of life and motion; all the shops are attractively set out; every temptation that can catch the eye, and draw the purse-string, is exhibited in the windows. Let us watch the passers-by. The tempter has but to tempt, and his victim is bagged!

Just now, amusements and excursions are the order of the day. We see multitudes of people flocking in all directions; commencing at early dawn to meet the various steam-boats and railway-trains. Every face betokens excitement. All seem bent on pleasure. If they have but one five-shilling-piece in the world, there are many we wot of who would spend it to its last farthing. This is to carry out *their* "great principle,"—for, be it known, there *is* a great principle attaching to all grades of society,—but whether a bad or a good principle, we do not say.

Thought, reflection, prudence, economy, foresight—rule very little among "the people" in August. "Fun" must be had. *Care* must be banished. "The great folk have gone out of town, so must we." And away they go!

Now we are not against these amusements of the people. Far from it. We would promote them to the fullest extent. We love to see all the world "happy." It is to the view they take of "happiness" that we demur. We want to see their joys more natural, their ideas more rational, their description of a "pleasant day" a little more refined. At present—eating, drinking, smoking, and romping, are their *summum bonum* of enjoyment.

As for the devotees of fashion,—our remarks can never reach them. They live for fashion *only*. They care for nothing save appearances. They do not deny it. We note their sufferings day after day, and smile at the *ennui* which attends them in their strict routine of severe duties. They dwell in an atmosphere of their own. They are not free agents, but move quite at the will of others. Men, women, and children, pass us daily, whose countenances but too plainly indicate how unenviable is the life they lead. Hypocrisy,—conventional hypocrisy,—sways every action of their life. They have a face for everybody (etiquette demands this), and are, we imagine, glad to tear off the mask at midnight. It *must be* a terrible part to play! Downright hard work. Drudgery. But let us proceed.

Whilst those of whom we have been speak-

ing are squandering away fortunes in the purchase of new bonnets, ribbons, fashionable dresses, &c.; visiting exhibitions, attending concerts, making morning calls, and frittering away their time amidst unceasing gaiety, frivolity, &c.,—let us take a peep at other passers by—all children of one great Father.

Note those poor emaciated, sickly girls, hurrying along with large paper boxes. Those boxes contain what they have been sitting up night after night to finish, in order that the painted butterflies of fashion we have made mention of may be rendered still more gaudily attractive. These poor, pale girls, are "in the habit" of sitting up night after night. They are used to it! What care the gaudy, glittering butterflies? Nothing! "The Slaveys are *paid* for what they do."

And see those care-worn countenances, that ever and anon flit past us. Does not each one of them tell of a heart consuming with sorrow? And who shall say *what* that sorrow is? Perhaps a sick husband, a sick wife, a sick child, or a dying parent, are awaiting anxiously the issue of that hurrying step. Application, most probably, is about to be made for the payment of a small bill—long since overdue. The applicant is anticipating a rebuff, and too well knows what he has every reason to expect. Alas! What are mankind made of? Hearts are broken daily, by the hundred; simply because people will not be honest enough to pay what they owe! It has become "a crime" to ask for one's own.

But why need we multiply cases of sorrow? Daily is the bell heard "tolling" for the dead. Daily are funeral processions passing in array before us. Daily are pictures of sorrow, starvation, and horror, haunting us at every step,—still is the game of life played merrily out. Nothing seems to soften a heart naturally callous. Selfishness and exclusiveness close the door against all sympathy. Sad, but true!

Such is the world! But are there no exceptions? Yes; thank God there are. Whilst Mammon holds his court in public, there are many secret angels of mercy tracing out the abodes of sorrow, and ministering to the necessities of the unfortunate. No record is there in the newspapers of *their* good deeds; neither knoweth their right hand what is done by the left. This is true charity. Do not let it be imagined for one moment that our remarks have reference to those well-meaning, but misguided, silly Englishwomen, who, at all hours (seasonable or otherwise), rush hither and thither, distributing a parcel of "Tracts." Surely not! We allude to something more sensible, something more rational, something more pure and holy. The love of praise too often rules the one;

the other proceeds from a purer fountain. We allude to those who—

Do good by stealth,—and blush to find it fame.

Our much-loved correspondent, "FORESTIERA," has placed in our hands facts connected with the labors of certain religious women, that cause us to love the sex better than ever. She has arrayed her facts in the simple garb of truth. The narrative is unadorned, but sweetly eloquent. Her examples are worthy of imitation. It is true they relate not to England. We wish they did! But they are pleasing proofs of what may be done, and *is* done, by many a noble-hearted woman. We care not *where* she dwells.

It is sad that we should require to be taught by foreigners what is "our duty towards God and our fellow-creatures." Yet do the documents sent us by "FORESTIERA" prove that we have much to learn in this matter. Self-denial, privation, poverty, and devotion, prevail largely abroad. Can this be said truly of England? Hardy indeed must he be, who would dare to assert it!

No! We who inhabit a "Christian land," must hide our heads when any searching inquiry be made touching our "self-sacrifices." Our lives are patent to all. Whilst human misery dogs our footsteps wherever we tread, we pass on, Levite like,—without feeling much, if any compassion, for the sufferer (unless, indeed, *our names* are to be printed up). Our pleasures must not be interfered with,—nor our amusements interrupted. In a word, "Charity begins at home." Is it not so?

Surely we shall be pardoned for having raised the question,—"*What do we all Live for?*" Life never could have been bestowed upon us for the unworthy purpose to which *we* are in the habit of applying it.

Let us reflect upon this.

THE MORNING AIR.

THERE is something in the morning air that, while it defies the penetration of our proud and shallow philosophy, adds brightness to the blood, freshness to life, and vigor to the whole frame. The freshness of the lip, by the way, is, according to Dr. Marshall Hall, one of the surest marks of health. If you would be well, therefore—if you would have your heart dancing gladly, like the April breeze, and your blood flowing like an April brook—up with the lark—"the merry lark," as Shakspeare calls it, which is "the ploughman's clock," to warn him of the dawn—up and breakfast on the morning air—fresh with the odor of budding flowers, and all the fragrance of the maiden spring. Up, up from your nerve-destroying down bed, and from the foul air pent within your close-drawn curtains, and, with the sun, "walk o'er the dew of yon high eastern hills."

POPULAR SCIENCE.

VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY.

No. II.—THE STRUCTURE OF PLANTS.

THERE IS SOMETHING PECULIARLY TEMPTING to the mind in the study of the minute structure of organic life; to look into the secrets hidden from the vulgar gaze, as it were, in the silent counsels of the Creator. In the pursuit of this knowledge, the student feels the light buoyancy of spirits which characterise our earliest searches after truth. With genuine simplicity he feels himself a child again; listening to the mysterious revelations of the Father of all Truth. Aye; and with his microscope in his hand, he is in a fairer way for Heaven than the professed theologian with his empiric distinctions of doctrine and discipline.

Simplicity is the great leading trait in all the works of nature; and never is this truth more beautifully illustrated than in the branch of science of which we are treating. So simple indeed is the structure of plants, and even of animals, that we might sum up by stating that a round little globe, a miniature bladder—a cell, represents all life, all action, all sensation, even the throne of intelligence. To illustrate this proposition, let us suppose that we have a thin section of some succulent vegetable substance—say a tuberous root; and subjecting it to a magnifying power of some two-hundred diameters, what have we then? The field of the microscope, which in reality does not exceed a pin's head in size, is covered by a piece of netting about two inches across. This netting is the cellular structure of which the plant is composed. Each cell was originally separate, and had a distinct covering to itself; being in fact a bladder, though so small, that it would require from three hundred to a thousand of them (placed in single file) to make up one linear inch. Cork, the outer bark of a species of oak, is composed of this tissue, and was found by Hooke to contain more than one thousand cells in the length of an inch. Little indeed do we imagine that a piece of this substance (an inch each way), is made up of 1,000,000,000 distinct cells, all possessed of individual as well as conjoint life.

In the example supposed to be under our microscope, we see no evidence of the mass being made up of hollow spheres. The appearance presented is merely that of a piece of net-work, exhibiting dark thread-like lines, crossing each other at somewhat regular angles, enclosing clear spaces—generally six-sided. These spaces are the cells; the membrane of which is so delicate as to be invisible, unless when placed edgeways to the eye. So that it follows, as a matter of

course, that we cannot see that part on which we look perpendicularly. This phenomenon is well illustrated by a piece of window-glass. We know that, as it is usually presented to our gaze it is invisible, save by reflections from its surface, or the occurrence of some foreign body on it; but turn the edge to the eye, and instead of being colorless and perfectly transparent, it becomes colored and almost opaque.

The structure which we have just examined is the simplest form of vegetable tissue; and is supposed to be the parent of all other forms. It is principally found in very succulent tubers and roots, fruit, in the flower, pith, and bark. The original form of the *cell* is said to be spherical; but from various causes, this form becomes changed by pressure. The cells change to square, oblong, many-sided; and indeed to an infinitude of shapes. One change, however, is more determinate than the rest, *i. e.*, from the *spherical* to the *tubular*. In physiological language, from the cellular to the vascular.

Let us now take as a second object, a fine section, cut lengthways, from the first year twig of a tree; and placing it under our microscope, we have a decided change of scene. True we have still the net-work of cells; but in addition to them, we discover a number of tubes running in a parallel course between them; some retaining a uniform thickness throughout, and others gradually tapering down to a pointed extremity. These tubes, or *vessels*, are never found in the lower class of plants—as mushrooms, seaweeds, and mosses; and occur most plentifully in such as form woody stems, as trees and shrubs. Their purpose is two-fold; they serve as canals through which the fluids pass, and they give solidity and strength to the structure. Foremost among the strength-giving, are those which taper towards the extremity. They are by far the shortest of all the vessels; their length seldom exceeding from twelve to twenty times their breadth. They are called fusiform or spindle-shaped, from their tapering at each end, and make up almost the entire bulk of timber.

Occasionally, both cells and vessels present beautiful markings on their surface. Sometimes, they appear as if a band had been carefully wrapped round their exterior, and then they are called spiral cells or vessels, as the case may be. At other times, this ribbon seems broken up in pieces, and instead of a regular corkscrew-like appearance on a vessel, only a number of rings are visible. Or the breaking may go still further, and a few bars alone remain; giving the idea, when looked at through the microscope, of a ladder. Only one step further is necessary, and all definite marking is lost

in a confused aggregation of dots or spots. Another kind of marking is more worthy of notice. It occurs exclusively on the spindle-shaped tissue; or rather, the woody-fibre. A row of round dots run perpendicularly down the tube, each surrounded by a dark ring. Occasionally, the row is double, as in the case of a tribe of pines inhabiting southern Chili and New Zealand. Indeed, this *punctuated woody tissue* occurs only in the pine tribe.

All the varieties of tissue to which we have heretofore alluded, possess regular forms; but now we come to one of another class. This form is called the milk-vessels, from their containing a thick fluid, often of a milky whiteness. Plants which bleed freely upon being cut,—as the dandelion, poppy, lettuce, celandine, and India-rubber tree, are rich in this form of tissue; and in the thinner portions of many of them, it may be detected, resembling irregularly-branched veins, through which a granular fluid is seen coursing. These branched, or milk-vessels, are the least frequently met with of all tissues.

Out of these cells and vessels, then, all plants, and parts of plants, are composed; and to these may they be reduced by means of the microscope. But every part of a plant is not built alike; the materials are similar, but in some the workmanship is finer than in others. The flower which seems to be the master-piece of nature's excellence, has a most delicate structure. It is composed almost exclusively of cells, which, in the case of tulips and lilies, are somewhat elongated; but, in the majority of other plants, approximate to the angular-spherical. These cells are perfectly transparent, but contain in their interiors rich colors of a wonderful diversity of tint; giving to the whole petal the strip, or dot, or the scarcely perceptible blush which suffuses its fair cheek. Few florists would credit the fact, that to produce the flame on a tulip petal, thousands of cavities have to be filled with purples, reds, crimsons, pinks, oranges, yellows, and saffron, of every variety of shade, from the deepest to the lightest. The flowers of some plants contain, besides cells, a number of milk-vessels; a few also exhibit an intermixture of the stronger vessels. The dandelion is an example of the former, and Banksia of the latter.

The leaf is composed of cells, through which ramify a multitude of vascular bundles. These bundles are distinctly observable externally; and are variously known as the nerves, veins, and ribs. The latter is certainly the least objectionable title of the three, as the purpose of these bundles is to give strength to the leaf's expanse; while the fact of the plant being destitute of sen-

sation, and these bundles then performing no prominent part in the circulation, denies them any claim to be called nerves, or veins. The cells in the leaf contain a waxy substance, of a green color; which, shining through the transparent covering, gives the verdant hue to the leaf. The flower and leaf, as indeed almost all parts of the plant, are covered by a thin, transparent skin, which consists generally of a layer of flattened cells. This comes easily off with the knife, and must be familiar to all your readers. On the lower surface of leaf, situated in this thin skin or *epidermis*, are to be noticed some of the most beautiful objects which the microscope has yet revealed to us. These are the stomata. Of their functions, I shall have occasion to speak in a future paper. These mouths, or stomata, vary in size and form almost as much as cells do; they consist of a rounded oblong, or angled opening, bounded by from two to a dozen cells. Internally, they communicate with cavities between the cells, and serve as doors for the admission and ejection of gaseous substances. So many as one hundred and sixty thousand of these openings have been counted on one square inch of lilac-leaf. They generally occur on the under surface exclusively; though, in a few plants, they appear equally on both sides of the leaf.

Particulars regarding the structure of the root and stem, will be found in the next paper. D.

"MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES."

The sun is bright, the air is clear,
The darting swallows soar and sing;
And from the stately elms I hear
The blue-bird prophesying spring.

So blue yon winding river flows,
It seems an outlet from the sky;
Where, waiting till the west wind blows,
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

All things are new; the buds, the leaves,
That gild the elm trees-nodding crest,
And e'en the nests beneath the caves;
There are no birds in last year's nest!

All things rejoice in youth and love,
The fullness of their first delight;
And learn from the soft Heavens above
The melting tenderness of night.

Maiden! who read'st this simple rhyme,
Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay;
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
For oh! it is not always May.

Enjoy the spring of love and youth,
To some good angel leave the rest;
For time will teach thee soon the truth,
There are no birds in last year's nest.

H. W. L.

GENTLENESS, AND ITS POWER.

A woman's—nay, a little child's soft hand,
With gentle patting easier doth command,
And make the bristling boar to crouch and fall,
Than any boisterous wrestler of them all.

PLUTARCH.

IT IS NOT NEEDFUL FOR US to dilate on the magic power of gentleness, which we have ever pronounced to be an irresistible argument when all others fail; but we know too well the value of such a talisman, to be silent in its praises as opportunity offers. One half at least of the world's misfortunes originate in their contempt for this virtue. Take our word for it, good people; we may *always* lead, and win, by kindness. Hard words, cruel speeches, opposition, and perverseness, prevail neither with mankind nor with animals. But *every thing* falls before the sunshine of good-nature. We prove this daily.

The subjoined fragment will fully illustrate our meaning:—

* * *

"I did not hear the maiden's name; but in my thought I have ever since called her "Gentle Hand." What a magic lay in her touch! It was wonderful.

"When and where, it matters not now to relate;—but once upon a time, as I was passing through a thinly-peopled district of country, night came down upon me, almost unawares. Being on foot, I could not hope to gain the village towards which my steps were directed, until a late hour; and I therefore preferred seeking shelter and a night's lodging at the first humble dwelling that presented itself.

"Dusky twilight was giving place to deeper shadows, when I found myself in the vicinity of a dwelling, from the small uncurtained windows of which the light shone with a pleasant promise of good cheer and comfort. The house stood within an enclosure, and a short distance from the road along which I was moving with wearied feet. Turning aside, and passing through an ill-hung gate, I approached the dwelling. Slowly the gate swung on its wooden hinges, and the rattle of its latch, in closing, did not disturb the air until I had nearly reached the little porch in front of the house, in which a slender girl, who had noticed my entrance, stood awaiting my arrival.

"A deep, quick bark, answered almost like an echo, the sound of the shutting gate; and, sudden as an apparition, the form of an immense dog loomed in the doorway. I was now near enough to see the savage aspect of the animal, and the gathering motion of his body, as he prepared to bound forward upon me. His wolfish growl was really fearful. At the instant when he was about to spring, a light hand was laid upon his shaggy neck, and a low word spoken.

"Don't be afraid. He won't hurt you," said a voice, that to me sounded very sweet and musical.

"I now came forward, but in some doubt as to the young girl's power over the beast, on whose rough neck her almost childish hand still lay. The dog did not seem by any means reconciled to my approach, and growled wickedly his dissatisfaction.

"Go in, Tiger," said the girl—not in a voice of authority, yet in her gentle tones was the consciousness that she would be obeyed; and as she spoke, she lightly bore upon the animal with her hand, and he turned away, and disappeared within the dwelling.

"Who's that?" A rough voice asked the question; and now a heavy-looking man took the dog's place at the door.

"Who are you? What's wanted?" There was something very harsh and forbidding in the way the man spoke. The girl now laid her hand upon his arm, and leaned with a gentle pressure against him.

"How far is it to G——?" I asked, not deeming it best to say, in the beginning, that I sought a resting-place for the night.

"To G——!" growled the man, but not so harshly as at first. "It's a good six miles from here."

"A long distance; and I'm a stranger and on foot," said I. "If you can make room for me until morning I will be very thankful."

"I saw the girl's hand move quietly up his arm, until it rested on his shoulder, and now she leaned to him still closer.

"Come in. We'll try what can be done for you." There was a change in the man's voice that made me wonder.

"I entered a large room, in which blazed a brisk fire. Before the fire sat two stout lads, who turned upon me their heavy eyes with no very welcome greeting. A middle-aged woman was standing at a table, and two children were amusing themselves with a kitten on the floor.

"A stranger, mother," said the man who had given me so rude a greeting at the door; and he wants us to let him stay all night."

"The woman looked at me doubtingly for a few moments, and then replied, coldly:

"We don't keep a public house."

"I'm aware of that, ma'am," said I; "but night has overtaken me, and it's a long way to G——."

"Too far for a tired man to go on foot," said the master of the house, kindly; "so it's no use talking about it, mother; we must give him a bed."

"So unobtrusively that I scarcely noticed the movement, the girl had drawn to the woman's side. What she said to her I did not hear, for the brief words were uttered in a low voice; but I noticed that, as she spoke, one small fair hand rested on the

woman's hand. Was there magic in that gentle touch? The woman's repulsive aspect changed into one of kindly welcome, and she said:

"Yes, it is a long way to G——. I guess we can find a place for him. Have you had any supper?"

"I answered in the negative.

"The woman, without further remark, drew a pine table from the wall, placed upon it some cold meat, fresh bread and butter, and a pitcher of new milk. While these preparations were going on, I had leisure for more minute observation. There was a singular contrast between the young girl I have mentioned, and other inmates of the room; and yet I could trace a strong likeness between the maiden and the woman, whom I supposed to be her mother—browned and hard as were the features of the latter.

"Soon after I had commenced eating my supper, the two children who were playing on the floor began quarrelling with each other.

"John! go off to bed!" said the father, in a loud, peremptory voice, speaking to one of the children.

"But John, though he could not help hearing, did not choose to obey.

"Do you hear me, sir? Off with you!" repeated the angry father.

"I don't want to go," whined the child.

"Go, I tell you, this minute!"

"Still there was not the slightest movement to obey; and the little fellow looked the very image of rebellion. At this crisis in the affair, when a storm seemed inevitable, the sister, as I supposed her to be, glided across the room; and stooping down, took the child's hand in hers. Not a word was said, but the young rebel was instantly subdued. Rising, he passed out by her side, and I saw no more of him during the evening.

"Soon after I had finished my supper, a neighbor came in, and it was not long before he and the man of the house were involved in a warm political discussion, in which were many more assertions than reasons. My host was not a very clear-headed man; while his antagonist was wordy and specious. The former, as might be supposed, very naturally became excited, and now and then indulged himself in rather strong expressions towards his neighbor, who, in turn, dealt back wordy blows that were quite as heavy as he had received; and a good deal more irritating.

"And now I marked again the power of that maiden's gentle hand. I did not notice her movement to her father's side. She was there when I first observed her, with one hand laid upon his temple, and lightly smoothing the hair with a caressing motion.

Gradually the high tone of the disputant subsided, and his words had in them less of personal rancour. Still, the discussion went on; and I noticed that the maiden's hand, which rested on the temple when unimpassioned words were spoken, resumed its caressing motion the instant there was the smallest perceptible tone of anger in the father's voice. It was a beautiful sight; and I could but look on and wonder at the power of that touch—so light, so unobtrusive, yet possessing a spell over the hearts of all around her. As she stood there, she looked like an angel of peace, sent to still the turbulent waters of human passion. Sadly out of place I could not but think her, amid the rough and rude; and yet, who more than they need the softening and humanising influences of one like the Gentle Hand?

"Many times more, during that evening, did I observe the magic power of her hand and voice—the one gentle, yet potent, as the other.

"On the next morning, breakfast being over, I was preparing to take my departure, when my host informed me that if I would wait for half an hour, he would give me a ride in his wagon to G——, as business required him to go there. I was very well pleased to accept of the invitation. In due time, the farmer's wagon was driven into the road before the house, and I was invited to get in. I noticed the horse; it was a rough-looking Canadian pony, with a certain air of stubborn endurance. As the farmer took his seat by my side, the family came to the door to see us off.

"Dick!" said the farmer, in a peremptory voice, giving the rein a quick jerk as he spoke.

"But Dick moved not a step.

"Dick! you vagabond! get up." And the farmer's whip cracked sharply by the pony's ear.

"It availed not, however, this second appeal. Dick stood firmly disobedient. Next the whip was brought down upon him with an impatient hand; but the pony only reared up a little. Fast and sharp the strokes were next dealt, to the number of a half-dozen. The man might as well have beaten his wagon!

"A stout lad now came into the road; and catching Dick by the bridle, jerked him forward, using, at the same time, the customary language on such occasions; but Dick met this new ally with increased stubbornness, planting his forefeet more firmly, and at a sharper angle with the ground. The impatient boy now struck the pony on the side of his head with his clinched hand, and jerked cruelly at his bridle. It availed

nothing, however: Dick was not to be wrought upon by any such arguments.

"Don't do so, John!"

"I turned my head as the maiden's sweet voice reached my ear. She was passing through the gate into the road, and in the next moment had taken hold of the lad and drawn him away from the animal. No strength was exerted in this; she took hold of his arm, and he obeyed her wish as readily as if he had no thought beyond her gratification.

"And now that soft hand was laid gently on the pony's neck, and a single low word spoken. How instantly were the tense muscles relaxed—how quickly the stubborn air vanished!

"Poor Dick!" said the maiden, as she stroked his neck lightly, or softly patted it with her child-like hand.

"Now, go along, you provoking fellow!" she added in a half-chiding, yet affectionate voice, as she drew upon the bridle. The pony turned towards her, and rubbed his head against her arm for an instant or two; then, pricking up his ears, he started off at a light, cheerful trot, and went on his way as freely as if no silly crotchet had ever entered his stubborn brain.

"What a wonderful power that hand possesses!" said I, speaking to my companion, as we rode away.

"He looked at me for a moment, as if my remark had occasioned surprise. Then a light came into his countenance, and he said briefly—

"She's good! Everybody and everything loves her."

"Was that indeed the secret of her power? Was the quality of her soul perceived in the impression of her hand, even by brute beasts? The father's explanation was, doubtless, the true one. Yet I have since wondered, and still do wonder, at the potency which lay in that maiden's magic touch. I have seen something of the same power, showing itself in the loving and good, but never to the extent as instanced in her, whom, for a better name, I must still call 'Gentle Hand.'"

A gentle touch—a soft word. Ah! how few of us, when the will is strong with its purpose, can believe in the power of agencies so apparently insignificant! And yet all great influences effect their ends silently, unobtrusively, and with a force that seems at first glance to be altogether inadequate.

Is there not a lesson for us all in this? And how very quickly it may be learnt! God bless every "gentle hand!" say we.

Q.

TASTE.—Nothing can be more atrocious than fancy without taste.—GOETHE.

MUSINGS AND MEDITATIONS.

BY A BENEVOLENT.

"How use does breed a habit in a man!" SHAKESPEARE.

WHAT A BLOCKHEAD MY BROTHER TOM IS, NOT TO MARRY! Or rather, perhaps, I should say, what a blockhead not to marry some twenty-five years ago—for I suppose he will hardly get any decent sort of a body to take him, as old as he is now. Poor fellow! what a forlorn, desolate kind of life he leads. No wife to take care of him—no children to love him—no domestic enjoyment—nothing snug and comfortable in his arrangements at home—no nice sociable dinners—no pleasant faces at breakfast!

By the way, what is the reason that my breakfast does not come up? I have been waiting for it this half-hour. Oh! I forgot; my wife sent the cook to market to get some trash or other for Dick's cold. She will be the death of that boy! But, after all, I ought not to find fault with Tom for not getting a wife, for he has lent me a good deal of money, that came quite convenient; and I suppose my young ones will have all that he's worth when he dies. Poor fellow! They'll want it, I am afraid; for though my business does very well, this housekeeping eats up the profits with such a large family as mine.

Let me see how many mouths I have to feed every day. There's my wife, and her two sisters; that's three—and the four boys, seven—and Lucy, and Sarah, and Jane, and Louisa, four more—eleven. Then there's the cook and the housemaid, and the boy—fourteen; and the woman that comes every day to wash, and to do odd jobs about the house—fifteen. Then there's the nursery-maid—sixteen. Surely there must be another? I am sure I made it up seventeen when I was reckoning up last Sunday morning at church. There *must* be another somewhere; let me see again—wife, wife's sisters, boys, girls. Oh, it's myself! I have so many to think of, and to provide for, that I forget myself half the time. Yes, *that* makes it seventeen. Seventeen people to feed every day is no joke; and somehow or other, they have all *furios* appetites. But then, bless their hearts, it is pleasant to see them eat: what a havoc they do make of the cakes in a morning, *to be sure!*

Now poor Tom knows nothing of all this. There he lives, all alone by himself in a boarding-house, with nobody near him who cares a brass farthing whether he lives or dies. No affectionate wife to nurse him, coddle him up, put him to bed, &c., when he is sick; no little prattlers about him to keep him in good-humor; no dawning intellects, whose development he can amuse himself with

watching, day after day; nobody to study his wishes, and keep all his comforts ready. Confound it! has not that woman got back from the market yet? I feel remarkably hungry. I don't mind the boys being coddled and kissed, if my wife likes it; but there is *no* joke in having the breakfast kept back for an hour.

Oh! by the way, I must remember to buy all those things for the children to-day. Christmas is close at hand, and my wife has made out a list of the presents she means to put in their stockings. More expense! and their school-bills coming in too!! I remember, before *I* was married, I used to think what a delight it would be to educate the young rogues myself; but a man with a large family has no time for that sort of "amusement." I wonder how old my young Tom is? Let me see, when does his birthday come? Next month; and as I am a Christian, he will then be fourteen. Boys of fourteen consider themselves all but men now-a-days; and Tom is *quite* of that mind, I see. Nothing will suit his exquisite feeling but Wellington boots, at thirty shillings a pair, and his mother has been throwing out hints for some time as to the propriety of getting a watch for him—*gold*, of course! Silver was quite good enough for *me* when I was half a score years older than he is; but times are fearfully changed since *my* younger days.

Then I believe the young villain has learned to play billiards; and three or four times lately, when he has come in late at night, his clothes seemed strongly perfumed with cigar smoke. Heigho! fathers have many troubles, and I cannot help thinking sometimes that old bachelors are *not* such wonderful fools after all. They go to their pillows at night, with no cares on their minds to keep them awake, and when once they have got to sleep, nothing comes to disturb their repose—nothing short of the house being on fire can reach their peaceful condition. No getting up in the cold to walk up and down the room for an hour or two with a young squeaking varlet, as *my* luck has been for the last five or six weeks.

It is an astonishing thing to perceive what a passion our little Louisa has for crying; so sure as the clock strikes three, she begins, and there is no getting her quiet again until she has fairly exhausted the strength of her lungs with straightforward screaming. I can't for the life of me understand why the young villains don't get through all their squalling and roaring in the day time, when I am out of the way.

Then, again, what a delightful pleasure it is to be roused out of one's first nap, and sent off post-haste for the doctor—as *I* was on Monday night, when my wife thought that

Sarah had got the croup, and frightened me half out of my wits, with her lamentations and fidgets. By the way, there's the doctor's bill to be paid soon; his collector always pays me a visit before Christmas. *Brother Tom* has *no* doctors to fee, and that certainly is a great comfort.

Bless my soul! how the time slips away; past nine o'clock, and no breakfast yet!! Wife fondling with Dick, and getting the three girls and their two brothers ready for school. Nobody thinks of *me* all this time. What the plague has become of my newspaper, I wonder? That young rascal, Tom, has carried it off, I dare say, to read in the school, when he ought to be poring over his books! He's a great torment, that boy. But, no matter; there's a great deal of pleasure in married life, and if some vexations and troubles *do* come with its delights, grumbling must be put away.

Nevertheless, BROTHER TOM, all things considered, HAS DONE QUITE RIGHT. He certainly *is* a "long-sighted" man!

FORTITUDE AND LOVE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

LET me live without Fortune, if Providence will it,
For Joy can be found where small treasure is
shed;
Those who bear a full cup are most fearful to
spill it,
And oftentimes walk with the narrowest tread.
I care not though Fate may deny me profusion,
If earth will but show me some rays from above;
Tell me not that God's light is a dreamy illusion—
I could live without Fortune, but not without
Love!

Oh! 'tis pleasant to know there are beings
about us
Who tune the most exquisite strings in our
heart;
To feel that they would not be happy without us,
And that we, in our loneliness, sigh when we
part.
Oh! there's something divine in the thought that
we cherish
A star-beam within us, that shines from above—
To know, that if all the world gives us should
perish,
The greatest of Fortune still dwells in our love!

Oh! 'tis glory to feel that we live for some others,
That self is not all we depend on below;
That affection yet links us to sisters and brothers,
Whose faith will be constant, come weal or
come woe.
Though the vulture of trouble may harass our
bosom,
Ne'er fear while our spirit is fed by the dove;
Let the desert of Life give Eternity's blossom,
And we'll live without Fortune, while favored
by Love!

Progress of "Our Journal."

(BY SPECIAL DESIRE.)

"Nothing ventur'd, nothing won,"
Is a saying trite and true.
Be ye BOLD, but rashness shun ;
WISELY venture when you do.

PERHAPS OF ALL SPECULATIONS, those of a literary character are the most hazardous ; especially when any great object is sought to be attained ; all that a man can do—after he has well and wisely chosen his ground—is to persevere ; and not suffer himself to be put down by trifles. If after straining every nerve, emptying his purse, and racking his brain, his project fail,—then must he console himself with the knowledge of his having acted to the best of his ability.

We mentioned in the Preface of our Third Volume, that we hoped the public would "philanthropically enlarge the sphere of our usefulness." We have been asked to explain HOW this may be done. Nothing can be easier, when so kind a disposition exists.

Our labors are at present very heavy, and altogether unremunerative. We are over-tasked, without a near prospect of reward. Our principles are *sui generis*. They are not those of the multitude. What we rejoice in, they utterly despise. Hence have we to make converts at a very slow-rate,—so that "whilst the grass is growing, the ribs of the steed are seen through his skin." We would not be mistaken in our meaning. We *do* go a-head ; and we do make many friends. Having made them, we as invariably keep them. Our difficulty is to "win" them in sufficient numbers ; for no one suddenly turns from old to new principles. Neither is the human heart made of a peculiarly soft material.

The world is notoriously selfish,—cold,—hollow,—superficial. It sees no beauty in a community of sentiment ; no poetry in the idea of living the one for the other. What they have, they hold. It is their own. They have a "right" to it. This renders them exclusive ; education, too, perfects the belief that "money makes the man."

We have, in another part of our Paper, asked "What do we all Live for?" and we have endeavored to supply the answer. It is against this superficial,—this false view of the "grand end of life," that our pen has ever been directed ; and hence the comparatively slow rate at which OUR JOURNAL travels. People shun the naked truth. It is unpalatable.

Some twenty years since, we launched our first venture—known as "KIDD'S JOURNAL." Our principles then were similar to what they are now. But our ideas were more strictly playful ; and our pen, in the joyousness of its youthful Guide, treated its readers to much more of the amusing, than the per-

manently useful. Hence where we now sell many hundreds, we then sold many *thousands*. SIX VOLUMES, from time to time, saw the light. They had an immense circulation ; and they were eagerly bought up. Indeed, we cannot now procure a single copy of them at any price.

Of our former readers, some thousands returned to us last year ; and it was really pleasing to notice how very large were the sales of certain of our early numbers. When, however, it was found out that time had rendered us more thoughtful ; that our ideas were expanded ; and that we were writing from a feeling of philanthropy, "to benefit society"—our quondam friends trooped off one by one, and we had to create an entirely new body of supporters.

We were cast down sadly by this ; but we were not in despair. We knew our cause was a good one, and we persevered. "Death or Victory!" was our watchword. Our more recent struggles are too well known to require comment. So great have they been, that we had fully resolved our labors should cease and determine with the Volume just completed.

In this we have *again* been over-ruled,—it being the third time we have given way to counsel.* We have actually ventured on the commencement of another volume,—"to prove that we are not unreasonable!" The issue of *this*, will try the question of—

To be,—or not to be ?

This question lies with the better part of the public,—we mean that body who feel interested in the spread of sound, wholesome, cheerful literature,—free from cant and moral impurity.

The aid we ask is simply this—that each one of our present subscribers should kindly use their interest in procuring us one other subscriber. This would at once double our circulation, repay us the cost of present production, and leave the pleasing prospect of "a something" at a future day, to put by towards the liquidation of somewhat heavy outstanding obligations. OUR JOURNAL pants to be free.

As "Honesty is the best Policy," we shall offer no apology for having thus disburthened our mind of a little load of care. Six months will soon pass away ; and then—*Nous verrons*.

This, be it remembered, is our final effort. We have said it.

* One inciting cause for our steady perseverance under difficulties, has been the extraordinary effects produced by OUR JOURNAL on the minds of certain persons who, on its advent, treated its contents with ridicule and contempt. These are now our very best friends and supporters. The genial and kindly tone of our Miscellany has gained us a hearing. This is all we want. Our aim is "direct" at the heart,—the seat of the affections.

ENGLISH ABOMINATIONS.
THE AGAPEMONE.

MONAST'RIES AND CONVENTS are disgraceful, Unnat'ral Institutions,—by honest nature censur'd, spurn'd, Repudiated. Fore'd institutions, Engendering sentiments unworthy Of mankind, DISGRACEFUL to the Christian.

W. PEACE.

THE RECENT OUTCRY by men of integrity, against convents and other similar establishments, has no doubt been strengthened by the filthy doings that from time to time become known through the public newspapers. Sly as the "keepers" of these institutions may be and are, still little inklings of their misdoings *will*, providentially, ooze out occasionally. Hence the alarm among the truly upright.

Beginning at Exeter, and travelling northward, had we a second Asmodeus amongst us he would doubtless show us scenes which would make "each particular hair" on our head "to stand on end." However, it seems these matters are from policy to be "hushed up." This is sad indeed; but as we might perhaps, by too close an inquiry, only add to the present secrecy observed, and so injure some of the innocent indwellers, we will not assist in multiplying their sorrows. May God protect them! say we.

The Agapemone, or Abode of Love, is at all events fair game. The impieties practised here, are but too well known; and yet nobody interferes with them. We have from time to time read public statements of their practices which even in France, or in any other country *but* England, would have brought down upon the impious ruler of this infernal den condign punishment. Yet, there must be no inquiry! of course not. Are we living in a state of civilisation? we think not.

The recent account of the Agapemone, or the Abode of Love, as detailed by the *Sherborne Journal*, must not disfigure our columns. Surely not. We would not dare to print the blasphemous assumptions of Mr. Prince. What is going on within his walls may be readily conceived; nay, it appears to be no secret. Yet do his neighbors become reconciled to his propinquity, and grow "used" to his practices! If we lived near him,—but let him be thankful that we don't.

"Oh shame! where is thy blush?"

All who wish well to virtue, and who deprecate the incarceration of amiable women with a view to making them "devout"—a species of philosophy we have often tried vainly to comprehend, should exert themselves to put down these evils. If not, people will talk; fathers will fear; mothers will tremble. Surely the sacrifice of a pure-minded maiden should not be so *very* lightly esteemed as it is!

HARK! 'TIS THE VOICE OF SUMMER.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

HARK! 'tis the voice of Summer
Breathing soft melody,—
Softly its accents murmur,
Far over land and sea;
Merrily carolling through the trees,
Or whispering low to the passing breeze.

Gaily her laugh is ringing
O'er many a rocky pile,
And gentle flow'rets springing,
Glean beauty from her smile.
Swiftly the sounds o'er the waters steal,
And sunbeams dance to the merry peal.

Lightly her foot is tripping
Over the mountain heath;
Or with gay flowers skipping,
She weaves a rosy wreath;
And ever and anon she strays
Where dew-drops glisten on the sprays.

Now on the velvet turf
Her steps at twilight roam;
Then, dashing thro' the surf,
She seeks her ocean home.
But ere the moon rides in the sky,
She sings the sun's sweet lullaby.

E'en when she rose to kiss
The mountain's fiery tip,
Fair roses craved the bliss—
And from her gentle lip
They claimed their exquisite perfume,
And bore away its lovely bloom.

Hark! 'tis the voice of Summer
Calls thee from toil and care,
To welcome each new comer
That blooms to call her fair.
Go, watch the dawn glide o'er the lea;
There nature holds her revelry!

Go where she smiles to bless,
With love and beauty crown'd;
She wears her bridal dress,
And flowers bestrew the ground.
Oh, many a rare and brilliant gem
Is sparkling from her diadem!

Go bathe thy grief-worn face,
Where dew-drops deck the sod;
Bow with true Christian grace,
And worship Nature's God.
Earth doth His wondrous works declare,
AND HEAVEN PROCLAIM THAT GOD IS THERE!

H O P E S.

"OH, boy! why seek'st thou with such care
Those bubbles of the sea?
Thy touch but frees the prison'd air."—
"I'm gathering Hopes," saith he.

"Old man! why in that shatter'd bark
Dost tempt this troubled sea,
Without a compass, rudder, mark?"—
"I'm following Hope," saith he.

THE GREAT CEDAR AT HAMMERSMITH.

THIS MAGNIFICENT TREE, says Strutt, has every way a claim to the title of Great, being at this time one of the largest, the stateliest, and the most flourishing in the kingdom. Its stem, at the ground, is sixteen feet six inches in circumference, its height is fifty-nine feet, and its branches cover an area of eighty feet in diameter. When it is in the full prime of its summer foliage, waving its rich green arms to the gentle breezes and hiding the small birds innumerable in its boughs, it forms a fine exemplification of the sublime description of the prophet Ezekiel, in his comparison of the glory of Assyria in her most "high and palmy state."

"Behold the Assyrian was as a cedar in Lebanon, with fair branches, and with a shadowing shroud, and of an high stature, and his top was among the thick boughs. The waters made him great. The deep set him up on high, with her rivers running round about his plants, and sent out her little rivers unto all the trees of the field.

"Therefore his might was exalted above all the trees of the field, and his boughs were multiplied, and his branches became long, because of the multitude of waters, when he shot forth.

"All the fowls of Heaven made their nests in his boughs, and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young, and under his shadow dwelt all great nations.

"Thus was he fair in his greatness, in the length of his branches, for his root was by great waters. The cedars in the garden of God could not hide him. The fir trees were not like his boughs, and the chesnut trees were not like his branches, nor any tree in the garden of God was like unto him in his beauty.

"I have made him fair by the multitude of his branches, so that all the trees of Eden, that were in the garden of God envied him."—Chapter 31.

A fertile imagination might be led to suppose that this noble tree had witnessed its princes, its heroes, its statesmen, holding their councils, and forming their lofty projects, under the shadow of its branches.

The house with which it may probably be coeval, and which appears to belong to the Elizabethan order of architecture, was in later times the residence of Oliver Cromwell, during the period of the Protectorate; and some who, dazzled by the glare of false greatness, confound striking incidents with grand ones, have been anxious to inspire additional respect for the venerable walls, by assigning to them the unenviable distinction of having had the death-warrant of Charles the First signed within them. Very different at this time are the pursuits carried on,—the consultations held,—in the once stately council-chamber. The house has been the last half-century devoted to the purposes of education. Fair and youthful forms supply the place of sour-visaged Puritans and lank-haired Roundheads; mandates and treaties are turned into exercises and themes; and though the cedar may still be made occasionally the confidant of whispered greatness, or visionary happiness, it is to be hoped it will never again listen to the schemes of guilty ambition, or the signs of fruitless remorse.

Puss.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE YEW TREE

GROWING IN DARLEY DALE.

I HAVE PERUSED, in the last number of OUR JOURNAL, Mr. Editor, a very interesting account of the Yew Tree. As I love these trees, and feel sure that all other lovers of nature must unite in the feeling, let me direct attention to another very beautiful specimen, growing in that picturesque spot—Darley Dale.

Darley Dale is distant from Matlock some four miles; and from Chatsworth the distance is five miles. The tree I allude to, graces the south side of the churchyard.

My admiration of this very beautiful object, has induced me to ascertain its dimensions, and I have had it accurately measured. At four feet from the ground, its girth is *forty-two feet and four inches*. Nor is it in any way a deformed tree. From its vast trunk issue radiating branches of proportional size and length—the whole of fine form, and well-grown.

I hardly need tell you, that this king of trees is lovingly cherished by the parishioners. Nor is its fame unknown to strangers, of whom a vast number come to pay it a visit. A lithographic print of it has been executed, one of which is in the possession of a friend of mine, residing in Norfolk. I may mention, that there are some gems of younger growth in this same spot, all giving lively promise of robust and lofty stature as time develops their latent powers.

Is it air or soil, or both combined, that produces such remarkable specimens of so slow-growing a tree as the Yew?

Kingston Lisle, July 6.

E. F. P.

[The cause of the rapid growth and healthy state of these noble trees, no doubt originates in their love for the soil, air, and climate; all which evidently conduce to their good looks and colossal proportions. If we mortals were to study more closely than we do what suits our constitution, and to live in a more "healthy atmosphere"—we use the expression *quantum valeat*, we too should flourish like these trees. Ere long, we purpose taking a trip to see what is here so kindly brought under our notice. We love the yew tree dearly.]

THE PRAISE WE LOVE BEST.

Praise from THY lips,—what is it worth to me?
They know, who know the worth of Fame; a star
 Pluck'd from high Heaven to set upon the brow.
 Speak it again; for it is sweet to hear
 Praise from the voice we LOVE. THY voice is soft,
 And hath a touch of tenderness, as 'twere
 A gentle flower, grown musical!

Q.

SCHOOL AND SUMMER.

STUDY to-day! those children twain
Bend o'er the unlearn'd task in vain;
But only with their eyes—
Each little heart is out of doors,
Bounds o'er the blooming earth, or soars
To yon rejoicing skies.

Hard to sit still, while thus around
Motion and sparkle so abound,
To charm the childish sight.
Soft music floats through dell and green,
Even the very floor is seen
To undulate with light.

While, like a welcome from the woods
Streams the fresh smell of bursting buds
The open windows through;
And on the sea—that lies asleep,
Yet dreams of motion—light waves leap
Distractingly in view.

And who o'er musty rules could pore—
While waving boughs of sycamore
Drip sunshine on the book?
Catch now and then on each dull word
The fitting shadow of a bird—
Without a rueful look!

Not there they seem constrained to talk
Of flower and fount, and forest walk:
And oh! if they could dwell
(Like pretty Maia in the wood)
Beneath a leaf, and drink their food
From each wild blossoms bell!

Come let the weary lessons end;
The fair young Summer must not spend
Her holiday alone;
And once beneath the summer skies
Surely those chang'd, uplifted eyes,
The same bright hue have won.

Oh, happy creatures! scarce they pass
A daisy, pink, or flowering grass,
Without a burst of joy.
A smooth grey pebble is a prize;
The glancing of the butterflies
Enchants them, girl and boy.

What deep delight to stand and hear
The linnet, tremulously clear,
The droning of the bee;
That sound of waves, so soft in swell,
As loud might issue from a shell
That whispers of the sea!

To gather in the deep green lane
The hawthorn blossoms that remain,
Last month's delicious boon;
And feel it as the perfumed breath,
The shade of May that lingereth
Upon the skirts of June!

See the wild rosebuds crimsoning;
It is the blushing of the Spring
Neath Summer's earliest kiss;
The children's voice seems wildly fit,
The thrill of life is exquisite
On such a day as this.

At last we reach a still retreat,
Cushioned with moss, and scented sweet,
A forest parlor, fair;
Soft jets of sunshine pouring through
Its emerald roof, and Heaven's pale blue
Just glimpsing here and there.

While each a wild-wood garland weaves
Beneath the flickering of the leaves,—
How fair they seem and still!
A moment more, both laughing stand,
And shake, for sport, from hand to hand,
The silver of the rill.

And now a fairy measure tread;
Anon the tiny feast is spread,
And while the day goes by,—
The echoed voice of each gay elf
Returns, as though e'en Silence' self
Laughed back for sympathy!

Say'st thou this day was idly spent;
Its beauty not ineloquent,
Good lessons to impart?—
That, looking at the unfathomed sky,
No holy sense of mystery
Would settle round the heart?

Or will they love each other less
For seeing Nature's lovingness;
Or more ungrateful prove
For having joined a childish lay
With her thanksgiving psalm to-day,
To her great King above?

Nay; but whate'er their future lot,
The memory of that verdant spot,
The coolness and the calm,
Upon worn spirits tired of life,
Or through the fever of the strife,
Will fall as soft as balm.

Oh! we should steep our senses dull
In all the pure and beautiful
That God for them hath given;
Creep into Nature's heart, and thence
Look out with gratitude intense
ON LIFE, AND UP TO HEAVEN.

From Household Words.

PEOPLE WHO DO NOT LIKE POETRY.

WE have "said our say" about the poetry of life, and shown how "poor" those are whose minds cannot rise superior to the common jog-trot of the world's vulgar feeling. At this season of the year, it is sad to listen to the remarks of the million, whose whole pleasure seems concentrated in eating, drinking, smoking, and rioting. They talk about fresh air, and poison it. They ramble in the country, only to give loose to excess of gluttony. "Oh! these people who do not like poetry," says Eliza Cook; "they are sad thorns in the side of refined humanity! They may be useful, but we honestly confess, if we have one prejudice stronger than another, it exists against such animated fossils." How heartily do we join in this sentiment! We fear we shall not live to see much improvement in this matter. At all events, we progress very slowly. Sensuality and excess seem, particularly in the summer, to banish all feelings of refinement amongst "the people."

A VISIT TO MUCROSS ABBEY, KILLARNEY:

ROAMING OVER THAT beautiful mountain district, situated in the south-west of Ireland, famed throughout the world for its glorious and ever varying scenes, I was frequently an observer of those charming views, and saw a little of the manners and customs of that ancient and superstitious peasantry—bordering the Lakes of Killarney.

Every person who has visited the three lakes, will remember the promontory of Mucross in the Upper Lake, with its Abbey ruins mantled by that offspring of nature which at this early season throws out its million decorations from countless branches and stems—all capped by rich green leaves of many hues, casting a cheerful pall over those memorable ruins, over the ashes of friars resting in the tomb.

The demesne of Mucross and its promontory are pleasingly described by Mrs. S. C. Hall in a very elaborate book called "A Week at Killarney." Tourists, who come hither, admire the avenue with its tall elms, where more than thirty herons hover at a stone's throw; also the first peep through the nave archway, looking up the chancel, is a favorite one. This forms a sweet picture in shade and color, when the bright sun shines. The sky and trees appear to be receding from you, through a mullioned window, which is perfect in appearance—almost as though the builder had placed it there yesterday. A small and singularly-formed tower divides the nave from the chancel. My guide informed me, that architects delighted in the four plain supporters of the tower. These are merely stone posts, forming a door-shaped opening into the east and west portions of the church.

The order of friars who settled here, seem well to have understood a provident arrangement for temporal comforts in their habitations. They had their library, refectory, and kitchen on the same floor, with doors from one into the other. The good men of those days after matin services, could pleasantly beguile their time in a spacious library; but what vestiges remain to us of the dark wood book-cases, arranged in rows along the room; or of the scriptorium which I infer was incorporated with the library? What relics of the many thousand hours spent in illuminating and compiling missals? There seems only one trophy to catch the eye; and that is a recess in the north wall, where perchance, books have been placed; the stone edges of which are now rounded, and are fast crumbling away.

Let us picture the friars (they belonged to the Franciscan order) in calm debate over a flagon of Burgundy, taken from their extensive wine stores, in incomparably large cel-

lars below (for the monastery is small otherwise in proportion). We can fancy them all sitting cosily around an arbutus-wood table. The material might then be prized as it is now, for ladies' work-boxes, tables, and card-cases; for egg-cups, and gentlemen's tobacco boxes. The friars might be talking over the studies of the day; their advancement in doctrinal learning; their fresh visitors at church; the giving of alms to the poor from the hospitium—all passing a cordial hour after the mid-day meal in the solemn area of their refectory.

We can view this dining-hall in a more exuberant scene; when an ever continued hospitality within the pious roof never thought cheerful, heartfelt, innocent mirth, a sin. Graced as the festive board might be by a courtly and lordly guest,—with generous sympathy was the worldly man greeted, entertained, and followed on his way by the blessing of the brotherhood. This country abounds with legends and tales. The most ridiculous perhaps are those told of the O'Donoghue; who, in days when fairies governed ignorant noddles, lived on a lovely island in the Lower Lake, named Ross Island. He was noted for his wizard acts, and we may conclude that he and his descendants were men of warm Irish blood—glorying in freaks of every kind; delighted with making dupes of the ignorant credulous tribes about them. Possibly, these good men in their way were attracted by the intelligence of the recluse men, who lived a pleasant boat's pull from the old grim castle; and that on call days, they helped to consume savory edibles sent piping-hot from a wide kitchen fire-place in the apartment adjoining. The O'Donoghue passed a merry hour or two, discoursing upon popular topics of that day—namely, how Coleman, of the Upper Lake, had his eye kicked, and was obliged to bathe it in a narrow inlet bordering the lake, beyond which Coleman must not again venture. How the last hart was gallantly slain on that foeman's ground (Coleman's), and victoriously carried off to the Ross Island larder. Fancies like these may strike us, and we can imagine them to be truths—almost; when man walked over the floors of Mucross; when they were not green, and O'Donoghue of the glens and Ross reigned supreme. The kitchen chimney is a striking object; the whole being perfect, nearly to the top stones. The cellar and store-rooms are very extensive—skirting, on two sides, the cloisters which form a true gem in the architecture of the building. Four rows of arches present a square around the area, and in the centre of the court has grown up a gigantic yew, said to be the tallest in Ireland; and to have been planted by the friars. Its many branches throw a sombre and cool shade all

around, and within the cloister walks ; inclining the mind for contemplation, when the sun's rays burned at mid-day.

The belfry-tower floor is curious. In it are two circular apertures, hewn out of stone blocks, which the matin, and vesper bell cords chafed many centuries ago. A relic similar to this I have not noticed before in monastic ruins. From a calm pleasant feeling, enjoyed during a stroll over these beautiful remains, a spot inviting the mind to ponder over history past, (the thoughts of a visit to which, make visitors long to come,) we must advance ; although again--

We long to catch the light of glimm'ring moon
Amongst the trees, swift running, faintly creeping ;

To rest our eye on the sage mullions mantled
With ivy, as it clings ; that dances, flutters,
And seems to mock cool breezes, chasing along
Walls of vaulted chambers, scented flowers,
Which find their home about the crumbling ruins.
There, with myriad tips of glowing beauty,
Luna we gaze on, gently kissing these.

Would we not saunter oft on such an eve
Round Mucross Dell ? or should our drowsy eyes
Remain until the morn can blithely speak
Unto our vision, and an anxious heart,
With halcyon breath through blue Aurora's veil ?
Then let us go—the sun's above the hills,
Our guide sweet nature, and our object,—love.

We must now bid adieu to sentiment and verse-making, and be transmitted as it were through trains of guides, and mountain women, some of whom call themselves "The veritable Kate Kearney." Boys haunt you with the names Torc, Waterfall, Mucross, &c. The girls (who by the way are not particularly prepossessing in appearance) bother you with goats'-milk and whiskey ; and (ladies don't blush when I say it) become volunteers to guide ladies and *gentlemen* to the top of Maugerton mountain.

Let us now advance to the chapel of Coghereen. If you turn to the left, a little way on the Kenmare road, not far from the Mucross demesne gate, you will soon come to this spot. Coghereen chapel is said to be the smallest in Ireland ; but it is a ruin, and its old small tower is tottering down ; within, it is dark and dismal ; one small aperture at the east end throws a faint light upon a huge altar below. Throughout the whole of the interior, is a floor of scattered stones ; some may have fallen from the decayed walls, others have been cast by the mischievous lads of the country. This chapel, when I saw it, was in good character for a sketch. Nature, through the wilful hand of man, sympathised with its ruined aspect ; and a symbol of the instability of all things appeared in a prostrate larch, which to all appearances had been felled only an hour or two previously by the woodman.

Shall we sit by this small ruin, once a holy temple—near the fallen tree, by the tombs of many who are gone ; who have seen and loved that lonely lake before us, and loved it more because near it they were born ? On a fine May evening, shall we listen to the final rich notes of the song-thrush on the larch twig, and the piping of many birds in distant trees, along projecting rocks ? Those sylvan carols have died in the breeze ; are repeated from trees far in the glen. Again those life-notes so gentle are finally drowned by other tones, which, swelling on the ruffled air, usher in the woful sorrowing cries of the bearers of the dead. We listen to the wretched wailing of hired mourners practising their avocation at a funeral. They are women, around a corpse which is to be interred in Mucross Abbey—and they are called Keeners. Bewildered by their lamentations, can we resist the desire to catch up some words of that sad lament, and follow the mourners to the grave ?

We retrace our steps to Mucross burial-ground, which seemed so fresh when the sun gladdened the lively May green. But this mysterious-looking group went on as a dark cloud, bearing the body of some poor man who had died many miles away, whose right it was to be interred here because his forefathers were placed here before him. Entering the grave-yard gate, I observed men, women, and children on bended knees, engaged in prayer at the tombs of those they had loved. Further on was a dark confused mass (I cannot compare the group better than to bees within a hive) : this was a scene never observable in the composed service of the Protestant church. Astonished with this odd spectacle, I advanced close to the performers and the mourners. It did not a little shock the sentiments of a Protestant to see rude embraces round a cloth-covered coffin. But this was the custom of the country, and amidst that rude simplicity let us hope that a light may yet shine.

The remains were placed on the green sward ; towards the head were the deceased's nearest relatives. Some were fatherless children, whose bitter sorrows looked very real. Their heart pangs lost a childlike grief in tears—refreshing them, poor things, for the toils to come, when an earthly guardian was not near to guide them. Around the foot of the coffin in long black-hooded cloaks, knelt from six to eight women ; hired to swell the sorrows, and rend the air again. My informant said that these women earned from half-a-crown to five shillings for their services at every funeral. Their business seems to be, to cry as much as they can. One very ancient woman rubbed her right eye with a very hard pocket-handkerchief. The optic was red, very red—too much so,

for the friction was exceedingly mechanical. Keeners throw about their arms, and enjoin all people to sorrow for the dead.

One female observed this scene; but let us hope with eyes more lucid. This was a young lady, attracted thither perhaps more from curiosity than anything else. She was a great acquisition to this effective picture. She was dressed in gipsy fashion—tall, with intelligent and large dark-flashing eyes. With calm interest, did she appear to look on; and marvel why the dead should be consigned to the tomb thus in the last obsequies.

Report says that our beloved Queen during the latter part of the present season, will visit the Killarney Lakes. Let us hope that the Kerry peasantry will look upon their sovereign and love her; and that the gracious visit may cast a light upon their countenances, which light may be cherished in the hearts of many, many of the Irish people!

C. W. R.

Mallow, near Cork,

June 14.

"ONE GLASS MORE!"

Stay, mortal, stay! nor heedless thus
Thy sure destruction seal!
Within that cup there lurks a curse,
Which all who drink shall feel.
Disease and death for ever nigh,
Stand ready at the door,
And eager wait to hear the cry
Of "Give me one glass more!"

Lo! view that prison's gloomy cells,
Their pallid tenants scan;
Gaze, gaze upon these earthly hells,
And ask what this began?
Had these a tongue, oh! man, thy cheek
The tale would crimson o'er;
Had these a tongue, they'd to thee speak,
And answer—"One glass more!"

Behold the wretched female form,
An outcast from her home,
Bleached by affliction's biting storm,
And doomed in want to roam;
Behold her! ask that prattler dear
"Why mother is so poor?"
He'll whisper in thy startled ear,
"Twas father's one glass more."

Stay, mortal, stay! repent, return!
Reflect upon thy fate;
The poisonous draught indignant spurn,
Reject it, ere too late!
Oh! fly the venom, burst the chain;
Nor linger at the door,—
Lest thou, perchance, shouldst sip again
THE TREACH'ROUS "ONE GLASS MORE."

A WARNING VOICE.

THE CHARMS OF EXCITEMENT.

THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN YOUNG, and those who are young (especially if fond of angling and other exciting sports), will readily enter into the spirit of the following extracts, copied from "Bonar's Hunting Excursion in the Mountains of Bavaria." It is a vivid picture of—

A MOUNTAIN CHASE.

Such a place as that where I was watching is my delight—is the delight indeed, of every hunter; for from it I could have seen the game, had any come, long before it reached me. And this is always pleasant; not only because it gives you time for preparation, but on account of the delicious excitement you feel in every vein, from the moment you espy the coming creature, till that other moment when you feel it is your own. Your hopes, your fears, your longings—all that makes up the sum of the enjoyment, is thus heightened by being prolonged. You watch its approach with greedy eyes, and full of anxieties; the excitement would choke you if it lasted long; yet two such minutes—and they seem hours—are worth whole ordinary days.

The flutter and nervousness felt by him whose whole heart is in the chase, when he first is in presence of the stag, is a curious psychological phenomenon. The Germans have a special name for this state, and call it "Hirsch Fieber" (Stag Fever). The excitement you are in quite lames you. Of course it varies in degree with different persons, according to temperament, and the phlegmatic will probably never experience it at all.

In me it showed itself in the highest degree. When I heard the rush of the stag among the branches, or saw him approaching at a distance, my heart began to beat *audibly*; my breath came quickly, every limb trembled, and I felt half suffocated. To take a deliberate aim was of course impossible, for my rifle rose and fell like a bough swayed by the wind. But I remember one instance in which a sort of magnetic influence seemed to be exercised over me. I was waiting for a stag on the edge of the covert. Presently I heard something rustle, and the fever began; but only a kid leaped by, and I was calm again. Soon after I heard the step of the stag, and in another second his majestic head looked forth from the green branches.

On he came towards me, down a gentle slope; slowly, and unaware of my presence. The rifle had been raised when first I heard his approach, and it was levelled still; the hair-trigger was set, and a breath almost would have been sufficient to move the trigger; my finger too was upon it, and I wished to pull, yet from some cause or other I was unable to do so. There I stood; the magnificent stag opposite me, and I charm-struck and spell-bound. The slightest movement of the finger would have been enough, *but I could not move it*; and only when he had disappeared did my fast-clinched teeth relax, and I drew a long breath, and felt myself relieved.

Since then, I have understood the power of the snake over other animals; how by fixing its eyes

on a bird or rabbit the prey will become so fascinated as to be helpless for escape, but awaits the monster's approach, and even walks into its jaws. The influence, it is true, is not quite the same in both cases; for in the hunter this want of power to execute his will does not arise from fear, but is probably merely an intense anxiety not to miss the mark—a violent struggle between suddenly-aroused emotions. In time the "fever" wears off; yet occasionally, though you flatter yourself you are grown stoically calm, and that an old sportsman like you is not to be disturbed by such freaks and fancies—occasionally, I say, if you are kept long in suspense, you too will get the "fever"—you will feel it laying hold of you in spite of all your efforts to shake it off.

I do not remember any allusion to this *extreme* state by English sportsmen. They acknowledge being "nervous;" nothing however transpires of chattering of teeth, of gasping for breath, or of violent tremblings throughout the whole body; yet I do not doubt that the presence of the red-deer of Scotland may have the same potent charm as that of his German compeer; and I am quite sure, if it ever were my good fortune to get a day's stalking in the Highlands, that such a sight as Sir Edwin Landseer has shown us in his "Drive," would set my heart beating exactly as of old.

When young, we were in the habit of beating a very extensive wood—gun in hand, for the purpose of trying our skill at a partridge or a pheasant. There was an abundance of game in the preserves; and we recollect, even as if it were yesterday, the effect produced on our nerves when we flushed a covey of birds *for the first time*. It was a fine season, and the coveys were large. We remember some thirteen birds rising on the wing, with a rustling noise like thunder. We remember, too, opening our mouth wide, and gazing at them, as with their musical and thrilling "whirr!" they went a-head—bidding us defiance. How we did tremble in every limb!

The gun was raised, truly; and our heart might have been heard (almost) to beat beneath our vest; but no power had we to pull the trigger. We were riveted—paralysed. Excitement like this must be felt ere it can be comprehended; and no person better than ourself can understand the meaning sought to be conveyed by the graphic description given in the above extract.

What a very curious thing is excitement! And yet how necessary is its existence in a modified form, to enable us to enjoy rightly the world we live in!

RELIGION.

THE end of all religion is, that we should "live soberly, righteously, and godly;" that in ourselves we should be temperate and pure; to our fellow-creatures, just and benevolent; to God, obedient, thankful, and devout.—HUNTINGFORD.

EVERY THING HAS ITS USE.

THE Creator has made nothing that is not useful—nothing so insulated as to have no relations with anything else—nothing which is not serviceable or instrumental to other purposes besides its own existence—nothing that is not to be applicable or convertible to the benefit of His sentient creatures, in some respect or other. The mineral has a connexion of this sort with both the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and these with each other.

The same principle has been pursued throughout the animated classes of nature. No one species of living being has been formed only for itself, or can subsist in absolute uselessness to others. This is one grand purpose for causing so many races of animal beings to subsist on each other. By this system, each enjoys the gift of life; and each is made to contribute, by the termination of that gift, to the well-being of others. Fishes are thus useful to each other, to many birds, to some animals, and to man. Birds have their period of happiness for themselves, and are serviceable to others of their kind; and to man, and to some quadrupeds, in their mode of death, instead of mouldering through corruption into their material dissolution. Quadrupeds have the same double use in their existence: their own enjoyment, and the benefit, at their death, to those of their own order, and to the birds and reptiles, worms and insects, that have been appointed to derive nutrition from their substance.

All the kingdoms of nature have been likewise so constructed as to be beneficial to the human race—not as nutriment only, but in the thousand conveniences to which they are convertible. The amphibious order of nature is no exception to these general results. Its various genera contribute their proportion to the common stock of mutual utilities. They have their own gratification from their personal existence; they contribute by their substance to the maintenance of others of their fellow-creatures; and some of their genera serve to multiply the conveniences and pleasures of man. He derives advantages from all that exists, in as much larger a degree to any other animal as he is superior to any in his intellectual exertions and universal capacity.

FALLACIES.

So little do we accustom ourselves to consider the effects of time, that things necessary and certain often surprise us like unexpected contingencies. We leave the beauty in her bloom; and after an absence of twenty years, wonder, at our return, to find her faded. We meet those whom we left children, and can scarcely persuade ourselves to treat them as men. The traveller visits in age those countries through which he rambled in his youth, and hopes for merriment at the old place. The man of business, wearied with unsatisfactory prosperity, retires to the town of his nativity, and expects to play away the last years with the companions of his childhood, and recover youth in the fields where he once was young.—JOHNSON.

DEATH viewed as SLEEP.

A DEATH-BED'S the detector of the heart.
Here tir'd dissimulation drops her mask,
Through life's grimace that mistress of the scene ;
HERE "real" and "apparent" are the same.

YOUNG.

DEATH, when unmask'd, shows us a friendly face,
And is a terror only at a distance.

GOLDSMITH.



UNEQUAL as any man must be to discuss the many feelings experienced by a person on the bed of death, yet it is quite allowable,—nay more, desirable, to let the subject occupy much of our waking thoughts. "We must all

die," and therefore the topic cannot be deemed irrelevant.

In our intercourse with society, it is not unusual for us to meet with many individuals of a most gloomy turn of mind ; and we generally find that the morbid feeling originates in an undue excitement of the brain. The fact is, people will meddle with what is far above their comprehension ; and thus do they become puzzled,—perplexed,—frightened.

Nearly all the recorded cases of suicide, and at least one half the cases of lunacy, have their origin in a diseased state of the brain, induced by an unwise and an unlawful inquiry into what awaits us hereafter. This is too much encouraged, we regret to say, by those who set themselves up for teachers in a matter of which they know positively nothing. Hence the unwholesome state of mind and body—both among the clergy and the laity ; amongst the former, suicides have recently been very frequent.

The prevailing superstition among most classes is, that the Creator is austere ; and that he requires of us, by way of sacrifice, things inconsistent with our temporal happiness ; and this, with a view to our ensuring perfect happiness hereafter. Then do they read, and read, and read ; until they become lost in a labyrinth. They imagine all sorts of things by turn, until they grow nervous ; denying themselves many a lawful pleasure, and giving themselves up to the strangest of delusions. Many of the doctrines of the present day with respect to religion, are outrageously absurd ; and as dangerous to society as they are dishonoring to the God of Heaven. The newspapers teem, week after week, with the awful consequences of these absurdities. It is not religion that drives people mad ; and impels them to commit suicide. Certainly not. It is the want of it. People *will* pry into futurity, and they pay the penalty of their rashness.

We have offered these few remarks by way of introduction to our subject. We want to show that death itself is *not* painful, and that

it should not be regarded with alarm. In Scripture, it is beautifully designated Sleep—a word kindly used, and which ought amongst reflecting minds to be most thankfully treasured up. It is not the *act* of dying that frightens people ; but it is the consequences of an ill-spent life that they dread. They feel they deserve punishment ; and their conscience anticipates its righteous administration. We have always observed among moral people, that those who profess least have been the most sincere and upright. Hypocrisy *may* succeed in life ; but it renders a death-bed terrible. We have witnessed awful examples of this.

Our pen has ever been raised against this mental fallacy, and we shall never desert the good cause we have undertaken. We profess to love God and his children ; and to do what in us lies to make *everybody* "happy." This is our "faith." Rely on it, *such* a faith will never lead to suicide. Oh, no ! But to the point.

The pain of *death*, says a popular writer, must be distinguished from the pain of *the previous disease* ; for when life ebbs, sensibility declines. This is quite true ; for as death is the final extinction of corporeal feelings, so numbness increases as death comes on. The prostration of disease, like healthful fatigue, engenders a growing stupor—a sensation of subsiding softly into a coveted repose. The transition resembles what may be seen in those lofty mountains, whose sides exhibit every climate in regular gradation : vegetation luxuriates at their base, and dwindles in the approach to the regions of snow, till its feeblest manifestation is repressed by the cold. The so-called agony can never be more formidable than when the brain is the last to go ; and when the mind preserves to the end a rational cognisance of the state of the body. Yet persons thus situated commonly attest, that there are few things in life less painful than the close.

"If I had strength enough to hold a pen," said William Hunter, "I would write how easy and delightful it is to die." "If this be dying," said the niece of Newton of Olney, "it is a pleasant thing to die." "The very expression," adds her uncle, "which another friend of mine made use of on her death-bed a few years ago." The same words have so often been uttered under similar circumstances, that whole pages might be occupied with instances which are only varied by the name of the speaker. "If this be dying," said Lady Glenorchy, "it is the easiest thing imaginable." "I thought that dying had been more difficult," said Louis XIV. "I did not suppose it was so sweet to die," said Francis Suarez, the Spanish theologian. An agreeable surprise was the prevailing sentiment with them all ; they expected the

stream to terminate in the dash of the torrent, and they found it was losing itself in the gentlest current. Nor does the calm partake of the sensitiveness of sickness. There was a swell in the sea, the day Collingwood breathed his last upon the element which had been the scene of his glory. Captain Thomas expressed a fear that he was disturbed by the tossing of the ship. "No, Thomas," he replied; "I am now in a state in which nothing in this world can disturb me more; I am dying; and I am sure it must be consolatory to you, and all who love me, to see how comfortably I am coming to my end."

A second and common condition of the dying, is—to be lost to themselves and all around them in utter unconsciousness. Countenance and gestures might in many cases suggest that, however dead to the external world, an interior sensibility still remained; but we have the evidence of those whom disease has left at the eleventh hour, that while their supposed sufferings were pitied by their friends, existence was a blank. Montaigne, when stunned by a fall from his horse, tore open his doublet; but he was entirely senseless, and only knew afterwards that he had done it from the information of his attendants.

The delirium of fever is distressing to witness; but the victim awakes from it as from a heavy sleep, totally ignorant that he has passed days and nights tossing wearily and talking wildly. Perceptions which had occupied the entire man, could hardly be obliterated in the instant of recovery; or, if any man were inclined to adopt the solution, there is yet a proof that the callousness is real, in the unflinching manner in which bad sores are rolled upon that are too tender to bear touching when the sense is restored. Whenever there is insensibility, virtual death precedes death itself; and to die is to awake in another world. More usually the mind is in a state intermediate between activity and oblivion. Observers, unaccustomed to sit by the bed of death, readily mistake increasing languor for total insensibility; but those who watch closely can distinguish that the ear, though dull, is not deaf—that the eye, though dim, is not yet sightless.

When a bystander remarked of Dr. Wollaston—that his mind was gone, the expiring philosopher made a signal for paper and pencil, wrote down some figures, and cast them up. The superior energy of his character was the principal difference between himself and thousands who die and give no sign; their faculties survive, so averse to even the faintest effort, and they barely testify in languid and broken phrases that the torpor of the body more than keeps pace with the inertness of the mind. The same report is given by those who have advanced

to the very border of the country from whence no traveller returns. Montaigne, after his accident, passed for a corpse; and the first feeble indications of returning life resembled some of the commonest symptoms of death. But his own feelings were those of a man who is dropping into the sweets of slumber, and his longing was towards blank rest, and not for recovery. "Methought," he says, "my life hung only upon my own lips; and I shut my eyes to help to thrust it out, and took a pleasure in languishing and letting myself go."

In many of these instances, as in the cases of stupefaction, there are appearances which we have learnt to associate with suffering, because constantly conjoined with it. A cold perspiration bedews the skin, the breathing is harsh and labored; and sometimes, especially in delicate frames, death is ushered in by convulsive movements, which look like a wrestling with an oppressive enemy. But they are signs of debility and a failing system, which have no relation to pain.

There is hardly an occasion, when the patient fights more vehemently for life than in an attack of asthma; which in fact is a sufficiently distressing disorder before the sensibility is blunted and the strength subdued. But the determination is not to be judged by the beginning. Dr. Campbell, the well known Scotch professor, had a seizure which all but carried him off a few months before he succumbed to the disease; a cordial gave him unexpected relief, and his first words were to express astonishment at the sad countenance of his friends, because his own mind, he told them, was in such a state at the crisis of the attack, from the expectation of immediate dissolution, that there was no other way to describe his feelings than by saying he was in rapture. Light indeed must have been the suffering as he gasped for breath; since physical agony, had it existed, would have quite subdued the mental ecstasy.

Hard as it may be to control emotions with the very heart-strings ready to crack, pity demands an effort, in which the strongest affection will be surest of success. The grief will not be more bitter in the end, that to keep it back had been the last service of love. Tears are a tribute, of which those who bestow them should bear all the cost.

When Cavendish, the great chemist, perceived that his end drew near, he ordered his servant to retire, and not to return till a certain hour. The servant came back to find his master dead. He had chosen to breathe out his soul in solitude and silence, and would not be distracted by the presence of man, since vain was his help. Everybody desires to smooth the bed of death; but unreflecting (we too often note the result),

turns it rather to a bed of thorns. It is not always that sickness merges into the agony. The strained thread may break at last with a sudden snap. This is by no means rare in consumption. Burke's son, upon whom his father has conferred something of his own celebrity, heard his parents sobbing in another room at the aspect of an event they knew to be inevitable. He rose from his bed, joined his illustrious father, and endeavored to engage him in a cheerful conversation. Burke continued silent, choked with grief. His son again made an effort to console him. "I am under no terror," he said; "I feel myself better, and in spirits, and yet my heart flutters—I know not why." Here a noise attracted his notice, and he exclaimed, "Does it rain?—No; it is the rustling of the wind through the trees." The whistling of the wind and the waving of the trees brought Milton's majestic lines to his mind, and he repeated them with uncommon grace and effect:—

"His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters
blow,
Breathe soft or low; and wave your tops, ye pines;
With every plant, in sign of worship, wave!"

A second time he took up the sublime and melodious strain, and accompanying the action to the word, waved his own hand in token of worship, and sunk into the arms of his father—a corpse. *Not a single sensation* told him that in an instant he would stand in the presence of the Creator to whom his body was bent in homage, and whose praises still resounded from his lips.

Commonly, the hand of death is felt but for one brief moment before the work is done. Yet a parting word, or an expression of prayer, in which the face and voice retain their composure, show that there is *nothing painful* in the warning. It was in this way that Boileau expired from the effects of dropsy. A friend entered the room where he was sitting, and the poet, in one and the same breath, bade him hail and farewell! "Good day and adieu!" said he; "it will be a very long adieu!" and instantly died.

In sudden death, which is not preceded by sickness, the course of events is much the same—some expire in the performance of the ordinary actions of life, some with a half-completed sentence on their lips, some in the midst of a quiet sleep. Many die without a sound; many with a single sigh; many with merely a struggle and a groan. In other instances, there are two or three minutes of contest and distress; and in proportion as the termination is distant from the commencement of the attack, there will be room for the ordinary pangs of disease. But, upon the whole, there can be no death less awful than the death which comes in the midst of

life, if it were not for the shock it gives the survivors, and the probability with most that it will find them unprepared.

When there are only a few beats of the pulse, and a few heavings of the bosom, between health and the grave, it can signify little whether they are the throbbings of pain, or the thrills of joy, or the mechanical movements of an unconscious frame. There is, then, no foundation for the idea that the pain of dying is the climax to the pain of disease; for unless the stage of the agony is crossed at a stride, disease stupifies when it is about to kill. If the anguish of the sickness has been extreme, so striking from the contrast is the ease which supervenes, that, without even the temporary revival which distinguishes the lightening before death, "kind nature's signal for retreat" is believed to be the signal of the retreat of the disease.

Pushkin, the Russian poet, suffered agony from a wound received in a duel. His wife, deceived by the deep tranquillity which succeeded, left the room with a countenance beaming with joy, and exclaimed to the physician, "You see he is to live; he will not die." "But at this moment," says the narrative, "the last process of vitality had already begun."

Where the symptoms are those of recovery, there is in truth more pain to be endured than when the issue is death—for sickness does not relinquish its hold in relaxing its grasp. In the violence which produces speedy insensibility, the whole of the downward course is easy, compared to the subsequent ascent. When Montaigne was stunned, he passed from stupor to a dreamy Elysium. But when returning life had thawed the numbness engendered by the blow, then it was that the pains got hold of him which imagination pictures as incident to death. Cowper, on reviving after his attempt to hang himself, thought he was in hell; and those who are taken senseless from the water and afterwards recovered, re-echo the sentiment, though they may vary the phrase.

This is what we should upon reflection expect. The body is quickly deadened and slowly restored; and from the moment corporeal sensitiveness returns, the throes of the still disordered functions are so many efforts of pain. In so far as it is a question of bodily suffering, death is the lesser evil of the two.

We come then to the fact, that to die means nothing more than to lose the vital power; and it is the vital power which is the medium of communication between the soul and body. In proportion as the vital power decreases, we lose the power of sensation and of consciousness; and we cannot lose life without at the same time, or rather before,

losing our vital sensation, which requires the assistance of the tenderest organs.

As to what lies *beyond* the grave,—that is a question into which it is not our province to enter. Yet shall our pen ever be used to direct unceasing attention to *that* very serious thought; for it shall speak of created things which have a voice far more powerful than that of silly, idle conjecture.

EVERY THING IN NATURE HAS A VOICE
—if we could but submit to listen to it.
OUR PRIDE is the stumblingblock!

AN INVITATION.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

Oh, Julie! you cannot imagine
How truly I love you, my dear;
Do get your mamma's kind permission
To spend a few weeks with us here.

The country is brilliant,—enchancing;
Sweet melody dwells in the breeze;
And fruit in its richness and beauty
Peeps out from the leaves of the trees.

On Tuesday we had an excursion
(A nice pic-nic party, you know),
To the Park—and we dined on the turf,
Where *those* splendid chesnut trees grow.

The day was replete with enjoyment;
Light breezes swept over the plain,—
The sweet voice of melody blended
With Joy's light vociferous strain.

Refreshments were of the first order,
And served up with excellent taste;
A smile of approval was welcomed
Where wine, fruit, and sweetmeats were
placed.

The pleasure that beamed on all present
Was greater than words can express;
And the day passed in social enjoyment,
Unsullied by noise or excess.

Leave the dark, smoky town to the victims
Of fashion, oppression, and care;
Together we'll revel in pleasures
That God has made spotless and fair.

The lark shall awake us to join him
In songs of thanksgiving and praise;
The calm soothing breeze of the ev'ning
Shall waft us the happiest lays.

The garden is teeming with treasures
Of ev'ry bright color and hue,
Such roses! *do* come, dearest Julie,
And I will still love them with you.

I want your kind friendship to soothe me,
Your smile to enhance every joy;
Your sweet voice from care to relieve me,
And Hope's kind endearments employ.

Oh, say, then, you will not refuse me,
Do come! and together we'll rove
Where lilies and roses are breathing
A FRAGRANCE ON THOSE THAT WE LOVE.

A VILLAGE TEA-PARTY.

The following little episode is from the pen of Mrs. Gaskell, author of "Mary Barton." It is full of genuine humor, and comes home to every one's bosom. A more true picture of the realities of life was never painted. Miss Barker the mistress, and Peggy the maid, we have all seen. Is not Mrs. Jamieson, too, hit off to the very life? But let the curtain draw up at once, and the performance commence.

Yes, Miss Betty Barker *was* a proud and happy woman! She stirred the fire, and shut the door, and sat as near to it as she could, quite on the edge of her chair. When Peggy came in, trotting under the weight of the tea-tray, I noticed that Miss Barker was sadly afraid lest Peggy should not keep her distance sufficiently. She and her mistress were on very familiar terms in their every-day intercourse, and Peggy wanted now to make several little confidences to her, which Miss Barker was on thorns to hear; but which she thought it her duty, as a lady, to repress. So she turned away from all Peggy's asides and signs; but she made one or two very *mal-à-propos* answers to what was said; and at last, seized with a bright idea, she exclaimed, "Poor sweet Carlo! I'm forgetting him. Come down stairs with me, poor little doggie, and it shall have its tea, it shall!"

In a few minutes she returned, bland and benignant as before; but I thought she had forgotten to give the "poor little doggie" anything to eat; judging by the avidity with which he swallowed down chance pieces of cake. The tea-tray was abundantly loaded. I was pleased to see it, I was so hungry; but I was afraid the ladies present might think it vulgarly heaped up. I know they would have done so at their own houses; but somehow the heaps disappeared here. I saw Mrs. Jamieson eating seed-cake, slowly and considerately, as she did everything; and I was rather surprised, for I knew she had told us, on the occasion of her last party, that she never had it in her house—it reminded her so much of scented soap. She always gave us Savoy biscuits. However, Mrs. Jamieson was kindly indulgent to Miss Barker's want of knowledge of the customs of high life; and, to spare her feelings, ate three large pieces of seed-cake, with a placid, ruminating expression of countenance—*not* unlike a cow's.

After tea there was some little demur and difficulty. We were six in number; four could play at Preference, and for the other two there was Cribbage. But all, except myself—(I was rather afraid of the Cranford ladies at cards, for it was the most earnest and serious business they ever engaged in)—were anxious to be of the "pool." Even Miss Barker, while declaring she did not know Spadille from Manille, was evidently hankering to take a hand. The dilemma was soon put an end to by a singular kind of noise. If a Baron's daughter-in-law could ever be supposed to snore, I should have said Mrs. Jamieson did so then; for, overcome by the heat of the room, and inclined to doze by nature, the temptation of that very comfortable arm-chair had been

too much for her, and Mrs. Jamieson was nodding. Once or twice she opened her eyes with an effort, and calmly but unconsciously smiled upon us; but, by-and-by, even her benevolence was not equal to this exertion, and she was sound asleep.

"It is very gratifying to me," whispered Miss Barker at the card-table to her three opponents, whom, notwithstanding her ignorance of the game, she was "basting" most unmercifully—"very gratifying indeed, to see how completely Mrs. Jamieson feels at home in my poor little dwelling; she could not have paid me a greater compliment."

Miss Barker provided me with some literature, in the shape of three or four handsomely bound Fashion-books, ten or twelve years old—observing, as she put a little table and a candle for my especial benefit, that she knew young people liked to look at pictures. Carlo lay, and snorted, and started at his mistress's feet. He, too, was quite at home.

The card-table was an animated scene to watch; four ladies' heads, with niddle-nodding caps, all nearly meeting over the middle of the table, in their eagerness to whisper quick enough and loud enough; and every now and then came Miss Barker's "Hush, ladies! if you please, hush! Mrs. Jamieson is asleep."

It was very difficult to steer clear between Mrs. Forrester's deafness and Mrs. Jamieson's sleepiness. But Miss Barker managed her arduous task well. She repeated the whisper to Mrs. Forrester, distorting her face considerably, in order to show, by the motions of her lips, what was said; and then she smiled kindly all round at us, and murmured to herself, "Very gratifying, indeed; I wish my poor sister had been alive to see this day."

Presently the door was thrown wide open; Carlo started to his feet, with a loud snapping bark; and Mrs. Jamieson awoke: or, perhaps, she had not been asleep—as she said almost directly, the room had been so light she had been glad to keep her eyes shut, but had been listening with great interest to all our amusing and agreeable conversation. Peggy came in once more, red with importance. Another tray! Oh, gentility!" thought I, "can you endure this last shock?" For Miss Barker had ordered (nay, I doubt not prepared, although she did say, "Why! Peggy, what have you brought us?" and looking pleasantly surprised at the unexpected pleasure) all sorts of good things for supper—scolloped oysters, potted lobsters, jelly, a dish called "little Cupids," (which was in great favor with the Cranford ladies; although too expensive to be given, except on solemn and state occasions—maccaroons sopped in brandy; I should have called it, if I had not known its more refined and classical name). In short, we were evidently to be feasted with all that was sweetest and best; and we thought it better to submit graciously, even at the cost of our gentility—which never ate suppers in general—but which, like most non-supper-eaters, was particularly hungry on all special occasions.

Miss Barker, in her former sphere, had, I dare say, been made acquainted with the beverage they call "cherry-brandy." We none of us had ever seen such a thing, and rather

shrunk back when she proffered us—"just a little, *leetle* glass, ladies; after the oysters and lobsters, you know. Shell-fish are sometimes thought not very wholesome." We all shook our heads like female mandarins; but, at last, Mrs. Jamieson suffered herself to be persuaded, and we followed her lead. It was not exactly unpalatable, though so hot and so strong that we thought ourselves bound to give evidence that we were not accustomed to such things, by coughing terribly—almost as strangely as Miss Barker had done, before we were admitted by Peggy.

"It's very strong," said Miss Pole, as she put down her empty glass; "I *do* believe there's spirit in it!"

"Only a *leetle* drop—just necessary to make it 'keep!'" said Miss Barker. "You know we put brandy-paper over preserves to make them 'keep.'" I often feel tipsy myself from eating damson tart."

It is pleasant to fall in with women like Mrs. Gaskell. She tells her story so complacently, and puts all the tints in so naturally, that her sketch may be pronounced perfect. Peggy, "red with importance," Miss Barker "distorting her face considerably," to make her deaf visitor (Mrs. Forrester) comprehend her speech; and finally, *that* "cherry-brandy;" we repeat it, the sketch is admirable.

By-the-by, the name of the book whence we have filched this little Village Tea-Party, is—"Cranford."

THE LADY'S "YES!"

A SONG.

BY ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

"YES!" I answered you last night—
"No!" this morning, sir, I say—
Colors seen by candlelight
Cannot look the same by day.

When the tabors played their best,
And the dancers were not slow,
"Love me" sounded like a jest,
Fit for "yes" or fit for "no."

Thus, the sin is on us both;
Was to dance a time to woo?
Wooer light makes fickle troth—
Scorn of *me* recoils on *you*.

Learn to win a lady's faith
Nobly, as the thing is high—
Bravely, as in fronting death—
With a virtuous gravity.

Lead her from the painted boards—
Point her to the starry skies—
Guard her, by your truthful words,
Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true,
Ever true as wives of yore;
And her "yes," once said to you,
Shall be yes for evermore.

SUSPICION AND JEALOUSY.

SUSPICION ever haunts the GUILTY mind.
SHAKESPEARE.

Of all
Our passions, I wonder Nature made
The worst, foul JEALOUSY, her favorite!
And, if it be not so, why took she care
That every thing should give the monster nourishment,
AND LEFT US NOTHING TO DESTROY IT WITH?
SUCKLING.

WE HAVE EVER OBSERVED, that Suspicion and Jealousy are foster-children—their habitation, a heart naturally depraved; one that sets virtue at defiance.

There are some defects of the mind, arising from a neglect of early education, that may by kindness and argument be all-but eradicated; but *these*, never. They are foul blots on the fair face of humanity. Ever anticipating evil, suspicious people see by a morbid reflection, things that never had—never could have had an existence. Thus are they always creating a poisonous diet on which to feed. The poison flows in their veins, and the whole system is radically corrupt. They are living volcanoes of mischief—a terror to themselves, and a pest to those with whom they are unfortunately associated. They render matrimony HATEFUL.

We have been urged to write an "Essay" on the subject, and to point out whereby these evils can be "cured." This is a moral impossibility. We dare not attempt it. All we can do—is, to enforce upon parents the necessity there is for paying the strictest attention to their children's earliest education. Let them mark their failings, and correct them in time. The *twig* may be bent, when the *tree* is too obstinate to yield to force.

The world is full of painful examples of parental neglect. Our newspapers groan with the "consequences." Horrible details of crime, in which suspicion and jealousy figure prominently, meet the eye daily; and we always find, whilst perusing the evidence, that these vices have gained strength from their having been unchecked in infancy. We can never begin to teach a child too soon.

Let us add that, as contact is very dangerous where the heart is naturally depraved, children of a better principle should never be allowed to associate with such as give early indication of the mental depravity of which we speak.

We owe a duty to the world and to each other; and must never knowingly scatter firebrands amongst those who delight in cultivating the nobler principles of the human heart.

Parents! listen to this warning voice.

RELIGION stands in no need whatever of Art. It rests on its own majesty.

A HINT TO "FAST" MEN.

Your whale can swallow a hoghead for a pill,
But the MAKER of the mousetrap, 'tis HE that hath the SKILL.
BEN JONSON.

WE HAVE ALL BEEN YOUNG; and it is truly said that you "cannot put old heads upon young shoulders." Every one must get experience and "pay" for it. This both in body and in purse.

At this season, the Country,—our "Watering Places" in particular,—(Margate, Ramsgate, Brighton, &c., to wit), is flooded by visitors of the genus "gent." There is no mistake about their identity. Moses is their outfitter, and the "cut" is undeniable. We find them in armies—fluttering about our steam-boats, and on our railways, *passim*. We look for their extensive "summer tie" (the ends projecting fearfully on each side of their figure-head), and we cry—there it is! Zebra-like, the "gent" is striped all over,—his dress bespeaking the man and his mind. We owe Moses and his patrons a heavy debt of gratitude.

Now let us behold the "gent" at his hotel. How immense he looks, as he bears down upon the poor waiter with his repeated calls and "orders,"—abusing him for his inattention. Here the "gent" is at home. Our city clerks, too,—how *they* do "come out" in the summer! What with their bejewelled fingers, cool ties, remarkable hats, and summer "make up,"—amusement never flags. Our good city sends out some rich specimens of "fast men," of "refined taste."

All the gentry we are pointing at—good-naturedly, be it said—are excellent judges of wine. They *always* abuse the first bottle, and very frequently the second,—just to shew their acumen. The landlord is called in. He hem's and ha's, is very sorry, very sorry indeed; it is all a mistake. But he will rectify it. He disappears. The door soon re-opens. A smiling look, and a wink (the wink does it!) convince the grumblers that all is now "right." They taste and are delighted. "I knew you *could* do the thing, landlord!" cries Dobson; and mine host replies—"I should think so!" This game has now commenced, and will be played at for some three months longer. Ahem!

"In vino veritas."

"There is no deceit in wine."—Is there not! Having drawn our "little sketch," we will now recommend for the benefit of the parties interested, the perusal of a short dialogue. This dialogue took place between a man named Burley (formerly landlord of an hotel, but now retired) and one of his former customers. They met by chance; and both being in good humor, and the landlord now a "private gentleman," their discourse happened thus. (POOLE is our authority, therefore we are clear of offence):—

"You can't deny it, Burley; your wines of *all* kinds, were detestable—port, Madeira, claret, champagne—"

"There now, sir! to prove how much gentlemen may be mistaken, I assure you, sir, as I'm an honest man, I never had but *two sorts* of wine in my cellar—port *and* sherry."

"How! when I myself have tried your claret, your—"

"Yes, sir—*my* claret, sir. One is obliged to give gentlemen everything they ask for, sir; gentlemen who pay their money, sir, have a right to be served with whatever they may please to order, sir—especially the young gentlemen from Cambridge, sir. I'll tell you how it was, sir. I would never have any wines in my house, sir, but port and sherry, because *I knew them* to be wholesome wines, sir; and this I will say, sir, my port and sherry were *the—very—best* I could procure in all England."

"How! the best?"

"Yes, sir—at the price I paid for them. But to explain the thing at once, sir. You must know, sir, that I hadn't been long in business, when I discovered that gentlemen know very little about wine; but that if they didn't find some fault or other, they would appear to know much less—always excepting the young gentlemen from Cambridge, sir; *and they are excellent judges!*" [And here again Burley's little eyes twinkled a humorous commentary on the concluding words of his sentence.] "Well, sir; with respect to my dinner wines, I was always tolerably safe; gentlemen seldom find fault at dinner; so whether it might happen to be Madeira, or pale sherry, or brown, or—"

"Why, just now you told me you had but two sorts of wine in your cellar!"

"Very true, sir; port *and* sherry. But this was my plan, sir. If any one ordered Madeira:—From one bottle of sherry take two glasses of wine, which replace by two glasses of brandy, and add thereto a slight squeeze of lemon; and this I found to give general satisfaction, especially to the young gentlemen from Cambridge, sir. But, upon the word of an honest man, I could scarcely get a living profit by my Madeira, sir, for I always used the best brandy. As to the pale and brown sherry, sir—a couple of glasses of nice pure water, in place of the same quantity of wine, made what I used to call *my delicate pale* (by-the-by, a squeeze of lemon added to *that* made a very fair Bucellas, sir—a wine not much called for now, sir): and for my old *brown* sherry, a *leetle* burnt sugar was the thing. It looked very much like sherry that had been twice to the East Indies, sir; and, indeed, to my customers who were *very* particular about their wines, I used to serve it as such."

"But, Mr. Burley, was not such a proceeding of a character rather—"

"I guess what you would say, sir; but I knew it to be a wholesome wine at bottom, sir. But my port was the wine which gave me the most trouble. Gentlemen seldom agree about port, sir. One gentleman would say, 'Burley, I don't like this wine—it is too heavy!' 'Is it, sir? I think I can find you a lighter.'" *Out* went a glass of wine, and *in* went a glass of water. 'Well, sir, I'd say, 'how do you approve of *that*?' Why—um, —no; I can't say—' 'I understand, sir, you like

an *older* wine—*softer*. I think I can please you, sir.' Pump again, sir. 'Now, sir,' says I (wiping the decanter with a napkin, and triumphantly holding it up to the light), 'try this, if you please.' 'That's it, Burley—that's the very wine; bring another bottle of the same.' But one can't please everybody the same way, sir. Some gentlemen would complain of my port being poor—without body. In went *one* glass of brandy. If that didn't answer, 'Aye, gentlemen,' says I, 'I know what will please you,—you like a fuller bodied, rougher wine.' Out went *two* glasses of wine, and in went *two* or *three* glasses of brandy. This used to be a *very* favorite wine—but *only* with the young gentlemen from Cambridge, sir."

"And your claret?"

"My good wholesome port again, sir. Three wines out, three waters in, one pinch of tartaric acid, two ditto orris-powder. For a fuller claret, a little brandy; for a lighter claret, more water."

"But how did you contrive about Burgundy?"

"That was *my* claret, sir, with from three to six drops of bergamot, according as gentlemen liked a full flavor or a delicate flavor. As for champagne, sir, that, *of course*, I made myself."

"How do you mean 'of course,' Burley?"

"Oh, sir," said he, with an innocent yet waggish look; "surely everybody makes his own champagne—*else what can become of all the gooseberries?*"

We sincerely hope, as OUR JOURNAL finds its way into all places of public hospitality (we do not like the word "Inns"), that some of the gentleman-connoisseurs in wine will take it up *after dinner*, and indulge in a hearty roar.

If we were to laugh at ourselves more frequently than we do, it would be better for us—and for the public too!

SONG.

MY HELEN! leave thy silken thread
And flowery tapestrie:
Come, see the roses on the bush,
The blossoms on the tree;
Stoop where thou wilt, thy lovely hand
Some random bud will meet;
Thou can'st not tread, but thou wilt find
The daisy at thy feet.

'Tis like the birthday of the world,
When earth was born in bloom;
The light is made of many dyes,
The air is all perfume.
Lo! crimson buds, and white and blue;
The very rainbow showers
Have turned to blossoms where they fell,
And sown the earth with flowers.

Lo! fairy tulips in the east,
The garden of the sun;
Aye, every stream reflects the hues
And blossoms as they run;
While morn opens like a crimson rose,
Still wet with pearly showers;
Then HELEN, leave the silken thread
Thou twinest into flowers!

CONVENT—IONAL GOSSIP.

IF "HONEST,"—WHY SUCH DREAD ?

YE reverend Fathers, "why" make such objection,
"Why" raise such a cry against Convents' Inspection ?

Is it not just the thing to confound the deceivers,
And confute all the slanders of vile unbelievers ?

It strikes me that people in *your* situation
Should welcome, invite, and court investigation—
As much as to say, "*Come and see*, if you
doubt us ;

We defy you to find any EVIL about us."

For my part, I think, if I held your persuasion,
I much should desire to improve the occasion ;
And should catch at the chance, opportunely
afforded,
Of showing *how well* Nuns are lodged, used, and
boarded.

That as to the notion of cruel inflictions
Of penance—such tales are a bundle of fictions ;
And that all that we hear of constraint and
coercion
Is, to speak in mild language, mere groundless
assertion.

That an Abbess would not—any more than a
Mayoress—
Ever dream of inveigling an opulent heiress ;
That each convent's the home of devotion and
purity,
And that nothing is thought about, *there*, but
futuraity.

That no Nuns exist their profession regretting,
Who kept in confinement are pining and fretting ;
And to fancy there might be one such, though a
rarity,
Implies a most sad destitution of charity.

That all sisters are doves—without mates—of
one feather,
In holy tranquillity living together ;
Whose dovecote the bigots have found a mare's
nest in,
Because its arrangements are rather clandestine.

Nay ; *I* should have gone, out of hand, to SIR
PAXTON.
As a Frenchman would probably call him, and
"axed 'un,"
As countrymen say—his ingenious noddle
Of a New Crystal Convent to scratch for a model.

Transparent and open, inquiry not shirking,
Like bees you might watch the good Nuns in it,
working ;
And study their habits, observe all their motions,
And *see* them performing their various "devo-
tions."

This is what *I* should do—on a sound cause
relying ;
Not run about bellowing, raving, and crying ;
I shouldn't exhibit all that discomposure,
Unless *in the dread* of some startling disclosure.

"What" makes you betray such tremendous
anxiety
To prevent the least peep into those haunts of
piety ?
People say there's "a bag" in your Convents ;—
NO DOUBT OF IT,
And you are afraid you'll have "Pussy" let out
of it !!!

PUNCH.

MOUNT VESUVIUS.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

WE WERE NOW ABOUT TO SEE Nature in
a new and awful form, by witnessing the be-
ginning of an eruption at Vesuvius. Before
quitting Naples, we heard reports that an
approaching tumult in the mountain was
anticipated. Volleys of smoke ascended,
from time to time, from the crater, or lay
curled in clouds on the summit. The wells
at Naples were becoming dry, while those at
Resina were overflowing ; loud noises, too,
were heard on the mountain, and it was
rumored that fire had been seen by night.

Upon reaching the house of Salvator at
Resina, the principal Vesuvius guide, he told
us that the mountain was in action ; that a
new crater had been opened the night before,
and was sending forth flames and stones. We
speedily mounted our donkeys—poor miser-
able little creatures, which had already been
up the mountain twice during the preceding
twenty-four hours—and started, full of ex-
pectation. For some time our path lay
between walls built of blocks of lava, strewn
with volcanic stones. In about three-quarters
of an hour we reached a wide current of
lava, that of 1810 ; it was like a frozen Styx.
The scene was one of wild desolation ; not a
trace of vegetation was seen. Black, dark,
and barren was the surface of the earth ; in
some places the lava, arrested in its course,
resembled petrified waves, whilst in others,
it formed a hard compact surface ; our guide
pointed out to us the streams of lava of 1819,
1822, and 1833.

On a hill formed of volcanic products,
raised like a ridge high above the currents
of lava that have swept past it on either side,
stands the hermitage. One solitary friar had
pitched his tent in this wilderness, and had
lived here nearly twenty years ; never quit-
ting the spot, even during the most awful
eruptions of the mountain. Here we halted
for twenty minutes, to rest our poor little
steeds. The lava, which we had before
crossed in comparatively regular streams,
was now piled about in huge blocks, amongst
which we picked our way with difficulty.
We soon arrived at the foot of the cone ;
and here we were obliged to leave our don-
keys, and commit ourselves to the mercy of
twelve *portantini*, or bearers. The soil is so

loose, and the ascent so frightfully steep, that no animal, except man, can find a footing.

I do not remember ever in my life to have been so entirely overcome with terror, as in the scene which followed. The ladies of our party were placed in small arm-chairs, fastened upon long poles, which the men supported on their shoulders. Imagine what it was to be thus lifted up by twelve men, who sank knee-deep in the ashes at every step; and whose footing was so uncertain and irregular, that I was one minute thrown to one side of the chair, and the next flung violently forward, and then as suddenly jerked back again. All the time the men screamed as Neapolitans only can scream. The *portantini* who were carrying one of my friends fell down all at once, and this was the signal for my bearers to rush past them, yelling with delight. So wild and uncivilised a set of beings you never saw, and the noise they made was something quite unearthly. I completely lost my presence of mind, and in piteous tones besought the men to let me get down and walk; but instead of heeding my entreaties, they only raced on the more desperately.

When I reached the summit, after having endured this terror for three-quarters of an hour, I sat down and buried my face in my hands, unable to speak. After a little while, when I raised my eyes and looked around, what words can picture the scene that presented itself! We were standing on the edge of the large basin, in the centre of which were the craters in action. When all our party were assembled, we followed our guide, and proceeded towards them, scrambling over rocks of hot lava, and stepping across deep chasms, from which rose a hot sulphureous exhalation. I can never forget the feelings of that moment. I had lately seen nature in her most grand and lovely forms, and remembered with delight the sublime beauty of Switzerland; but here I beheld her under a new aspect—awful, terrific, and overwhelming—working in the secret places of the earth with a power of destructive and mysterious energy, and revealing itself to man in fearful and desolating might. I gazed, and thought of Herculaneum and Pompeii.

We stopped on a high point of lava, and looked into the mighty cauldron beneath us. Loud subterranean noises were heard from time to time—the mountain seemed shaken to its centre; then columns of bright clear flame spouted forth from the crater, succeeded by volumes of dense black smoke. Red-hot stones and masses of rock were hurled hundreds of feet into the air; some falling back into the crater, while others, dashed into a thousand pieces, were scattered

around. After standing on this pinnacle for some time, the guide led the way to the very edge of the crater. I felt that I had seen enough, and begged to be left behind, being indeed too cowardly to venture on. The rest of the party, however, had sufficient courage and curiosity to explore further. I asked our guide if there was really any danger; he looked at me earnestly, and simply said, "Signorina gentilissima, ho sei piccolini in casa!"—"Gentle lady, I have six little children at home.") Could any words have conveyed a stronger assurance than this touching appeal? It gave me courage, and I proceeded with the others.

And now we stood beside the crater; and as each volley of smoke and flame subsided, we peeped into the abyss. Then came a hollow fearful sound, the earth beneath us trembled, the smoke and flame again ascended; stones were shot up into the air high above our heads. Suddenly the wind changed, and our position was by no means an enviable one; the smoke and sulphureous vapor were blown towards us, and red-hot stones fell in showers around. Every one was now terrified; we fled like a herd of startled deer, and scrambling up the hill as fast as the loose and slippery soil would permit, only turned to look back when we had reached the top. We were now content with a more distant view, and lingered long near the crater, reluctant to leave a spot which we were so unlikely ever to visit again.

At length we prepared to descend the mountain. I had dismissed my chair, determined to trust alone to my feet. Supported by a friend and one of the guides, I advanced down the precipitous descent, slowly and cautiously at first; but gaining courage as we proceeded, I soon ran briskly on, and in four minutes reached the foot of the cone which it had cost us so much time, toil, and suffering to ascend. Remounting our donkeys, we soon joined those of our party who had not ventured on the ascent, and as we drove back to Naples, related to them our adventures. But how vain were all our endeavors to give utterance to the thoughts and feelings which this day's excursion had awakened! W.

A MARVELLOUSLY-PROPER MAN.

THE man whom I call deserving the name, is one whose thoughts and exertions are for others rather than for himself,—whose high purpose is adopted on just principles, and never abandoned while Heaven or earth affords means of accomplishing it. He is one who will neither seek an indirect advantage by a specious road, nor take an evil path to gain a real good purpose. Such a man were one, for whom a woman's heart should beat constantly while he breathes—and break when he dies.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

**SUMMER;—MORE OF ITS CONSEQUENCES.
THE FASHIONS.**

So spake the grisly terror; and in SHAPE,
So speaking, and so threatening, grew tenfold
MORE horrid and DEFORM'D.

MILTON.

THERE ARE MANY THINGS going forward in this world of ours, that people get "used" to by often seeing them; and whilst bustling about in the giddy throng, intent upon matters of business, time hardly permits one to "reflect" much upon what is really passing before the eye.

It is wisely ordered, however, that as the seasons roll over, we should seek a little temporary refuge from excessive care and anxiety. Summer heat comes upon us, and brings lassitude with it. We are weary of "work," and the mind needs rest. Then it is that we look about us, and as we wander abroad, ponder upon the animated picture of human life that, in one continuous flood, pours itself forth to see and be seen.

Just now, in particular, the "perpetual motion" seems likely to be discovered. Everything having four legs, seems remorselessly pressed into the service of those who have but two; whilst steam and electricity unite in the completion of the circle, which, when formed, knows no rest in its onward course.

Now is it that women study hard,—the theme, how best they can remove all traces of that sweet symmetry which we call beautiful; presenting to the eye an alarming mis-shapen mass of rustling drapery. The contempt of these perfumed butterflies for each other, as they sail past us like the revolving wings of a windmill, is, we admit, perfect of its kind.* Yet do we not recognise the severe correctness of their ideas as to the "line of beauty." Female loveliness must not be sought for in summer. Oh—no! Women's summer-value must,—sad to say it!—be estimated by their dress.

Then the "fashionable bonnets" of the present day! Are they not hideous monstrosities, perfectly unendurable? To see a pretty figure-head,—or, to make a joke, allowable in hot weather, a pretty pre-face—standing out like a sign-post on a high road; is it not flagitious? How can we "love" such a face, so inhumanly fitted up,—or rather, so cruelly punished (for the tyrant Fashion nearly strangles its pretty victims)? We repeat it,—it is too bad. Oh! that we were in Parliament but for one short week! Woman's claim to the right of deformity should no longer be recognised by the law of the land. We would restore her to her "original" shape, and then—die happy.

We do lay some claim to the thanks of the fair sex, for having won them by the flourish of our

pen (far less dangerous than the flourish of their parasols, of which we spoke in our last to some purpose) to adopt the humanising Bodice of Mesdames Marion and Maitland. We observe that women now sit their horses with less bodily pain, and move about the streets less like automata than they formerly did. Their liver too has more fair play, and their ribs are not so cruelly crushed as of yore. And is their "shape" at all injured by wearing this elastic, this comfortable life preserver? So far from it, that ease and elegance become naturally associated.* Woman,—dear woman! (pardon our enthusiasm)—do—we beseech you, be natural!

This paper must not be tediously long. We will therefore only enter our protest, *en passant*, against the received custom of habiting our young ladies like mountebanks, tricking them out with every meretricious ornament that bad taste can invent. Surely, legs feathered to the instep by ungainly loose pants, speak little for the "modesty" of the wearers; whose brazen frontispieces, covered by gigantic Victoria Regia flapping straw hats, with ribboned pennons, are a national blot. These fly-away deformities of incipient woman, haunt our steps wherever we turn. The ages of the victims vary from eight to seventeen. No "sweet seventeen" have we here. Oh no!

Then, as regards the *et infra*—the little duodecimos whom we want to love, but cannot; how hideously are they arrayed! Why they are a little army of dwarfs, just fit for exhibition at Bartlemy, or Tiddi-dol fairs. Lavish are their "fond" parents in their unceasing endeavors to extinguish all traces of humanity in their offspring! They try hard at it, and are but too successful in their efforts.

We see our mortal aversion, the "Shrouds," or "Uglies," are out again! Death-like female phantoms are everywhere gliding along the streets and highways, with this "infernal machine" attached to their bonnets. We repeat it—London is not the place for the exhibition of these very disgusting inventions. Why will husbands, fathers, guardians, permit such atrocities to be perpetrated? They tell us, "they cannot help it."

* It is impossible for any feeling heart to see unmoved, the cruel, the inhuman tortures inflicted upon some of our West-End young ladies,—delicate blossoms, who ride out on horseback with their papas. We very frequently pass them in Portland Place, and stand aghast when we note the unnaturally-reduced proportions of their waists and bodies. The pain they suffer from this very wicked outrage upon nature, is but too observable; but "Fashion" laughs at pain! We speak not of the brazen, belted, Amazonian damsels, who with such effrontery tear up and down Rotten Row. We regard them, with their Brigand hats, and interminable dresses (bad "habits!"), as irreclaimable. They are very disgusting,—masculine depravities. There is nothing feminine in their look or manner. No; those for whom we plead are the gentler spirits,—promising rose-buds which we daily see perishing, as it were, from blight. Let these fair creatures take our advice, and equip themselves with a Resilient Bodice. They will then look both natural and beautiful.

* The "immensity of space" occupied by the drapery of our modern fashionable ladies, has been most amusingly described by our Cambridge correspondent "Walter" (see vol. 3, p. 254). It really is surprising to observe how very much can be made out of so very little! We must confess, that the *Noli-me-tangere* air of these panting victims liketh us not. It is really difficult to get "comfortably near" to them. And when you do perchance succeed, you are sure to do mischief!

Nonsense! In *this* matter it is a solemn duty to be firm.

In the heart of the country we see no possible objection to their use. Whilst riding or driving, with an intensely hot sun perpendicularly shining on the head, their adoption is not only allowable but commendable. A kind friend residing in Hampshire, whilst we were recently chatting to her, mysteriously produced one of these "shrouds," and laughingly said, "Look at this, Mr. Editor!" We did look, and were *pleased* to see it in use in that part of the country. Let us remark, that the fair wearer emphatically said she agreed with us, that such things ought *not* to be worn in cities. They were only for *comfort*, and to protect the countenance from the fervid heat of the noon-day sun.

But we have had our say. We fear that little good will result from any attack we may make on that hydra—"Fashion," and therefore pursue it no further.

As regards the "Summer Fashions" prevailing among men and boys, with their wide-awake hats, cool ties, loose attire, monkey-like coats, &c. &c.—on these matters we must be silent. It is said that this class are only half a remove from the race of monkeys. When we see them in their "Summer attire," fully redolent of Moses and pomatum, and wedded to pipes, tobacco, gin, and beer, we sometimes think monkeys are, of the two, the most rational. It is a compliment, to which we consider the genus *Simia* is fairly entitled.

One thing is certain—wherever *these* summer curiosities are found, our whereabouts will be at their antipodes.

THE LOVED-ONE'S DAY.

AN EPITHALAMIUM. BY GOODWYN BARMBY.

SWEETLY now she sleepeth! Dreams, be bright and fair—

Snowy breasts, swell lightly; breath, enrich the air;

Morning, gently wake her; winds, your softest sigh;

Dews and vapors, vanish; sunshine, fill the sky!

Beaming now in beauty—flowers, rise round her feet;

Grass, spring up all grateful; bless her footsteps fleet.

Golden noon, look on her; clouds, her presence flee;

Bluest Heaven in her eye—sun, your rival see!

Meekly now she resteth! Day, be still and pray; Softening shadows, gather; flickering fancies, play.

Western skies, in purple glowing glory fade; Evening star, beam o'er her—twilight, through thy shade.

Fondly now she sleepeth! Love, be watch and ward!

Lilies are her eyelids. Rose, whom no thorns guard;

God, still sweeter make her; sleep, refresh her charms;

Holy night, thus keep her,—FOLDED IN MY ARMS!

THE OCEAN AND ITS VARIOUS COLORS.

MANY persons have expressed their surprise, when beholding the various colors imparted at certain seasons to the waters of the great deep. It is quite true that they do exhibit various hues, which depend upon a variety of circumstances.

The ocean absorbs all the prismatic colors except that of ultramarine, which is reflected in every direction. This is its true color in general, when seen apart from atmospheric influence, modified by depth; but every gleam of sunshine, passing clouds, winds, shoals, and sandbanks, affect its tints. Particular parts of the ocean show peculiar colors. The sea is white in the Gulf of Guinea, and black amid the Maldivé Islands. Various purple, red, and rose-colored waters occur in the higher parts of the Mediterranean, in the vermilion sea off California, the Red Sea, and in tracts along the coasts of Chili, Brazil, and Australia. Green water appears in the Persian Gulf, off the Arabian Coast, and in connection with the deepest blue in the Arctic Ocean.

These appearances are permanent, and so distinct, that ships have been seen partly in blue and partly in green water at the same time. The tints are occasioned by differently-colored animalcules, which swam in countless myriads in the tracts in question. The same species of animalcules (*Trichodesmium Erythroëum*) which color the Red Sea have been found in other similarly-tinted districts of the ocean.

The green of the Arctic Seas is produced also by minute animals, which visit in spring the coast of Holland, and have been encountered in immense shoals migrating in the Atlantic. In the Antarctic regions, Sir James Ross remarked repeatedly the change of color of the sea, from light oceanic blue to a dirty brown, caused by ferruginous animalculæ. The phosphorescence of the ocean, a magnificent and imposing spectacle, when the waves scintillate with bright green sparks, or exhibit a long line of fire flashing in a thousand directions, is mainly caused by minute organic beings, which are phosphorescent while alive; a property retained by the gelatinous particles with which certain tracts of the deep are thickly charged—their dead and dismembered relics. At the same time, a disturbed electrical condition of the atmosphere may be most favorable to the phenomenon.

ACTION.

No man should be so much taken up in the search of truth, as thereby to neglect the more necessary duties of active life; for after all is done, it is action only that gives a true value and commendation to virtue.—CICERO.

LIFE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

IN AN INTERESTING book of "Travels in Tropical South Africa," by Francis Galton, there are some curious facts detailed of the habits and manners of the people, that deserve attention. We have made two random extracts. The first refers to the savage nature of uncivilised man, and exhibits a lamentable picture of the human heart in a state of wildness. The Damaras are the people spoken of, and here is a specimen of—

NEGRO CRUELTY.

It is very difficult to find out how many people are killed or wounded on occasions like these. Hyenas soon devour the dead bodies, and those who survive scatter in all directions; so that no clue remains towards the numbers missing. I saw two poor women: one with both legs cut off at her ankle joints, and the other with one. They had crawled the whole way on that eventful night, from Schmelen's Hope to Barmen, some twenty miles. The Hottentots had cut them off after their usual habit, in order to cut off the solid iron anklets that they wear. These wretched creatures showed me how they had stopped the blood, by poking the wounded stumps into the sand. A European would certainly have bled to death under such circumstances.

One of Jonker's sons, a hopeful youth, came to a child that had been dropped on the ground, and who lay screaming there; and he leisurely gouged out its eyes with a small stick. I saw another horrible sight on the way, which has often haunted me since. We had taken a short cut, and were a day and a half from our wagons; when I observed some smoke in front, and rode to see what it was. An immense blackthorn tree was smouldering, and from the quantity of ashes about, there was all the appearance of its having burnt for a long time. Near it were tracks that we could make nothing of; no foot-marks, only an impression of a hand here and there. We followed them, and found a wretched woman, most horribly emaciated; both her feet were burnt quite off, and the wounds were open and unhealed. Her account was, that many days back she and others were encamping there; and when she was asleep, a dry but standing tree, which they had set fire to, fell down, and entangled her among its branches. There she was burnt before she could extricate herself, and her people left her. She had since lived on gum alone, of which there were vast quantities about. It oozes down from the trees, and forms large cakes in the sand. There was water close by, for she was on the edge of a river bed. I did not know what to do with her; I had no means of conveying her anywhere, or any place to convey her to.

The Damaras invariably kill useless and worn-out people. Even some smother their sick fathers; and death was evidently not far from her. I had three sheep with me; so I off-packed, and killed one. She seemed ravenous; and though I purposely had off-packed some two hundred yards from her, yet the poor wretch kept crawling and dragging herself up to me, and would not be

withheld, for fear I should forget to give her the food I promised. When it was ready, and she had devoured what I gave her, the meat acted as it often does in such cases, and fairly intoxicated her. She attempted to stand, regardless of the pain; and sang, and tossed her lean arms about. It was perfectly sickening to witness the spectacle. I did the only thing I could; I cut the rest of the meat in strips, and hung it within her reach, and where the sun would jerk (*i. e.* dry and preserve) it. It was many days' provisions for her. I saw she had water, firewood, and gum in abundance; and then I left her to her fate.

It appears that dancing is a very favorite pastime here; and our second extract affords a graphic description of—

A NEGRO BALL.

Every night Nangoro gives a ball, to which the *élite* of Ovampo-land have a free *entrée*. He kindly sent me an invitation by Tippoo—that one of his three courtiers, under whose protection we had been especially placed. As soon as night sets in, the guests throng together from all sides; and as the country is full of palms, one member of each party generally picks up a dried broken-off branch, and lights it as a torch. It gives a brilliant flame, and the effect of the many lights on every side is particularly pretty.

I went, about eight o'clock, down the sanded walk, between quickset hedgerows, that leads to Nangoro's palisading. When we had entered it, we turned to the right into the dancing court, which was already filled with people who talked and flirted just as though they were in an English ball-room. There was one man with a feeble guitar or banjo in one corner, and a powerful performer on the tom-tom in front of him. The first dance was remarkable as a display of dexterity, though I hardly think of elegance; it was undertaken by twelve or fourteen gentlemen—all the others looking on. The dancers were ranked in double files, and *dos-à-dos*; they then "*passéed*" from side to side with a tripping operatic step, but a wary and cautious eye. Every now and then one of the performers spun suddenly round, and gave a most terrific kick at the stern of the gentleman whom he then found in front of him.

This was the dance; there was a great deal of dexterity shown both in delivering and avoiding the kick, which, when successfully planted, hit with the force of a donkey's hoof. I observed that the three courtiers danced very well and very successfully; indeed, I would not have found myself *dos-à-dos* with Tippoo for any consideration. The ladies applauded the dance most vociferously. After this came a promenade; we were all jammed together into a compact mass, and then stepped round and round the court to the sound of the tom-tom, tapping the ground with our feet in regular time.

Dance number three was for the Bushmen—a large kraal of whom lay close by Nangoro's palisading; they are his body-guard. This dance was entirely mimicry, either of animal steps, or any thing else they liked; and then a grand promenade closed the evening. I saw only thirty or forty of Nangoro's wives there. I suppose

that the others, being old, did not dance. They wear a copper armlet as a sign of distinction.

We should very well like to be present at a scene of this kind. It must contrast most powerfully with an English ball, and be infinitely more animated. *That* kick, too, must be seen—perhaps felt, to be properly appreciated. We would, however, much prefer being the endorser. The endorsee, we imagine, would be apt to consider the kick to be a breach of good manners—especially when administered with the “full force of a donkey’s hoof.”

Tropical Southern Africa must be just “the” place in which to teach a man *activity!*

THE EVENING HOUR.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

THERE is a calmness in the evening hour,
A soothing joy that words can ne'er describe;
A social intercourse from flower to flower—
And from their happiness our souls imbibe
Reliance on the hand that made them fair,
Blessing the meanest creature with his care.

This is the season for reflection. Far
From anxious care and strife, from pomp and
pride,
We find rich treasure in each twinkling star,
And breathe a fragrance from the mountain
side.

In every simple flower that decks the sod,
We trace the hand,—the mighty hand of God!

And now the birds commence their vesper lays,
Low, plaintive music falls upon the ear;
A soft sweet cadence breathing prayer and praise,
As if they felt a hand to save was near.
And who protects them? who their wants sup-
plies?
And lends an ear to listen to their cries?

They build no barns to hoard their treasures in;
Nor coffers fill with gold, a secret store.
And though they toil not, neither do they spin,
Yet have they all they need, nor wish for more.
The same kind hand protects both birds and
flowers,
And oh, how far their faith exceedeth ours!

Oh, let us love the flowers that God has made,
And cherish with affection each dear bird;
And when our footsteps wander through the
glade,
And their sweet evening hymn is softly heard,
Forget our sorrows in their plaintive lays,
And join their little song of grateful praise.

Oh, Nature, how I love thee! At this hour,
Drest in thy fairy mantle, thou dost prove
A balm for sorrow; and I bless the power
That made thee fair, and taught my heart to
love.
Cheer'd by thy smiles, secure from man's device,
THE EARTH STILL HOLDS A PART OF PARADISE.

SUMMER DELECTABILITIES.

PIC-NICS.

LET'S be a CHILD! by Nature's kindly law
Pleas'd with a rattle—tickled with a straw.

IN THIS VERY UNCERTAIN, FICKLE CLI-
MATE OF OURS, wherein seven-eighths of the
year may be called “winter,” it becomes us
all to “make hay while the sun shines;”
and if the sun does not shine in August, when
will it shine? But the sun does shine, and
the ground is dry—very dry, the woods are
shady, and the foliage of the trees forms a
most umbrageous covering to prevent lily-
white necks from being “done brown.”
What is our mission then, this month?
Pleasure! harmless, innocent pleasure:

The youth who bathes in Pleasure's limpid
stream
At well-judged intervals, feels all his soul
Nerv'd with recruited strength.

This applies to youth of either sex, and
is good for “old boys” and young boys—
“old girls” and young girls. *All* mankind
have hearts to be happy; and happy they
must be. No exclusiveness must be per-
mitted in August. Human nature is “out
for a holiday;” and the conventional mask
peculiar to cities must be hung up till next
winter. That point is settled.

“Well, Mr. Editor, but what about
Pic-Nics? What are they? What do they
consist of? What is their object? How
are they to be got up? Who is to be of
the party——”

Gently—gently—if you please, good peo-
ple. We are just coming to the point.

A pic-nic party should consist of a mis-
cellaneous assemblage; some, young; some,
middle-aged; and some, old folk. It must
not be planned very long before it “comes
off;” but be a kind of improvisation—got up
on the instant. All these little matters
should be done off-hand. Select the names
of the intended *dramatis personæ*, send
“letters of advice,” and prepare at once for
the grand carnival *al fresco*. A joyous
maiden of seventeen should undertake this
duty.

There is a difference of opinion as to who
should, and who should not form elemental
particles in a pic-nic. The Americans tell
us, that a smart humorist and a good butt
are two indispensable ingredients; for that
a pic-nic party, without these, would be like
a pantomime without Clown and Pantaloon.
We strongly object to this. It is wrong
in principle. The same authorities say:
“By all means avoid asking engaged pairs.
Selfish as an alderman, they will sneak off
slyly into some secluded spots to bill and coo,
and contribute nothing to the common

stock of fun." This we know to be a fact. They *are* solid bores. As much fun as you please with the others, but let the mopers, we say, stay at home. We hate to see these people sickening up, and slinking off, (*as they always do,*) into corners, when they ought to be "jolly." Smiles and tears alternate in this world of ours. So let them be merry while they may. Smile now, and cry by-and-by. There will be lots of opportunities. A-hem!

A pic-nic party may consist of one dozen; two, three, four, or five dozen people—the more the merrier; and the expenses, when divided, will be proportionally less. Let there be an endless number of jet-black lustrous orbs; finely-arched foreheads by the score; dark eyebrows ("lash"-ing us well); swan-like necks; Madonna frontispieces; and joyous, merry voices; romps not a few, hoydens unlimited, and as many nimble feet and cherry cheeks as memory can call together. To meet these, invite all the agreeable, gentlemanly swains that yourselves, your friends, and your acquaintance can muster up—young and middle-aged. Let there be no "drawbacks" or "stumbling stones" invited, nor any persons of known jealous dispositions. Out with *these*, one and all, as leprous plague-spots—dangerous to themselves, and spreading infection dire on all around them. What! jealousy or suspicion at a pic-nic party! Fie! Fie!! Out with the offender *sans ceremonie*. Hanging were far too lenient a punishment for such an unpardonable offence.

If the uninitiated should ask—what are they to do on such occasions?—we answer, do as honest old Nature prompts; seek friends among the party, unbend your mind, and give a loose to harmless, innocent mirth. Many "pretty little things" will be sung and said. Some *you* will sing, some *you* will say. In turn, some "pretty little things" will be said to you. You will laugh, of course; why should you not? You cannot help it! No rules can be laid down for *what* to say, or *how* to say it. The art of success lies—

In that continuous sweetness, which with ease
Pleases all round it, from the *wish* to please.

On occasions such as these we are celebrating, Nature is her own instructor. Her children very rarely offend; and if a "black sheep" *should* creep in, "his mark," rely upon it, would be indelible,—burnt in! We are, of course, writing about people who are A 1. in matters of propriety, respectability, gentleness, and goodness.

Well; let us now take it for granted that the party is organised, and that the happy place of *rendezvous* is appointed. This may be either Epping Forest, Penge Wood, Nor-

wood, Petersham, Bushy Park, or other such favored localities.* Of course all will not depart together. There will be an influx from all parts of the country; pouring in, and meeting at one spot,—some in cabs, some in "dog-carts," some by boat, some by omnibus, some on horseback. All and each will be there—some by hook, and others by crook. We will not dwell on the hearty welcome, and merry salutations that fall on the ear of each happy "arrival." He or she will be "at home" in an instant. This sort of free-masonry is peculiar to pic-nic parties.

Let us now introduce some half-dozen asterisks * * * * * These, be it known, are to signify the arrival of a large van, which *has* contained a most remarkable selection of good things,—all packed in hampers, boxes, tureens, and an endless variety of baskets. We plead guilty to having peeped into the recesses of these *paraphernalia*, and also to having "assisted" in the unpacking. We should indeed be frightened to attempt a *catalogue raisonnée* of their contents. We may hint, however (distantly), at hams, fowls, capons, pullets, chickens, lamb, boiled beef, roast beef, tongues, sauces, pickles, cucumbers, lettuces, mysterious-looking *pâtes*,—beneath whose savory crust lay hid some indescribable delicacies; pigeons, &c. &c. &c. As for the larger hampers, well stored with fruits of all kinds, ices, jellies, and curious wines,—we must "say" little about these. The remem-

* Connected with Pic-nics, we may here mention a little anecdote. Some four years since, we were in Paris,—domiciled, *pro tem.*, at an extensive hotel, near the Madeleine. During our sojourn there, we saw many new faces at the *table d'hôte* daily. Among them, one happy day, two new faces presented themselves. With these (they were on the opposite side of the table), we fell in love at *once*. One of these faces belonged to a lovely maiden, with auburn ringlets; the other was owned by her equally fascinating mamma. They were both English. We hardly need say how soon we were all "at home." The ringing, happy, joyous laugh of "mamma's own child," soon reduced the distance between us. We all returned to England together; and, though before perfect strangers, we were soon registered as "one of the family." This was in August. Our remarkable acquaintance progressed. A grand pic-nic party was projected—some sixty at least were mustered—choice spirits! and in Epping Forest was laid the great scene of action. This may have assisted us in our remarks to-day. Let us, however, be precise upon *all* points. The heart of *that* young lady with auburn ringlets is not ours now. It has passed into other hands. We merely watched over it for the time being. A faithful watchman were we! We still, however, lay friendly claim to listen to the joyous, ringing laugh, that once made us so happy; and when we hear it "at home," in the family hall, we rejoice. May that heart never know sorrow,—and may the owner of it be as happy as he deserves to be!

brance of *that* Champagne, *that* Hock, *that* Claret, and *that* Madeira, poured out, and shared with —, but no, we won't; we really won't! It is too much for us. We shall be "at it again" so soon, that we will let our brain rest for the present, and drown the past in happy anticipation of the coming future. Pic-nics are now fairly "on."

We have said nothing about the cheerful gossip on the road down. How some were laughed at for being up too early, and others too late. "How nice mamma looks!" and "How Emily Lamb colored up, when William Cavendish compared her to a drooping lily, and asked permission to raise her lovely head!" &c. &c. This small-talk is sacred to the day, and ought not to be repeated. Happy faces, light hearts, good temper, cheerfulness, and innocence,—these are the characteristics of the Pic-nic *we* describe. We are "immense" on such occasions; and we place our royal person at the immediate disposal of all who advocate our principles in these matters. We are "good" for fourteen hours at the least, and shall even *then* return home gleeful,—"jolly."

It would be trenching on good manners, were we to attempt to proceed any further. We have hinted at everything that is needful. We have introduced the parties to each other. We have conducted them to their *rendezvous*. We have unpacked the treasures of the festive board. It is now for each one to endeavor to make the day pass pleasantly. It requires no effort. If the day be fine, happiness *must* be the issue. The day will close as it began—with a multitude of smiling faces speaking, as plainly as smiles can speak, the feelings of the heart.

We told our brother Cits, last month, that we would try and draw them out by the power of our pen. Let us hope that this little sketch may have the desired effect.

WHO, we ask, would be broiled on flagstones, that can so readily and so reasonably be attracted into the Forest,—and in such company too!

THE QUIET HOUR.

LISTEN, listen, sounds are stealing
Tiptoe on the balmy air;
Eve, her rainbow robe revealing,
Blushes through the twilight fair—
Whilst dreamy voices, touch'd with Pleasure's pain,
Hum their sweet incense through the yearning
brain.

Listen, listen, streams are singing
Down amid the amber glade;
Fairies perfumed bells are ringing,
The night-bird trills from out the shade:
Shall not our silent souls awake to move
In unison, when all around is Love?

T. J. O.

MORE OF NATURE'S WONDERS.

THE AZTECK CHILDREN.

HAVE OUR READERS YET SEEN THESE VERY curious wonders of the living world? If not, they should do so, for they are really marvels in their way.

There are two of these children, a girl and a boy. In the boy, the lower part of the face much projects. The lips are disproportionately thick, and the nose a good Jewish aquiline. His eyes are dark and humid, affectionate in expression, and having a lively animal intelligence in every glance. His complexion is a rich dark olive, and his hair black,—falling in long curls. His height is about three feet; his form slight and supple; his arms and hands are feeble and helpless-looking.

The girl has nearly the same characteristics, but she is slighter and smaller. On the whole, their appearance and actions are interesting. They run about the room with liveliness, and examine every new object with a passing curiosity. They cannot speak any language of their own, and only repeat a few words; but they easily understand *routine* questions. They are "said to be" some of the descendants of the Aztecks—the race driven from Mexico by Cortes. Among that race there was a peculiar hereditary priesthood, and in course of time the exclusive intermarriage of the sacerdotal families caused the degeneracy of the race. But the popular veneration exalted the race from priests to idols; and in the present country of the Aztecks, these little beings are set cross-legged on altars, and worshipped. A rather marvellous story is told of the capture of these children:—

In 1848, Mr. Huertis, of Baltimore, and Mr. Hammond, of Canada, attempted to explore Central America. They had read Stevens's account, in his *Central America*, of a conversation between himself and a priest residing at Santa Cruz del Quiche, relative to an unexplored city on the other side of the Great Sierra range, the glittering domes and minarets of which the priest averred having seen from the summit of the Sierra. The people, manners, and customs of this city, were supposed to be precisely the same as in the days of Montezuma. Messrs. Huertis and Hammond arrived at Belize in the autumn of 1848, and, turning south-west, arrived at Coban on Christmas-day. They were there joined by Pedro Velasquez of San Salvador, a Spaniard. From Coban they proceeded in search of the mysterious city. From Velasquez alone is any account of their travels to be obtained. Huertis and Hammond have never returned to tell their tale.

According to the statement of Velasquez, on the 19th of May they reached the summit of the Sierra, at an altitude of 9500 feet, in lat. 15° 48' N., and beheld in the distance the domes

and minarets of a large city, apparently of an Egyptian character, and about 25 leagues from Ocosingo, in the same latitude, and in the direct course of the River Lugartos. This city they eventually reached. Velasquez describes it to be of vast proportions, with heavy walls and battlements, full of temples, gigantic statues, and pagan paraphernalia; the people having Peruvian manners combined with Assyrian magnificence, and bound to remain within the walls, seeking no intercourse with the world around. The name of the city is Iximaya. The travellers were informed that white men had previously entered it, but that no white man had ever returned. Hammond and Huertis were both slain—the former in entering the city, the latter in endeavoring to make his escape. Velasquez, being more wary, lulled his captors into security, and not only escaped himself, but brought with him two children belonging to the priests—these very two.

This tale may, or may not be true. We question its accuracy. However, there is sufficient to gratify curiosity. There could be no deception whatever practised as to the little people exhibited. They are very animated in their looks, gestures, and movements, and both appear to be intelligent. They show an aptitude, too, for acquiring knowledge; possessing evidently the faculty of imitation in a considerable degree. They seem to be in good health, and pleased with the interest that is expressed for them.

They have been seen by Prof. Owen, Sir Benjamin Bordie, Bart., Lord Rosse, Lord Brougham, and many other scientific men. These all pronounce the little fellows to be "curious specimens;" and so they are. They are money-getting folk, too. They get their living by being "looked at!" This is a funny world truly!

IMPORTANCE OF LIGHT AND AIR.

DR. MOORE, the eloquent author of "The Use of the Body in relation to the Mind," says,—a tadpole confined in darkness would never become a frog, and an infant being deprived of Heaven's free light, will only grow into a shapeless idiot, instead of a beautiful and reasonable thing. Hence, in the deep dark gorges and ravines of the Swiss Valais, where the direct sunshine never reaches, the hideous prevalence of idiocy startles the traveller. It is a strange, melancholy idiocy. Many citizens are incapable of any articulate speech; some are deaf, some are blind, some labor under all the privations, and all are misshapen in almost every part of the body. I believe there is in all places, a marked difference in the healthiness of houses according to their aspect with regard to the sun; and that those are decidedly the healthiest *cæteris paribus*, in which all the rooms are, during some part of the day, fully exposed to direct light. It is a well known fact that epidemics attack the inhabitants on the shady side of the street, and exempt those on the opposite side; and even in endemics, such as ague, the morbid influence is often thus partial in its action.

OUR NATIONAL FAILING.

It cannot be denied, yet must it ever be lamented, that the national character of the English is pride, and the meanest of all pride—purse-pride. Even a poor Lord is despised; and, to increase his fortune, a necessitous peer will condescend to marry into a rich citizen's family. An overweening affection for money—an idolatrous worship of gain, have absolutely confounded the general intellect, and warped the judgment of many to such an excess, that, in estimating men or things, they always refer to,—"What is he worth?" or "What will it fetch?" Were we to point out a person, as he passes, and say, "There goes a good man; one who has not a vice"—he would scarcely be noticed; but exclaim, "That man is worth £500,000," and he will be stared at till out of sight!

Is it not strange that, knowing these things, we do not attempt to alter them? We talk about man being a "free agent," and we insist upon the fact. If so, the greater must be the crime of which we are guilty in offending so signally in a matter of such grave import.

Virtue is undeniably a secondary consideration with us; but money carries all before it. When the truth is laid bare, how strange is the picture presented to the view!

A HINT TO PARENTS.

BAD temper is more frequently the result of unhappy circumstances than of an unhappy organisation. It frequently, however, has a physical cause, and a peevish child often needs dieting more than correcting. Some children are more prone to show temper than others, and sometimes on account of qualities which are valuable in themselves. For instance, a child of active temperament, sensitive feeling, and eager purpose, is more likely to meet with constant jars and rubs than a dull passive child; and if he is of an open nature, his inward irritation is immediately shown in bursts of passion. If you repress these ebullitions by scolding and punishment, you only increase the evil, by changing passion into sulkiness. A cheerful, good-tempered tone of your own, a sympathy with his trouble—whenever the trouble has arisen from no ill-conduct on his part, are the best antidotes; but it would be better still to prevent before-hand all sources of annoyance.

Never fear spoiling children by making them too happy. Happiness is the atmosphere in which all good affections grow—the wholesome warmth necessary to make the heart-blood circulate healthily and freely. Unhappiness is the chilling pressure which produces here an inflammation, there an excrescence; and, worst of all, the mind's green and yellow sickness—ill-temper.

CHEERFULNESS.

CHEERFULNESS is like a sudden sunshine, that awakens a secret delight in the mind without her attending to it. The heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendship and benevolence towards the person who has so kindly an effect upon it.

FLOWERS AND THEIR INFLUENCES.

Flowers, the sole luxury that Nature knew,
In Eden's pure and spotless garden grew.
MRS. BARBAULD.



IT HAS BEEN SWEETLY "SUNG AND SAID" BY MARY HOWITT, in her "Birds and Flowers"—'things *might have been* so constituted, that the wants of man should have been supplied without the existence of a single flower.' Their creation, therefore, seems especially adapted and intended to promote the happiness of man.

The love of flowers is one of the earliest-developed traits in the human character. Every child loves flowers. There seems a natural instinctive sympathy in the heart of childhood with the beauties of nature. We have all seen children in the country rush forth with bounding delight into the green meadows in April, on their weekly half-holiday, to gather violets and primroses—their hearts as free from care as the birds that sing above their heads, and as happy as human creatures on earth may be.

And we have seen the pent-up children of our metropolis, eagerly engaged in the almost hopeless quest of a stray flower blooming in the grass of the public park, and rejoicing over the discovery of one solitary golden buttercup, with more real joy than the emigrant feels when he finds a "nugget" of gold at the diggings.

But what have childhood, and its poetry, and its innocent pursuits, to do with the cold prose of a garden newspaper? Much, very much, as we think. In the tastes of childhood we hear the voice of nature. The child's love of flowers is the exponent of a beautiful fact. It tells us that the love of flowers is inherent in human nature; for what is childish is natural, and the love of flowers is only like every other grace of humanity, in being most strongly developed in early years, before contact with this rough and cold world has blunted the sensibilities and chilled the affections.

The taste for floral beauty is an essential element of humanity. When that humanity was in its pristine condition, that taste was strong, and yet amply gratified; and it is only as vice or misery hardens the heart that, like other virtuous principles, it falls to decay. As Charles Dickens eloquently said last year, at the meeting of the Gardeners' Benevolent Institution, "Men who have agreed in nothing else have agreed to delight in gardening. When we travel by our railways, we see the weaver striving for a scrap of garden—the poor man wrestling with smoke for a little bower of scarlet-runners—and they who have no spot of ground of their own will have their gardens

in jugs and basins. We find flowers in the factory and workshop, and even with the prisoner in his cell."

The chemist has shown us that plants are essential to our physical existence, to purify the air and make it respirable; and they are no less indispensable to our moral life. The moral influence of flowers is as important, to say the least, as their material. And here comes the point of our connection with the subject. If the love of flowers is such an important and universal principle, and capable of being made great use of in the elevation of our race, it is no small part of our duty to direct attention to it, and to endeavor so to apply it that it may accomplish its end. For we are not of those who look on gardening as a mere system of means and appliances to grow long cucumbers, or pineapples, of so many pounds weight; or to train plants so as to win medals at exhibitions. We regard it rather as one of the many levers which are to help in raising mankind to a condition of comparative felicity. And we want to beg the earnest attention of our readers for one moment, to a few thoughts on its application to this purpose.

Limiting ourselves to our own country, and the present day—let us ask, is that use made of the universal passion for flowers which, as an element in the moral and social regeneration of our people, it demands and will repay? We are not going to make gardening the panacea for the nation's ills, any more than we can concede that honor to temperance, education, or political reform; but we hold it quite unnecessary to prove, that if the child's love of nature's beauties were developed in the man—that if they who now spend their leisure time in the alehouse, or somewhere still worse, had the opportunity and inclination to spend that time in cultivating their gardens, themselves and the community would be very great gainers by the change.

A great deal has been done this way in some of the rural districts, of recent years. Clergymen and gentlemen have exerted themselves to induce their poorer neighbors to pay more attention to their gardens, by offering prizes for the best specimens of culture they could exhibit. All honor to such efforts! Marred in their success, as they have sometimes been, by what we shall call the *patronising* and *pauperising* spirit of their promoters, a thing as injurious to real benevolence as can be imagined; hindered as they have often been by other causes, they have done great good, and will do much more. But they must be more widely extended. Why have we not a cottagers' flower-show in every agricultural village? There ought to be one, and there might be

one.* Let those whom it concerns, each in his own locality, say *there shall be one*. Nothing is wanted but interest and well-directed effort. The poor man would hail the establishment of such meetings with delight. They would be a relief to his toil, a break in the dull monotony of his life; besides bringing a few shillings into his pocket. This, not on the doubtful condition of having to humble himself and accept them as charity, but in connection with honorable superiority in the sight of his neighbors. But then, it is said, many cottagers have no gardens. This is really too bad, for we fear it must be admitted. They ought to have them. Land is not a thousand pounds per acre in the country. A good deal has been done, and a great deal more said, about improving the dwellings of the working classes. We are very anxious they should have good houses, but shall not be satisfied if they do not get also good gardens. If they want habitable houses for the sake of their bodily health, quite as much do they want gardens for their intellectual and moral health. Let our friends who take an interest in improving the habitations of the poor, keep this point in view. They will find their account in doing so.

There is another class of poor—the operatives of our large towns. We may see that these are not behind their brethren of the rural districts in appreciation of floral beauty. For instances in point, you have only to look up to the window over your head, and there see a geranium, or fuchsia, or verbena, tended with all the care that can be given to it; though its life, withal, seems to be a continued struggle with adverse conditions. Or, see within the glass, a pot suspended to the ceiling, containing a plant of the “mother-of-thousands” (as it is termed), throwing its graceful festoons down the window, and forming a pleasant natural blind from the rays of the sun.

The artisan and mechanic, and their pale-faced children, love flowers; but how are they to enjoy them? They cannot, like the cottager in the open country, have gardens of their own. It is impossible. The only remedy we can see, is the establishment of public gardens. London is taking the lead in this matter. We have already our parks, and something in the shape of gardens at Kensington and St. James's; and soon we shall have our splendid park for the people,

* We need not say how heartily we concur in the view taken by this amiable writer, who, in the pages of the *Gardeners' Journal*, is so indefatigable in insisting upon the supply of this great want. Flowers and gardens possess a degree of interest, which irresistibly win upon the better feelings of a man or woman; and we may observe their humanising effects daily.—Ed. K. J.

with its beautiful gardens, at Sydenham, thrown open to the toil-worn operative of the city. Every town, every aggregation of dwellings where land is too dear for every man to have a garden of his own, whether called a town or a village, ought to have its botanic garden—not merely a place for students to learn Latin names, and the fashionables of the neighborhood to loiter away an hour or two before dinner in talking of everything but what is before them and around them; but a place of public recreation, sustained by the people for the use of the people, and open to everybody, young and old.

The English people only want to have such opportunities given them, to show that they can be trusted in such places—without notice-boards disfiguring every tree, and meeting the eye at every turn, or policemen everlastingly dogging their footsteps. As it is, the officials of our public gardens know very well that it is not the *vulgar* who are most given to these propensities; though they generally come in for the blame.

OUR MIRROR OF THE MONTHS.

AUGUST.

'Tis a fair sight, that vest of gold;
Those wreaths that August's brows unfold.
O! 'tis a goodly sight, and fair,
To see the fields their produce bear,—
Waved by the breezes' lingering wing,
So thick, they seem to laugh and sing.
The heart rejoices with delight
To view that wondrous, beauteous sight;
And see the reapers' skilful hand
Culling the riches of the land.

NEVER HAVE WE HAD GREATER proof than during the present year, of the fickle changes of the seasons. The “oldest inhabitant” confesses himself puzzled to “recollect anything like it.” We have already noted the extraordinary character of April, May, and June; and July has hardly been less remarkable.

We were speaking in our last, of the hay and the haymakers; and dwelling on the merry voices that were then rending the air in the fields round London. Scarcely was our ink dry, ere rain fell in ceaseless torrents; and in many places quite put a stop to the operations of the farmer and his men. July, in fact, dawned most inauspiciously. The first half of the month was more remarkable for clouds than for sunshine—for storms and thunder, than for sun and brightness; and the second half has hardly made amends for this.

The last grand Floral *fete*, too, at Chiswick, was, as usual, productive of wet. The morning of the 9th ulto. was ushered in by torrents of rain that quite deluged the Gardens, and in every sense of the word cast

a damper upon the show of flowers, &c. We sorrowed, too, to see so much injury done to the dresses of the assembled lady-visitors. Costly indeed was their array on entering; but we fear it was of little comparative value on their departure.*

We saw many lovely ankles that were wont to repose on velvet, here completely immersed in mud and filth—the impending drapery presenting a truly pitiable sight; whilst shoes and stockings assumed the very opposites of black and white. These effects were trying to the temper, and added much to the length of some hundreds of otherwise pretty faces. We could not help fancying them arrived “at home;” and if the thought caused us to remember the funny song of “Sich a gittin’ up-stairs!” (which *would* struggle to escape from our lips, in spite of our teeth) perhaps we shall be forgiven under the circumstances. We thanked our stars we should *not* be

“There to see!”

* If it is worthy of record (for reference hereafter) that, on Wednesday, July 13, it commenced raining violently, and that for twenty-four hours (almost continuously) the rain never ceased. The quantity of water thus poured upon the land was enormous. The damage done thereby was, we imagine, incalculable. Whole acres of grass were literally washed away; the fields resembled ponds; some gave an idea of the expansive ocean. As for strawberries, raspberries, and other summer fruit, the flavor seems to have altogether left them. Still did our English ladies shew their indomitable spirit, where “Fashion” was in question. There was to be a grand field-day at Chobham on the 14th of July. Accordingly, the desire “to be seen” far outweighed the drawback to enjoyment by going there *through cataracts of water*. Carriages out of number, well filled with extravagantly-dressed women, passed our window at an early hour. Some of the carriages were “open;” others, partially closed. Of course, the rain drifted in at every corner. No matter! The cry, for several hours, was, “still they come!”

Stage coaches, omnibuses, chaises, and barouches, all crowded on—heavily laden with the devotees of Fashion! Women were by far the most numerous; and many of these (poor souls!) were when we saw them (only four miles from London) half-drenched with rain. As for the gentlemen, they resembled half-drowned rats. Their cigars would not burn; their summer dress would not shield them. Their faces were “long,” indeed!

As we withdrew from the window, we found ourself incontinently humming—

“There’s no place like HOME!”

Hugging this sentiment, we discussed a more than usually interesting breakfast—marvelling the while whether the world was mad or not. To risk one’s life, to witness the game of “playing at soldiers” on a soaking wet day, looks “odd”—very!

We are bad hands at stemming a storm, and invariably retreat when we observe the mercury rising. “Poor Maria” is the victim. But then she is “used” to it. Ladies’-maids must not be “particular to a shade,”—or a substance.

But if July dawned inauspiciously, it nevertheless brought in its train its usual lovely attendants. When in Hampshire—the month previous, we had seen certain roses in bud; and admired their undeveloped but gradually-expanding beauties whilst reposing in their native beds. Our eye dwelt fondly upon them, and we believe our thoughts found utterance. Be that as it may, the very kind lady whose guest we were, had determined that we should see *those* roses again—and how improved in fragrance! Such a gathering of those lovely, blushing heads, are now gracing our room! and oh, the richness of their aromatic breath! What a picture of beauty are we gazing upon—each pretty face more winning if possible than its near neighbor; yet *all* so charming! Let us again say, Oh, Nature—how we love thee!

We must not dwell upon the many delights of the past month. No pen can do justice to—not even give an idea of what has been visible in the gardens, the fields, and the hedge-rows. We have revelled in wild flowers. We have listened in ecstasy to the flute-like strains of our much-loved little friend, the Black-cap, who seems determined to sing to the very last. We have also heard the serenely happy Black-bird, pouring out an occasional note of melody from a lofty tree. Nor have the thrush, robin, little wren, and others, been wanting to complete the harmony of a rural ramble.

Buried deeply in woodland scenery—far away from noise and tumult, who so happy as we? And when we find a companion, rejoicing in the same pursuits, worshipping at the same altar, loving the same objects, and sharing our undivided heart—what would we more? *These* pleasures cost nothing—therefore are they lightly esteemed.

But we are now in AUGUST. This is a month when our pleasures will have a large increase; for we cannot but see how quietly Nature is “perfecting” the work of her lovely hands. Whilst all animal life is everywhere happy,—some creatures basking in the sun, others retreating into the shade; the fields are becoming “white unto harvest,” and the fruits of the earth are fast ripening. Now is the time for the mind to expand. Business and toil become distressingly irksome. The aching head refuses to work. The dull brain is unwilling to be over-taxed. The spluttering pen *refuses* to be mended. The pale-faced ink will not flow. Ideas become confused. Subjects requiring thought, cannot be attempted. If commenced, the whole is

a failure. In a word, Nature *compels* us to be natural. What a sweetly-persuasive eloquence her ladyship has! We have no *wish* to resist her will. If it were so, we have not the *power*; so—

Let us wander on the mountain,
In the valley, by the rill;
Mark the forest pine-trees waving,
Hear the wild birds sing at will;
Gaze upon the changing seasons,
And the gifts to earth they throw,—
Of the God who made them speaking,
As they come and as they go.

Sitting down in sunny places,
With the fresh wind on our cheek,
Let the holy voice of nature
To our inmost spirit speak—
In the blade, the leaf, the blossom,
As in thinking man, you'll find
There are voices, there are beauties,
For the ear and eye of mind.

Oh, ye dwellers in the city,
Who in handicrafts excel—
Who, with mighty hearts and sinews,
Work so bravely, work so well—
Bringing from the world of matter
Properties and wonders rare,
Which the hand of God hath planted
For your searching wisdom there,—

Is there *nothing* on the mountain,
In the valley, and the flower,
Far beyond their merely serving
To beguile an idle hour?
Is no priceless treasure hidden
That hath power the heart to bless?
Go and ask those spirit-teachers,
And their voice shall answer "YES!"

We have often said, and we say it again,—
we love to meet lady and gentleman "strol-
ling dabblers," in our summer rambles; and
to converse with them. An interchange of
thoughts, and a little friendly gossip, do
so expand the soul!

This is the grand month in the year, for
looking down from an eminence on the
expansive, growing crops of corn; and for
beholding far and near the general aspect of
nature. The flitting of clouds, their fantastic
shapes; the sighing of light breezes in the
trees; the lazy hum of happy insects; the
lowing of oxen; the bleating of sheep; the
suppressed notes of happy birds—parents
and children; the aroma from the growing
fields of clover—aye, and how many other
charms? These, and a peaceful spirit; a
heart full of love to God and man,—what
remains to be desired?

Let us add, that NATURE herself gives
way this month to repose. Delighted at the
work of her hands, she smiles as none other
can smile. Behold! everything that she has
created is good. Well may she "rest" after
such an effort! And rightly shall *we* act, if
we follow her example.

We spoke, last year, about the mysterious-
looking "little carpet-bags" that were ever
and anon peeping out at this charming season.
We observe them now, daily; and note the
gleeful features of the holders thereof. We
can see that their very heart is locked up in
that little carpet bag. Its contents are not
intended for a long visit. No! Some two,
three, or four days of happiness are in pleas-
ing prospect. A friend, a lover, a relation,
or an acquaintance—all in turn claim an in-
terest in *that* little bag. An interest! Oh,
what an interest in some particular cases!
We speak feelingly; for our heart has been
more than joyful whilst carrying one of those
dear little bags. "May their shadow never
grow less!"

We never travel to town without a feeling
of joy, as we daily note the happy bearers
of carpet-bags—little and large. Papa,
mamma, sons, daughters; all speak with their
eyes. They are going out of town. Yes;
and the very thought of going out of town
throws a whole language into each face.
We gaze at *it*, it gazes at *us*. We smile, *it*
smiles. The ice is at once broken, and confi-
dence springs up. We put the question—
it is answered. "We are going to Ramsgate
for a month." "We knew it," is our reply;
and a hearty shake of each youngster's hand
—in many cases, Papa's and Mamma's *too*—
terminates our brief, but pleasant acquaint-
ance.

But we are wasting time. Let every one
who has the means, away at once. Summer,
glorious Summer, calls us forth,—

Her sunny locks

Hang on her temples like a golden fleece.

Her days are lovely, and at her close we
have—

An eve intensely beautiful; an eve
Calm as the slumber of a lovely girl
Dreaming of hope.

Nor shall the month depart, without a glimpse
of the advancing season—when

The rich autumnal woods,
With their innumerable shades and colorings,
Are like a silent instrument at rest—
A silent instrument, whereon the wind
Hath long forgot to play.

But the printer here imperatively orders us
to halt; so once more, good reader, let us
exhort you to be "up and away!" We have
already detained you far too long.

GOOD ACTIONS.

ALLOWING the performance of an honorable
action to be attended with labor, the labor is soon
over; but the honor is immortal. Whereas,
should even pleasure wait on the commission of
what is dishonorable, the pleasure is soon gone;
but the dishonor is eternal.—JOHN STEWART.

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION.

No. XLV.—PHYSIOLOGY OF THE BRAIN.

BY F. J. GALL, M.D.

(Continued from Page 362, Vol. III.)

WE NOW PROCEED TO THE DISCUSSION OF ANOTHER very important branch of our subject; and that is,—

HOW DO PRIMITIVE DISPOSITIONS, ESSENTIALLY GOOD, DEGENERATE INTO EVIL PROPENSITIES?

Bad propensities and moral evil are, it would appear, inherent in human nature; notwithstanding the efforts which some men think it their duty to make, to conceal their true origin.

Let us, then, as physiologists, examine how far the fundamental qualities and faculties of man may become evil propensities, and, consequently, the source of moral evil.

The brain, the instrument of the moral qualities and intellectual faculties, is essentially the same in all well-constituted men; but the various important parts of the brain, or the different organs, are not equally developed in all. The relations of these developments are infinitely varied. Hence, the infinite variety in the moral and intellectual character of men.

In the same individual, all organs do not receive the same degree of development. It follows, hence, that no man possesses all qualities and all faculties to the same degree.

The function, or the tendency of the activity of an organ, is graduated according to the degree of its development or excitement; the function of an organ, moderately developed, is not similar to the defective or excessive development of the same organ. The propensity to propagation is, certainly, the most necessary institution of the Creator; but, when its organ is too little developed, we experience impotence, indifference, or even aversion to the other sex. Too much developed, on the contrary, it degenerates into a propensity to salacity and all its excesses. The love of children is one of the first qualities of a mother; but too small a development of the same organ produces indifference, and even hatred to children; and may become one of the causes of infanticide. This organ, too much developed, is the source of the weaknesses which fathers and mothers allow themselves toward their children. There have even been instances of females, condemned to celibacy or to sterility, being tempted to commit the crime of child-stealing. The instinct of self-defence, a necessary quality, becomes, in its exalted action, courage, inclination for combat, temerity; in its depression, on the contrary, timidity, dastardliness, cowardice. No one will say, that it is a misfortune for man to be destined to live on flesh, as well as on vegetables; yet, it is an excessive activity of this same inclination, which produces, step by step, insensibility to others' sufferings, pleasure at causing and witnessing pain, the inclination to destroy, kill, burn. The sentiment of property, innate in man, and even in animals, will always be one of the principal bonds of social order; but, give too much energy to this same sentiment, and the man will be tempted by

inclination to fraud, usury, corruption, venality, theft. The love of honor, the source of so many noble actions, if too eager and ill directed, seeks flattery, luxury, ostentation. Noble pride degenerates into presumption, insolence, contempt, and despotism. It is thus that raillery, mockery, the spirit of sedition and independence, insubordination, disobedience, obstinacy, credulity, superstition, idolatry, have their origin in dispositions primitively good, and essential to the human race.

Qualities and talents, peculiarly distinguished, are of the same origin. It is always a very favorable development of an organ, an unaccustomed energy of its function, which produces the disposition to benevolence, religious sentiments and ideas, the talent for poetry; without such development there would be neither great musicians, nor great sculptors, nor great orators; all the arts and all the sciences would remain in a state of obscure mediocrity.

This explanation of the degeneracy and of the improvement of man's moral and intellectual forces, of the origin of his vicious and virtuous propensities, of genius, and of weakness of intellect, is most in conformity with his nature.

It is now time to meet the great question, namely—as man cannot, in any manner, arrest the development of his organs, nor, consequently, relax the energy of their functions and cause himself to be urged either more or less imperiously to do good or evil, are his actions, also, submitted to the same fatality? Does he do good or ill by irresistible impulses? or does his organisation permit him a voluntary determination? Are actions evidence of merit or demerit?

It is important, that I should put this subject in the clearest light; and as there result from it the most important practical consequences, I shall treat it with peculiar attention and perfect frankness. May my readers bring to the examination the same love of truth, which will guide me in the whole of this great discussion!

FREE WILL.

Free will has always been the stumbling-block of most of the philosophers. A great number have succeeded, by force of reasoning, in proving that all which happens, happens necessarily; and as all actions are the necessary consequence of preceding ones, in the same manner as an effect is the necessary consequence of a cause, they have concluded from this necessity—from this relation between cause and effect—that there can be no voluntary act, and have, therefore, denied all liberty. Others, on the contrary, have made a romance of the nature of man, and, comparing him to the Deity, have assigned to him liberty without bounds. Others, again, think that they see freedom, where there exists in fact nothing but its image. A few only have regarded free will in its true and correct point of view.

Whether we allow too much or too little liberty to man, we shall always do wrong to morality; and the judgments we form on our own actions, and those of others, will even lead to error. It is, therefore, important to clear up this obscurity; and to determine to what extent a man in possession of his faculties, enjoys the power of choosing between such and such an action.

UNLIMITED LIBERTY.

There are not wanting philosophers, who, seeing in man the image of the Deity, make him almost as free as God himself. They give him unlimited liberty; but unlimited liberty would imply that man created his own nature; that he is himself the author of his desires and faculties; that he governs himself independently of all law. As man has not unlimited power over his birth, nor over the duration of his existence, nor over his sex, nor his temperament, nor the influence of external things, such a liberty is completely in contradiction to his nature. All that can be said in favor of this boastful opinion, reduces itself to emphatic declamations, void of sense and truth.

ABSOLUTE LIBERTY.

Other persons think it proper to admit at least an absolute liberty, by virtue of which a man may act without motive, internal or external. But, as there is no effect without a cause, as one thing is always the cause of another, and as nothing in nature can happen except in accordance with determinate laws, it follows that every phenomenon, such as that of an absolute liberty which might take effect without cause, is absolutely impossible. If man could act without motive, and solely from caprice, there would be no certainty, nor even probability, that, under given circumstances, he would act in such or such a manner. Sex, temperament, and organisation more or less perfect; the education received, habits, principles, laws, morality, religion, circumstances, natural propensities and faculties, fortuitous excitements,—nothing, in fact, would enable us to divine, with any probability, on what an individual, so constituted, would determine. For the rest, this liberty would be a faculty in contradiction with itself, since it would make a man act reasonably or unreasonably; justly, or unjustly; finally, well or ill, but always without motive. Why should we expect of a man in such case, friendship and fidelity rather than hatred and perfidy; virtue rather than vice? All institutions which have for their object the welfare of individuals and society, would be useless. Of what use would be education, the culture of the mind and heart, morality, contracts, promises, oaths, religion, punishments, rewards, when nothing for such a man would be a determining motive? In this hypothesis, man alone would form an exception to the general laws, by virtue of which each phenomenon has its cause; and the ideas, the sensations, the propensities, thoughts, and actions of man, would not be determined by previous causes in the manner every event without him would be regulated. Such liberty, then, is an absurd chimaera.

M. Ancillon, in maintaining the doctrine of absolute liberty, says—"The dignity of human nature is founded entirely on moral liberty: moral liberty is the power of obeying the law under all circumstances, the power of commencing a series of actions in spite of all the causes and all the motives, which would seem to involve, necessarily, a different series. To present actions in their relation with liberty, is to start with the principle that the actions of man belong to himself always, and that he is always at liberty to omit or to do

them. When we are satisfied in history with simply explaining actions, we degrade man; he becomes a passive instrument, an integrant part of nature, and freedom disappears. We cease to take into account the power which the man had, of doing otherwise than he has done, and it follows that this was the only course left for him."

Thus, according to this author, man, as man, is an entirely insulated being, who has nothing in common with the rest of nature. On the one hand, M. Ancillon, abandoning himself to vain reveries on the noble nature of man, thinks, that always, and under all circumstances, he has the power to withdraw himself from the influence of all causes, of all motives, and of entire nature: liberty, according to him, is the only force which submits to no law, to no cause, and which has its support within itself. On the other hand, he confesses that nature exercises a great control over man, that the laws of nature tend, without ceasing, to encroach upon those of liberty; and that the power which nature has over man, explains his actions. By adopting the true view of a subject, one does not fall into such contradictions. Kant, therefore, and Feurbach, have reason to say that absolute liberty has nothing real, and is only speculative. That I may avoid difficulties arising from too much obscurity, I shall not enter into the discussion of the question—how actions can be necessary, and nevertheless voluntary and free.

In maintaining that man has only to will, in order to be capable of every thing, philosophers endeavor to establish a principle in conformity with good morals. But, can a principle which is belied at each step we make in nature, and in the study of man, be a principle of good morals? A principle, which always tends to make us forget the motives, the true sources of our actions, and which, by that circumstance, deprives us of the means of directing them; a principle, which makes an independent will, or rather a caprice, the author of our good and evil actions, and which consequently destroys all the equality of our judgments on the actions of others, all justice in criminal legislation, all tolerance, all charity; such a principle is certainly not a principle of good morals.

OF ILLUSORY LIBERTY.

To those who deny free will, is commonly opposed the internal sense of individual freedom. It is said that every one has a consciousness, that so long as no constraint, physical or moral, forces us to act, we act, freely,—that is, that we might have acted in a different manner. But, as the adversaries of free will prove, that this feeling, this internal consciousness, is only an illusion, it would be better, for the good cause, to abandon this argument.

In fact, even when acting under the influence of desires more or less imperious, without choice, without will, man experiences a sense of satisfaction which connects itself with the accomplishment of his desires; and which is the more lively, in proportion as these desires were the more urgent. It is this satisfaction which misleads the individual, and makes him imagine that in this case he acts with freedom. Thus, he thinks he acts with freedom when he walks erect, although his organisation obliges him to do so: the man agitated by

jealousy and the desire of revenge, and he whom the fire of love is consuming, regard themselves as free, so long as their desire and its accomplishment cause them to feel satisfaction. When the storm is hushed, they change their tone; and acknowledge that they were carried away by the impulse of passion. We are often entire strangers to every idea of sensual appetite; but hardly does an object excite our organs, when immediately we experience the desire of possessing what we should have disdained an instant before; and yet we believe, that we have determined with freedom. Animals do not enjoy real liberty; yet they act without feeling any restraint. Like men, they experience the pleasure which follows the accomplishment of their desires. Can we say that the sheep and tiger are free, because the one browses on the grass, and the other tears his prey with a feeling of satisfaction?

It is because men have confounded this internal feeling with true liberty, that they have thought to oppose to it the following reflections:—"A ball," says Hommel, "placed on a board, allows itself to be moved forward and backward, to the right and left. If the board is at rest and horizontal, the ball remains motionless. If this ball had consciousness of its motion and not of the cause, it would believe that it moved voluntarily." Leibnitz compares liberty to a magnetic needle, which should have pleasure in pointing to the north. "In this case," says he, "it would imagine that it moved freely and independently of any other cause; for it would not perceive the subtle movements of the magnetic fluid."

In a variety of circumstances, even our judgments are accompanied with a pleasurable sensation, without being, in consequence, the results of our reflection. Hence it is that we judge the same object differently, according as, from one instant to another, what has passed within or without us has produced some change in our internal feelings. In this sense, M. Lamark is right in saying, "that the diversity of our judgments is so remarkable, that it often happens, that the consideration of the same object gives rise to as many particular judgments as there are persons who undertake to pronounce on the object; and this variety has been taken for freedom in judgment, but erroneously; for, it is simply the result of the different elements, which in different individuals enter into the judgment thus formed."

It is in the same sense that we must interpret the following passage of M. Feurbach. "The faculty," says he, "of being determined by the ideas to realise an object, or, to act, is accompanied with the consciousness of an independent activity, of absolute *free will*. When of two possible opposite determinations we decide for one or the other, when we reject the one and desire the other, we believe, in accordance with what immediate consciousness teaches us, that the cause of this choice resides entirely in us; that the faculty of desiring is the principle of desire, and that, under the same conditions, it might as well have determined for one thing as for another. Although we thus appear, in this case, not as determined, but as determining, this feeling does not secure to us our freedom; and we cannot regard it as a proof of our independence of natural causes, without exposing ourselves to the well-founded objections of the

determinists, and contradicting the natural law of the constant connection of causes and effects. This internal feeling may be an illusion. We have this feeling of liberty, solely because we do not discover the secret threads which connect causes with effects, and which draw us toward such or such an object."

It will be seen, then, that these passages are directed against those, who would prove free choice by this internal consciousness, by this illusory feeling of liberty, founded solely on contentment, on the satisfaction of the desires.

What, then, in fine, is the kind of liberty which we must admit for man, as a being endowed with inclinations, sentiments, talents; in a word, with moral qualities and intellectual faculties?

AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF A DOG.—No. XV.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

(Continued from Page 359, Vol. III.)

THE OPERATIONS NOW IN DAILY PROGRESS with the Camp at Chobham, remind me of the "Camps de Thun et Bière" in my own country, as well as the reviews and exercises of the "Militaires." Hot work, such weather as this, Mr. Editor; but I cannot resist the temptation of recounting to you an adventure which this military "souvenir" has brought to my mind, and wherein I very innocently played a most conspicuous part. Most probably, I should have been most conspicuously punished too, but for the lucky interference of the ever-noble Frère Jean. I sigh when I think that such a man was taken off in the prime and vigor of life. However, to my curious morning's adventure.

You probably know, Mr. Editor, that in my country every man is a soldier; and that in time of war, every man, woman, and dog are soldiers. But I am not now going to speak of that funny hubbub called the "Sonderbund." No! that shall come later. Hang those Jesuitical pranks! say I, Mr. Editor. *Plus tard*, I will give you an account of my visit to that Pharisalical city of Frybourg. It will amuse you in no small degree.

I must premise that, every spring, certain days are fixed for the exercise of the "Elite," the "Reserve," and the "Ecole Militaire." All who have *passé l'age*, are only called upon in the case of a "Levée en Masse." When I come to talk of the "Sonderbund," I shall have occasion to revert to this story. It so happened that, at this time, my old master had a "Vaudois" servant, by name "Francois," and he was in the "Elite." Of course, then, he had to appear every Sunday morning (Sunday morning, observe, was always chosen in my country—I say it with sorrow; but it must be said, as it is true), for the exercises. I have heard my old master say, that he believed the Sabbath was profaned for the accommodation of the working classes; but I could speak rather lengthily upon that subject, if it would not be considered unbecoming in a dog to discourse upon such matters. It is true an early hour was fixed; but that says nothing. That particular day was invariably chosen for the exercises.

After the "Ecole Militaire," the "Elite," and

the "Reserve," had passed the exercises, a grand gala day was fixed for the glorious Review—(generally a Thursday)—and a glorious hot day it usually was; and after the grand Review, a certain number of "Militaires" annually formed the "Camp de Thun," or the "Camp de Bière." At these gatherings, the young "Militaires" were initiated in all the tactics of warfare, during a period of from fourteen to twenty-one days. Now the position of these "camps" is most *grandiose* compared to Chobham; and Montbenon (close to Lausanne,) is superlatively magnificent. Any one who has visited this spot must, I think, be impressed with the surpassing grandeur and richness of the scenery. I am not going to trespass on your pages with any description thereof; but if you, my dear friend, could fancy yourself on the plain at Chobham, and then suddenly transported to Montbenon, you (who are such an admirer of nature) would be perfectly bewildered.

Here let me remark, that like many other dogs and men, I wished to see a little of military evolutions, and also to become acquainted with them. Who knows that a day's military amusement may not be beneficial even to a dog! Well: without asking permission, I sprung over the wall of our "Campagne," and strolled up to Montbenon, "dabbling" with every bird and butterfly that crossed my path. Arrived at Montbenon, it was decidedly a pretty sight; and here do you know, I met so many friends! It was everywhere—"Bon jour, Fino!" "Bon jour, Drole!" A cake was given me here, a nice bit of cold meat there. Presently, however, arrived the "Colonel Fédéral" V—, and I made him a very respectful wag of the tail. Then the "Préfet," Monsieur M—. I knew him well, a jolly little gentleman, with a fierce red "Boucane" and fiery whiskers. Shortly after, arrived Mr. A—, the Syndic, a very haughty, cowardly gentleman, who, in time of need, was invariably *on a visit to his friends*; very unlike his noble successor, Mr. D—, who was always at his post.

The Review went on famously. The day was excessively hot. The crowds were exceedingly great. I amused myself by watching and admiring all these various manœuvres. At last the order was given to "form a square;" and wishing to get a correct view of this performance, I slipped between the legs of some of the "Militaires;" and from the rapidity of the "manœuvres," suddenly found myself in the very centre of the square, with the aforesaid Colonel V—, the Préfet, and the Syndic. Well; I admired the caparison of the charger of Colonel V—, as well as the green and white scarf of the Syndic and Préfet; and I was in hopes of hearing the Colonel give orders to make way for *my* "non militaire" person—especially as I had not got on my uniform; but it appears that such orders do not accord with the ideas of gentlemen brought up to the military profession, and so I waited in vain.

The music now began to sound very martially in my ears; but having no taste that way, I looked around to see how best to escape, when I luckily discovered "François." I made a bolt and a leap at him. He, like a great donkey, burst out laughing; but military etiquette prevented his affording me a passage. I nearly floored him, how-

ever. Hereupon, Captain T—t shook his sword at me, and I sprung backwards; giving a gentle gripe on the heel of the Syndic's charger, which sprung suddenly on his hind legs, and nearly capsized the worthy rider. This afforded great amusement to the crowd. The Syndic, however, waxed awfully wrath, and I anticipated the point of his sword would claim acquaintance with my ribs. Luckily, I ran straight against "Frère Jean," who, with his usual kindness, patted and coaxed me. Upon seeing this, the Syndic whispered a few words to the Colonel, and then addressed "Jean" sharply.

"Est ce votre chien, Jean?"

"Non, Monsieur."

"A qui donc?—est ce que cela vous regarde?"

The Syndic's color changed from a pale sallow to a deep crimson, rage bursting out at every pore. Jean took out his *tabatière*—and stroked his nose. The Syndic again rebuked Jean. Jean showed the point of his "serpette;" and with his usual coolness, replied, "tenez, Monsieur le Syndic; voyons voir, cela pour—rait—al—ler—trop—loin. Je vous dirai deux mots plus tard." The colonel interfered; and with some difficulty succeeded in restoring order and harmony. At length, it was agreed that I should be dismissed. One of the Syndic's party had however picked up a large stone, with the intention of cracking my unfortunate skull. Jean had watched him, and stepped forward just as he was going to apply it against me.

"Crapaud que tu es," said Jean; "si tu bouges, je te fends la tête sur le champ." Again the Syndic interfered; "what is it?"

"Rien du tout, Monsieur le Syndic," says Jean. "*J'allais seulement lui faire dire sa prière.*"

The Syndic thought it better to pretend not to hear, as he had discovered through means of the Préfet, with whom he had to do.

"Va t'en, brave Fino," said Jean, making way for me; "Je viendrai vider une Botaglia ave toi ce soir."

I looked thanks to my ever noble friend, and walked away; Jean laughing and stroking his nose all the time I was in sight. As for the poor Syndic, he looked furious; and doubtless with any other man would have put in execution the law which would have consigned Jean to two days' imprisonment. Well, I was quietly walking off, when I saw a number of muskets "en piquet," and two or three piles of little drums. I was again curious to know what *this* meant; when I found it was a party who had a short *repos*, and luckily recognised our farmer, "David le Dinde." "Heigho!" said I, "David, what's all this about?"

"Nous sommes au repos" replied he, grinning like a Cheshire cat; with his broad mouth wide open, and staggering like a reeling peg-top. (He had been indulging rather copiously in the favorite beverage of the jolly god.)

"Au repos!" said I.

"Ouai, Fino, ouai dà" he replied; when, without intending him any harm, I naturally leaped up to him—simply intending to express my affection. This, unfortunately, caused him to lose his equilibrium; and he fell backwards on one of the pretty pyramids of drums, which bounded off in every direction.

"Eh, diable! c'est ce drole de Fino," cried "Epitaud," whom I had not observed till that moment; and the worthy Doctor burst into a loud fit of laughing, as he saw his *camarade* sprawling on the ground, with his cap a couple of yards distant, and himself *minus* one of the tails of his military jacquet,

David swore he was "tout criblé," and called for his "Nannetta;" and she, thinking I had gone home the shortest way, pursued me. But I saw the storm brewing, and just went in the opposite direction, turned to the left, and ran up Montbenon through the "Rue du grand Chêne," intending to escape through the "petit Chêne." Here I again met "Grobéty"—"Premier Tambour Major," who was also enjoying a little *repos*, and a little "VIN ROUGE;"—his functions, *pro tem.*, being performed by Jim Crow, a good friend of mine, who was also a "tambour Major," as well as first bell-ringer to the English church at Ouchy.

"Well, Fino," quoth Grobéty, "quelles nouvelles?" and I very briefly related my misfortunes of the day. "Ne crains point, mon cher," said Grobéty, twisting his black moustachios up and down.

Now I forgot to mention, that the "Rue du Chêne" had been freely watered, to lay the dust, and consequently my paws were none of the cleanest. Grobéty too, who had been enjoying himself, forgot all about his snow-white pantaloons, which, when we parted, bore most indelible marks of our cordial fraternisation. On he walked to Montbenon. There was a general laugh at the illustrious "tambour;" but he was quite unaware of the singular appearance he cut, until informed of it; when such a "potz tausend" came out, that I actually heard it as I was leaping over the wall of our campagne at "Cour." Even the severe Syndic could not but smile; and as for Jean, he suspected all about it. The best thing was to take it good-humoredly, and more especially as there was no help for it. It would not do to quarrel with *such* men as Jean and Grobéty. In the evening Jean made his appearance, and a famous laugh we all had! Bombyx and his family, who had been up to Montbenon, and witnessed all my pranks, returned shortly after the review was over, having spoken to the worthy "Préfet," and excused my curious conduct.

All were very amiable now their duty was over; but they felt extremely annoyed at having been so much interrupted. They knew me very well, and were easily reconciled; upon the promise however, that I would not *repeat* my amusement. Indeed they all laughed most heartily (excepting the Syndic).

Jean, however, could not brook the remarks of the Syndic, and the latter, at the next general election, resigned—for what cause I know not, and Mr. D— was his successor. An arbitrary and tyrannic magistrate does not always succeed in a republic, not even among dogs. All I know is, that Jean swore that his term of office should terminate as quickly as possible, and so it did.

We finished our bottle of chambertin, which Bombyx had furnished to each of us,—Jean singing, and myself responding,—

"A boire—à boire—à boire,
Nous quitterons nous sans boire.
Oh—non, non, non!
Les braves Vaudois,—
Les militaires Vaudois;
Ne se separent pas
Sans boire un coup!"

Do you think, Mr. Editor, if I were to take a fancy to sport my black person at Chobham, I should escape as well? Do you know of a *second Jean* to defend me in case of need?

Always yours, most trustily,

Tottenham, July 15.

FINO.

[Take our advice, brave FINO, and tarry at Tottenham. You would stand a bad chance indeed if seen at Chobham. Every dog found *there*, is "bagged;" and with a tin *affiche* to his tail, he is hunted like a fox. He is lucky if he escapes with his life. In England we have very few, if any, "Frères Jeans."]

SAGACITY OF THE DOG.

"RUNNING CUNNING."

MUCH HAS BEEN WRITTEN on the subject of the sagacity of animals; and much discussion has taken place as to what relation exists between the instinct of created beings of that class, and the intellect of the human species. It is not our intention to moot so difficult a question on the present occasion, but merely to mention a fact with which many of our readers may be unacquainted—which is, that the exertion of the very quality on the part of a greyhound which would be considered by the philosopher as a near approach to the reasoning power, would be punished by the sportsman as a gross fault. This nature is, in dogs, termed "running cunning;" that is, instead of following their game in a direct line, taking a short cut across to meet them. This faculty, so much valued by poachers, and highly eulogised by those who make animal instinct their study, is considered a crime worthy of death, by those very intellectual persons, gamekeepers, whippers-in, and country squires.

I was present a short time since, says a correspondent, in the course of my travels (on *commercial* considerations), in the public room of an inn in one of our provincial towns, where, as usual in such places, the conversation turned—not on bullocks, as amongst the Hottentots—but on horses and dogs. One of the party related that, a few days before, he had been present at a dog-running, at which one of the animals in question had behaved in a most scandalous way! The hare, of which the latter was in pursuit, he said, had turned up a dry ditch which ran in a circuitous line round the field in which

the running took place. The dog, instead of following the creature up the ditch, "ran cunning;" and taking the nearest cut across the field to the further end of the ditch, waited there for the hare, and meeting it, caught the animal in his mouth. For this infringement of "the laws of the chase," the hound was hanged on the nearest tree!

The whole of the company to whom this anecdote was related, applauded the justice of the deed. He was a villainous dog, and richly deserved his fate. Now here was an act superior to that related by the ancient philosopher, as demonstrative of the reasoning faculties of the dog, that a hound coming to a place where the road branched off in three different directions, smelt at two of them, and dashed down the third without smelling. It is quite on a par with the anecdote narrated by Sir Walter Scott, that his dogs, when they saw him preparing for a visit to the neighboring town, would slip out of doors and wait for him in the road—it being the custom, if possible, to shut them up and prevent their accompanying their master, when he took that journey.

In what a different light must such matters be viewed by the philosopher and—the *sportsman!*

MORE OF OUR FRIEND,—THE DOG.

THE BLOODHOUND.

THE SAGACITY OF THE DOG, an animal which our Creator has assigned a very prominent place in the affections of man, far surpasses all power of comprehension. Every day tells us of something wonderful connected with his race, and we are well pleased to let him rank as one of our "guardian angels." Our own experience leads to the belief, that he has extraordinary gifts for special purposes; and all we hear tends to confirm that belief.

We were casting our eye carelessly, a few days since, over some of the pages of "The Boy Hunters," by Captain Mayne Reid. Among other things that arrested our attention, was the description of a man lost in the Prairie, who was afterwards discovered by the intelligence of a bloodhound. It is this graphically-detailed fact that we wish to register in our columns. We *do* love dogs! But now for the prowess of our friend the bloodhound:—

When the hunters found that their brother was lost, the first thing they did, in the hope that he had not wandered far, was to fire off their pieces, and then wait a sufficient time to give him an opportunity of loading his gun, in case it had been previously discharged, to answer them. In this way they fired again; and no reply being made,

they resorted to the expedient of smoke. Lighting a fire, they took some pieces of burning wad, and, placing them on the open ground, raked together a pile of dry leaves and grass, and ignited it. Upon this sticks were piled, and, on the top of these, green leaves and boughs, with several armfuls of Spanish moss, which hung plentifully from the oaks. A thick, blue smoke, soon ascended high into the heavens; and, if the lost hunter should not see such a signal, it must be a proof that he was very far off indeed. In this case he did not see it.

Fortunately, the party had a bloodhound with them. Tying the mule which carried their provisions to a tree, they fixed a piece of paper on its back, directing their brother to remain there, in case he should have found his way back during their absence. Then commenced the operation of "trailing with a bloodhound." Proceeding to the spot at which they had last seen their brother, when he had started on the turkey-hunt, they saw the tracks of his horse distinctly visible upon the turf. The eldest brother dismounted, and, after minutely examining the hoof-print, in order that they might know it again, in case the scent should be lost, called the hound to him. At this moment he held upon his arm the lost hunter's blanket. The dog scented it; uttering, as he did so, a low whimper, and gazing in his master's face with a look of intelligence. The latter now "flung the blanket over his own saddle, stooped again, drew his fingers along the grass, and, with a wave of his hand, motioned Marengo to follow its direction. The hound, uttering a single yelp, bent his nose to the ground, and sprang forward upon the trail."

Dashing forward at a gallop, the hunters followed the dog; now and then stopping to break a branch of some conspicuous tree, in order that they might know their way back. After riding a considerable distance, they observed the dog begin to double, and run in circling courses over the prairie. They now drew up, lest they should ride upon the track, and baffle him. Presently, however, he stopped, with a howl of disappointment: *he had lost the trail.*

After some minutes of agonising suspense, the eldest brother dismounted, and walking slowly, bent forward and downward carefully, observing the ground as he went. In these cases, the hunter must have many strings to his bow. Fortunately, he had examined the hoof-prints of the lost hunter's horse ere they set out, and now as he recognised them, he sprang forward with a shout of joy. In a moment the dog once more caught the right scent, and started off again, nose down, over the prairie. The brothers followed.

At this moment a new difficulty presented itself. The sun was setting on the high southern plateaux, over one of which they were travelling. They knew there was no twilight; and should it come on a dark night, how were they to follow the dog. It grew darker and darker, till it was difficult to distinguish the dusky body of the hound passing over the sward. What was to be done?

"I have it!" suddenly exclaimed Basil, the eldest, and at the word he spurred his horse forward, to overtake Marengo. The next moment he flung himself from the saddle, and, seizing the hound, arrested him in his tracks. Then making

his brother strip off his shirt, which was whiter than his own, he tore off the sleeves, and drew it upon the dog; and, having passed the animal's fore-feet through the arm-holes, tied the collar securely round his throat with a piece of string, and knotted the skirts over the flanks behind. The dog was let loose again, while the brothers mounted hastily, and followed him. It was not long before they were rewarded by discovering their lost brother.

Such is the mode of tracking with the bloodhound, when any one is lost upon the prairie, and when he is fortunate enough to have friends in possession of the dog and the blanket.

We wish bloodhounds were never used for other purposes than this. Connected with their family history, however, are deeds of blood, to read of which causes the hair to stand erect. Poor animals! their sagacity is happily limited. They do their bidding, and are not answerable beyond the obedience rendered.

HAWKING.

A GLANCE AT THE HERON.

As when a cast of falcons make their flight
At a wild hernessaw, tow'ring aloft on wing.
SPENSER.

SOME SHORT TIME SINCE, I was in Norfolk. It was the month of June. The place—intermediate between the fens and the heronry; time—the afternoon; the wind blowing towards the heronry. Four couple of casts of the female Peregrine Falcon were taken on their perches in the portable frame, secured to the perch by a slip of leather; each bird having a small bell on one of his legs; a leather hood with a piece of scarlet cloth stitched into it, over each eye, surmounted by a small plume of feathers on the top of the hood.

Arrived at the spot, the falconer set down the frame, took off the falcons, and tethered them to the ground. Four falconers attended as masters of the hawks, having their stuffed bags as lures.

After a while some herons passed, but at too great a distance; but one coming within reach, preparations were made for the attack. Two of the falconers mounted on horseback, having a glove or gauntlet on the right hand, perched the falcons thereon; holding the birds by a slip of leather, with the finger and thumb—their lure bags tied to their waists. The heron was nearly opposite, but at a great height in the air, when the falconers slipped the hoods from the heads of the falcons, and gave them a toss from their hands. The instant they were liberated they saw their prey, and made straight at the quarry, though the heron was considerably ahead.

As they were dashing after the heron, a

crow happened to pass the line of pursuit, when one of them darted after it, but it struck down into a plantation and saved itself; the falcon struck down after it, but did not succeed. The other falcon pursued the heron, which disgorged its ballast of several fish; when, flying round in circles, he soared above the heron, and quickly descending, struck it on the back. Both came tumbling down together to the ground from a great height. The falcon that had lost time with the crow, came up as they were falling; at the same instant a rook appeared in the vicinity of the fray, when the latter-named falcon struck at it violently, and they both came down within twenty yards of the falcon with the heron. Each falcon began to pull its victim to pieces; when the falconers rode up and rescued the heron, threw out their lures, and the birds were permitted to have a feed upon pigeons—having been kept fasting to make them hungry. When fed, they were hooded and put up for the day.

The next cast, which consisted of two young ones, were let loose at a heron, and they flew well up to it. But this quarry was an old one. The moment he saw the enemy, he flew up a great height, and made a loud croak. Whether from the difficulty of the height, or the preparation for encounter on the part of the veteran bird, this pair of casts, after a few ceremonious flights around their prey, "raked off," as it is called, and left it. The falconer, perceiving the affair to *be off*, gave a loud and peculiar cry; when one of the falcons suddenly closed its wings and dropped from a great height, directly down, and alighted on the keeper's hand; showing, in a most marked and extraordinary degree, the well-tutored adventurer, and the sagacity and tractableness of the race.

The other young bird sailed about till another heron appeared, which it attacked, but did not show much fight; and soon left the combat. A third heron then came within range, when it flew at it with great sharpness, and soon brought the prey to the ground, as the former had done; the heron having its wing broken by the blow. The first heron, taken alive, was equal to try another flight; and a hawk was loosed on it, but it was struck down with great facility in a few seconds. It is generally understood that when a heron has once been thus taken, it will afford no second sport.—G.

PRUDENCE.

THAT prudence which the world teaches, and a quick susceptibility of private interest—will direct us to shun needless enmities; since there is no man whose kindness we may not some time want, or by whose malice we may not some time suffer.—JOHNSON.

INSECT LIFE.

FLIES.

The larvæ of Flies, of which there are many different species, feed upon almost every kind of decaying substance, both animal and vegetable. Some devour the flesh of dead animals, whose putrefaction they accelerate; others live in excrements, dunghills, and unctuous earth; some species eat cheese; some others inhabit the bodies of caterpillars and different larvæ, which they gnaw and consume. Among those which feed on vegetable substances, some live in leaves, which they sap internally; others live in galls, mushrooms, seeds of plants, and fruits.

The use of the carnivorous larvæ of this tribe of insects, appears to be to consume the carcasses of animals, and so prevent the pestilential effluvia which would otherwise arise from them. From their numbers, they are capable of consuming a carcase in a very short time. Those which live on excrements seem to be born for the purpose of clearing the earth from aggregations of filth, which might otherwise prove deleterious.

THE CHEESE-FLY.

This fly is so called from the fact of its depositing its eggs in the cracks and crevices of cheese. From these eggs are produced caterpillars, or maggots, whose external form presents nothing very remarkable; yet they are able to leap in a most surprising manner—sometimes to the height of more than six inches. These leaps are the more astonishing, when we consider the minuteness of the animal, and that it is entirely destitute of legs.

To discover how this manœuvre is performed, we must attentively watch a larva which is preparing for a leap. We shall observe it rise upright on its posterior part, and maintain itself in this position by means of some tubercles which are situated on the last ring of its body. Subsequently it bends itself, forms a sort of circle, by bringing its head towards its tail; sinks the two hooks of its mouth in the two sinuosities which are at the skin of the last ring, and holds them firmly together. All this operation is but the affair of a moment. Then it contracts itself, and rears up so promptly, that the two hooks, in springing from the two sinuses in which they were retained, make a slight noise. By this quick movement the body strikes the ground, or the substance on which it may be resting, and rebounds at the same time to a considerable distance. The student of nature should make a point of examining these facts closely. They are so full of pleasing interest!

The perfect insect is furnished with an ovipositor, which it can thrust out to a very

great length. Swammerdam says, "I have often seen them thrust out their tails to an amazing length, in order to deposit their eggs in the deep cavities. I found, in a few days afterwards, a number of maggots, which had sprung from those eggs, perfectly resembling those of the first brood that had produced the mother fly. I cannot but take notice, that the rottenness of cheese is really caused by these maggots, for they both crumble the substance of it into small particles, and also moisten it with some sort of liquid, so that the decayed part rapidly spreads. I once observed a cheese, which I had purposely exposed to this kind of fly, grow moist in a short time—in those parts of it where eggs had been deposited, and had afterwards been hatched into maggots; though, before, the cheese was perfectly sound and entire."

After having remained for a longer or a shorter time in the nymph form, according as the season may be favorable to their development, these flies issue forth from their cocoons. To effect this, they break off and push out a portion with their head, which swells in this operation. On first coming out, their wings are folded and rumpled, and appear to be mere stumps; but they are soon developed, extend, and become level and smooth, as is the case with most other insects.

THE THREE VOICES.

"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear!"

Morn calleth fondly to a fair boy, straying
 'Mid golden meadows, rich with clover dew;
 She calls—but he still thinks of nought, save
 playing;
 And so she smiles, and waves him an adieu!
 Whilst he, still merry with his flowery store,
 Deems not that Morn, sweet Morn! returns no
 more.

Noon cometh—but the boy, to manhood growing,
 Heeds not the time—he sees but one sweet
 form,
 One young fair face, from bower of jasmine glow-
 ing,
 And all his loving heart with bliss is warm.
 So Noon, unnotic'd seeks the western shore,
 And man forgets that Noon returns no more!

Night tappeth gently at a casement gleaming
 With the thin fire-light, flick'ring faint and
 low,
 By which a grey-hair'd man is sadly dreaming
 O'er pleasures gone, as all life's pleasures go.
 Night calls him to her, and he leaves his door,
 Silent and dark,—and he returns no more!

STRIFE.

WHEN worthy men fall out, only one of them may be faulty at first; but if strife continue long, commonly both become guilty.—FULLER.

TABLE-MOVING,—
BY MUSCULAR FORCE.

THERE HAS APPEARED in the *Times* newspaper, a Letter from DR. FARADAY respecting this absurd mania, which—imported, it would seem, like Mormonism, spirit-rappings, and other monstrous delusions, originally from the United States—has spread over the so-called enlightened and educated countries of continental Europe, and also infected this kingdom, with a rapidity and universality unequalled by any mere physical epidemic. In that Letter, the Professor intimated his intention of placing (which he has done), the details of some experiments he has instituted, and the conclusions inevitably resulting from these experiments, before the public in the pages of the *Athenaeum*. Let us endeavor to condense this, so far as it can be effected without rendering the explanation obscure. It is only right to quote Faraday's own words, giving his reasons for devoting himself to this investigation—doubtless to his own vexation and annoyance at having his attention occupied by such trivialities; but by so doing he has acted the part of a good citizen, and stood in the breach; for his lucid explanation of the causes, on the one hand, and the weight of his authority on the other, will not only arrest the onward march of this latest folly, but it is to be hoped, prevent the further spread of still greater and more mischievous delusions.

"I should," says Dr. Faraday (in the *Times*), "be sorry that you should suppose I thought this investigation necessary ON MY OWN ACCOUNT; for my conclusion respecting its nature was soon arrived at, and is not changed. But I have been so often misquoted, and applications to me for an opinion are so numerous, that I hoped, if I enabled myself to give a strong one, you would consent to convey it to all persons interested in the matter."

Let us now turn to the *Athenaeum*. The nature of the proof required, and the methods of inquiry followed, were of the same nature as are ordinarily demanded in any physical investigation. In the first place the table-movers, whose services were employed, were not merely persons successful in producing this movement; but are vouched for by the Professor, as persons of honor and candor, yet at the same time influenced by a wish to establish the existence of a peculiar motive power. Faraday has satisfied himself that a table moves, when the parties, although strongly wishing it, neither intend to nor believe that they do move it by the exertion of ordinary mechanical (muscular) force. All these persons agreed in the belief that *the table moves the hands, not the hands the table*, which appears to be the popular creed; so it was

Dr. Faraday's object to prove to them and to the rest of the world that the truth lies in the exact converse of this proposition. The first thing done, was to convince the movers that none of the materials employed in constructing the apparatus would in any way interfere with the results; to do this a bundle of plates was made up consisting of the most incongruous materials, whether electrically or ordinarily speaking,—such as glass, sand-paper, glue, moist-clay, tinfoil, wood, gutta-percha, &c., and this bundle, when affixed to a table, was placed under the hands of a turner; the table turned. The experiment, varied in many ways, was repeated with many persons (movers), with one uniform result, viz., the motion of the tables; so that no objection can be raised to the use of any or all of these materials as impeding or obstructing the presumed new force.

The next step was, to ascertain the development of electrical, magnetic, attractive, tangential, or repulsive forces, but in vain; no indication of these or any peculiar natural force could be detected, nor aught observed referable to other than mere mechanical power exerted by the turner. The next thing was to determine the nature of this pressure, or at any rate so much of it as was exerted in a *horizontal* direction; and this, in the first instance, was done unawares to the mover. A soft cement of wax and turpentine, or wax and pomatum, was prepared; and four or five pieces of smooth slippery cardboard were fixed, one above the other, by pellets of this cement; the lowest of these cards was covered with sand-paper and rested on the table; the edges of the succeeding ones gradually overlapped each other—the exact position of each being indicated by a pencil-line drawn on the under surface of each overlapping piece of cardboard. The uppermost sheet was larger than the rest, so as to hide all beneath it from sight. This was then placed on a table, and the services of a turner called into play, who placed his hands on the large uppermost card. The use of the apparatus is due to the nature of the cement, which is strong enough to offer considerable resistance to mechanical motion, and also to retain the cards in any new position they might acquire; yet it gives way slowly on the continued application of mechanical force.

After some little time had elapsed, hands, cards, and table, all moved to the left together, and a true result was obtained. On examination of the pack of cardboard, the displacement of the pencil-lines showed that the hands had moved further than the table, which, in fact, had lagged behind; the uppermost card had been pushed to the left, dragging first the under cards, and lastly the table, along with it. In other instances, when

the table remained immoveable, the upper card was found to have moved,—proving the hands to have carried it in the direction expected. Here, then, is one experimental proof that the table did not draw the hands and the experimenter after it, nor even simultaneously with it. On the contrary, the hands dragged along with them all things beneath them—both cardboard and table; the hands travelling further than anything below them, and in truth, being retarded by the cards and table, which tended continually to keep the hands back.

To show whether the table or the hands moved first, or both moved, or remained at rest together, an index was constructed by fixing an upright pin in a leaden foot, which stood upon the table, and using this as the fulcrum of a light lever, twelve inches long, made of foolscap paper. The short arm of this lever, about half an inch long, was attached to a pin inserted in the edge of a piece of cardboard, placed on the table ready for the hands of the table-turner; the long arm serving for the index of motion. The positions of both card and index were marked, the cardboard being in the first instance fixed to the table by the cement before mentioned, whilst the index was hidden from the turner, or he looked away; when, before the table began to move, the deflection of the index in the expected direction showed the hands were already in motion and pressing that way. Under these circumstances the experiment was not pushed to the moving of the table; since the table-turner was made aware that he had inadvertently exerted a lateral force. The cement fixing the card to the table was now removed; this, however, could not have interfered with the anticipated results of the experiments, since the bundle of plates before described, and single pieces of cardboard, had been easily moved on this table; but now that the index was there, betraying to the eye and thence to the mind the pressure inadvertently exercised, the judgment was corrected, and not the least tendency to motion was manifested either by cardboard or table. It made no difference whether the card was attached to the table, or merely laid upon it; with the index in sight, all motion and even tendency to motion had vanished!

Dr. Faraday then describes a more complete apparatus, which is thus made:—Two thin boards, nine and a half inches by seven inches, were provided, to the under side of one of which another board, nine inches by five inches, was glued, so as to raise its edges above the table, and which was called the table-board. This being put on the table, near and parallel to its side, an upright pin was fixed close to the further edge of the board, and equi-distant from its ends, to serve

as the fulcrum for the index lever. Four pieces of glass rod, seven inches long and a quarter of an inch in diameter, were placed as rollers on this table-board, and the upper board placed upon them: it is obvious that this arrangement will sustain any amount of pressure desired, with a perfectly free lateral motion of the upper on the lower board. A piece was cut out of the upper board, just opposite to the fulcrum-pin in the lower, and a pin, bent downwards at right angles, was driven in where this notch was made—the downward arm of the pin piercing the end of the short arm of the index-lever, made of cardboard; the longer indicator being a hay-stalk of some fifteen inches long.

To somewhat restrain the facile motion of the upper on the lower board, two vulcanised rubber rings were passed around them at the places where the lower board did not rest on the table; these rings not only tied the boards together, but acted as springs, so that whilst they permitted the feeblest tendency to motion to be made evident by the index, they nevertheless exerted sufficient resistance before the upper board had moved a quarter of an inch on either side, to resist even a strong lateral force exerted by the hand. All being thus arranged, excepting that the lever was removed, the boards were tied together tightly, by strings running parallel to the india-rubber springs, so as to prevent their moving one upon the other. The apparatus was now placed on the table, and a table-turner sat down to it. Shortly, the table moved in due order; proving the nature of the apparatus offered no impediment to the motion. When metal rollers were substituted for glass ones, the same result was produced. The index was now put in its place and the strings taken away, so as to allow the springs to come into play; it was soon seen, in the case of a party of table-movers, which could will the motion in either direction but from whom the index was purposely hidden, that the hands were slowly creeping in the direction previously agreed upon, although the party certainly thought they were pressing downwards only. On being shown the true state of the case, they were greatly surprised; but when, on lifting their hands, they saw the index immediately return to its original position, they were convinced. When the index was no longer hidden from them, and they could see for themselves whether they were pressing directly downwards, or obliquely, so as to produce motion either to the right or the left, no movement was ever effected. Several persons tried for a long while together, and with the best will in the world; but no motion right or left of the table, the hands, or anything else, ever occurred.

The value of these results is the conviction

thus brought home to the table-turner, that it is by his own muscular action, apparently of an involuntary kind, that the table, &c., is set in motion; and not that electricity, magnetism, attraction, a new force, supernatural or diabolical agency, is communicated through him—notions, it would seem, entertained by many, “termed by courtesy” educated men, but who, as a class, are ignorant of the first principles even of natural science—regarding its pursuit with an indifference approaching to contempt, and hearing of and witnessing its most striking and obvious applications with the stupid wonder of the savage at the appliances of civilised man.

We have seen that when the turners looked at the index it remained motionless; when it was hidden from them, or they looked away, it wavered about, in spite of their belief that they were only pressing directly downwards. Thus, a corrective mental influence is exerted by the apparatus; and when the most earnest and successful turners attempt to operate with this index before them, telling truly whether they are pressing downwards only, or obliquely to right or left, *their power is gone*; so that, when they become conscious of what they are really doing mechanically, they remain no longer the victims of a self-delusion.

It is unnecessary to pursue this subject further, or to describe other modifications of this apparatus instanced by Dr. Faraday. For the curious and the candid, sufficient has been said to enable them to construct the requisite apparatus, and to convince themselves if still desirous of personal proof; for others, it is simply useless to multiply either experimental or deductive proofs. We cannot, however, quit this subject without quoting, word for word, the stern and well-merited reproof addressed to the nation by this eminent man. “Permit me to say, before concluding,” writes Dr. Faraday, “that I have been greatly startled by the revelation which this purely physical subject has made of the condition of the public mind. No doubt there are many persons who have formed a right judgment, or used a cautious reserve, for I know several such, and public communications have shown it to be so; but their number *is almost as nothing* to the great body who have believed and borne testimony, as I think, in the cause of error. I do not here refer to the distinction of those who agree, with me and those who differ. By the great body, I mean such as reject all consideration of the equality of cause and effect, who refer the results to electricity and magnetism—yet know nothing of the laws of these forces; or to attraction—yet show no phenomena of pure attractive power; or to the rotation of the earth, as if the earth revolved round the leg of a table; or to

some unrecognised physical force, without inquiring whether the known forces are not sufficient; or who even refer them to diabolical or supernatural agency, rather than suspend their judgment, or acknowledge to themselves that they are not learned enough in these matters to decide on the nature of the action. *I think the system of education that could leave the mental condition of the public body in the state in which this subject has found it, must have been greatly deficient in some very important principle.*”

WE have ever said and proved it, that the world is *mad*; and Faraday has said and proved it, that the world is also made up of *fools*. We have then, as a nation, not much to boast of!

OH! SING AGAIN THAT TOUCHING SONG.

Oh! sing again that touching song,
That song of other times!
The music bears my soul along,
To other, dearer climes.

I love its low and broken tone;
The music seems to me
Like the wild wind, when singing lone
Over a twilight sea.

It may not sound so sweet to you;
To you it cannot bring
The valleys where your childhood grew,
The memories of your Spring.

My father's house, my infancy,
Rise present to my mind,
As if I had not crossed the sea
Or left my youth behind.

I heard it at the evening's close,
Upon my native shore;
It was a favorite song with those
Whom I shall see no more.

How many worldly thoughts and cares
Have melted at the strain!
'Tis fraught with early hopes and prayers—
Oh! sing that song again.

L. E. L.

COMPANIONS.

A COMPANION that is cheerful, and free from swearing and scurrilous discourse, is worth gold. I love such mirth as does not make friends ashamed to look upon one another next morning; nor men, that cannot well bear it, to repeat the money they spend when they be warmed with drink. And take this for a rule: you may pick out such times and such companions, that you may make yourselves merrier for a little than a great deal of money; for, "'tis the company and not the charge that makes the feast."—IZAAK WALTON.

HINTS TO AMATEUR GARDENERS.**THE CALENDAR FOR AUGUST.**

THE INSTRUCTIONS for the present month will necessarily be light. And first let us speak of

FRUIT.

New plantations of Strawberries may still be made, and all the runners cut off from the old plants. Protect your Plums or other ripe fruit on walls from flies and wasps. Some bottles hung up in the trees, partly filled with beer-dregs, sweetened with treacle, will decoy them. Examine vines regularly, and remove all useless growths, particularly any formed above the fruit, which should be exposed to the sun. The smaller berries may still be thinned out. Keep all the branches neatly nailed in. Raspberry canes which have ripened off their fruit, should be cut down; by so doing, those intended to bear next season will be strengthened.

FLOWERS.

ANNUALS should be removed as soon as their flowers decay; unless seed from them is required, when a portion may remain. But, in the majority of cases, the earliest flowers will have perfected their seeds before the plant becomes unsightly.

AURICULAS.—Many growers prefer the first week in this month to pot their plants, alleging as a reason that when they are potted in May, they are more liable to throw up weak flower-stems in autumn; but this will only occur in wet seasons, and then partially; however, many successful growers have adopted both seasons. If they were potted as soon as their flowers were over, a top dressing of the same soil will benefit them now, removing any decayed leaves, and taking off-sets from them for increase.

BULBS.—Continue to take up any whose leaves are decayed.

CARNATIONS may be layered in the beginning of the month; and as soon as the plants have rooted, which will be in five or six weeks, they must be taken off and potted, (two or three in a small pot,) and placed in a shaded situation to get established before winter. They may then be placed in the pit, or be hooped over and protected during severe weather. Drain the pots well, as too great abundance of wet is more to be feared than frost. The commoner kinds may be planted out without potting.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS should now be shifted into their flowering-pots, using strong rich soil. It will be found a good plan to save watering, (of which they require a great deal,) to cover the surface-soil in the pots with moss, to prevent it from drying so quick. When they get established in these pots, they may receive waterings of liquid manure twice a week.

DAHLIAS.—Gather seeds of any choice kinds. Keep them neatly tied, and examine the early ties that they do not pinch. Loosen them if they do, or the wind will easily break them at that point. Remove decaying flowers, and watch for caterpillars. To entrap ear-wigs, place a small flower-pot inverted upon the stake, with a little hay in the bottom; or put some short lengths of

bean-stalks amongst the branches and examine them every morning; blowing the insects into a basin of hot water.

HEARTSEASE.—Cuttings of any choice kinds for the principal spring bloom should now be put in, in a shaded situation. They may for security receive a slight protection during winter.

PELARGONIUMS.—Any that were cut down after flowering, and have begun to sprout again, may have the soil carefully shaken from their roots, and be repotted in as small pots as possible; using poor soil. This is to allow of their being successively potted in spring, which if left in their flowering-pots could not take place; set them in the pit at once, or in a shaded situation, until they re-root.

PINKS.—The pipings should be pricked out immediately they are rooted, to strengthen before they are finally planted at the end of next month.

PROPAGATE, by cuttings, such plants as Petunias, Verbenas, Calceolarias, scarlet Pelargoniums, and Mesembryanthemums, for next year. Prepare pots filled with light soil and well-drained; then plant thickly round their sides the cuttings, which will readily root if placed in a shaded situation, or in the turf-pit or house-window, where they may remain all the winter.

STOCKS.—Biennial kinds (as Giant or Brompton) should now be planted out where it is intended they should flower.

Seeds of Calceolarias and Pelargoniums should be sown now in pots. If deferred until spring, they do not flower the same season. Gather any that are ripe.

Keep all plants in flower neatly tied up, and remove their flowering stems as soon as they cease to be interesting. Evergreen hedges or shrubs may be cut in, and keep every part of the garden in as perfect order as possible.

DURING this month, the hues of autumn will begin to make their appearance; but its approaches in the flower borders may be deferred by regularly removing decayed flowers of such plants as throw up a succession. Chrysanthemums should have their tops taken off now at different heights, so that the flowers may range above each other, and the plants become furnished with numerous flowering branches, instead of one. Some of the strongest of the top-shoots removed, may be immediately planted into small pots as cuttings. They will soon root and make dwarf flowering-plants. The bandages round buds or late grafts will by this time require loosening and re-tying, if they are not firmly united. Plants intended for late flowering in the window, as Calceolarias or Fuchsias, should be kept free from flowers now; and, for the same purpose, a few of the best late annuals may be potted and placed in a shady situation. Examine bulbs that they are not damp, or they will soon become mouldy and injured. Destroy weeds and insects whenever detected. Gather herbs in flower for drying, and articles for pickling. Keep the soil about winter crops regularly loosened.

PRACTICAL JOKES.

JOKING, when not used upon improper matter, in an unfit manner, with excessive measure, at undue season, or to evil purpose—may be allowed. But all practical jokes, as they are called, should be studiously avoided, as they too often leave cause for lasting regret.

BARROW.



HERE ARE SO MANY ACTS OF FOLLY COMMITTED at this season, in the form of "practical jokes," that we feel it an act of duty to impress something on the memory connected therewith,

that will not soon be forgotten. Many a person has, by one act of inconsiderate rashness, done that which a whole lifetime could not afterwards atone for. Let the subjoined, taken from the Memoirs of Cassanova de Steingalt, operate as a warning to all intending offenders.

Towards the end of autumn, Fabrius introduced me to a very amiable and well-informed family, whose residence was in the country at a place called Zero. Our amusements here were playing billiards, talking to the ladies, and mystifying each other. This last amusement was sometimes carried a little too far; but it was considered a want of heroism to evince any ill-humor, however severe the ordeal might be. You were expected to take the thing in good part, or submit to be looked upon as a dolt. Sometimes on getting into bed, it gave way beneath you, or your slumbers were disturbed by some sheeted ghost gliding into your apartment; at other times, the ladies were presented with comfits or sweetmeats, the inevitable effects of which may be more easily imagined than told. As for me, I was not only rich in inventions of this nature, but showed myself possessed of the most inexhaustible patience under the tricks played off upon me, until I became a victim of one which inspired me with the most ardent desire for vengeance.

We often directed our walks towards a farm which was about half a league distant. The way to this farm was crossed by a wide ditch, over which was thrown a strong plank that served as a bridge. I generally passed first over this narrow bridge, to encourage the ladies and engage them to follow me. One fine day I took the lead of the company as usual, when, on reaching the middle of the plank, it suddenly gave way, and fell with me into the ditch. There was not, it must be confessed, a drop of water in it; but, what was worse, there was a considerable depth of black fetid mud. Although embalmed in this up to the ears, I put on a good countenance and joined in the general laugh that accompanied my fall.

But this was not to be of long duration, for all the company agreed that the trick was

by far too severe a one. Some of the neighboring peasantry were sent for, who drew me out of the mire in a most deplorable state; my summer suit, embroidered in gold, lace frills and ruffles, and silk stockings, were completely spoiled. I pretended to make light of all this, laughing at the adventure, but determined in my own mind to take vengeance, if possible, for so unworthy a jest. In order to discover the author, it became necessary to affect the most complete indifference.

On being taken back to the house, I was kindly accommodated with linen and clothes. I had brought no supply with me, as I had intended to remain only twenty-four hours. The next morning I went to town, but returned in the evening, and joined the company as if nothing had happened. Fabrius, who viewed the thing in the same light as I do, told me it would be impossible to discover the author of this trick. But by promising a ducat to a peasant girl, if she would tell me who sawed the plank, I succeeded. She pointed me out a young man, whose tongue I untied with another ducat, accompanied by menaces. He confessed to me that he acted under the direction of a Mr. Demetrius, a Greek merchant, a man between forty-five and fifty years of age, of an agreeable and jovial disposition, on whom the only mystification I had ever played off was outrivaling him in the good graces of Madame de K—'s *femme-de-chambre*, to whom he had taken a liking.

In the whole course of my life I never fatigued my brain so much as on this occasion, in endeavoring to invent some trick with which to plague this much-hated Greek. I was desirous that it should be at least as extraordinary and disagreeable as the one he had served me. The more I thought on the subject, the less likely I seemed to be to obtain the object of my wishes; till a passing funeral suggested an idea to me that I lost no time in executing. Towards midnight I repaired alone, armed with a cutlass, to the churchyard.

Here I disinterred a newly-buried body, and with some difficulty, cut off the arm at the shoulder-joint. After replacing the body in the earth, I returned with the dead man's arm, and got unperceived to my room. The next night I quitted the company after supper; and taking with me the dead arm, I stole into the Greek's room, and concealed myself under his bed. A quarter of an hour afterwards, my Greek entered his room, undressed himself, put out the light, and got into bed. When I supposed he was asleep, I gently drew the quilt half off. He awoke and said, laughing, "Get away with you, whoever you may be, for I do not believe in ghosts." He then drew up the quilt, and turned again to sleep.

After waiting five or six minutes, I recommenced my operations; and he again laughed. But when he endeavored to draw up the quilt, I held it back, and he immediately stretched forth his hand to seize that of the person whom he supposed to be under the bed. Instead of letting him catch mine, I put the dead man's hand into his, taking care to keep a strong hold of the arm. The Greek made a most violent effort to draw towards him, by the hand which he had seized, the person to whom it belonged, when suddenly I let go my hold, and the Greek spoke not a word, nor uttered the least cry. Having played off my trick, I regained my room, and went to bed, thinking that I had given him a good fright, and nothing more.

But the next morning, I was awakened by a confused noise of people running backwards and forwards through the house. I got up to learn the cause; and on meeting the lady of the house, she told me that I had carried things too far.

"Why, what is the matter?"

"Mr. Demetrius is dead."

"Well, what have I to do with his death?"

She quitted me without making any answer; and I, though not a little alarmed, went to the Greek's room fully determined to affect the most profound ignorance of this adventure. All the inmates of the house were assembled there; and I found, besides, the curé engaged in a violent altercation with the beadle, who positively refused to re-bury the arm, which still lay in the room. Every one looked upon me with horror, and it was in vain that I protested I was a total stranger to the affair. From all sides they cried out, "It was you, for you alone are capable of doing such an act; it resembles you in every particular."

The curé told me I had committed a very heinous crime, and that it was his duty to inform the proper authorities of it. I told him he might do as he pleased, for, as I had nothing to reproach myself with, I had no cause to be afraid. At dinner I learned that the Greek, having been blooded, had opened his eyes, but that he was unable to speak, and that all his limbs were paralysed. The next day he recovered his speech; when I left the house he was still paralytic, and his mind in a very enfeebled state, from which he never completely recovered during the rest of his life.

The curé had caused the arm to be re-buried, and communicated all the details of the affair to the episcopal chancery of Trevisa.

SELF-INTEREST.

How difficult a thing it is to persuade a man to reason against his own interest; though he is convinced that *equity* is against him!—TRUSLER.

PROPOSED NEW PARK.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

NOBODY CAN NOW TELL US where London begins; neither can anybody tell us where it ends. It has already swallowed up nearly all the suburban villages; and it threatens to extend its encroachments far and wide into the country. The dwellers in the "City" have long given up all hope of ever seeing blue skies and green fields, except on holidays—which, in the City, beyond any other place in the world, are few and far between. Even those who are privileged to reside in the outskirts, which twenty years ago were pleasant meadows and green lanes, now find they can hardly reach a quiet spot in the compass of a summer's evening walk.

By such persons as these, the value of our public parks and enclosures can alone be properly estimated; and by them they are felt to be essentials of existence. There is one lovely rural spot (almost the only one), yet left within easy walking distance; and that is, Hampstead Heath. Primrose Hill, it has been prophesied, will hereafter be the centre of London; but though that event is, to say the least, a distant one, it requires no prophet's eye to foresee that in two or three years it will become the centre of a new and populous town, if something be not done to arrest the building-enterprises which are going on around it. The beautiful spot we have mentioned will become almost valueless; and it will no longer afford to the pent-up citizen the delightful walks he enjoys there at present. Impressed with these views, and animated by a philanthropic spirit, Professor Cockerell has come forward with a magnificent scheme for turning Hampstead Heath into a park, to be connected with Primrose Hill by a boulevard 300 feet in width, so as to form one continuous promenade with the Regent's Park.

With reference to this grand scheme, our contemporary the *Builder*, says:—

Taking our course from the Regent's Park, the road proposes to pass over the commanding height of Primrose Hill, and thence to ascend gracefully by a magnificent park-ride and avenue or boulevard—reminding us of the most enchanting continental arrangement—till it enters the Hampstead Road, by the existing beautiful avenue of Belsize Park, improving the surrounding building land by situations for the most desirable villas and gardened habitations.

The course thence is by Hampstead Green, passing over another commanding eminence known as Traitor's Hill, from which an admirable view of London and surrounding scenery presents itself, through land now desired to be built over, and which, if so appropriated, would for ever deface the beautiful locality. From this ground the road mounts to the Royal Terrace across the

Heath, appreciated alike by the monarch and the mechanic, and continues to the well-known Firs, from whence is enjoyed a lovely view of Harrow and the western country, unsurpassed by the imaginings of Claude and Turner.

In the enjoyment of this beautiful scenery, we descend the Heath to a hamlet designated North-End, and proceed around its western verge to a third commanding height, called Telegraph Hill, which, as its name implies, is a landmark through the country, and again displays to us a new and enchanting panorama. Here we arrive at a further portion of the ground desired to be appropriated for building, but which this project would secure as a necessary adjunct to the enjoyment of the Heath; passing through this land, the road would return to the upper terrace. The extent of open ground would in all be about 300 acres.

We have taken it for granted that this remarkable suburb is known to our readers; if not, let them take the trouble to survey it from the heights we have cited, in this pleasant season, and we need add no further argument to convince every beholder and lover of this metropolis, of the vast importance of securing, once for all, this unrivalled pleasure-ground for our overgrowing Babylon. Parks we have, it is true; but none to compare with what this would be. Nature has formed it for the purpose, and art would seek in vain to improve it.

We cannot but regard the project as a noble one. It is perfectly evident that nothing else can save the most beautiful of our suburbs from positive destruction. It is therefore with the greatest pleasure, as well as from a deep conviction of duty, that we raise our voice, however feeble, along with that of other portions of the metropolitan press, in defence of a proposal so excellent, so deserving of universal support.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

The Turtle-Dove.—As your paper is so warm an advocate for the feathered race, and you evidently delight in recording the many little traits by which they endear themselves to their owners, I offer no apology for adding my testimony to that of others. I would speak to you about the turtle-dove—the genuine turtle-dove, which comes to our island in April and leaves in September. During a four years' residence in Essex, a parishioner of my brother's had reared one of these birds, which in the course of many visits to his sick brother, I had often admired as it fearlessly sat with the shepherd's dog and cat. As winter advanced, the youth entreated me to accept his pet, which he feared would be killed by winter's cold, unless carefully nursed. I accepted the pretty gift, and carried it at once to my home, where it became speedily attached to me. It formed a great friendship, too, with a black cat and favorite spaniel, whose food it sought to share from the same platter. This bird never forgot an affront. A member of the family, whose patience was exhausted in seeking unsuccessfully her friendship, waved a red handkerchief at her. She was terrified, and though eight years have

elapsed, the insult is not forgotten. Several years passed ere I could overcome her dislike to the color. After three years we moved our residence, and during the change I went on a visit to some friends, with whom I remained three months. I then returned, bringing the bird with me; it had been unaccountably dull during the whole time. It was night when I arrived; and as soon as my sister spoke, it became agitated and flew about to have its cage opened. It then immediately took wing to her, with every demonstration of affection; and from that time to this, its constancy has remained unshaken. Vainly have we tried to deceive it by night or day. Its hatred to *me* was as great, and it will fly after me, scold me, peck me, and annoy me in every way it can. On one occasion alone has it shown any kind feeling, and that was, during the absence of my sister for nine weeks, when she left it under my charge. But as soon as she returned, I was cast off. All attempts to divert its affection, by providing a suitable mate, have failed; but my sister can do anything with it,—pull its head, squeeze it, play any trick with it. Caresses, and the sweetest "coo," are the sole return. It follows her everywhere; takes the needle from her hand when she is at work; the pen when writing; and it will sit on her hand and kiss it, whilst she is engaged at the piano. It is remarkably fond of bread, biscuit, butter, and salt; and freely helps itself at breakfast to these articles. Then will it return to its place, *by* or *on* my sister. This bird is now in its thirteenth year. It is in the full enjoyment of health, and boasts a very fine plumage. This latter, I think, is much aided by its enjoyment of a very large bath, in which it splashes, rolls, and sits for a quarter of an hour together. It is a hen bird, and once it deposited an egg at the bottom of the cage. It has taken flight from home at intervals; but its mistress fears for its safety, and now guards against its straying. The old spaniel is still alive, but he has lost all his vivacity and pleasure in accompanying his master and mistress in their equestrian trips. The original cat, too, has given place to a very fine specimen of the soft and long-haired species, with a tail like a lady's boa, brought up by a relative's groom. It is a great pet, and friendly with both dog and bird. Its usual resting-place at night used to be a silk apron, which Tom would search for all over my room till found. Since I have been absent (now many months), Puss has sought and found another friend to make his couch for him.—E. F. P., *Kingston Lisle, Berks, July 16.*

[We always have very great pleasure in giving insertion to *true* anecdotes of animals. Their winning ways, affectionate endearments, and singular attachments, deserve more notice than is usually taken of them. The cat above alluded to is of the Angora breed. These are noted for their affection. We very much regret the many "fabricated" anecdotes which at this season find such ready entrance into our public journals. They are called "funny," and certainly they *do* elicit a laugh; but they do a vast injury to the study of natural history. There are plenty of pleasing "facts," without having recourse to witty invention.]

Sea-side "Plants" and Pleasantries.—We all know, Mr. Editor, the various schemes which are at this season "tried on" at our watering-places. The following "plant," which appears not to have "taken," will serve to raise a smile, if it does not put any intended victim upon his guard. The child seems to have learnt mamma's lesson perfectly; and her failure was "not for the want of any exertion on her part:"—

"The Marquis is *not* to be won, Mamma;
My advances he seems to shun, Mamma!

I appeal to you—

What *am* I to do?

O, tell me *what's next* to be done, Mamma?"

"Have you sat by his lordship's side, my child?
And every blandishment tried, my child?

Have you heav'd deep sighs,

And look'd in his eyes?

And adroitly flatter'd his pride, my child?"

"O yes; and I've done *even more*, Mamma;
Things I never have done before, Mamma;

For I fainted *quite*,

In his arms last night,

As we stood on the sea-girt shore, Mamma!"

"If the man is proof against *that*, my child,
Why the sooner he takes his hat, my child,

Between you and me,

The better 'twill be,

For you see he's *not* such a flat, my child!"

E. C. W.

[This is a very fair specimen of maternal manœuvres, which are now "on" for the season. Flats! look out.]

How to Cultivate Water-Cresses.—Choose a moist situation—if near a pond, or the pump, the better, with a light rich soil. Procure either seeds, or plants, or cuttings, in the spring; if plants, set them about six inches distant. They will soon grow, and the produce will amply repay the trouble. Keeping them moderately moist, they will continue many years, growing good crops.—G. H.

Black-Beetles and Cockroaches.—You have told us of several things which these animals stand in dread of; but nothing will so effectually get rid of them as quick-lime, spread over their haunts. It fairly burns them up if they approach; and they instinctively dread coming in contact with it.—W. S.

Justice and Mercy not inseparable.—In the days of Nelson, my dear sir, justice on board a man-of-war was tempered with mercy. It is not so now. We hear of men being scourged with the lash, and we are told it is necessary by way of example! Now, Nelson had a heart, and yet he was a good commander! We are told he was always unwilling to inflict punishment, and when he was obliged, as he called it, "to endure the torture of seeing men flogged," he came out of his cabin with a hurried step, ran into the gangway, made his bow to the officers, and, reading the articles of war the culprit had infringed, said, "Boatswain, do your duty." The lash was instantly applied, and, consequently, the

sufferer exclaimed, "Forgive me, Admiral, forgive me." On such an occasion Nelson would look round with wild anxiety, and as all his officers kept silence, he would say, "What! none of you speak for me? Avast, cast him off!" And then added to the culprit, "Jack, in the day of battle, remember me." He became a good fellow in future. A poor man was about to be flogged—a landsman—and few pitied him. His offence was drunkenness. As he was being tied up, a lovely girl, contrary to all rules, rushed through the officers, and, falling on her knees, clasped Nelson's hand, in which were the articles of war, exclaiming, "Pray, forgive him, your Honour; *he shall never offend again.*" "YOUR FACE," said Nelson, "is a security for his good behavior. Let him go; the fellow cannot be bad who has such a lovely creature in his care. This man rose to be lieutenant; his name was William Pye. A record of the above in our JOURNAL, Mr. Editor, cannot be out of place at this particular time. "Discipline" is about to be "rigorously enforced," it is said. May mercy guide the hand that inflicts the torture!—VIOLET, Worcester.

Green Parrots.—The family in which I reside, have long had a favorite parrot; and have always been in the habit of feeding it with bread, butter, indeed anything of which they have themselves been partaking. A few evenings since, they gave "Poor Polly" its tea as usual. It appeared quite well and happy. However, in less than two hours afterwards it dropped from its perch and died suddenly. We found on examination, that its mouth was full of bread. Can you tell me the cause of its death? I need not tell you how truly grieved we are at its loss.—F. S. B., *Jermyn Street.*

[The bird was no doubt choked. Not being able to swallow its food, it had a fit. This terminated in death. We have known several occurrences of this kind. Great care should be taken to prepare the food properly.]

Canaries, and Goldfinch-Mules.—I consulted you last year about my birds. Your answer was, "Keep your goldfinch until next year. Your old canaries are useless to breed from." I did not see this advice printed in the JOURNAL till a very long time after it appeared, as the booksellers persisted in saying the "work was discontinued." Indeed, to this day, I am deficient of a great many back numbers.* Under these circumstances, I placed my goldfinch in a breeding-cage, with a canary one year old. In two days a nest was formed, and shortly afterwards I found in it six eggs. These, however, were quickly broken by the goldfinch. Another nest was built, and four eggs this time were laid. The hen sat twenty-one days; but the eggs were all unproductive. A *third* nest was formed, and four eggs laid. The hen sat twenty days, but the result was "as before." The old birds made no nest. So much for last year. This year, I tried the old

* Apply for your deficient Numbers and Parts at 12, Great Castle Street, Regent Street. You will there be able to obtain what you require.—Ed. K. J.

hen with the goldfinch. They have built twice, had eggs twice, and sat twice. But all in vain, no young were hatched! I have tried a young cock goldfinch, and a young hen canary. They have built, laid, sat, *twice*. Still, all the eggs *bad*. How is this?—A. L. FUTMAN, *Portland Place*.

[You should never attempt to breed from *old* birds. It is useless—time thrown away. Goldfinches *often* break the eggs. They are very mischievous birds. All your hen birds are evidently unfruitful. You did wrong to let them sit beyond a fortnight. It weakens them. Get rid of all your stud, and try again next season. Apply to CLIFFORD, 24, Great St. Andrew Street, Holborn. He will supply you at an easy rate, and not let you have any birds but those which can be depended on. Consult him, too, about your cages, and the proper place to fix and suspend them in. All these things are important. We are really sorry to hear of your disappointments, after taking so much trouble. By the way, it would be a pity to part with the two tame birds you speak of at the end of your note. Though not adapted for the breeding-cage, they will be nice companions.]

Ash-colored Parrot, with Bad Habits.—About two months since, I purchased an ash-colored parrot, it being at the time I purchased it nearly denuded of its feathers. I learnt, on inquiry, that for the last three years it had been fed on hemp-seed, milk, and bread. This diet I have now entirely altered; substituting, in its stead, bread soaked in boiled milk, and a little ripe fruit. Still it continues to pluck out its feathers; and within the last few days, it has bitten all the red feathers in the tail close off at the stump. It has also taken to a very bad habit of re-producing in its mouth the food previously swallowed. This it does whenever I speak to it; and I apprehend it is a token (though a most disagreeable one), of pleasure at being noticed. Can you tell me how I shall cure either or both of these bad habits?—W. S. F., *Devon*.

[Will you please to turn to the article on "Parrots," at page 64, Vol. III. of OUR JOURNAL. We quite lean towards the argument of Dr. MORRIS, therein introduced, as to the *cause* of this irritability. It is all but incurable, as the bird is never free from suffering. Never give it any meat, or feed it "high," and keep it in a very cheerful situation. On an elevated stand in the garden, would be a nice spot. Constant change of scene *might* distract the bird's attention, and so cure him of his fidgetty habits; but if the *cause* still continues, there will be a recurrence of the evil. We fear the other bad habit is equally difficult of cure. There is no way of convincing these animals they are doing wrong. Unlike the dog in every respect, they mechanically obey the impulse of the moment; and if they drop one bad habit, it is too often to replace it by another. The tribe of parrots is completely *sui generis*. We have very many consultations about them, and most of the owners tell one and the same tale. We would most gladly help you if we could.]

Animal and Vegetable Sensation.—How many species of sensation Nature has created, it is impossible to conjecture. But by all the rules of

analogy, it is evident there are at least two—the vegetable and the animal. Some extend sensation even to minerals; and, according to them, earths have a less perfect sensation than bitumen and sulphur. These yield to metals—metals to vitriols—vitriols to lower salts. These to lower species of crystallisation—and those to what are called stones. The mineral is connected to the vegetable world by the amianthes and lytophices. Here a new species of sensation begins—a sensation partaking of the united qualities of mineral and vegetable, having the former in a much greater degree than the latter. Vegetable is more acute than mineral sensation; therefore more delicate. Its degrees and qualities aspire in regular order, from the root to the moving plant. The polypus unites plants to insects. The tube-worm seems to connect insects with shells and reptiles. The sea-eel and the water-serpent connect reptiles with fishes. The flying-fish forms the link between fishes and birds—bats associate quadrupeds with birds—and the various gradations of monkeys and apes fill up the space between quadrupeds and men.—LECTOR.

Gentle Words and Loving Hearts.—No apology need be offered to the readers of OUR OWN JOURNAL for asking insertion for the following:—

A YOUNG rose in the summer time
Is beautiful to me,
And glorious the many stars
That glimmer on the sea;
But gentle words and loving hearts,
And hands to clasp my own,
Are better than the fairest flowers
Or stars that ever shone.

The sun may warm the grass to life,
The dew the drooping flower,
And eyes grow bright and watch the light
Of autumn's opening hour:
But words that breathe of tenderness,
And smiles we know are true,
Are warmer than the summer time,
And brighter than the dew.

It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art,
And gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart;
But oh, if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth! S.

Experiments with the "Sensitive Plant."—The *Journal de Loiret* states, that Dr. Bretonneau, of Tours, has subjected the sensitive plant to the influence of chloroform, and that whilst under its influence, the leaves were perfectly insensible to any touch. The *Journal* adds, that the same experiment was lately tried at Orleans on a sensitive plant. One flower having been subjected to the action of chloroform, never moved when being cut to pieces, whilst another flower on the same stem closed up the moment the hand came near it.—ELIZA D.

Ranunculuses in Winter.—To have Ranunculuses in bloom in winter, the bulbs are planted,

in Holland, in the month of August, or later up to November, in frames or cool dung beds. If the weather prove bad in the autumn, lights are put on the frames; and again, when the temperature of the external air will allow, are removed. I saw at a nursery in Haarlem, Ranunculuses grown on this plan blooming in middle of December.—W. TATTER, in the *Allgemeine Gartenzeitung*.

Oil from Tobacco Seed.—Having been fortunate enough to discover that one seed of tobacco contains above 15 per cent. of its weight of drying oil, of superior quality and of easy extraction, I take the liberty of communicating this discovery to you, as one which, if published in England, may be of great advantage to those of the British colonies where that plant is cultivated. The process employed by me for the extraction of the oil is to reduce the seed to powder, and knead it into a stiff paste with *quantum sufficit* of hot water, and then submit it to the action of a strong press. I then expose the oil thus obtained to a moderate heat, which, by coagulating the vegetable albumen of the seed, causes all impurities contained in the oil to form a cake at the bottom of the vessel employed, leaving the oil perfectly limpid and clear. The oil from tobacco-seed, though extremely limpid, possesses the drying quality to a much higher degree than any other oil known to me—a circumstance which will render it of great value to painters and varnish makers. The only object I have in making this discovery known to you, is my desire to be of service to my country and fellow-subjects, and my not having the means of publishing it myself in England.—ALFRED HALL-FREDINICK, *Tchernoy Rinokie, near Kisliar*.

Florists' Flowers.—Let me tell those of your readers who are anxious to raise these interesting subjects with a view to getting new varieties, that they have no chance without saving the seed themselves. Let them buy four or six, or even a dozen, of the best and most distinct varieties in cultivation, and save seeds from them, and there will be hope of a few good things; but who that had saved seeds from the best would sell them to a seedsman? It is not likely that, when a good novelty will fetch pounds, the owners of seed calculated to produce good novelties would sell it. The seeds supplied to the shops are saved from those varieties which produce freely. Single and semi-double dahlias, pinks, carnations, picotees, roses, &c., yield seed in abundance, and you might sow an acre without producing a good variety; whereas, if you get none but a few good ones, and get but a single pod of seed, you may have that which will pay for all the trouble, and be worthy of bearing your name. Neville, the secretary of the South London Floricultural Society, raised the dahlia called the Hope, or Metropolitan Rose, for which he was paid £100, and had very few seedlings; yet we were invited to see six thousand dahlias, and could not find one worth a shilling.—GEORGE GLENNY.

Destructive Insects.—Now is the trying time for all who love their gardens. A single night, at this season, is oftentimes productive of irreparable mischief; for the enemy works in the dark, and hides himself in the day-time. There is

nothing more annihilating to the hopes of the gardener than the latent workings of a destructive insect. Cold and heat, wind and rain, with all the atmospheric changes for which the seasons are now so remarkable, may, in some measure, be provided for; but there is no guarding against danger the existence of which is unknown. Many a fine plant, which has been cultivated with unusual care, has withered from this cause; and this, too, at the moment when the development of its blossoms, or the perfection of its fruition, has been expected with anxiety. In this way the carnation and picotee have perished from the secret ravages of the wire-worm, the melon and cucumber from that of the red-spider, and the rose from the "worm i' the bud." To destroy these insects, therefore, becomes the first consideration of the gardener; but nothing will answer this purpose short of wholesale extermination. Though most insects live but one season, yet their powers of reproduction almost exceed belief. It has been calculated that the common house-fly produces, in three months, no fewer than 700,000 of its species; whilst the *aphis rosa* (the rose-plum louse), in the course of the season, creates at least ten generations, each generation averaging fifty individuals; so that by multiplying fifty-nine times by itself, one egg will give origin to the almost incredible number of 25,065,093,750,000,000,000! This, be it remembered, is but one species, out of twenty-seven, which infest the rose-tree alone. But in this respect, the oak is still more wonderful than the rose—naturalists having recorded some hundreds of different species as feeding upon a single leaf.

The flowery leaf
Wants not its soft inhabitant. Secure,
Within the winding citadel, the stove
Holds multitudes. But chief in forest boughs
That dance unnumbered to the playful breeze,
The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed
Of evanescent insects.

But if the number of insects are calculated to excite astonishment, what must we think of their minuteness? The red spider is amongst the smallest of the genus that infest the garden; it is not easily perceived without the aid of the microscope, and, on that account, is considered a phenomenon. But this will appear gigantic when compared with an insect we saw a few days ago, designated the "wheel animalcule." It was magnified 25,000 times its natural size, and yet in this state was no larger than a common-size grub. The most wonderful part of this insect is the construction of its mouth, which is formed of two revolving wheels, continually in motion, but moving in opposite direction to each other. With this machinery the insect is supposed to procure its food, consisting of animalculæ much smaller than itself; these animalculæ again prey upon others still more minute; and these last lead a similar existence—and so on, *ad infinitum*.—E. C.

Lime Water for Hens.—During the last season, Mr. Joseph Wilcox, of Wayne, having occasion to administer lime water to a sick horse, inadvertently left a pail of the preparation in his barn, which remained there for some time, serving as

a favorite drink for his hens. He soon found that the laying of his hens was increased to a considerable extent. Being convinced of the importance (to him) of the new discovery, he has during the present season kept his hens constantly supplied with lime water, placed in troughs within convenient access, and the result is an increase in eggs of nearly four-fold as compared with previous experience.—W.

[We have long adopted this idea, and find the result highly satisfactory.]

Singular Epitaph.—We are told by the Editor of the *Worcester Herald*, that the subjoined is a *verbatim* copy of an epitaph, which appears in the parish church-yard of Persey, in Dorsetshire. "Here lies the body of Lady C. Looney, great niece of Burke, commonly called 'the Sublime.' She was hard, passionate, and deeply religious. Also, she painted in water-colors, and sent several pictures to the exhibition. She was first cousin to the Lady Jones, and — of such is the kingdom of Heaven."—ANGELINA.

Tenacity of Woody Fibre.—It is a familiar fact that the stems of trees, and of flowering plants in general, possess a tenacity not found in the leaves and flowers. This tenacity is mainly due to the presence of *woody tissue*, which consists of spindle-shaped tubes lying closely together and overlapping each other at the ends. It is present also in the veins of leaves, and especially in the inner bark of plants. It is regarded by some as a form of cellular tissue, but may at all times be distinguished by its much greater tenacity. This quality indeed renders it of considerable importance to man; for it is this tissue, separated from the softer tissue of the stem by maceration, which forms the fibre of linen, hemp, and many other substances which are manufactured into textile fabrics. The comparative tenacity of different organic fibres, says the *Scottish Florist*, as ascertained by Labillardiere, is as follows. Weights being suspended to threads of the same diameter, silk supported a weight of 34; New Zealand flax (*Phormium tenax*), 23.8; Hemp (*Cannabis sativa*), 16½; Flax (*Linum usitatissimum*), 11½; Pita flax (*Agave Americana*), 7.—J. W. T.

To Keep away the Moth.—I notice an article on this subject, by "Arabella" (*Vol. III.*, p. 310). Let me tell you of another efficacious remedy for getting rid of these plagues—viz., by sewing a small portion of the bitter apple (*Colocynt*, I believe) in muslin bags, and placing the latter among the various articles which it is wished should be protected from the moth.—MUSCIPULA.

Rapacity of the Sparrow-hawk.—I remark in OUR JOURNAL (*Vol. III.*, p. 122) a bold adventure of a sparrow-hawk, whilst pursuing a blackbird. Two very similar occurrences came under my own observation a few years ago; but I forget the precise date. In the first instance, I happened to be in my dormitory, and one of the windows was open. Suddenly a poor sparrow came flying in as fast as possible, closely followed by a sparrow-hawk, which flew straight through the room into a sitting-room adjoining. The latter somehow contrived to get entangled in the curtains. He was made prisoner;

but afterwards released, with a warning that if he repeated his adventure after another unfortunate sparrow, it might not fare quite so well with him. The next visitor was also in pursuit of a sparrow. Both flew in at the front door, down a long passage, and into the kitchen; where Mr. Hawk went with such violence against the window, that he smashed it—the glass being scattered some distance. The squares of glass, however, being rather small, and iron bars coming rather close against them outside, he did not succeed in making a hole large enough to pass his body through. This was of little consequence; for the violence of the blow was such, that his neck was broken. He died in a minute or two after he was picked up. These occurrences took place near Lausanne, in Switzerland. In both instances, the intended victims were lucky enough to escape.—BOMBYX ATLAS, *Tottenham*.

The Crystal Palace, Sydenham.—As the "Company" seem to be on their mettle, and resolved to astonish the whole world with their Palace of Beauty, I would suggest to them that if a terrestrial globe on a monster scale were constructed in the grounds, it would tell well with the public. It might be done thus:—For the general plan, take a map of the world, with the two hemispheres. At the base of an excavation, let two mounds be raised, giving a correct delineation of both. Let the several continents and islands be marked out upon them, with their shores as near to nature as may be—the seas being represented by fine grass, or glass with a prepared surface. Rocks, &c., might be laid down, and lakes and rivers be represented by glass formed of undulating and twisted pieces; these, by suitable machinery, might be kept in constant motion. This would give life and effect to the whole. Mountains, snow-capped hills, forests of trees, &c., could easily be introduced; and large towns marked, giving a leading building (as St. Paul's) for London. Being in an excavation, a terrace or terraces might be formed on the surrounding sides, and lectures given explanatory of each subject. It would be practicable too, by means of machinery, to raise "lines" or frames to denote the equatorial and equinoctial lines, the degrees, &c. To give increased effect, telescopes might be arranged all round; the use of which would considerably enhance the pictorial importance of the globe. I merely throw this out as a hint by the way. Money seems "no object." I do not, however, imagine the cost of what I propose would be very considerable. The motto over the globe might be—

"Here may you roam at large, from pole to pole—
Trace Nature's vast expanse, survey the whole.
O'er lands remote an easy passage find,
Secure from danger—and divert the mind."

I cannot help thinking, that if a small charge only were made for entrance, the success of such an undertaking could hardly be doubtful.—J. B., *New Road, Shepherds' Bush*.

[If the "Company" be wise, they will turn their attention to many similar devices to instruct as well as amuse the public. The site they have chosen is a delightful one. Nature and art may there be pleasingly associated; and the human mind inducted to a train of thought,

hitherto quite neglected as a branch of education.]

The Use of White Wax—If you wish to keep certain articles from becoming *yellow* (such as white muslin, white satin, white silk dresses, bonnets, shoes, &c.), place *white wax* in immediate contact with them.—HONEY-SUCKLE.

Mushrooms.—The greatest caution is requisite in selecting any kinds for food; and it is advisable merely to eat the common sort. Wild mushrooms from old pastures are considered more delicate in flavor, and more tender in flesh, than those raised in artificial beds. But the young or button mushrooms, of the cultivated sort, are firmer and better for pickling; and in using cultivated mushrooms, there is much less risk of poisonous kinds being employed. The following is a description of the unsuspected sorts:—The *edible* mushrooms first appear very small, and of a round form, on a little stalk; they grow very fast, and the upper part and stalk are white; as the size increases, the under part gradually opens, and shows a fringed fur, of a very fine salmon-color, which continues more or less till the mushroom is a tolerable size, when it turns to a dark brown. These marks should be attended to, and likewise whether the skin can be easily parted from the edges and middle. Those which have a white or yellow fur should be carefully avoided. The wholesome kinds have a grateful rich scent: it is, however, safest not to eat any of the good but less common sort until they have been soaked in vinegar.—JOHN T., Windsor.

[The "safest" way is, to *imagine* mushrooms to be unwholesome, and never to eat them. We never do, although we are particularly fond of them.]

Lunatics.—Of the influence of the planets and the moon—notwithstanding the name of Lunatics, and the vulgar impressions—no proof whatever exists. Yet physicians of eminence—Mead even—have said, "the ravings of mad people kept lunar periods, accompanied by epileptic fits." The moon apparently is equally innocent of the thousand things ascribed to her. When the paroxysms of mad people do occur at the full of the moon, Dr. Burrowes inclines to explain the matter thus:—"Maniacs are in general light sleepers; therefore, like the dog which bays the moon, and many other animals, remarked as being always uneasy when it is at the full, they are disturbed by the flitting shadows of clouds which are reflected on the earth and surrounding objects. Thus the lunatic converts shadows into images of terror, and, equally with all 'whom reason lights not,' is filled with alarm, and becomes distressed and noisy."—E. W. T.

How to drive away Moles.—Take one pound of bean-meal, three ounces of slacked lime in powder, half an ounce of powdered verdigris, and four ounces of essential oil of lavender. After mixing thoroughly the powdery part of this composition, incorporate the oil. With a little water, work the mixture into a dough. With this form balls the size of hazel-nuts; they will harden after having been exposed to the air for twenty-four hours.

Introduce them twenty or thirty feet apart into the moles' runs; or one ball may be dropped into the hole of each mole-hill, taking care to cover it up immediately. The smell of these ingredients is so offensive to the mole, that he immediately deserts his ground. The mixture is, at the same time, a violent poison for moles, rats, and all such vermin.—*Flore des Serres*.

The Earth an Ocean of Melted Rock.—Professor Silliman mentions the fact, that in boring the Artesian wells in Paris, the temperature of the earth increased at the rate of one degree for every fifty feet towards the centre. Reasoning from causes known to exist, he says—"That the whole interior portion of the earth, or, at least a great part of it, is an ocean of melted rock, agitated by violent winds, though I dare not affirm it, is still rendered highly probable by the phenomena of volcanoes. The facts connected with their eruption have been ascertained and placed beyond a doubt. How then are they to be accounted for? The theory, prevalent some years since, that they are caused by the combustion of immense coal-beds, is perfectly puerile, and is entirely abandoned. All the coal in the world could not afford fuel enough for a single capital exhibition of Vesuvius. We must look higher than this; and I have but little doubt that the whole rests on the action of electric and galvanic principles which are constantly in operation in the earth."—HELEN W.

Botany of "the Camp".—All who go to see the camp at Chobham, should be told that the following plants are to be met with in tolerable numbers, on the common:—*Erica tetralix*, *Polytrichum commune*, *Narthecium ossifraga*, *Ranunculus lingua*, *Blechnum boreale*, male and female, *Galium palustre*, *Orchis bifolia* and *maculata*, *Cnicus heterophyllus*, *Triglochin palustre*, *Eriophorum angustifolium* and *Lycopodium clavatum*. There is no doubt that a stricter search would discover many other plants; but neither time nor the state of the weather would permit any but a cursory examination. The bog in question lies at the back of the cavalry quarters, and can be easily known by the great abundance of the white spikes of the Cotton Grass, which may be seen for a considerable distance.—WM. LOTT, Bromley, Kent.

Right of Claiming Bees.—You called attention, my dear sir, some short time since, to the existing practice of "ringing" bees during a swarm; and said that the *only* benefit resulting therefrom was the constituting a "right" to the swarm so "rung" for. In connection with this, I observe the following in the *Oxford Herald*, of June 25:—"A custom prevails in some places, to the effect that bees leaving the hive, and being followed and not lost sight of, by the owner or some person on his behalf, a tin kettle, frying-pan, or other like instrument being beaten to "ring" the bees, may be claimed from the person on whose property they alight. A short time since, a swarm belonging to Mr. Corbutt, at Appleton, left a hive in his garden. Miss Corbutt immediately procured a "ringer," and followed the bees to a garden occupied by Mr. W. Spiers (of the above village). Mr. Spiers attempted to make them *his own*, and accordingly proceeded to hive them. Having done so, he set

his neighbor at defiance! Mr. Corbutt procured a summons from the County Court, to bring the question to a decision; and at the sitting at Abingdon, on the 14th inst., before J. B. Parry, Esq., Q.C., the plaintiff having proved by the evidence of his daughter that the bees had been followed and "rung," and not lost sight of from the time of their leaving his garden to their settling in the garden of Mr. Spiers,—the judge decided in favor of the plaintiff." As I always rejoice to see any remarks of "Our Editor" publicly confirmed, need I say how glad I shall be to see this in print?—VIOLET, Worcester.

Visit to a Field of Pitcher-Plants.—The Nepenthes grows in Madagascar, in the interior of the country, at the distance of three leagues from Tamatave, and one and a half from Isathan, in a valley half-a-league in length, and a quarter in breadth, situated between a small arm of the river Hivouline and several lakes, the waters of which discharge themselves into the river Tamatave. It is surrounded with hills, covered with primeval forests; and the soil is a blackish sand, much like poor heath mould. I discovered this valley about six in the morning, and found it covered with Nepenthes of the greatest beauty and vigorous growth. The largest were nineteen inches in height, in bloom, and furnished with a great quantity of pitchers; almost every leaf bore one. I remarked that they were all open and half-full; but, about three in the afternoon, I saw the covers descend gradually, and by five all the pitchers were closed. I tried to open some of them, but could not do so without breaking them. Desirous to see more of these wonderful plants, I resolved to visit them again early the next morning, and returned to Isathan for the night, which I passed in the house where, in 1804 and 1805, died the two unfortunate botanists sent out by the French Government—Chapellier and Michaux. Returning the next morning at half-past five, I saw all the pitchers closed and resting on the ground, on account of the quantity of water they contained. It was still in vain to try to open without tearing them, and those which I did open in this manner were quite full. Towards eight o'clock the covers began sensibly to rise, and at nine all the pitchers were open. I measured the quantity of water contained in several, and found it about two-thirds of an ordinary glassful. This fluid, clear as distilled water, was cool, and of an agreeable taste, and was my only drink during this day of observation. By three in the afternoon, evaporation had exhausted two-thirds of the water in the pitchers, which gradually rose as they became lighter. The covers began to close, and at five were shut, as I had observed the previous evening. The people of Madagascar hold the Nepenthes in great reverence, and call it "copoque." They assured me that it exists in no other part of the island, which I can readily believe, for I have traversed Madagascar in all directions without meeting it elsewhere.—M. BREON, in *Lu Belgique Horticole*.

The Effect of Fear.—Is it true that the imagination may be so wrought on, as to make a person believe he is gradually dying when he is actually in good health? I have heard some

curious stories to this effect; but I have no doubt you can set me right as to facts.—SARAH E.

[What you have heard is quite true. We could multiply instances, but it would be irrelevant. Boachet, a French author of the sixteenth century, states that the physicians at Montpellier, which was then a great school of medicine, had every year two criminals—the one living, the other dead—delivered to them for dissection. He relates that on one occasion they tried what effect the mere expectation of death would produce upon a subject in perfect health; and in order to this experiment, they told the gentleman (for such was his rank) who was placed at their discretion, that, as the easiest mode of taking away his life, they would employ the means which Seneca had chosen for himself, and would, therefore, open his veins in warm water. Accordingly they covered his face, pinched his feet without lancing them, and set them in a foot-bath; they then spoke to each other as if they saw the blood were flowing freely, and life departing with it. The man remained motionless; and when, after a while, they uncovered his face, they found him dead. In England, many such effects have been produced. There is no doubt that fear, working on the imagination, will lead to the most fatal results.]

The Ground-Fish of Bootan.—Mr. J. T. Pearson has communicated to the Asiatic Society of Bengal, on the authority of Mr. Russell, of Rangoon, the following account of the *Bora Chung*, a ground-fish of Bootan:—The *Bora Chung* is a thick cylindrical fish, with a body somewhat like a pike, but thicker, with a snub-nose; it is two feet long, and weighs about three pounds. The color is olive-green, with orange stripes; the head speckled with crimson spots. It is eaten by the natives of Bootan, and said to be delicious. It is found on the borders of the canal Nuddee, which falls into the river Dhallah, a branch of which runs into the Teestah, at Paharpore. It is not immediately on the brink of the water, however, that the fish is caught; but in perfectly dry places, in the middle of a grass jungle, sometimes as far as two miles from the river. The natives search this jungle till they find a hole, about four or five inches in diameter; and into it they insert a stick to guide their digging a well, which they do till they come to the water; a little cow-dung is then thrown into the water, when the fish rises to the surface. Mr. Russell has known them to be from six to nineteen feet deep in the earth. Their other habits are not less curious. They are invariably found in pairs, two in each hole, never more nor less. He has seen them go along the ground with a serpentine motion, very fast, though the natives say they never voluntarily rise above the surface. In some places they are very common, and live a long time when taken out of the water, by being sprinkled over occasionally. One, which Mr. Russell thinks is the female, is always smaller, and not so bright in color as the other. Mr. Pearson saw two of the fish alive.—W.

The Kingfisher.—This bird is a native of Europe, Asia, and Africa. It inhabits the temperate parts of Russia and Siberia; in Denmark it is rare. It is found in Germany, France, Holland, Italy, and Greece. On the other two con-

tinents it is likewise widely dispersed. In this country it is universally, though nowhere numerously, diffused. It is a splendid bird, its iridescent colors varying according to the light they are seen in, from bright turquoise blue to the deepest green in some parts of its plumage, and in others the darker colors of copper and gold. When dead, however, much of its beauty is gone; and one writer has imagined that even alive it has, when perceiving that it is observed, the power of dimming the resplendency of its plumage, as if conscious how marked an object it otherwise was; and I fancy that some idea of the sort has before now occurred to myself. In Yorkshire, this bird is as frequently to be met with as in other parts of the country; but, speaking of the neighborhood of Huddersfield, Mr. W. Eddison writes to Mr. Allis—"The destructive plan of snaring them, or catching them with birdlime, will shortly place them in the list of rare birds;" and Mr. Richard Leyland, to the same, says—"In autumn, an assemblage of them in some of the narrow glens or cloughs, as they are called about Halifax, takes place; probably the river, swollen by the autumnal rains, renders the acquisition of their food difficult, and consequently compels them to seek it in shallow water."—MORRIS'S *History of British Birds*.

Motion of Plants.—Mr. Robson has given us a very interesting account of the movements he observed in the scarlet *Clathrus*, which is here transcribed in his own words. It is interesting to notice how an unbiassed observer uses the very terms to designate the movements of a plant which would have been minutely descriptive of those of an insect. "At first I was much surprised to see a part of the fibres that had got through a rupture in the top of the *Clathrus*, moving like the legs of a fly when laid on his back. I then touched it with the point of a pin, and was still more surprised when I saw it present the appearance of a little bundle of worms entangled together, the fibres being all alive. I next took the little bundle of fibres quite out, and the animal motion was then so strong as to turn the head half-way round—first one way and then another, and two or three times it got out of the focus. Almost every fibre had a different motion, some of them twined round one another, and then untwined again; whilst others were bending, extending, coiling, waving, &c. The seeds appeared like gunpowder finely granulated." Instances from other authors abound. An *Helvella Inflata*, on being touched by me once, threw up its seeds in the form of a smoke, which arose with an elastic bound, glittering in the sunshine like particles of silver. "The *Vibrissæ truncorum*, taken from water, and exposed to the rays of the sun, though at first smooth, is soon covered with white geniculated filaments which start from the *hymenium*, and have an oscillating motion." The *Pilobolus*, of which so accurate an account has been given us by the great Florentine mycologist, casts—as its name imports—its seed into the air. These also escape with a strong projectile force from the upper surface of *Pezizas*, the anfractuositities of the *Morel*, and from the gills of *Agarics*.—*Treatise on the Esculent Funguses of England*.

The Horse-hair Eel.—Sir,—In your THIRD VOLUME you raised a question, through a correspondent, as to whether the hairs in a horse's tail were gifted with life. The reasons for your correspondent's inquiry were, I admit, very curious. With reference to this same doubt, I have observed in an old newspaper the following: In Shakspeare's "Antony and Cleopatra," we find a simile made use of by the Roman conqueror, who says—

"Much is breeding,
Which like the courser's hair hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison."

Shakspeare here gives utterance in poetry to a common error, which is alluded to in Hollinshed—"A horse-hair laide in a full pale of the like water, will in a short time stirre and become a living creature. But sith the certainty of these things is rather proved by few." This superstition still prevails in many parts of the country; and well we remember the period in our short history, when, with a desire as great as that which possessed Mr. Cross, we anxiously panted after the production of life. The unfortunate horses, whose tails were made to yield of their abundance to satisfy our curiosity, had no notion of the honor which was intended them. Certain it is, that the hairs were extracted with what are called the roots, and these, tied into a bundle, were allowed to swim in a running stream for the mystic space of nine days. We cannot tax our memory with ever having produced eels in this manner. The failure of the attempt was easily explained, by our not having pulled the hairs out properly, and hence the horse was subjected to repeated suffering. There is an animal called the horse-hair eel, however, which we have often seen in running waters, which is apparently without the power of locomotion, and in every respect resembles a horse-hair. Its color is dark brown, approaching to black; without fins, and the smallest possible appearance of a head. The animal seems to be carried about by every eddy in the current where it exists, and but for the constant motion of what may be called the tail, might easily be mistaken for a horse-hair. A recent author mentions this superstition as still prevalent in Scotland, and also that the animal is common in Inverness-shire. The superstition is very likely to have arisen from some mountebank wishing to inspire the rustics with a proof of his supernatural power, which he could easily do by taking the animals from the water when still retaining life. They love the power of motion, which is regained by their being again immersed in their native element. I have transcribed the above; and send it to you without further comment. Self-existing life in the hair of a horse's tail does seem rather questionable.—ALEXANDER G., *Oxford*.

The late Professor Adrien de Jussieu.—Advices from Paris mention the decease of this distinguished botanist, upon whom the mantle of his great ancestors may be said to have fallen. Among the most conscientious and exact of systematical writers, he also ranked high as a physiologist, as his well-known elementary work has shown the world. For many years his health had been delicate, and of late had become deplorable. By his decease a vacancy occurs in the President's chair of the French Institute, in that of Professor

of Rural Botany in the Jardin des Plantes (which, it is said, will not be filled up), and among the 20 foreign members of the Horticultural Society of London.—J. L. (*in the Gardeners' Chronicle*.)

Roses for Winter-Blooming.—A selection for this purpose should be made from the Tea and Bourbon families, on their own roots or budded very low. Presuming the plants brought from the nursery are in the small pots they are generally grown in for sale, they should at once be placed into those a size larger, carefully and freely watered during this and next month, cutting off all the flower-buds that may show before September. About the middle of the latter month, shorten the strongest shoots, and thin out the slender ones, turn the plants out of the pots, depriving them of some of the soil, and repot in those a good size larger, using a compost of turfy loam, sand, and manure, in about equal proportions; they also like a little leaf-mould; put several pieces of broken crock in the bottom of the pot, then a portion of soil; place the plant so that its surface roots shall just be covered; and then, filling with the soil, put them in a situation partially shaded—water sparingly, till they begin to grow—then expose them fully to the sun, and water freely every day. There they may remain till the middle or end of October, when they should be removed to a pit to prepare them for flowering. Previous to their removal, the pots should be washed, and the plants neatly tied up. Where charcoal can be had, it will be found of great utility in the pot culture of roses, broken to the size of nuts, and about one-fifth mixed with the soil; the roots delight to ramble through it, and the foliage becomes of a richer and darker green; the surface of the soil must have frequent stirrings. The plants must be carefully examined, and whenever infested by green-fly, the latter should be destroyed by tobacco smoke. Roses in pots are wonderfully benefited by a watering of manure-water now and then. This water is very easily prepared. Let droppings from the stable or cow-house be put into a large tub or barrel, with water kept over them for a week or two, occasionally stirring it up; the water may then be poured or drawn off for use. Guano water also makes a good manure. A quarter of a pound of guano in three gallons of water, frequently stirred before using will be found very nourishing; indeed, one pound to sixteen gallons of water will be strong enough to use by the inexperienced, for if used much stronger than I have stated it would injure plants in pots. In the open ground, any of these liquids may be used stronger and rather more frequently.—J. H.

The Chloroforming of Bees.—The quantity of chloroform required for an ordinary hive, is the sixth part of an ounce; a very large hive may take nearly a quarter of an ounce. My mode of operation is as follows:—I set down a table opposite to, and about four feet distant from the hive; on the table I spread a thick linen cloth; in the centre of the table I place a small, shallow breakfast plate, which I cover with a piece of wire gauze, to prevent the bees coming in immediate contact with the chloroform; and into this plate I pour the chloroform. I now quickly and cautiously lift the hive from the board on which it is standing, set it down on the

top of the table, keeping the plate in the centre; cover the hive closely up with cloths, and in twenty minutes or so, the bees are not only sound asleep, but, contrary to what I have seen when they are suffocated with sulphur, not one is left among the combs; the whole of them are lying helpless on the table. You now remove what honey you think fit, replacing the hive in its old place; and the bees, as they recover, will return to their domicile. A bright, calm, sunny day is the best; and you should commence your operations in the morning before many of them are abroad.—D. SMITH (*in the Edinburgh Evening Courant*).

On Hatching the Eggs of Spanish and Cochinchina Fowls.—I have never found any difference in the hatching of my Spanish and Cochinchina eggs, beyond, perhaps, an hour or two. I consider it a bad plan to mix different shelled eggs together. The Spanish is remarkably thin, and the Cochinchina very thick. The young of the latter are longer making way through the shell than the former; and when chickens are hatching, unless those that appear first are removed immediately, the hen becomes uneasy, and sits hollow. If out of thirteen eggs three or four chickens appear first, I always remove them and put them in flannel in a basket, till all are out. If this be long, I remove the eggs that are added, to pacify the hen; and put all the chickens together under her.—JOHN BAILY, *Mount Street*.

The New Hackney Carriage Act.—The act for the better regulation of metropolitan stage and hackney carriages, and for prohibiting the use of advertising vehicles, which received the Royal assent on the 28th June, consisting of twenty-two clauses, came into operation on Monday, the 11th ult., except as therein specially provided. It provides that every driver of a hackney carriage (including cabs) within the limits of the metropolitan and city police district, is required, on each occasion when such carriage is hired, to deliver to the hirer a card, on which must be printed "Hackney Carriage," and the number of the Stamp Office plate, &c. When required, a driver is to produce a book of fares. After the 1st of October, persons desirous of obtaining a license to keep a hackney carriage, &c., must make application to the Commissioner of Police, who, if the carriage be found fit, shall grant a certificate; no license to be granted by the Board of Inland Revenue without such certificate. The Commissioners of Police may cause carriages, &c., to be inspected; and, if not in a fit condition, may suspend licenses, and recall the Stamp-Office plate; notice of suspension to be given to the Inland Revenue. A penalty of £3 per day is imposed for the using and hiring of carriages not certified to be in a fit condition. *The fares are to be 6d. per mile, or part of a mile, or 2s. per hour, or part of an hour, for carriages drawn by one horse; and for carriages drawn by two horses one third more than the above rates. No back fare allowed; but the driver to be entitled to 6d. for every fifteen minutes that he shall be required to stop.* When more than two persons shall be carried inside any hackney carriage, one sum of 6d. is to be paid for the whole hiring, in addition to the above fares. Two children under ten years of age are to be counted as one adult person. Lamps are to be provided for omni-

buses, and to be kept lighted by the conductors. Tables of fares to be put up inside and outside hackney carriages, and the driver must produce a book of fares when required. *He is to be compellable to drive six miles from the place of hiring.* A reasonable quantity of luggage without any additional charge must be carried. The Commissioners of Police are to appoint persons to enforce good order at hackney carriagestands. Printed bills, &c., are not to be put on the outside or inside of hackney carriages, so as to obstruct the light or ventilation, or cause annoyance to any passengers therein. *All advertising vehicles are prohibited.* Drivers of hackney carriages are liable to penalties for offences under this act, and the magistrates or justices of the peace are empowered to hear and determine offences; and in case of disputes, the hirer may require the driver to drive to the nearest police court or police station.—W. T.

Love and Jealousy.—I have just had a little confab, Mr. Editor, with a fair disputant, who argues that there is no love without jealousy. Just give us *your* thoughts upon that little point—will you? and oblige—A SEEKER AFTER TRUTH.

[Your handwriting plainly tells us that you are of the masculine gender; and as you are evidently "young," we will explain. A person who loves truly (and mind, sir, that you form a just estimate of *what* "love" is,) is naturally and properly "jealous" over that which is dearer to him (or to her) than aught else in the world. He watches over it with a protecting eye. It would be sad, were it otherwise. Where the treasure is, there will the heart be. Two people properly united, *cannot be* im-properly jealous of each other. They have so pure an opinion the one of the other—such an unceasing, unlimited, generous, ennobling confidence exists between them, that the "green-eyed monster" cannot by possibility find a place in their dwelling.

"Goodness thinks no ill, where no ill seems,"

says Milton. For the converse of this proposition, see an elaborate answer we gave to a very worthy but hen-pecked husband, at page 379, Vol. II. of OUR JOURNAL. Jealousy can only exist in a depraved heart. An honest heart never would believe *anything* spoken to the disparagement of its "second-self." It would beard the tale-bearer to his teeth, and make the party (male or female) slink away like a convicted felon. Love and jealousy, therefore, should never be named together. If anxiety and tenderness were substituted for the word "jealousy," tell our fair debater (who we apprehend, good sir, is about to throw a silken string over your neck), we imagine the question will be satisfactorily set at rest. But when jealousy partakes of suspicion (they are too often twins,—see page 22 of this present JOURNAL)—it becomes farcical to use the word "love" at all. Let us know, if this solution be deemed "satisfactory."]

Faith and Friendship.—I think, my Dear Sir, you will agree with me (for you appear to have fathomed humanity to its very base), that Faith and Friendship are seldom truly tried but in extremes. To find friends when we have no need of them, and to want them when we have, are both alike easy and common. In prosperity, who will

not profess to love a man? In adversity, how few will show that they do it! When we are happy in the spring-tide of abundance, and the rising flood of plenty, then the world will be our servants. Then do all men flock about us, with bared heads, bended bodies, and protesting tongues. But when these pleasing waters fall to ebbing,—when wealth but shifteth to another strand—then men look upon us at a distance, and stiffen themselves, as if they were in armour. They try to make us keep aloof, by giving us a look that would freeze the blood of a Goliath. A good man in trouble is an eyesore to the world. In prosperity he is courted,—in adversity he is shunned. Misfortune is a crime. In a word, adversity is like Penelope's night, which "undoes all that ever the day did weave."—ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

[You are indeed a man of observation! We cannot differ from you. You talk "like a book."]

The "Wisest of Trees,"—The Mulberry Tree.—The mulberry tree is universally known not to put forth its buds and leaves, till the season is so far advanced that, in the ordinary course of events, there is no inclement weather to be apprehended. It has, therefore, been called the "wisest of trees;" and in Heraldry it is adopted as a hieroglyphic of wisdom, whose property is to speak and to do all things in opportune season.—HEARTSEASE, *Hants.*

A Curious Case of Voluntary Suspended Animation.—Dr. Cheyne, in one of his medical treatises, relates a case of voluntary suspension of animation, the accuracy of which is established by an irrefragable combination of evidence, of a man who could die, to all appearance, at any time that he chose; and after having lain a considerable period exactly as a corpse, was able, as it should seem, by a voluntary struggle, to restore to himself the appearance, and all the various functions of animation and intellect. It is to be inferred, from the latter part of the story, that the unnatural and painful exertion by which this person assumed the semblance of disease, produced at length a really fatal result. Death would be no longer mocked with impunity. The counterfeit corpse, a few hours after its revival, relapsed into a state which was capable of no subsequent resuscitation. The case is so interesting and remarkable, as to deserve your giving it in all the details with which Dr. Cheyne presents it to his readers:—"The man could die or expire when he pleased; and yet by an effort, or somehow, he could come to life again. He insisted so much on our seeing the trial made, that we were at last forced to comply. We all three felt his pulse first; it was distinct, though small and thready; and his heart had its usual beating. He composed himself on his back, and lay in a still posture for some time. While I held his right hand, Dr. Barnard laid his hand on his heart, and Mr. Skrine held a clear looking-glass to his mouth. I found his pulse sink gradually, till at last I could not feel any by the most exact and nice touch. Dr. Barnard could not feel the least motion in his heart; nor could Mr. Skrine perceive the least sort of breath on the bright mirror he held to his mouth. Then each of us by turns examined his arm, heart, breath; but

could not, by the nicest scrutiny, discover the least symptoms of life in him. We reasoned a long time about this odd appearance as well as we could; and, finding he still continued in that condition, we began to conclude that he had indeed carried the experiment too far; and at last we were satisfied that he was actually dead, and were just about to leave him. This continued about half-an-hour. By nine o'clock in the morning, as we were going away, we observed some motion about the body; and upon examination, found his pulse, and the motion of his heart, gradually returning. He began to breathe gently, and speak softly. We were all astonished to the last degree at this unexpected change; and after some further conversation with him, and with ourselves, went away fully satisfied as to all the particulars of this fact, but not being able to form any rational scheme how to account for it. He afterwards called for his attorney, added a codicil to his will, and calmly and composedly died about five or six o'clock that evening."—This is one of those curious facts that occasionally come under our notice; but for which our philosophy is unable to assign any reason.—JAMES T., *Salisbury*.

New Glove-making Machine.—A complete revolution is about to take place in the manufacture of gloves in France. Two inhabitants of Grenoble invented, about the same time, a machine for sewing gloves; but, instead of competing with each other, they agreed to unite the advantages of each invention. One found means to sew mechanically the fingers of gloves; while the other, after sewing the remainder of the glove, was compelled to employ operatives to sew the fingers. The inventors, by combining the two machines, have produced one which sews gloves perfectly. This discovery has produced a great sensation at Grenoble, where the manufacturers were not able to supply the demand for want of a sufficient number of operatives.—W. R.

Assumed Dislike of Birds to White Fruit.—Birds appear to prefer red and purple fruits. The White Tartar Cherry, a fine, sweet-flavored fruit, is not liable to be injured by them; while other varieties, as May Duke, Bigarreau, &c., are constantly exposed to their attacks. The white-berried Elder escapes the ravages of the blackbirds, even when they have already cleared the bushes of the common purple-berried sort, and have nothing left but this. The fact is the more remarkable, because the white variety is so sweet. In the Dresden markets its fruit is sold for preserves, for which it is very well adapted. Fruit without color has probably the appearance of unripeness; and for this reason the birds refuse to try it.—*Garten-und-Blumenzeitung*.

Grass Lawns.—The best and cheapest way to treat grass lawns, or banks that are subject to crack in dry weather, is—to fill up the cracks with any light sandy soil when they are most open in dry weather. Afterwards, roll the ground, when sufficiently soft just to allow the roller to make an impression upon it. But not when it is very soft; for if so, it will cause it to crack worse when it again becomes very dry. Persevere in filling up the cracks. If they are large,

sow a few grass seeds upon the fresh soil. It will then soon become firm, and crack but little after the first year.—F. P.

Parasitical Plants.—That there is a tendency in some climbing plants, not properly parasites, to become such under certain circumstances, there can be no doubt. The *Convolvulus arvensis* has been known to fix its papillæ in the stems of the plant around which it entwines itself; and that portion of the stem dying by which connection with its own root was maintained, it thus becomes a parasite. I am not aware that a similar phenomenon has ever been observed with the ivy.—G. J.

The House-Fly.—A fly on the wing is no less curious an object than one on foot; yet, when do we trouble our heads about it, except as a thing which troubles us? The most obvious wonder of its flight is its variety of direction,—most usually forwards, with its back like a bird; but on occasions backwards, with its back downwards, as when starting from the window, and alighting on the ceiling. Marvellous velocity is another of its characteristics. By fair comparison of sizes, what is the swiftness of a race-horse, clearing his mile a minute, to the speed of the fly cutting through her third of the same distance in the same time?—A LOVER OF NATURE.

Cultivation of Water-Cress on Dry Land.—It is not generally known that this universally esteemed addition to the essentials of the breakfast table, for which we are in the habit of paying daily pence which, in the course of time, amount to a considerable sum, to itinerant vendors—may be grown by any one who commands a few yards of earth in a situation not fully exposed to the sun. A few plants may be procured from any of their natural habitats, and placed in the ground, where they will soon begin to grow. Of course, it is absolutely necessary to keep the new plantation perfectly shaded for a time; and if it can be always thus kept, all the better. Plentiful supplies of water at all times, when rain is not abundant, are also essential; but it is a mere fancy to suppose that a running stream is wanted. The plant may grow better in such a situation—probably it does. But that it is not necessary, I have had the fullest proof; having seen water-cresses as luxuriant, or nearly so, as any that could be gathered in ditches and brooks, grown on a damp, shady border in a kitchen-garden. Perhaps they were not quite so tender and delicate, but still their quality was such as to leave no room for complaint.—VIATOR.

The Haddock.—The haddock inhabits northern and temperate latitudes. It is found in great abundance all round the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland. The largest haddocks have been taken in the Bay of Dublin and neighborhood. In all their migrations, they haunt together in immense shoals. They are not uniform in frequenting the same spot or locality, but change their haunts, not seemingly obeying any determinate law. This probably proceeds from a natural timidity of disposition, for the same characteristic is shown in their retreating into deep

water during stormy or boisterous weather. During such seasons, indeed, the haddock conceals itself among the sea-weed at considerable depths, and it is not then to be taken even with hooks baited with its most favorite food; but it returns immediately to its former haunts upon the subsiding of the storm. These habits of the haddock sufficiently account for the necessity of keeping it in salt-water tanks, in order to supply the demand at such seasons, and the consequent high prices which are then demanded for it in our markets. This fish migrates in larger shoals than any other of the finny tribe, with the exception of the herring, and while in season is procured in great quantities. It begins to be in roe in the middle of November, and so continues until the end of January. During this period it approaches our coast in immense shoals to deposit its ova, when it is caught by our fishermen. It is consequently in best season about the commencement of this period. From the beginning of February, when its spawning is completed, till the end of May, this fish is slender in body, and thin-tailed, and is not wholesome as food. From the beginning of June till the end of September it retreats into deep water, where it gradually recovers its strength. The haddock ranges in weight from 1 to 14 pounds, for it has seldom or ever been found of more than the latter weight. The haddock caught on the Irish coast is said to be the finest in flavor, and is highly appreciated by the epicure.—LECTOR.

Minuteness of Matter.—Air can be rarified so far, that the contents of a cubic foot shall not weigh the tenth part of a grain. If a quantity that would fill a space of the hundredth part of an inch in diameter be separated from the rest, the air can still be found there, and we may reasonably conceive that there are several particles present, though the weight is less than the *seventeen-hundredth-million of a grain.*—J. T.

"Masculine" and "Feminine."—The subjoined, from the "Comic English Grammar, is smart enough to ask you to register it in OUR OWN JOURNAL. There are certain nouns with which notions of strength, vigor, and the like qualities, are more particularly connected; and these are the neuter substantives which are figuratively rendered masculine. On the other hand, beauty, amiability, and so forth, are held to invest words with a feminine character. Thus the sun is said to be masculine, and the moon feminine. But for our own part (and our view is confirmed by the discoveries of astronomy) we believe that the sun is called masculine from his supporting and sustaining the moon, and finding her the wherewithal to shine away as she does at night, when all quiet people are in bed; and from his being obliged to keep such a family of stars besides. The moon, we think, is accounted feminine, because she is thus maintained and kept up in her splendor, like a fine lady, by her husband, the sun. Furthermore, the moon is *continually changing*, on which account alone she might be referred to the feminine gender. The earth is feminine, tricked out as she is with gems and flowers. Cities and towns are likewise feminine because there are as many *windings*,

turnings, and *with odd corners in them*, as there are in the female mind. A ship is feminine, inasmuch as she is blown about by every wind. Virtue is feminine by courtesy. Fortune and misfortune, like mother and daughter, are both feminine. The Church is feminine, because she is married to the State; or married to the State, because she is feminine—we do not know which. Time is masculine, because he is so trifled with by the ladies.—There are some funny truths herein, Mr. Editor; and you know, as well as I do, that one must laugh, sometimes!—WALTER, Cambridge.

[Walter! you really are—a wag!]

Instinct of the Swallow.—Five years ago, I noticed that a pair of these birds built their nest in an out-house attached to my premises, in which they reared two broods. I little expected, when autumn came, and they winged their flight to sunnier lands, that I should ever see them again; but the following spring they reappeared, repaired their old nest, and again produced two broods. The same has occurred every succeeding year; and they are at the present time in their old domicile. I confess that I am not very conversant with the branch of natural history to which these cheerful and active little twitterers belong; but it strikes me that this is an instance of remarkable instinct, if they are the same pair of birds; and which I should presume they are, by their coming each year to the same place.—F. W., Heath House, Hamwell.

[Swallows, Nightingales, and Blackcaps, invariably return to their old quarters, year after year. They never cease to think of those spots where they have dwelt in peace and seclusion. We have had oft-repeated opportunities of verifying this most pleasing fact. The only danger they run, is from those indefinably base miscreants, the bird-trappers. These inhuman wretches have been more than usually busy during the present season. They have scarcely left us any birds to listen to, round London. We must seek them in the coverts, and the well-wooded preserves, if we would enjoy their harmony.]

Love of Flowers.—In all countries, women love flowers. In all countries they form nosegays of them. But it is only in the bosom of plenty, that they conceive the idea of embellishing their dwellings with them. The cultivation of flowers among the peasantry, indicates a revolution in all their feelings. It is a delicate pleasure which makes its way through coarse organs. It is a creature whose eyes are opened. It is a sense of the beautiful, a faculty of the soul which is awakened. Colors, forms, odors, are perceived for the first time; and these charming objects have at last spectators. Those who have travelled in the country, can testify that a rose tree under the window, or a honeysuckle around the door of a cottage, is a good omen to a weary traveller. The hand that cultivates flowers is not closed against the supplications of the poor, nor against the wants of the stranger. Flowers may be called the alphabet of angels, wherewith they write on hills and plains mysterious truths.—HEARTSEASE, *Hants.*

[This remark of yours, pleases us vastly, gentle HEARTSEASE. We quite agree with you,—that

people who love flowers, and who take pleasure in beholding the works of Nature, *cannot* be hard-hearted. We sincerely hope that the "good time is coming," when fine feelings will not be arrogated by any particular class of society, but be common to all.]

A Word for "the Poor Ass."—Just now, my dear Sir, when countless thousands are poured out to enjoy themselves, all over the country, let me put in a word for that most ill-used animal, the donkey. Whilst I am writing, scores of these poor, wretched animals, are suffering a martyrdom at Gravesend, Margate, Hampstead, &c. Bent nearly double by blows from a bludgeon, to gratify, I am sorry to say, the *penchant* of well-dressed women and girls, who consider it "good fun" to see the animals wince—they lead a life of all but unceasing torture. The subjoined, by your own favorite poet, *Clare*, will just now be quite "in season." May it have some effect!—

Look at that ill-used Ass!

Poor patient creature! how I grieve to see

Thy wants so ill-supplied—to see thee strain

And stretch thy tether for the grass in vain,
Which Heaven's rain nourishes for all but thee.

The fair green field, the fulness of the plain,

Add to thy hunger. Colt and heifer pass,

And roll, as though they mocked thee on the grass,

Which would be luxury to the bare brown lane

Where thou'rt imprisoned—humble, patient Ass!

Cropping foul weeds, yet scorning to complain.

Mercy at first "sent out the wild ass free,"

A ranger "of the mountains;" and what crimes

Did thy progenitors, that thou should'st be

THE SLAVE AND MOCKERY OF LATER TIMES?

That must be a hard heart, which could look quietly on, and never use one word of remonstrance whilst witnessing the heavy blows which daily fall on these poor animals!—Puss.

[We gladly insert your remarks, Puss-y, which do you honor; and we sincerely hope they will effect *some* good.]

Umbrellas and Sticks.—Well done, Mr. Editor! That article of yours, upon "Ladies and their Parasols," was capital. It came home so to every body's observation! It has been copied into nearly every newspaper in the provinces. But why do you not have a rap at the old fellows and young fellows, who go about flourishing their umbrellas and sticks in the public streets? Placed under their left arm, and projecting fearfully behind (whilst their owners stand at this season lounging at the corners of our public streets), these instruments scatter danger far and near. Nor are they less dangerous when introduced in omnibuses; for they fly off at a tangent from one end of the vehicle to the other, to deal out a blow on the conductor's arm—punishing, *in transitu*, the nose or cheek of whoever may happen to sit out of the even line. Our rising youth, and our peripatetic old fogeys, deserve chastisement quite as much as our "flourishing women." I wish parasols, umbrellas, and sticks, were contraband. At all events, it is no more than right that people who use them should be well "drilled" before being let loose upon the public. To escape mutilation, it is requisite (as you say), whilst travelling in a public vehicle, to cover your face with

both hands. A scratched face, I hardly need tell you, often leads to very unjust suspicions.—A FELLOW SUFFERER.

Table-moving, Table-turning &c.—In connection with this silly tom-foolery, in which all kinds of men have taken a prominent part, I send you some curious remarks that appear in the *Leader*, a paper which very properly demolishes all the crazy theories of the day, as they arise. "Table-moving," says the Editor, "is still active, though Faraday's authority has cowed the majority. No delusion can fairly be dissipated, so long as people 'believe what they see,' and 'fancy' they see, when in truth they *infer*. We were much amused last week by this example of 'evidence of the senses.' Walking down the Strand in company with a friend, we were both surprised at seeing in a bookseller's window *Bleak House* lying open in the unmistakable shape of a thick octavo volume. Our knowledge that *Bleak House* was not yet complete, and therefore could only be seen in numbers, not in volumes, made us doubt the evidence of our senses. We looked again and again. There was the volume evident enough, unmistakable! What could it be? It turned out to be the last number of that work laid open on an octavo volume; but so nicely adjusted, that the two seemed one! We both laughed at this deception of the senses, and agreed that had not our previous knowledge *corrected* the report of the senses, we should have been willing to swear we had seen in a bookseller's window *Bleak House* bound in one volume. Had we said so to any one, knowing that such a thing was unlikely, should we not have considered him hypercritical in replying, 'No, my friends, you *saw* nothing of the kind; but from certain impressions made upon your retina, you *inferred* that a volume of *Bleak House* was before you?'—Just so are we deceived by a conjuror, or juggler. Monsieur Robin did things *far* more wonderful than this turning of the tables. So great is the power (as you have before observed) of "the imagination!"—LYNX.

[What with Table-moving and Spirit-rapping, we bid fair to rival America in insanity and folly. We have lately been to a Spirit-rapping Soirée. The lady medium however (a woman of a superior presence), was so polite to us, that we really shall not attempt to run her down: and as she made no "charge," we shall simply continue to laugh on. It is a clever trick to see *once*.]

"Our Journal" and the Booksellers.—It is to be regretted, my dear sir, that you cannot prevail upon the country booksellers to keep (even though it were never so small) a supply of OUR JOURNAL on their shelves. If six copies be required by "subscribers," they procure six from London, and no more; so that it is in vain to try to procure either an extra monthly part, or a half-yearly volume. They do say—"they will get it." But this involves very much delay. Can you not appoint "agents" in the principal towns of England?—JOHN L., *Manchester*.

["Agents," sir, are worse than useless. We have tried the system, and it has failed signally. Instead of receiving benefit from them, they do us—strange as it may appear—far more harm than good. Besides, they will never come to any

settlement with us. We have actually been obliged to "present" one of our Dublin agents with the copies he has had from us! He will answer no letters, he will render no statement of account. This has quite sickened us. We have therefore made sundry sacrifices, and so put an end to this mode of doing business. We have now many friends and readers among the three learned professions. The influence of these (the clergy in particular), among their connections, is considerable; and we have determined manfully to *ask* their co-operation. The continuance of our JOURNAL in the land of the living, rests entirely in their hands. Our exchequer (we have never concealed the fact), is unequal to do battle against the hosts of little difficulties that beset us. There is no doubt that *all* the JOURNAL now requires is—extended publicity; and if our good friends will assist us in *this* matter, we have no fear whatever of breaking down on the road. However, be it as it may, our final determination is recorded at page 9 of the present number of the JOURNAL. "Necessity knows no law."]

What is the cause of a distinctly-heard Echo?—In many parts of England, Mr. Editor, and in the vicinity of London in particular, certain remarkable echoes are to be heard. Can you at all explain *how* they are so "perfectly" produced? It puzzles *me* not a little; the more so, as in several instances no rational cause appears assignable.—HELEN W.

[You are *not* the only person, fair maiden, to whom these matters are a puzzle. Only last week, whilst we were accompanying the "Thames Conservancy Association" in their Excursion up the river—a rich treat that! we were sadly puzzled to account for a most beautiful and singularly-harmonious echo, produced in a certain spot between Putney and Hammersmith bridges (on the Middlesex shore). There was, of course, a first-rate musical band on board. One of the gentlemen musicians (let us call him "Sir Cornet-à-Piston") stood on mid-deck, and discoursed on his instrument music worthy of the spheres. The shore took up "the refrain," and sent back the melody with even an increased sweetness to the ravished ear.* There was a loving contest between land and water to keep the heart in tune. The strains, even yet, float on our memory; and we feel as if we were still gliding along that silver stream, the margin of which was illumined by the golden rays of our attendant sun—glorious in the mightiness of his great power. Amongst all the party—a large one, no individual present could explain *what* produced so perfect an embodiment of reverberating sound (for such it must be), nor *how* so large a volume of music could be so truthfully reported, and come home so "naturally" to everybody's bosom. Can any of our readers solve this riddle?]

Perfumery.—The prevailing *penchant* among women for rendering their persons "attractive" by means of scent, is too well known to admit of dispute. Whether this be strictly natural, or

desirable, or *needful*,—it is not my province to inquire, Mr. Editor. I merely state the "extraordinary fact." This hereditary weakness among the fair sex, has created an enormous trade among the growers of flowers; both here and abroad. Some idea of the importance of perfumery as an article of commerce, may be formed when I state, that one of the large perfumers of Grasse, in France, employs annually, 80,000 lbs. of orange blossoms, 60,000 lbs. of cassie flowers, 54,000 lbs. of rose leaves, 32,000 lbs. of jasmin blossoms, 35,000 lbs. of violet flowers, 20,000 lbs. of tuberose, 16,000 lbs. of lilac flowers—besides rosemary, mint, lavender, thyme, lemon, orange, and other odorous plants, in like proportion. Flowers yield perfumes in all climates, but those growing in the warmer latitudes are, it seems, the most prolific in their odor, while those from the colder are the sweetest. Though many of the finest perfumes come from the East Indies, Ceylon, Mexico, and Peru, the south of Europe is the only real garden of utility to the perfumer. Grasse and Nice are the principal seats of the art. From their geographical position, the grower (within comparatively short distances) has at command that change of climate most applicable to bring to perfection the plants required for his trade. On the sea-coast, his cassie grows without fear of frost; one night of which would destroy all the plants for a season. While, nearer the Alps, his violets are found sweeter than if grown in the warmer situations, where the orange tree and mignonette bloom to perfection. England, however, can claim the superiority in the growth of lavender and peppermint; the essential oils extracted from these plants grown at Mitcham in Surrey, realise eight times the price in the market of those produced in France or elsewhere, and are fully worth the difference for delicacy of odor. All our English perfumers, be it observed, are wealthy men. A few years suffice for the realisation of a princely fortune. Well may our ladies be designated "sweet" creatures, when so many millions of flowers annually contribute to their sweetness!—WALTER, Cambridge.

[Walter! we glory in having you for our ally. Go on!]

The March of Intellect.—I have just seen a paragraph in the *Leeds Times*, which records such a curious novelty in the matter of bats and petticoats, that I conceive it worthy a place in our OWN JOURNAL. The women, it seems, will *not* be "feminine" any longer. They like *our* "habits" better than their own! But judge for yourself. The paragraph runs thus:—"A game of cricket, exclusively played by females (married against unmarried), came off on Friday week, at the village of Wales, near Rotherham! The extraordinary spectacle created quite a sensation; consequently there was a numerous concourse of spectators. The players wore Bloomer hats, trimmed with pink and blue, and decorated with rosettes of various kinds. The result of the game was as follows:—Married, 21 and 15; unmarried 12 and 18."—After this, Mr. Editor, we may look for female rowing-clubs, female pigeon-clubs, &c. &c. Women now-a-days seem quite disgusted with the quiet scenes peculiar to domestic life. Where will this end?—ARGUS, Oxford.

* We should mention the fact, of this particular spot being "noted" for producing an echo.

[You have put a question, sir, that we are quite unable to answer.]

NATURE'S MASTER-PIECE.

MECHANISM OF THE HUMAN BODY.

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicated, how wonderful is MAN!
How passing wonder HE who made him such!
YOUNG.

WISDOM! thou gift of God, thou thing Divine,
Convert my humble soul into thy shrine!
F. OSBORNE.



GRAND, SURPASSINGLY GREAT
AND MARVELLOUS, are the
many objects that pass under
our eye from day to day;
whether we regard the animal,
vegetable, or mineral worlds.
Turn where we may, a new
wonder awaits us. The finger

of God is above us, below us; on our right
and on our left. This remark holds good
throughout the year,—but at this lovely
season in particular.

One would reasonably imagine that the study
of such wonderful objects would be universal
—at all events among people who have been
what is called liberally educated; and that
their lives would be spent in the happy pur-
suit of knowledge that would fill their minds
with surprise, wonder, adoration, and praise.
But no! These pursuits are, strange to say,
comparatively neglected. Until very recently
it was deemed quite unfashionable,—nay vul-
gar, for people of taste to acknowledge any
intimate acquaintance with the structure of
plants or the habits of animals. They called
each plant and each animal by its assigned
name, and cared not to inquire further,—
deeming all such common-place observations
the duty of a gardener, florist, and professed
ornithologist. In fact, there was no love felt
either towards the plant or the bird. The
one was an ornament to the room, and the
other a lively companion. These degrading
feelings are even yet but too common in
so-called refined society, as everybody is but
too well aware. This is a delicate subject,
perhaps, to handle; but we are a great advoca-
te for probing every wound, and tracing it
to its source.

This most singular indifference to the works
of the great Creator, and to our progress in
civilisation, was extraordinarily apparent at
the late "Great Exhibition of all Nations."
Instead of finding the higher classes busily
engaged here, in examining the wonderful
machinery by means of which the elegancies
of life are supplied; and gazing on the won-
drous contributions sent in from all parts
of the world,—we found them invariably
parading about the building as creatures of
fashion—listlessly and indifferently saunter-
ing through the rooms as a work of formal
every-day duty; and glad to repair to the
Refectory, to solace themselves with ice and

other delicacies.* We could not but mark
the difference between the fashionables and
the inquiring multitude. How the former
yawned, and frittered away their time—whilst
the latter availed themselves of each passing
moment to see *everything that was to be seen*,
and were unceasing in asking questions. May
the time quickly arrive when the acquisition
of the useful knowledge we have been hinting
at may not be considered vulgar, and when
all the works of our Creator may be thought
worthy of investigation!

The theme to which we are anxious to
direct the present attention of our readers,
is the wonderful construction of the human
body. We touched upon this in our FIRST
VOLUME (p. 133), and pointed out the great
dangers arising from the want of a due con-
sideration and proper knowledge of our struc-
ture and organisation. However indifferent
people may show themselves to *other* proofs
of their Creator's power and goodness; in
this matter, to be ignorant is to be guilty of
a great offence.

We have no wish to-day, to speak of the
reciprocal influence of the soul upon the body,
and the body upon the soul;—wonderful
though this sweet influence be. There is a
wisdom displayed herein, which we cannot
properly fathom. Indeed, the result of our
profoundest investigations into the exquisite
union existing between body and soul, can-
not end in anything but admiration and
astonishment. We may feel what we cannot
express. We may be lost in praise, when
our thoughts are denied the power of utter-
ance.

But we may lawfully and profitably con-
sider the structure of our frame. A most
convenient opportunity now offers for this,
by the return of Dr. KAHN from the pro-
vinces. This gentleman has just re-opened
his grand ANATOMICAL MUSEUM at the
Portland Gallery, Regent Street, and we
observe that he has made some valuable
additions to his already large collection of
objects. Our readers will remember that we
noticed this most useful Exhibition (if we
may so term it) in our First Volume (see p.
134),—directing special attention to it, and
requesting fathers, brothers, and mothers to
pay it an early visit.

This we urge upon them now, more than
ever. They may learn more, *here*, in the
course of six hours, than they might per-

* This was commented on, at much length, and
very piquantly, by our contemporaries,—the *Times*
in particular. The "butterflies of fashion," they
remarked, who selected for themselves the pro-
minent seats in the building, to "show off on," re-
ceived an intelligible hint by the removal of these
seats to more private recesses,—this *compelling*
them to keep moving "*if they wanted to be seen.*"
Such was the fact.—ED. K. J.

haps ever learn, otherwise, in the course of a long life. They are shown what Man is from his early infancy;—how formed, how protected by the ever vigilant, kind, loving hand of GOD, who foresaw *what* must befall him in this lower world, and who provided accordingly. The heart which could enter these spacious rooms, and look with a philosophic eye on their contents without a feeling of gratitude, adoration, and praise (to say nothing of wonder, admiration, fear, and intense thoughtfulness), must be harder than a millstone—unworthy a place in the human breast. We consider the opening of this Exhibition a national benefit.

Nor are these humanising objects, these startling facts connected with the enjoyment of our very being, kept from the eye of women. No! For their use and instruction in particular are very many objects prepared, which (there must be no fastidiousness in such matters) it is a positive duty for them to view in all their details. Mrs. Leach (on certain days in the week) kindly explains these; and, with a feeling which does her infinite honor, rarely fails to impress upon the female mind the immense importance of the object which these models were made to point out. Dr. Leach is equally eloquent in his explanations and lectures to gentlemen visitors. We are glad always to find in the rooms a goodly number of these; and to note how, for the most part, they carefully examine the amiable mysteries of nature—complex yet simple.

Some people wonder at the bodily deformity that exists amongst us. They are surprised when they behold so many misshapen legs, heads, and bodies. They marvel at the serious amount of illness that prevails amongst us. Let such people pay a visit to Dr. Kahn's Museum, and their wonder will cease. Habited as our women ever have been, worshipping that heathen god—"Fashion," as they still do, their offspring *must be* unhealthy. Deformity, too, the natural consequence of tight-lacing, is entirely attributable to them; as well as the long, fearful catalogue of other ailments to which we are all in turn subjected. These are "facts"—*proved* in Dr. Kahn's rooms beyond the power of contradiction. Is our pen then to be blamed for its honesty in thrusting so remorselessly at the hydra—Fashion?

We may just add to these remarks, that among the models exhibited is one (the size of life) of a human body. This is, within and without, an exact copy from life. The veins, muscles, arteries, &c., are all shown. The lungs, heart, liver, and every other part of the internal frame, are moveable. They are taken out by the lecturer, systematically, one by one, and their uses and action are minutely explained. This alone is worth a

visit. It is a sight which everybody ought to see—everybody ought to ponder upon. No words of ours can give more than an idea of its nature or importance.

Well might the Sweet Singer of Israel exclaim, in the fulness of his holy admiration—"I will praise Thee, O God, for I AM FEARFULLY AND WONDERFULLY MADE!"

THE WRONG LETTER-BOX.

AFFECTION is the Deity's best gift—
The brightest star that glitters in His crown,
And flashes its refugence to the earth.

ANN S. STEVENS.

WE ARE GREAT OBSERVERS OF HUMAN NATURE; and we dearly love to trace her operations in those who are a few degrees removed from the sphere in which our own lot is cast. We have many opportunities for this; and we delight to breathe in such a wholesome atmosphere.

We are glad to note a similar feeling in a brother Editor residing in America, who thus writes in the *United States Gazette* :—

Amusing incidents often occur by persons mistaking the letter-box of stores and offices in this vicinity, for that of the post-office. We sometimes find three or four letters in our own letter-box, intended for the mails. These we, of course, put on their way.

Standing once at our front window, we observed a young woman whose face was not visible to us, drop a letter into our box; and on taking it out, we found that she had mistaken our establishment for that of a post-office. It was directed to Thomas —, in Ireland, and the inland postage accompanied it. The letter we caused to be sent with some others to the post-office, and gave the circumstance no further thought.

Busied some months afterwards in examining the contents of our exchange papers, and inditing such paragraphs as they suggested to us, we did not pay much attention to a gentle rap at the door of our private room, until it was repeated. We then, too anxious to conclude our labors to open to the applicant, bade the one that knocked "come in," and continued our labors without lifting an eye to the door, which was opened quietly, and as quietly closed. We were startled at length with a sweetly modulated voice, inquiring—"Is there a letter here for me?"

We at once raised our eyes, and saw a female about eighteen years of age—or, as we have of late lost the art of judging closely in these matters, perhaps twenty. It did not make a dimple's difference to her face, and would not, if five more years had been added to them. There was an oval face, with nature's blush, and a slight projection of the mouth that told of Ireland, even without the softened modulation of voice

that belongs to the women of that island. Neatness was all that could be ascribed to her dress—it deserved that.

Letters are frequently asked for in a newspaper-office, in reply to advertisements—so we bade the young woman go to the front office and inquire of the clerks.

She had been there, and there was no one but a boy, who could not give her the information.

So we inquired the name.

“*Kitty M’Innes*; but perhaps it will be *Catherine* on the letter,” said she, “as that is my name.”

We looked on the letter-rack in the front office, among the “A. B.’s,” the “X. W.’s,” the “P. Q.’s,” etc., but saw none for *Catherine*.

Returning, we inquired to what advertisement the letter was to be an answer.

“Advertisement!—to no advertisement—it would be in answer to my letter.”

“And from whom did you expect a letter?”

The young woman looked much confused—but apparently considering the question pertinent, she said, “From Thomas —.”

We saw at once that she had, as hundreds before had done, mistaken our office for the post-office, and the name given was that upon the letter which we had some months before sent from our letter-box to that of the post-office.

“He has not written, then,” said *Catherine*, in a low voice, evidently not intended for our ear.

“But—he may have written.”

“Then where’s the letter?” said she, looking up.

“At the post-office, perhaps.”

And we took *Catherine* by the hand, and led her to the door, and pointed out the way to the post-office.

“You will ask at the window,” said we; “but as the clerks are young men, you need not tell them from whom you expect the letter.”

“Not for the world,” said she, looking into our face with a glance that seemed to say there was no harm in telling us.

We must have used less than our usual precision in directing *Catherine* to the post-office, as quite half-an-hour afterwards, when visiting the place, we saw her at the window, receiving the change and a letter from one of the clerks; and the impatience—shall we say of woman, or of love?—induced *Catherine* to break the seal at the door. A glow of pleasure was on the cheek of the happy girl.

We would not have given a penny to be informed that *Thomas* was well, and was coming in the next packet. We felt anxious to know whether *Thomas* would come, but the names of such persons rarely appear

among the passengers of the Liverpool packets, being commonly included in that comprehensive line, “and two hundred in the steerage.”

So we gave up all hopes of knowing when *Thomas* would arrive, but concluded that we should see the name with that of *Catherine* in the marriage list, to which we had determined to keep a steady look. * * *

It was but a short time afterwards, that we did indeed see the name of *Thomas* in the papers. He was one of the passengers in a ship cast away below New York, of whom nearly every soul perished, and *Thomas* among the rest.

We had never seen *Thomas*, but had somehow cherished such an interest in his fate, that we felt a severe shock at its annunciation; and what must have been the feelings of *Catherine*, with her ardent, sanguine, Irish temperament? Loving deeply as she must have loved, and hoping ardently as she must have hoped, what *must* have been her feelings?

We paused, a few weeks afterwards, to mark the young grass shooting, green and thick, in *Ronaldson’s* grave yard; and to see the buds swelling on the branches of the trees that decorate that populous city of the dead; when a funeral, numerously attended, wound slowly round the corner of the street, and passed into the enclosure. It was the funeral of an Irish person—we knew by the numbers that attended, and as the sexton lowered the coffin down into the narrow house, the place appointed for all the living, we saw engraved upon a simple plate,—*CATHERINE M’INNES*.

The small sum of money which *Catherine* had deposited in the savings’ fund, to give a little consequence to her marriage festival, had been withdrawn to give her “decent burial.”

There is a spice of this fine feeling among our ENGLISH girls of low degree. We do not say it is universal,—far from it. But we can vouch that it *does* exist, having oftentimes proved it.

True love, in the intensesness of its purity, is indeed a Heavenly gift!

MORE PERSUASIVES TO GOODNESS.

IF we want any extra “inducement” to become good, do we not find that inducement in everything we at this present time behold in the fields and lovely lanes, which are clothed in garments of surpassing beauty? Every animal, every insect that crosses our path, looks, and is “happy.” The golden grain waves its lovely locks with the most fascinating elegance, and seems to give “a hint” to its fair beholders to “take a lesson from its book.” The Book of Nature is the ONLY book, it would appear, that our ladies do *not* read. Why should they not begin this very day to turn over the first leaf?

TRUE HAPPINESS.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

GIVE ME the home where the sun's gentle beams
Peep through my lattice, when springtide is
nigh;

Or, with the summer, reflect on the streams
A glimpse of its bright happy home in the sky.

I sigh not for Power, nor languish for Wealth,
I covet not Greatness, whate'er its degree;
The blessing of peace, with the gay bloom of health,
And the smile of contentment are dearer to me.

My jewels I'll seek where the violet and rose,
Half-hid in their moss bed, waft fragrance
around;

Where bright crystal dew-drops on lilies repose,
And gay star-like daisies bespangle the ground.

The music that cheers and enlivens the vale
Shall chase away sorrow and care from my
breast;

My heart shall respond to the dove's plaintive tale,
And the voice of the nightingale lull me to rest.

With kind friends to love me, and hope to beguile
The dark days of life, which we cannot control,
Oh! let my reward be affection's bright smile—
For Love sweetens labor, and Joy cheers the soul.

A WORD ABOUT GOOD TASTE.

A WHISPER TO THE FAIR SEX.

The sure way to "settle" a crocodile, according to ancient practice, was to confront him with a mirror,—when he incontinently DIED OF FRIGHT AT HIS OWN DEFORMITY. FRASER.

WE HAVE NO WISH TO COMPARE all that our heart holds dear to a crocodile. No! But we would fain compare the modern attire worn by all whom our heart holds dear, to that hideous animal. Oh, if we could but get the wearers to reflect; and to gaze more-over on their reflection, as seen in a mirror—would not our joy be complete! One glance would suffice. A second would not be politic; for we verily believe that the fair beholder of her deformed person *would*, by taking "a second sight," incontinently die of fright. This is a humane view of the innate (though as yet undeveloped) good taste of the sex called gentle.

We are not to-day going over the ground we have so often before trodden. Our expressed sentiments about "natural habits" are too well known to render this necessary. Nor are we again about to inveigh against those Satanic inventions—modern fashionable bonnets. They suit the wearers; and if *they* do not blush, thus arrayed, why should *we*? Modesty has fled the land. Our present object is—to enter a very strong protest against the prevailing fashion in *ladies' hair*. Arranged as it *now* is by one universal, abhorrent law, "taste" is out of the question. The severity

of "Fashion's" dictates in this matter, ought to be stoutly resisted by every pretty face. It is an outrage on nature, an insult to the human face divine. Beauty should be respected—not annihilated.*

When we were a boy, things were widely different. A charming face used to be "naturally" set off by free, flowing rows of clustering curls, which hung so lovingly down an innocent cheek (cheeks, alas! now-a-days, are *not* "innocent")—that they held us pleasingly spell-bound. Oh! those enchanting ringlets, and the fascinating endearments of their pretty, modest owners!

The human figure, too, was then respected. Our hearts were fairly captivated by the *true* "line of beauty." Women seemed to be aware, in those happy days, that they were gifted with lovely forms; and they delighted in letting us see them in their pure, innocent development. We could get near them *then*; converse with them; make much of them; enjoy their society; read to them; reason with them; play with them—in a word, we could LOVE them.

But the times have changed, and our women have changed with them. Nature has succumbed to Art, and the penalty has fallen heavily on those who would love the gentle sex, but cannot. What we want is, during this age of "striking," to see our women "strike." A bold resistance on their part, and a vow to stand out to the last against the inhuman caprices of Fashion, *must be* followed by a beneficial result. Our

* Since this was in type, our eye has fallen upon the following very sensible remarks, which appear in our ever-watchful contemporary, the *Sheffield Free-Press*. "It is notorious that fashion does not aim at beauty, but at uniformity (and deformity). And herein we must unceremoniously attack our aristocratical or courtly classes, who fancy that whatever they may lack in *solid culture*, they more than compensate by refinement and elegance! There can be no true elegance where fashion rules. Why? Obviously, because different human forms are cast in different types; and to attain their full native comeliness, each needs a different and appropriate dress. Take the simple case of hair. One has curly locks, which naturally cling in their own places, and perhaps will not grow long. Another has straight hair; which, when allowed to grow long, has a natural broad wave, but which, if cut short, is rigid and ugly. FASHION commands to *trim each of these heads into one form*, and then does not know that it is sacrificing comeliness!! With as much reason might old and young dress alike, as two persons who, though of the same age, are of different physical type."

Our contemporary is quite right. Society abounds in specimens of this uniform deformity; nor do foreigners fail to comment on our national weakness. We now rival Paris; and even exceed *that* dissipated city in folly!—ED. K. J.

sensible men say that "English women have no minds;" and they *prove* this assertion by pointing to the deformity of their persons, both at home and abroad. Walking or riding, the picture, we confess, is a painful one to look at.*

But we are wandering. The disfigurement of the human head and face are what we are now discussing. The remarks of a writer in "Blackwood" shall assist us. He is a man of good taste, and speaks out quite to the point. "How often," says he, "do we see a good face made *quite ugly* by a total inattention to lines! Sometimes the hair is so pushed into the cheeks and squared at the forehead, as to give a most extraordinary *pinched shape* to the face. Let the oval, we say, where it exists, be always preserved. Where it does *not*, let the hair be so humored that the deficiency shall not be perceived.

"Nothing is more common than to see a face which is somewhat too large below, made to look *grossly large and coarse*, by contracting the hair on the forehead and cheeks, and there bringing it to an abrupt check! Whereas, *such* a face should enlarge the forehead and the cheek; and let the hair fall partially over, so as to shade and soften off the lower exuberance. Some, too, press the hair down close to the face, which is to lose the very characteristic of hair—ease and freedom. Many ladies wear the hair like blinkers. You always expect *these* non-descripts will shy if you approach them."

The foregoing remarks are perfectly just. Nothing charms like simplicity. We dearly love to see a maiden come

Tripping lightly forth,
With all her budding blossomings of Spring—
Her radiant promises around her head,
Orbing themselves into fulfilment.

And what can be more perfectly—more charmingly delightful, than to behold a lady's jet-black tresses dipping carelessly on her alabaster neck. See!

They dip like darkness on a snow-wreath
Resting on a mountain side,
Which they gloom, but cannot cover—
Which they veil, but cannot hide;
Dip, like brown bees on a lily,
Which they cannot darken quite,
But which seem for their sweet presence
All the fairer—purer white.

Too well do we know with what an iron grasp "Fashion" fastens on the female figure (presuming on female weakness), for us to imagine that WE can cause the hydra to relinquish its hold. We would "bite" if we

could, but we can't. Yet we can "bark;" and *that* may do some good. Let us hope for the best. Meantime, let us remind our fair readers, in the words of the writer in "Blackwood," that a lady's head-dress, whether in a portrait or for her daily wear, should, as in old portraits of Rembrandt and Titian, go off into shade, and not be seen too clearly, and *hard* all round. It should not, in fact, be isolated, as if out of sympathy with all surrounding NATURE.

Whilst women show such an inveterate enmity against Nature (let us be very candid), one half at least of their loveliness—sad thought! is kept *quite* out of sight.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

THE JOYS OF FRIENDSHIP hear me sing!
The trust, security, and mutual tenderness,
The double joys, when both are glad for both!
Our only wealth, our last retreat and strength,
Secure against all fortune, and the world.

True Friendship I sing—not the tide of applause
Smoothly gliding from flattery's tongue;
If Truth, in description, should rise from the vase,
Oh! guard her from censure and wrong.

True Friendship I sing. Not the smile that endears
While malevolence rankles at heart;
Nor the hand which so ready and open appears,
Where no want is, each good to impart.

Not the blush so enchanting on woman's fair cheek,
That dies in soft tinges away;
If, in colors like these, Envy refuge should seek,
At Beauty's superior display.

Not the air consequential, that gives double weight
To trifles too small to be told;
That favor confers at as frugal a rate
As the miser that parts with his gold.

Not Profession, for she walks the last in her train,
When the Goddess in triumph appears;
Above all pretence, holding promises vain,
Nor seducing by smiles or by tears.

True Friendship I sing—an unbounding desire
That glows in the liberal breast;
Still to raise at Sincerity's altar a fire,
To cherish and warm the distressed.

While the world it enlivens, its more genial heat
Is confined to the happier few;
For the mind that exults in affections that meet
Would for ever its purpose renew.

Let meek-ey'd *Precaution*, then, slowly prefer
When to gain so important an end:
Since the Gods have decreed it is human to err,
First know, and *then* fix on, your friend.

Nor survey every fault with a critical eye,—
More wisely each virtue commend.
Let wrongs undesign'd in the memory die,
With reluctance still part with a friend.

If truly I sing, may the myrtle's gay wreath
With fragrance my temples embower;
If false—let my muse in oblivion meet death,
And her praise be the praise of an hour!

* A long and particularly eloquent argument on this all-important subject, will be found in our Second Volume (p. 36). We earnestly crave a reference to it.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY.—No. III.
THE NUTRITION AND GROWTH OF PLANTS.

BEFORE PROCEEDING TO THE SUBJECT of Nutrition and Growth, a few remarks on the structure of the stem and root of plants are necessary.

The stem, or ascending axis of the plant, is separated from the root by the collar or neck, and is distinguished from it by having a provision for the development of leaf-buds on its surface. As a general rule, the former rises into the air, bearing leaves and flowers, while the latter ramifies in the soil. Both organs are composed of the two classes of tissue described in our last.

Taking the stem of a tree or shrub as an example, we find in the centre a quantity of soft matter, known as the *pith*; composed entirely of cellular tissue, and occupying in the young stem a very great space. Next to this is a ring of cells and vessels,—not quite wood, and not altogether pith. Then a ring of wood, having very few cells, composed almost entirely of the spindle-shaped or woody vessels; and outside this, the bark, which is almost altogether cellular. We have supposed that the portion of the stem under examination is only of one year's growth; for every year a fresh circle of wood is developed, giving that annulated appearance to a cross-section of timber, by which the age of the tree may be told by the merest tyro. This description applies to all British plants which have a woody stem,—as trees and shrubs.

In the palm and cane tribes, it is different. No pith and concentric circles are visible, but a confused mixture of cells and vessels throughout the whole stem. The root differs but little from the stem in structure, save that at the extreme point it is uncovered by bark or membrane of any kind; presenting a sponge-like mass of cells, whose office it is to take up the liquid nutriment in the soil.

In order to have some idea of the mystery of growth, let us trace the fluid from the roots, in its progress up the stem, to the leaves, and down again, until it forms wood, bark, leaves, and flowers.

The plant being placed in favorable circumstances as regards moisture in the soil, and heat and light in the surrounding air, the roots take up the proper nutriment in the form of a fluid, by means of their sponge-like extremities, and from thence they deliver it to the stem. In the present state the sap is thin, and unfit for nourishment. Through the soft wood this *crude sap* proceeds to the leaves, and courses along their upper surface, where under the agency of heat and light it parts with a considerable quantity of its moisture; becoming the thickened and *elaborated sap*.

The change here produced is the fixation of carbon and hydrogen, accompanied by the liberation of pure oxygen. Descending to the lower surface of the leaf, a further addition of carbon is received, owing to the decomposition of carbonic acid gas. The sap now enters the vascular and cellular tissues of the bark, and commences a downward journey, nourishing the parts as it goes on.

This fluid is received by the woody fibres, and leaves a thickening deposit on their walls, which deposit afterwards obliterates all passage, transforming them into tough little rods. The same thickening process goes on in cells, till they become, in like manner, solid masses. In this manner, distributing its benefits as it flows, the sap, when comparatively exhausted, at length reaches the root, which, abstracting what is necessary for its increasing vigor, rejects the worthless residue. This elaborated sap is sometimes clear and transparent, though oftentimes colored and milky. It is by no means an easy matter to observe the flow of the sap, owing to the delicacy of the vegetable tissue, and the often colorless nature of the fluid itself; but, in a few plants, it has been noticed, and among these the Caoutchouc tree, the Celandine, and the Euphorbia; all of which have it more or less opaque and colored. It is between the newest layer of wood, and the inside bark, that the formation of new wood takes place; and there we have a quantity of fluid not unlike mucilage. A brief consideration of the important operations carried on here, may prove not uninteresting.

This thick mucilaginous fluid is made up of the elaborated sap, or secretions from the adjacent cells. Under the force of one of those inscrutable laws which regulate life,—vegetable as well as animal,—a change takes place in the consistency of this fluid. It becomes granular, each granule becomes a cavity, each cavity gives birth to other granules, and these secondary granules become in their turn cavities. Enlarging and strengthening, they become covered with a proper membrane, and form regular woody cells or vessels. At first they are rounded, and in that state carry on the functions of nutrition and reproduction. But they gradually lengthen into the spindle shape; after which they become thickened by the deposition of a hard substance in their interior,—ultimately obliterating all opening, and forming regular woody fibre.

From what has now been stated, the reader will have a slight notion of how wood is developed; but as cellular tissue is of much more frequent occurrence in the vegetable kingdom, than vascular—seeing that many plants are entirely without the latter, while it is impossible for any to exist without the

former—we may pay a little attention to *cell development*.

The rapidity with which cells are formed is truly surprising. A puff-ball which in the evening was less than a pigeon's egg in size, in the morning looks like a gigantic dumpling. Lindley estimates that the cells must in this instance have been produced at the rate of sixty millions per minute. Let us try to understand how this is done,—but yet let us not be deceived; we are entering on an almost hopeless task. Scarcely one among the array of learned physiologists who have investigated the subject, has been able to coincide with another, and—

Who shall decide when doctors disagree?

The only safe way in a case like the present is to choose a middle path, and so escape the quicksands in which so many investigators seem lost. Leaving Schleiden, Mohl, Henfrey, and half-a-dozen more, to explain the by-no-means evident peculiarities of their individual theories, we adopt a little of what appertains to all. We believe, then, that in cells, or in spaces between cells, there exists a quantity of mucilaginous matter; at first thin and transparent, which at length assumes a firmer consistency and exhibits in its mass a number of little spaces resembling air-bubbles; that these gradually enlarge, and become enveloped by a membrane formed from the thickened mucilaginous fluid. We also believe that this is the perfect cell. This cell has generally in its interior a little transparent body known as a nucleus; but whether this internal body has any part to perform in the gathering of the cell wall, or is formed after its full development, is a knotty point. This development from a mucilaginous fluid, may take place within cells already formed, so that one may give birth to hundreds. And this may account for the rapid growth of many plants, even in our own country, as the hop; but more especially in the tropics. Another means of cell-reproduction, is as follows:—The cell wall is internally lined by a mucilaginous covering; this inside wall, if we may so term it, has the power of contracting in the middle, and finally of separating, so as to form two soft bladder-like bodies, which, like the first, contract, and divide into two,—so that we have within the fully-formed cell, four partially developed. These gradually increase in size and consistency, till they at length become too big for the distended walls of the parent, which they burst, and then assume the functions of cells proper; themselves to produce others, which in their turn will destroy them.

In connection with the growth of plants, there is yet another subject which claims a little attention, viz., the rise of the sap. It is well known that a great portion of the

fluid which traverses the vegetable structure passes through the cells. Now, as these seldom present any opening, it may be proper to inquire how it is that fluids can pass from the one vesicle to the other? It is a known fact that everything in nature tends to an equality. The light has scarcely left the god of day, when it is diffused over our dark world,—the sound of Jove's artillery travels on the wind's wings, until it is lost. The heat generated by combustion becomes actually lost in diffusion; and the noxious vapors which rise, like a pestilence, from our manufacturing towns, are quickly spread from pole to pole. Heat, light, electricity, sound, and gases, all tend to universal diffusion, *i. e.* equality,—and this law holds good as well with liquids. If two liquids, of different densities, say syrup and water, are separated by any animal or vegetable membrane, a force comes into operation which compels the denser to pass to the rarer, and *vice versa*, until they have both reached the same density.

Now the sap in the cells of the leaf has parted with a great portion of its moisture, while that further down is still the same; the result is that this force comes into play, forcing the less dense sap up to that position where it is brought under the influence of solar heat and light, and rendered fit for the nourishment of the vegetable structure.

D.

FIRST LOVE.

A REMINISCENCE.

WE find the following exquisite pencilling in Collins's "Basil." There are some few of us who can recognise the picture as "a sketch from life." We have ourself seen *that* "little rim of delicate white lace," *that* "lovely, dusky throat," and *those* "simple little ornaments,"—all so mutely, so sweetly eloquent to the loving heart!

She put down her veil again immediately. Her lips moved involuntarily as she lowered it. I thought I could see, through the lace, that the slight movement ripened to a smile. Still there was enough left to look on,—enough to charm. There was the little rim of delicate white lace, encircling the lovely, dusky throat. There was the figure visible, where the shawl had fallen open—slender, but already well developed in its slenderness, and exquisitely supple. There was the waist, naturally low, and left to its natural place, and natural size. There were the little millinery and jewellery ornaments that she wore—simple and common-place enough in themselves—yet each a beauty, each a treasure, on *her*. There was all this to behold, all this to dwell on, in spite of the veil.

The veil! how little of the woman does it hide, when the man really loves her!

THE "HAPPY FAMILY" OF SMILES.

SWEET smile! that lights the baby cheek,
Where ne'er the touch of woe has been;
Whose dimples innocently speak
How guileless is the heart within:—
O! how thy radiance, purely bright,
Illumes the little cherub's eye,
As if a ray of heavenly light
Had dropt upon it from the sky!

FOND smile! that o'er the mother's brow,
Whilst gazing on her infant's face,
Kindles with rapture's purest glow,
The features of the sire to trace:
How dost thou light her lucid eye,
Distilling fast the tender tear,
With all a mother's ecstasy,
And yet with all a mother's fear!

DEAR smile! that round the husband's lip
Curls into anxious tenderness,
Whilst from Joy's cup he seems to sip
Whate'er *may* charm, whate'er *can* bless;
Whilst gazing on the loveliest thing
His heart adores beneath the skies,
Thou tell'st that woe's envenom'd sting
Has not yet cursed his Paradise.

SOFT smile! that when his growing boy
Pursues his gambols at his side,
Becomes the index of his joy,
And beams with all the father's pride,—
'Tis beautiful to see thee play
O'er his rough features bronzed and dun,
Like light, ere yet the early day
Has ushered up the brighter sun.

CHASTE smile! that o'er the kindling blush
Of innocence so purely steals,
Adding new graces to the flush,
Which all the guileless heart reveals,—
How lovely to behold thee there,
O'er ev'ry feature brightly beaming,
Like meteor in the spring-tide air,
Around the moon's fair circle streaming!

KIND smile! that kindles when the rod
Of stern affliction has been broken,
Irradiate from the throne of God,
And of his love the purest token;
When round the lips thy beauties hover,
Like brightest stars in summer weather,
Thou dost the *heart* and *soul* discover,
And shed thy light on both together.

PURE smile! that innocently steals
Over religion's lovely features,
And to the guilty heart appeals
Of God's poor woe-benighted creatures,—
Thou, mutely eloquent, to all
Tell'st of impieties forgiven,
And from affliction's heavy thrall,
Cheerest the struggling soul to Heaven.

H. C.

THOUGHTS ON HABIT.

BY J. A. SYMONDS, M.D.

AS TO HABITS OF ACTION, it is obvious that the great use they serve is the economy of time. What would man have accomplished by the end of his life, had it been needful for him to attend to his movements in standing, walking, and using his hands and fingers? What progress would thought make, were speakers to be thinking of the sounds they utter, and to be consciously directing and adjusting their vocal apparatus?

And where would be the literature of the world, were the mind compelled to pass from its sublime contemplations to the muscular actions which guide the movements of the pen?

But the more we consider the subject, whether as to the development of those actions which characterise the species, or as to those acquired accomplishments and dexterities which range from the humblest handicrafts to the loftiest triumphs of the imaginative arts, the more we shall be struck by the gradually increasing subordination and subjugation of the mechanical processes to the more exalted faculties of the mind. This view would at first, perhaps, make us inquire whether, as these volitional movements which we have been considering ultimately become automatic, it would not have enlarged the capacities of man, had they begun as instincts; just as some of them really are found in the lower animals, instead of going through so long a process of evolution and education? A foolish question, as every question must be which proposes an arrangement of events different from what is obviously a part of the plan of God's universe.

Take away the struggling, striving will, even from these corporeal actions; remove effort, resolution, the conscious initiation of action, perseverance, training, and education, and what is human life reduced to? Gigantic as man's powers become, he was not intended to spring from the earth in their full equipment. Survey him in his infancy, childhood, youth, adolescence, and manhood; and while you become convinced that his gradual acquirements bring him a multitude of enjoyments, as well as difficulties and disasters, you cannot but see that what is evolving in him bears a strict correlation to the powers, emotions, sentiments, and virtuous actions of those who, having arrived at the maturity of their powers, are to help him; to whom he is bound, as they to him, by ties which make the affinities of the human family infinitely transcend the transitory parental instincts and gregarious associations of the lower animals; for they live and grow up almost as they were born, devoid of progress, not one whit wiser or more skilful than the first pair

HUMAN SORROW.

The soul that hath not sorrow'd
Knows neither its own weakness nor its strength.

that issued from Noah's ark,—living for themselves only, or only under a blind impulse providing for another succession.

But man, having consciously and with pain, labor, and peril, acquired his endowments, lives them over again by teaching them to his offspring; and apart from that happier existence to which he knows that he is destined in other worlds, feels that here too he has a kind of immortality: that as he has inherited knowledge, and virtue, and power, he too has to transmit them. That his life and its achievements have a mortal metempsychosis, a translation into the enlarging attributes and brightening destinies of his children, and of unborn generations, and in the production of works which, like Milton, he knows that posterity will not willingly let die, and in the elaboration of systems which, like Bacon, he bequeaths with his fame to the next ages. In this realising anticipation of a posthumous renown, he survives his own death, passing by his living consciousness far beyond the narrow bounds affixed to his mere corporeal duration.

But while habit, as we have seen, is so useful in abridging labor, in economising time, in preserving order, and method, and coherence in our thoughts, and in making the practice of virtue and religion easier to us,—still it imposes upon us no inevitable compulsion. It is not the blind necessity of an instinct. It is our own fault if we are enslaved instead of being merely assisted by habit. Human agency ought to be able to assert its freedom in this as in every other department of thought and action. The habit should be like a steed—so well broken, that though the will may have thrown the reins on its neck, while otherwise occupied, it can in a moment gather them up, and come to a sudden halt.

Habit, we have seen at once, is the product and the sign of previous volition. And though in certain muscular actions belonging to the species, it closely resembles instinct, yet, as to the thoughts and actions of individual men, it is widely different. For as the will of every man has its own peculiar form and color,—making an important part of his individuality, so his habits will have their own character and freedom of growth. Those who are attached to him will regard with partiality the very habits which have grown out of his peculiarities. The singularities of his gestures, the eccentricities of his gait, carriage, and demeanor, the oddity of his featural expression, the tone of his voice, his ways and his whims, his fancies and his philosophies, his predilection, and prejudices, the whole complexion of his life, and the whole color of his conduct—his goings out and his comings in, his risings up and his lyings down,—all are valued, because they give us more

vividly the express image of him who is endeared to us for his own individual sake.

[We hardly need remark how cordially we coincide in sentiment with Dr. Symonds. It is our peculiarities, our shades of character, our habits, our ways, our sayings, and our manner of life—that endear us all so greatly the one to the other.

But for these distinguishing characteristics, we could not be valued for ourselves alone. They are a part and parcel of our very existence; and we prize them accordingly.]

THE MAIDEN'S DREAM.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

SHE slept; and there was visioned in her sleep
A hill: above its summit sang the lark—
She strove to climb it: ocean wide and deep
Gaped for her feet, where swam a sable bark,
Manned with dread shapes, whose aspects, doure
and dark,
Mocked God's bright image; huge and grim they
grew—
Quenched all the lights of heaven, save one small
spark,
Then seized her—laughing to the bark they drew
Her, shuddering, shrieking—ocean kindled as they
flew.

And she was carried to a castle bright.
A voice said, "Sibyl, here's thy blithe bride-
groom!"
See shrieked—she prayed;—at once the bridal
light
Was quench'd and chang'd to midnight's funeral
gloom.
She saw swords flash, and many a dancing plume
Roll on before her; while around her fell
Increase of darkness, like the hour of doom;
She felt herself as chained by charm and spell.
Lo! one to win her came she knew and loved
right well.

Right through the darkness down to ocean-flood
He bore her now; the deep and troubled sea
Rolled red before her like a surge of blood,
And wet her feet; she felt it touch her knee—
She started—waking from her terrors, she
Let through the room the midnight's dewy air—
The gentle air, so odorous, fresh, and free,
Her bosom cooled; she spread her palms, and
there
Knelt humble, and to God confessed herself in
prayer.

* * * * *
E'en while she prayed, her spirit waxed more
meek—

'Mid snow-white sheets her whiter limbs she
threw;

A moon-beam came, and on her glowing cheek
Dropt bright, as proud of her diviner hue.
Sweet sleep its golden mantle o'er her threw,
And there she lay, as innocent and mild
As unfledged dove, or daisy born in dew.
Fair dreams descending chased off visions wild;
She stretched in sleep her hand, and on the
shadows smiled.

PUFF-ING HUSBANDS AND PATIENT WIVES.

JUSTICE sometimes is slow to be matured.

KORNER.

ALL MEN HAVE THEIR "HOBBIES;" and they claim a right to them. We cannot however see why these "hobbies" should be cultivated at the expense of the women. *Their* right is just as inalienable; and we love to see them stand upon their rights.

The above remarks are called forth by a very interesting little tale, signed "J. W.," which we have just read in our excellent and useful contemporary the *Family Herald*. It is headed "Gloves and Cigars;" and contains a moral which we should like to see stereotyped on the heart of every smoking husband in the kingdom. We know many of these foul-mouthed fellows, whose consumption of smoke is enormous. It is "odd," but as certainly true, that smoking husbands are always stingy, selfish hunxes. They live for themselves only, and care not *how* their poor spouses fare. Nor is it at all uncommon for some of them to be largely in debt for their filthy luxury—tobacco. On this matter we could speak oracularly. But let "a hint" suffice, while we tell our tale of smoke:—

"I must *really* have a pair of new gloves, James," said Mrs. Morris to her husband, as they sat together after tea.

Mr. Morris had been reading the evening paper, but he laid it down and looked crossly up. "Really," he said, "you seem to me to waste more money on gloves than any woman I ever knew. It was only last week I gave you money to buy a new pair."

The wife colored, and was about to answer tartly; for she felt that her husband had no cause for his crossness; but remembering that "a soft answer turneth away wrath," she said, "Surely you have forgotten, James. It was more than a month since I bought my last pair of gloves; and I have been out a great deal, as you know, in that time."

"Humph!" said Mr. Morris, taking up the paper again.

For several minutes there was silence. The wife continued her sewing, and the husband read sulkily on; at last, as if sensible that he had been unnecessarily harsh, he ventured a remark by way of indirect apology.

"Business is very dull, Jane," he said, "and sometimes I do not know where to look for money. I can scarcely meet my expenses."

The wife looked up with tears in her eyes. "I am sure, James," she said, "that I try to be as economical as possible. I went without a new silk dress this winter, because the one I got last spring would answer, I thought, by having a new body made to it. My old bonnet, too, was re-trimmed. And as to the gloves, you know you are very particular

about my having gloves always nice, and scold me if I appear in the streets with a shabby pair on."

Mr. Morris knew all this to be true, and felt still more ashamed of his conduct; however, like most men, he was too proud to confess his error, except indirectly. He took out his pocket-book, and said, "How much will satisfy you for a year; not for gloves only, but for all the other etceteras? I will make you an allowance; and then *you need not ask me for money* whenever you want a pair of gloves or a new handkerchief."

The wife's eyes glistened with delight. She thought for a moment, and then said, "I will undertake, on ten pounds, to find myself in all these things."

Mr. Morris dropped the newspaper as if it had been red-hot, and stared at his wife. "I believe," he said, "you women think that we men are made of money. I don't spend ten pounds in gloves and handkerchiefs *in half-a-dozen years.*"

Mrs. Morris did not reply instantly, for she was determined to keep her temper. But the quickness with which the needle moved, showed that she had some difficulty to be amiable. At last she said, "But how much do *you* spend in cigars?"

This was a home-thrust, for Mr. Morris was an inveterate smoker; and consumed twice as much on this needless luxury as the sum his wife asked. He picked up the paper and made no reply.

"I don't wish you to give up smoking, since *you* enjoy it so much," she said; "but surely cigars *are no more necessary to a gentleman*, than are gloves and handkerchiefs to a lady; and if you expend twenty pounds in the one, I don't see why you should complain of my wishing ten pounds for the other."

"Pshaw!" said her husband, finally; "I don't spend twenty pounds a year in cigars. It can't be."

"You bring home a box every three weeks; and each box, you say, costs about twenty-four shillings, which, at the end of the year, amounts to more than twenty pounds."

Mr. Morris fidgeted on his seat. His wife saw her advantage; and, smiling to herself, pursued it. "If you had counted up," she said, "as I have, every shilling you have given me for gloves, handkerchiefs, shoes, and ribbons, during a year, you would find it amounted to ten pounds; and if you had kept a statement of what your cigars cost, you would see that I am correct in my estimate as to them."

"Twenty pounds! It can't be," said the husband, determined *not* to be convinced.

"Let us make a bargain," replied the wife. "Put into my hands twenty pounds to buy cigars for you, and ten pounds to purchase gloves, &c., for me. I promise faithfully to

keep both accounts correctly, with this stipulation, that, at the end of a year, I am to retain all I can save of the ten pounds, and to return to you all that remains of the twenty pounds."

"It is agreed. I will pay quarterly, beginning to night." And he took out his purse, and counted seven pounds ten shillings into his wife's hands."

And how did the bargain turn out? Our readers have, no doubt, guessed it already. Jane continued, during the year, to supply her husband with cigars, and, at the end, rendered in her account; by which it appeared, that Mr. Morris had smoked away twenty-two pounds, while his wife had spent only eight pounds on gloves, handkerchiefs, and shoes—the two pounds she had saved having just enabled her to keep her husband's cigar-box full, without calling on him for the deficiency till the year was up.

Mr. Morris paid the balance, with a long face, but without a word of comment. He has ever since given, of his own accord, the ten-pound allowance to his wife.

Husbands who think their wives waste money on gloves, SHOULD BE CAREFUL TO WASTE NONE ON CIGARS."

We repeat it—there is a good moral in this sketch from life; and we hope each one of our fair readers will make ample use of it for her own particular benefit. Men are little better than semi-savages, and must be well looked after.

LIFE AND BEAUTY IN DAMASCUS.

AN AMUSING BOOK has just been issued, entitled "The Turks in Europe." It is from the pen of Mr. Bayle St. John—a writer not much known, but an accurate observer of life. We have been looking carefully over his pages, and find two racy extracts that are likely to amuse our readers; and at this season, when "heavy writing" is at a discount, they will be considered quite in place. The first scene that we will direct attention to is

A SYRIAN FEAST.

Let us, says the author, introduce those who may be strangers to their customs, into the house where the *farah* (feast) is to be held. Women are busily occupied washing out and sweeping the court-yard; the flowers and other plants are fresh watered; the marble fountain is decorated with colored lanterns and festoons of flowers; carpets are spread, and divan cushions ranged against the walls; the *mistaba* is tastefully lighted, and a highly inflammable torch, composed of the fat wood of fir, resin, and other ingredients, is planted in each of the four corners.

In the smoking apartment of the *mistaba*, preparations are making on a grand scale. Large bags of ready-washed and prepared *timbac* are hung upon nails in the wall, to filter and to be fit for immediate use when the *narghilies* are called

into requisition. Tobacco-pouches are filled. Two additional *mangals* of charcoal-fire and some additional coffee-pots are prepared. Decanters are filled with *arraki*, wine, liqueurs, orange-flower and rose water; and the cut-glass saucers are replenished with candied preserves; whilst two maid-servants and a boy, assisted and superintended by the mistress of the house, are busy grinding coffee and decocting huge bowls of deliciously-iced lemonade.

In addition to all this, a side-table is groaning under the weight of plates of sliced oranges and picked pomegranates, with numerous other fruits, and a great variety of pastry. By the time all these arrangements are completed, the night sets in; the whole yard is illuminated; the members of the household and the servants are busily engaged donning their best attire, and the company of hired musicians arrive. The music striking up is the signal for the nearest invited neighbors to make their appearance. They arrive; the men clad in long, loose silken robes, the women enveloped in their white *izars*. But these latter are speedily thrown aside at the invitation of the lady of the house, who assists in helping the guests to disrobe, and then confides their *izars* to the trusty care of the handmaiden. Now these veils are all of the same make, and they have no initials or other distinguishing mark. Notwithstanding this, no confusion ensues on the breaking up of a party as to identification; every lady is quick to recognise her own peculiar *izar* from the mass of white sheets that are folded and piled, one above another, upon the divan in the upstairs dressing-room.

Soon the whole party have arrived; and the amusements of the evening commence with vocal and instrumental music. After this, some of the gentlemen stand up and go through the graceful attitudes of the Syrian dance. Then, some others volunteer the sword dance, or the Bedouin dance; some of the married ladies then take courage; but it requires coaxing and threats to induce the timid damsel to display her skill. Persuasion being out of the question, some old gentleman gets up and pretends that he is going to dance instead of her, and he goes through a few steps till he comes close up to some girl that he has singled out from the circle. Seizing her arm with no very gentle force, he whirls her into the centre of the yard; and meanwhile, some one who has watched the manoeuvre acts the same part by some other blushing maiden. These are confronted face to face, and there is now no escape; so they commence, at first timidly and bashfully, but, getting gradually excited by the music, they lose all this pretended bashfulness, and do their best to outshine each other; and truly there is rarely a more graceful sight than two beautiful Damascene girls, elegantly dressed and bespangled with jewels, displaying their graceful figures to the best advantage, to the slow but becoming measures of the dance.

This is an important ceremony, at which we should dearly love to assist. It is so very different from our English ceremonies, that it would possess a delicious freshness,—an indescribable charm. Such a contest, and between two such lovely performers, must

be more than commonly interesting. But let us proceed :—

All the other young ladies now follow their example ; and as each couple retires at the termination of their efforts to please, they are hailed with shouts of applause, and liberally besprinkled with rose and orange-flower water. The old ladies evince their approbation by a peculiar vibrating scream, produced by the voice passing through the nearly-closed lips, whilst the under lip is kept in a continual tremulous state by the rapid application of the back of the fore-finger to that feature.

When dancing is over for the evening, games of forfeit are introduced, and promote much mirth ; especially one game called "*Tuthun, Tuthun, min Tuthun*,"—a game of Turkish origin, as its name denotes, and which is played thus : every one in the circle takes the name of a bird, a tree, or a flower, whilst the king of the game goes round and collects in a handkerchief some small article from each one present. These he afterwards shuffles together, and then drawing out one, which he carefully conceals in his hand, he fixes upon some one in the circle, to whom he puts the question—"*Tuthun, Tuthun, min Tuthun?*" or "Tobacco, tobacco, whose is it?" The party fixed upon is obliged to guess, and he names some bird or flower which he has heard some one call himself. If the guess is wrong, he has to hold out his hand and receive three stripes from a closely-knotted handkerchief ; and then, the party referred to is next obliged to guess to whom the "*Tuthun*" belongs, and so on all round the circle till the right name has been discovered. Then the king resigns his post and handkerchief, and is relieved in his office by him or her that made the right guess. After these games, some one tells a story or recites a poem.

Really, these little games must be delightful. We should like right well to be one of the invited guests. We would tell them many a good story ; recite to them many a pleasing poem.

But now let us introduce our second extract,—the subject an enchanting one. It is a full-length picture of a lady of Damascus, called by Mr. St. John "a very fair specimen of her sex." Can our English women catch any idea worth adopting, from the subjoined graphic sketch? We think they *can*, if they be so disposed. What they are so deficient in, are—ease, repose, elegance, and effect. When "dressed," they tell us, unmistakably, they live but to be looked at. The mind altogether retires. They are "all outside." Sad, but true !

Mr. St. John has evidently made good use of his eyes,—even though he may not have lost his heart. Beginning (of course) with her eyes, he thus writes of

ONE OF THE BEAUTIES OF DAMASCUS.

HER EYES are beautifully dark ; her eyelashes, eyebrows, and hair, of a glossy jet black. The latter, tinged with *henna*, hangs down her back and reaches nearly to the ground in a succession of plaits ; each terminating with black silk braid,

knotted and interwoven with various sized golden coins. Her features (excepting the eyes) are all small, but compact. The nose is Grecian, the lips cherry, and slightly pouting, the chin dimpled, the form of the face oval, and the complexion clear, with a rosy tint. The bust and figure are unexceptionable, the arms comely, the wrists and ankles well turned, and the feet and hands perfect models for a sculptor. Yet this is one out of the many nondescript beings that we encountered, with *izar* and veil in the street.

Her face and figure are well set off by the head-dress and Oriental costume. On the top of her head she wears a small red cap, which is encircled by a handsomely-flowered handkerchief ; and over the latter, strings of pearls and pieces of small gold money are tastefully arranged in festoons. In the centre of her red cap is a diamond crescent, from which hangs a long golden cord with a blue silk tassel, usually ornamented with pearls. Her vest fits tight, and admirably displays the unlaced figure.

In summer, this vest is of blue or pink satin, bordered and fringed with gold lace. In winter, cloth, edged with fur, is substituted for the satin ; and over the vest is worn a short grey jacket, chastely embroidered with black silk braid. The vest is confined to the waist by a *zunnar*, in summer, of a silk Tripoli scarf, in winter by a costly cashmere shawl ; and from under this a long robe reaches to her ankles, and is divided into two long lappels lined with satin and fringed with costly trimmings. This latter robe partially conceals the *shirwal*, or full trousers, which hang loosely over, and are fastened round the ankles ; the tasty mixture of colors, and the graceful arrangement, render the costume a perfect study.

Latterly European shoes have been much used by the Damascene ladies ; especially those gaily-flowered kid shoes, imported into Syria from Marseilles. This completes the young lady's toilet, and her walk and action are as graceful as her figure and face are prepossessing ; but beyond the *naam* (yes) and *la* (no) of conversation, you can seldom get a word from her unless you are a very intimate friend of the family ; and then, these young ladies are as fond of a little romping or quizzing as their more accomplished and more elegant sisters of the North.

It would be prudish, were it otherwise ; and who could help romping with, and quizzing *such* charming young ladies, — all so becomingly habited ! It must indeed be delightful to be "a very intimate friend of the family." We conclude Mr. St. John had that honor. Happy traveller !

It is a mistake, adds the author, to imagine that the natives of the Turkish empire are wholly excluded from any friendly intercourse with the women of those countries,—a tale which has gained credence and been perseveringly maintained by travellers, few of whom have ever had an opportunity of testing the truth of the report by personal experience. Amongst the higher classes of the Greek persuasion in particular, every freedom exists in doors ; young ladies not only show themselves, but, after serving the guest with coffee and sweetmeats, they will seat themselves on the edge of the divan, and soon manage to join

in the conversation. This state of freedom exists, to a greater or less degree, till the young girl is betrothed. *Then* it is not considered decorous that she should be present whenever her intended bridegroom visits the house; neither should she hear his name mentioned.

Even amongst Turks, and more especially in the villages and smaller towns of Syria, the young Mahomedan sees and converses with the future object of his love until she attains her eleventh or twelfth year. She is then excluded from the society of men; but womanhood has already begun to develop itself in the person of the girl of ten or eleven years old in these climates, where they are oftentimes wives and mothers at thirteen. Hence, love exists between the young couple *before* the destined bridegroom urges his mother to make the requisite proposals of marriage. He loses sight of his lady-love as soon as she enters upon womanhood; though he may, by means of a third party, catch an occasional glimpse of her features as she passes to and fro, strictly guarded by matrons and old duennas. Yet, not a single word or one bewitching kiss can the despairing lover hope for, until she is brought home to his house, his lawful consort and partner for life! Then, and not till then, commences the great seclusion of the ladies of the Turkish harem. However, in country places and villages, though the newly-married bride may be strictly guarded for a year or two, this feeling eventually wears off, and the women mix in the every-day occupations of the field or in the garden, unveiled and undistinguishable from their Christian neighbors.

These "occasional glimpses" are barbarities. The author does not tell us whether any of the matrons and old duennas are poisoned, or otherwise disposed of. We imagine, however, that they must mysteriously disappear in very large numbers; nor ought the inquiry pursued to be too particularly rigid,—“under the circumstances.”

So much for the beauty and the festivities of Damascus.

HEADS MAY DIFFER—HEARTS AGREE.

Tho' in matters of faith we can't always agree,
And kneel at one altar together,
Yet in friendship and love we united may be,
Or our faith else is not worth a feather.
Like the bee, whose philosophy, truthful indeed,
Invites it each blossom to rifle,
Let us glean what is noble and good from each
creed,
Nor with conscience and honesty trifle.
How much better and wiser the world might
become,
Would partisans cease their contention,
Would the censor but pause, and the bigot be
dumb,
Nor strengthen the weeds of dissension;
But love one another, as brothers and men,
In works of pure charity labor,
Be true to the faith of their sires, and again
Respect the same right in their neighbor.

G. L. B.

DARK SPOTS ON THE FAIR SUN,— CONVENTS, ETC.

Parents, brothers, sisters! All ye who take
A lively interest in the happiness
Of objects to your bosom near and dear,
(And where is he who has not some fond plant,
Some lovely flow'r, o'er which his bosom warms,—
His tender thoughts expand?) Beware, beware
The serpent's oily tongue! The ETERNAL
WELFARE of immortal souls respect!

W. PEACE.

IF EVER MORTAL had reason to rejoice, WE have. A few honest remarks from our pen, introduced from time to time in connection with the internal machinery of convents, have, it would appear, worked wonders. They have led to inquiry, and this inquiry has ended in satisfactory proof that we asserted nothing rashly.

It would ill become us, as a Public Journalist, to shrink from a task of positive though painful duty. What we have said has been forced from us. We only wish that every other Journal had been as fearlessly independent in the utterance of its sentiments. The souls and bodies of our fellow-creatures are *not* objects to be trifled with,—their temporal and eternal happiness are not matters to be so lightly esteemed. To immolate one's own child, too! Forbid it, Heaven!

How often has our heart groaned with anguish, to read (blazoned forth in our public newspapers,) an announcement of some distinguished young lady of fortune being about to “pass through the fire to Moloch!”—or, to speak in the refined language of modern times, to “take the veil!” Tickets, too, to see this great insult to the Almighty, have been advertised for disposal! Nobody, surely, will ask us to recall the remark we have so often uttered as to the world being *mad*. Men and women, with hearts and souls, to gaze on a sinful offering like this—and with such complacency too! Is it not monstrous? Fathers!—blush. Mothers!—weep tears of blood.

What puzzles us so very much is,—that people of good education and general common sense, should form such a contemptible, such an insulting idea of the Supreme Being, whose love for His creatures is so infinite. They *profess* to adopt the “Sacred Volume” as their book of faith; and yet *act* in open defiance of every holy, innocent principle it enjoins. Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, friends! be timely warned, and let no more such hideous sacrifices call down the vengeance of Heaven. *Cherish* your own flesh and blood. Do not destroy them here and hereafter.

This earth was made for our use and happiness, and for the Creator's glory. Everything is lawful, lawfully used; and all that is required from us in return is a tribute of gratitude, adoration, and praise. On this

point all our honest and best men are agreed. Depend upon this,—he excels most who is most *useful* in his day and generation. Cloistered virtues smell rank.

Ere we terminate these few remarks, let us mention the pleasing fact of the withdrawal of one of our former subscribers, a Roman Catholic. His letter, dated from Buckland, near Faringdon, expresses wrathful indignation at us for our having dared to expose the abuses of convents.* This is well; coming from such a quarter—at once the handsomest compliment that could have been paid us, and strongly corroborative of the power TRUTH possesses when properly handled. OUR JOURNAL never can hope,—neither does it aim, to flourish in such an impure atmosphere. If it should die, let it die with the praise of all honest men upon it;—it were a noble death!

It *has done* much good; it rejoices in the hope of yet adding largely to the sphere of its usefulness.

* Let us tell this very enlightened Roman Catholic a little secret. We sent his letter, under cover, to a friend of ours, who is a true philanthropist. In the reply he sent us, was enclosed the following:—"The object of the miserable man who wrote that epistle shall be defeated. Tell the Editor of KIDD'S JOURNAL, with my best compliments, that I will be a subscriber, in his stead, from the present time. I forward 20s. on account. May the righteous cause prosper!" We learn from our friend, that we are indebted to a very high-minded, charitable lady for this little service. We record it to her honor.—ED. K. J.

WHAT I LOVE.

BY J. S. BIGG.

I play not with the thunders,
And the grim lightnings are no friends of mine;
And the profound unmeasured amplitudes
In which all times and changes hang like stars,
And the deep questionings which move thy breast,
Move me but little; though I know they *are*.
I never shook a paw with the dread Sphynx,
And all her riddles are to me as dreams.
I LOVE the lowly and the beautiful—
The apple, sun-brown'd on the garden wall;
The peach just rounding into ripeness, with
Its first young blush just spreading o'er its cheek;
The breath of flowers and hum of honey-bees,
The wavy odor of bean-fields, and songs
Of merry harvest-home; the music which
A tiny streamlet makes unto the trees
That stand in condescending stateliness
Along its mossy banks, like grim old grey-beards
Listening with all becoming gravity
To the sweet talk and fragmentary thought
Of prattling infancy; the amber blush
And hues of glory which the evening spreads,
Ere she has closed the flowery volume up,
The record of the day; and the dark zone
Of Night, with all its cabalistic pomp.

FLOWERS, AND A LOVE FOR NATURE; OR, SCIENCE MADE EASY.

IT IS FULL LATE IN THE DAY FOR US to comment on the power of kindness in winning young people to the pursuit of useful knowledge. We have said, and we glory in repeating it, that gentleness and goodness will accomplish almost everything. Only get possession of a child's heart, and reason kindly with it, and it is at once in your keeping.

These remarks are introductory to a little episode which appears in our excellent contemporary, the "Gardeners' Journal," and which we make no apology for transferring, (in a carefully abridged form,) to our own columns. There is a "great fact" interwoven in this little narrative of events, which cannot fail to be recognised by our readers, and we feel sure of their appreciating the motive by which we are actuated in bringing it under their eye. Let us call the sketch we allude to—

THE VILLAGE FLOWER-SHOW.

In a quiet corner of rural England dwells a pastor of the Established Church—an eminent teacher of botany, whose educational views, sprung from a mathematical university, have bent with peculiar grace to the influence of his professional pursuits. For him, the lilies of the field are ministering elements of thought and feeling; serving to rear up the minds of his flock in notions of comeliness and order; and to draw lessons from plants and other natural objects, is with him a treasured step towards the development of an observant and godly intellect. Let us see how far his village flower-show, held a few days since, confirms the spirit of his teaching.

The ruling principle of the "H— Laborers' and Mechanics' Horticultural Society," is, that every member should feel his independence as a contributing subscriber. They are of the very poorest class. Few, very few, alas! of the parents are able to read or write. The subscription is *sixpence per annum*, and out of this small fund two annual shows—one of flowers and one of vegetables—are held with great rejoicing in the grounds of the Rectory. Prizes, varying from 2s. 6d. to a pinch of white snuff, *i.e.*, peppermint lozenges, are offered by the rector, gentry, and farmers, to the most successful cultivators, and the award of the judges is looked forward to, each year, with as much competing excitement as the gold and silver Banksian and Knightian medals of the metropolis.

There is, however, one important advantage which this Society has over those of London. It gives prizes for wild-flowers. As the seasons come round, the children of H— go into the fields to gather wild-flowers, and a faithful record is kept and printed, of the parish Flora. Hard names, such as "monocotyledonous" and "inflorescence" are as familiar to them as household words. They are engrafted on the memory by their continual practical illustration. The spelling-book gives them names equally hard

and important, such as ple-ni-poten-ti-a-ry and ag-grand-ize-ment; but as these things are unfamiliar, and have no practical illustration among them, they are forgotten almost as soon as learned. Of wild-flowers, a prize of 1s. and four of 6d. are offered for the five best nosegays, not exceeding 18in. by 12in., prepared by children between eight and fourteen years of age, and a prize of 1s. and two of 6d. for similar nosegays from children under eight years of age; and three prizes of 2s. 6d., 2s., and 1s. 6d., are offered, respectively, to the children of the parish school, who shall answer best some questions about the local wild-flowers.

The day arrives, and the village botanists are sauntering up the long walk with the produce of their rambles. Presently they are buzzing under a group of horse-chestnut trees, making up their nosegays—eighteen inches by twelve—and anon they show them in the exhibition-booth, in the quaintest possible stands—from a ginger-beer bottle to a cocked-hat—Damon of the time of Watteau, with his arms a-kimbo, looking as proud of his load as a Linnæan herbalist. Opposite to them are arranged the fuchsias, geraniums, roses, pinks, stocks, pansies, annuals and perennials, nosegays, and device nosegays; and at the end the rustics are peeping with astonishment into a polyorama and a stereoscope.

The giving of each prize is accompanied with praises and criticism, according as either is needed. The fuchsias are pronounced to be excellent; the pinks not so good. "You must improve their cultivation," said the Professor, "by the next show. In having such jagged edges they look too much like cloves. They look as if they had been jumping through the brambles and had torn their petticoats." The failing characteristic was understood in a moment. The wild-flower gatherers now stand round to receive their prizes, and to be asked questions. It was announced that one little girl had added twelve new species to the flora of H— during the past year; twelve, not brought hap-hazard, with a heap of others, but detected separately in the field, as not being in the printed catalogue, and not hitherto known to the University Professor of Botany as being inhabitants of his parish. Plants from the west of England, not before seen by the little botanists, were then shown to them, and the class, family, and genus were told without hesitation; and when asked to what plant known to them they were related, the allied local species was named, though differing in general aspect. The plant was determined alone by its scientific character.

The prizes were awarded; and it did one's heart good to see the little bob-curtsey and intelligent *simper* that accompanied it. A present of botanical boxes was promised to be given on the morrow. The banquet of tea and cake for three hundred horticulturists who had taken penny tickets, and a hymn of loyalty and grateful interchange of huzzas between master and servants, concluded the proceedings. The parting adieu is still tinkling gently in our ears.

But a yet more interesting sight awaited us. On the morrow we visited the parish dame-school. The forms were crowded with children, the girls neat and intelligent, and the boys somewhat quaintly clad, and drowsy. As the Professor

appeared at the door (looking a little quaint in his straw hat, with a rough hoe for a walking-stick), the pinafores botanists, who seemed to congregate by instinct, stood up to receive him. At one end of the room was a cupboard, containing the parish herbarium. It consisted of dried specimens of the flora of H—, neatly arranged and named, and outside on a board hung the printed catalogue of reference. Opposite to it was a large A,B,C table, and some views of the Crystal Palace. At the other end of the room was the vivarium, or collection of living specimens. Each plant was contained in a separate phial of water, and two or three hundred or more, all fully labelled, were arranged along the wall in wooden shelves drilled for their reception.

The prizes awarded to the most successful field botanists were now brought out for distribution. They were of three classes—botanical boxes, pocket lenses, and cases of forceps. The little villagers received their philosophical instruments with a shrewd appreciation of the use of them, and brought them to bear on a dissection of the products of the day with the dexterity of a Hooker or a Lindley. The forceps was lifted to separate the sepals and petals; the lens to examine the number of pistils and stamens; and class, order, and genus were determined by the competing botanists in a moment. "They beat my Cambridge boys," said the Professor; "we don't trouble ourselves here about the Artificial system of botany: we jump smack to the Natural."

One little girl had detected a species of reed grass new to her. It was new, as occurring in this locality, to the Professor. It was new even to his own private herbarium, and rare in all England. The girls were now examined as to the general characters of plants. A specimen was held up and systematically pulled to pieces, and the questions put were promptly answered in the course of the dissection. All we can ourselves remember is a lifting of the forceps, a quizzing through lenses, a general consultation and whispering, and the simultaneous echo now and then of such words as 'tetradynamous,' 'hypogynous,' 'polypetalous,' 'syngenesious,' and the like; learned out of a printed formula, which had proved much easier to them than the multiplication table. "They beat my Cambridge boys hollow," again remarked the Professor, with a smile.

In conclusion, all kneeled down on the clean brick floor, to repeat a short prayer to the gracious Giver of plants, that open out spring lessons for intelligent minds; and we went out thoroughly impressed with the importance of nature-teaching, even in this sequestered pastoral spot. We would have given the world at that moment for some claim to a share in the blessing that followed the reverend Professor home to the Rectory.

This is philosophy worth talking about. It is, indeed, living for a good purpose. If the same principle of action were carried out in a multitude of other matters, how much happier should we be as a nation!

The feelings of that Reverend Professor we can readily enter into. Oh, that we could number many more *such* "professors" in this giddy world of ours!

LIVE AND LET LIVE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

METHINKS we should have this engraven
 Where all who are running may read ;
 Where Interest swoops like a raven,
 Right eager to pounce and to feed.
 Far too often does Honesty dwindle
 In bosoms that fatten on wealth ;
 While Craft, with unsatisfied spindle,
 Sits winding in darkness and stealth.
 It is fair we should ask for our labor
 The recompense Fairness should give ;
 But pause ere we trample a neighbor,—
 For Duty says—" Live and let live."

Shame to those, who, secure in their thriving,
 Yet fain would keep poorer ones down—
 Those, who like not the crust of the striving
 To grow to a loaf like their own.
 Shame to those, who for ever are grasping
 At more than one mortal need hold ;
 Whose heart-strings are coiling and clasping
 Round all that gives promise of gold.
 Shame to those, who with eager attaining
 Are willing to take but not give,
 Whose selfishness—coldly enchaining—
 Forgets it should " live and let live."

There is room in the world for more pleasure,
 If man would but learn to be just ;
 And regret when his fellow-man's measure
 Runs over with tear-drops and dust.
 God sent us to help one another ;
 And he who neglects the behest,
 Disgraces the milk of his mother
 And spreadeth Love's pall o'er his breast.
 Yes, the spirit that covets unduly
 May well doubt if God will forgive ;
 For Religion ne'er preaches more truly,
 Than when she says—" LIVE AND LET
 LIVE."

CELEBRATED YEW TREES.

WE HAVE RECENTLY GIVEN some very curious particulars relative to certain Yew Trees; and observing that we have created thereby a considerable interest, we are anxious to prevent the occurrence of any misconception as to any of them being, at the present time, "alive and well."

Much has been said about the yew tree in Brabourne Churchyard, Kent. This, it appears, is now dead. Connected with this, and other celebrated yew trees, Mr. W. J. FRAMPTON, of Sandgate, thus writes:—I send you, Mr. Editor, the following evidence respecting the once glorious old yew tree in Brabourne churchyard, in this county, and which many authors of the present day (as I suppose following older writers) have unfortunately represented as still alive and flourishing. I consider it invidious to name any one or two in particular, as it is evident how the mistake has arisen.

This being the case in respect of this Yew (said to be 3000 years old), may not a like error be in print regarding other of our old trees? *ex. gr.* the Yew at Hedsor, Bucks, said to be 27 feet in diameter, and 3200 years old, or about 160 years older than the Trojan War! Would you not be doing the public a grateful service in clearing up this matter?

In a foot-note at page 303 of vol. iii. of the folio copy of "History and Topographical Survey of the County of Kent, by Edward Hasted, of Canterbury, Esq., F.R.S. and S.A. 1790," is the following: "Mr. Evelyn, in his 'Discourse on Forest Trees,' page 84, printed in 1664, mentions a superannuated yew tree growing in this (Brabourne) churchyard, which being 58 feet 11 in. in circumference, bore nearly 20 feet in diameter, and beside which there were goodly planks and other considerable pieces of square and clear timber, which he observed to lie about it, which had been hewed and sawn out of some of the arms only, torn from it by impetuous winds. This tree has been many years since gone, and a fine stately young one now flourishing in the room of it."

From very recent admeasurement of the young tree, spoken of as above by Hasted, by a surveyor, a friend of mine, resident on the spot, and which may be implicitly relied on, the height of the present tree is about 44 feet. The circumference at 1 foot from the ground is 9 feet 6 inches; ditto at 2 feet, 9 feet 8½ inches; ditto at 4 feet 2 inches, *i.e.* where the first or lowest branch issues, 10 feet 7 inches. The diameter of surface covered by the tree is 27 feet. An intelligent old lady parishioner, aged over 90 years, never remembers the old Yew. The parish records are silent on the subject. Parties have for a series of years been in the habit of coming to examine the old Yew, but of course with no success.

W. J. FRAMPTON.

Sandgate, Aug. 6.

"NO MORE!"

"No more!"—What pain and anguish lie
 Within that simple sound ;
 What wither'd hopes and faded joys
 May in those words be found !
 "No more" to see the forms we love,
 "No more" the voice to hear
 That fell as balm upon the mind,
 As music on the ear.

"No more" to watch the buoyant step,
 "No more" with *her* to rove ;
 "No more" to see the soft bright eye
 Beam on us looks of love.
 "No more" to see the witching smile,
 To feel that all is o'er,—

Oh! the sad bitterness that lies

WITHIN THOSE WORDS—"NO MORE!"

CONDESCENSION.

An eagle, towering in his pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.
SHAKESPEARE.



AMONGST THE MIGHTY MASSES OF

THE PEOPLE, it is not to be wondered at if some few adopt "notions" that may justly be termed singular. I have a notion that nothing can be more singular than the idea "some people" have of Condescension. What a patronising term!

I have heard, Mr. Editor, that when a goose passes under an arch, or through a door-way, of whatever altitude, it always stoops. This, I suppose, is condescension; and, to say truth, wherever I have seen an ostentation of condescension, it has reminded me of geese.

There is a great deal of fun, and some little philosophy, in condescension. The fun of it is, that the person condescending must first lift himself up to his greatest height, in order to show how low he can stoop. I like to hear of learned men "condescending" to the capacities of children—just as if learned men had forgotten their A B C, and could talk nothing but Greek and Hebrew! Why, there is not one among them who does not understand Cinderella better than he does Sophocles.

I am no leveller; I am a decided believer in the beauty and utility of rank. I also like courtesy, affability, and politeness; but when the word condescension is mentioned, I am always inclined to laugh. When Tony Lumpkin, as set forth in the pleasant comedy "She Stoops to Conquer," gives the benefit and blessing of his company to the swillers of swipes at the public-house, he is very condescending; yet I quite sympathise with Mrs. Harcastle in her reprobation of such unbecoming familiarity. But when you see the party assembled, and hear their conversation, you do not think much of the condescension of Tony. Moreover, unhappily for Tony's own dignity, he does not seem to be aware of it himself. The party would willingly pay him homage, but he seems hardly inclined to relish it; he wishes to be quite at his ease—which a condescending person in such circumstances never is.

Condescension, in its true and most exquisitely ludicrous state, has a kind of *noli me tangere* air about it. It is like oil on water—it never amalgamates with the baser fluid. The genuine condescender has a kind of elasticity about him, by means of which he can presently raise himself up again to the natural level of his dignity; like those monkeys who, with a kind of hook to the

end of their tails, can presently spring from the ground into a tree or on to a perch. Tony Lumpkin's condescension was a thorough down-letting of his dignity—a total oblivion of his rank. He could not resume his dignity at a moment's notice; he not only forgot his own superiority, but seemed to wish that others should forget it too. This, you observe, is different from right-earnest condescension, which aims at uniting, for the time, the great and the small, the high and the low; and which would shudder, and almost die with mortification, should its greatness seem for a moment to be forgotten. Tony Lumpkin, in his condescension, if we may so call it, did not so much enjoy his greatness as he enjoyed getting rid of it; but regular condescension is one of the highest luxuries of greatness.

All greatness is apprehended by comparison; we never feel how great we are till we bring our greatness into contact with another's littleness. When Gulliver dwelt in England previously to his voyage to Lilliput, he was not sensible of his greatness of body; but when he dwelt among the Lilliputians, he felt himself to be a marvellously-great man indeed. Thus it is with such as condescend; they come from such a height to such a depth, that they are wholly astounded at once at their own greatness and at others' littleness.

The pleasure of condescension is so great, that many seek for the enjoyment of it whom we should not at first sight think likely to have opportunity or room for its exercise. In Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, mention is made of a funeral sermon which had been preached for the wife or widow of some cheesemonger in Tooley-street, or Bermondsey; in which, amongst other laudatory topics, it was recorded, to the honor of the deceased, that she was remarkable for her condescension to her inferiors. On which Dr. Johnson remarked, that "there might be some little difficulty in ascertaining who her inferiors were." The doctor was more obtuse of perception than was the cheesemonger's wife, who had no difficulty whatever in ascertaining the point.

Condescension is a luxury, the enjoyment of which is happily not confined to any one gradation of society. Every goose is tall enough to stoop. There is no condition in which a man may not have some fear of degradation and down-letting of his dignity, or in which he may not show some gracious condescension to his inferiors. And all the beauty of his arrangement is owing to what some people may think a defect, viz.—the undefinedness of dignity, and that *ad libitum* which suffers so many to place themselves as they will or can, aided by the various points of comparison; so that though there may

be inferiority in some things, there may be superiority in others. Thus no individual is the lowest; for he that is low in some respects is high in others.

When I was a little boy, I was at a very great school—great, I mean, in point of numbers; and when we walked to church, our arrangement was not according to literary merit or proficiency, but according to height; so that we might thereby look more uniform in the public eye. There were also two other classifications—viz., the classification according to penmanship, and the classification according to general literature or grammatical attainments. Thus there was a pleasant and amusing variety of rank; and we were sometimes as puzzled to settle points of precedence and etiquette, as any little party in a country town; for it was seldom that height, writing, and grammar were in the same proportion. One was before another in measuring; and another took precedence in writing, but wanting height; while a third might be an excellent grammar scholar, but neither a penman nor a Colossus. So, by these means, we all of us had more or less the pleasure of looking down upon one another; and all of us could enjoy, if we wished it, the pleasure of condescension. Dr. Johnson was therefore manifestly wrong, in doubting whether the wife of a cheese-monger in Tooley-street was capable of condescending; or whether there were any persons who might properly be called her inferiors.

It would be indeed a sad and cruel thing, if a man should feel that all were condescending to him, and that he himself could be condescending to nobody—because nobody was inferior to him. To be the first in society, though attended with some inconveniences, is still rather an object of ambition; therefore the first may be safely defined, but to be the last is too painful; and the Herald's Office, in mercy to mankind, leaves that point to be settled by those whom it may concern. Therefore *it never is settled*; and so the pleasure of condescension may be enjoyed by all.

The virtue of condescension is so exceedingly amiable and interesting, that one cannot help wishing to imitate it; and we naturally look out for our inferiors, in order to have the pleasure of gratifying them by our condescension, as much as we have been gratified by the condescension of our superiors. It is observable how very condescending and patronising are the servants and dependants of the great. From observing the manners of their masters, and mistresses, and patrons, they gain the same air, and imbibe the same feelings. In order to manifest condescension, as we have said above, there should be, of necessity, a sense or apprehension of greatness; thus these domestics and

dependants generally cultivate this feeling of greatness with much diligence and success. A greater or more condescending man than a great man's porter, you do not often meet withal; and many a king upon a throne grants an audience to, or receives homage from, a most devoted and most humble subject, with far less of the pomp of condescension than a great man's porter gives audience to a man in a seedy coat.

Yet, perhaps, after all, the completest condescension is that of a great boy at school to a little one. I know a man who, about thirty years ago, was first boy at our school; and he has told me more than once—and I dare say that, if we live to grow old, he will tell me a hundred times more, that his sense of greatness at that time was so absurdly strong, that he could absolutely contain no more, and that he was nearly bursting with pride. Yet he was marvellously condescending; and I do verily believe, that if her most gracious Majesty, Victoria, of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith, &c. &c., should walk arm-in-arm with me in Pall-Mall or St. James's Park, I should not think more highly of the condescension than I did of the condescension of the young gentleman above alluded to.

We can never perhaps enjoy condescension so completely as in early life; before we have thoroughly ascertained the meaning and full force of the word 'great'—*omne ignotum pro magnifico*; and before we know what greatness is, we think it a marvellously-magnificent thing. After all, the game of condescension, like all other games, requires two to play at it; but unlike all other games, it is best played at by those who understand it least; for, when it is thoroughly understood by both parties, it is rather too broad a farce, and carried on with a serious face.

I very much admire the churchwarden's wife who went to church for the first time in her life, when her husband was churchwarden. Being somewhat late, the congregation were getting up from their knees at the time she entered, and she said, with a sweetly condescending smile—"Pray keep your seats, ladies and gentlemen; I think no more of myself now than I did before."

D. O. T.

NATURE'S ELOQUENCE.

WHAT language lurks beneath a glance!
Their eyes but met, and then were turned aside.
It was enough! That mystic eloquence,
Unheard, yet visible, is plainly felt,
And tells what else were incommunicable.
It is the voiceless language which the stars
Speak to each other in the quiet night!

DEROZIER.

[This is a sweet commentary on the sentiments to which we are so often giving utterance.]

A MAY RAMBLE IN DARENTH WOOD.

THE SUN WAS SHINING warm and bright, when I peeped from my chamber window at the "Fox and Hounds." There had been rain during the night; and every bush and plant within sight was hung with innumerable crystal drops, which sparkled and glittered in the sun's early beams, like so many liquid pearls, as the soft wind waved them to and fro. It was a beautiful sight. But I always view these bright clear mornings with distrust; for I scarcely ever knew a fine day to follow.

Unlike our gracious Queen, I am very unfortunate with regard to the weather; seldom returning home without a wet jacket. Even as I gazed, dark clouds appeared above the summit of the wood. However, down stairs I went; and, having armed myself with the necessary entomological weapons, I bounded forth into the open air.

There is something peculiarly beautiful in the early morning. It is then that the song of birds, or the hum of that early little riser, the bee, is alone borne on the breeze,—when yet the air is untainted with the smoky breath of the city, and the dew yet lingers on the perfumed flowers.

Arrived in the wood, I was greeted by the melodious song of the nightingale, whilst ever and anon came from afar the cuckoo's plaintive note. The ground and trees were miserably wet. Both, however, as the morning advanced, became tolerably dry. The clouds passed away; and, for once, I concluded I was, with regard to the weather, to be agreeably disappointed.

The first insect I met with was the speckled yellow *Venilia Macularia*; the next was the Maiden's Blush. I beat, beat, beat, till my arms grew weary. Nothing would stir save those eternal speckled yellows, and at length I returned to the "Fox and Hounds" without the satisfaction of having taken a single insect. Here, however, I was consoled by the sight of a good breakfast, to which I consider I did justice—albeit the tea was none of the best; but then new-laid eggs (some laid by Mr. Martin's own hens), and mild ham, are wonderful provocatives to the appetite.

While making myself intimately acquainted with these good things, the sun suddenly ceased to shine, the sky became overcast, and shortly, as I had expected, down came the rain. True it is it did not last long, but there was quite enough to render the herbage as miserably wet as before. As soon as the sun shone forth, I again made my way up the steep and narrow lane, to one of the many choice spots in this fine wood. The ground was literally carpeted with the blossoms of the Ground Ivy (*Glechoma Hederacea*); Bugle (*Ajuga Reptans*); and Wood Spurge; round

which latter flower, numbers of *Diptera* and *Hymenoptera* were constantly hovering. But here again I was doomed to disappointment. My captures were limited to a few specimens of *Melitia Euphrosyne*.

Here and there, on the edges of the pathways, were clusters of that beautiful sweet-scented little flower, the Woodniff (*Asperula Odorata*); and by its side the meek, white flowers of the Wood Strawberry (*Fragaria Vesca*). By beating, I took one specimen of Jephtha's daughter, one of *Macaria Notataria*; one of *Thera Veriararia*; one of *Strenia Clathraria*; and several of the Birch Ingrail, from the trunks of the trees. These conclude my list of important (!) captures. I searched long for, but could not obtain, a single specimen of *Nemeobius Lucina* and *Thecla Rubi*, and during the search narrowly escaped a drenching, which, had it not been for a woodcutter's hut, I should most certainly have caught.

In several places the ground was blue with the Wild Hyacinth, a white variety of which I not unfrequently observed. Peeping out from the shade of the trees, I noticed the frail Wood Sorrel (*Oxalis Acetosella*); but this sweet flower is rather scarce here—the Forget-me-not, the Stitchwort (*Holostea Stel-laria*), the Cranesbill, the Dog Violet, the Ragged Robin, and in the clearings, the green Twayblade (*Listera Ovata*), and the Brown-winged Orchis (*Orchis Fusca*)—this latter I am not certain about—besides many others that my limited knowledge of botany will not allow me to name.

The weather still continuing showery, and seeing no hope of better luck, I again returned to the "Fox and Hounds;" and having refreshed myself with a capital dinner, I bent my steps homeward. Here I will leave the reader; as this part of my excursion is even more dry and uninteresting than the relation of "A May Ramble in Darenth Wood."

C. MILLER.

Hackney, August 16.

SWEET MELANCHOLY.

ALL things are touch'd with melancholy,—
Born of the secret soul's mistrust,
To feel her fair ethereal wings
Weigh'd down with vile degraded dust.
Even the bright extremes of joy
Bring on conclusions of disgust,—
Like the sweet blossom of the May,
Whose fragrance ends in must.
Oh, give her, then, her tribute just;
Her sighs and tears, and musings holy!
There is no music in the life
That sounds with idiot laughter solely.
There's not a string attuned to mirth
BUT HAS ITS CHORD IN MELANCHOLY.

TOM HOOD.

THE BACHELOR'S DREAM.

The music ceased; the last quadrille was o'er—
And one by one the waning beauties fled;
The garlands vanished from the frescoed floor,
The nodding fiddler hung his weary head.

And I—a melancholy single man—
Retired to mourn my solitary fate.
I slept awhile; but o'er my slumbers ran
The sylph-like image of my blooming Kate.

I dreamt of mutual love, and Hymen's joys,
Of happy moments and connubial blisses;
And then I thought of little girls and boys,—
The mother's glances, and the infant's kisses.

I saw them all, in sweet perspective sitting
In winter's eve around a blazing fire;
The children playing and the mother knitting,
Or fondly gazing on the happy Sire.

The scene was changed—in came the Baker's
bill;
I stared to see the hideous consummation
Of pies and puddings that it took to fill
The stomachs of the rising generation.

There was no end to eating:—legs of mutton
Were vanquished daily by this little host;
To see them, you'd have thought each tiny
glutton
Had laid a wager who could eat the most.

The massy pudding smoked upon the platter;
The ponderous sirloin raised its head in vain;—
The little urchins kicked up such a clatter,
That scarce a remnant e'er appeared again.

Then came the School bill:—Board and Edu-
cation
So much per annum; but the extras mounted
To nearly twice the primal stipulation,
And every little bagatelle was counted!

"To mending tuck;—a new Homeri Ilias;—
A pane of glass;—Repairing coat and b——s;
A slate and pencil;—Binding old Virgilius;—
Drawing a tooth;—An open draft and leeches."

And now I languished for the single state,
The social glass, a quiet day on Sunday,
The jaunt to Windsor with my own sweet Kate,
And raved against the weekly bills on Monday.

Here Kate began to scold,—I stampt the more;
The kittens squeak, the children loudly scream;
And thus awaking with the wild uproar,
I thanked my stars that it was—but a dream.

D. O. T.

MAN'S SORROWS.

OUR woes

Are like the moon reversed—the broad bright disk
Turned Heavenwards—the dark side towards us,
Till God in His great mercy moves them round
And rolls them with a wise and gentle hand
Into the dim horizon of the past,
To bless us with their smile of tearful lustre.

J. S. BIGG.

SOME ACCOUNT

OF THE

REMARKABLE MAY SNOW-STORM.

WITH INCIDENTAL NOTICES OF ITS EFFECTS
ON THE LIVING AND INANIMATE CREATION.

WE HAVE RECEIVED FROM A KIND FRIEND
residing at Barnsley, some very interesting
particulars relative to the extraordinary
Snow-storm of May last, which committed
such sad ravages in the south-west of York-
shire, and the bordering counties westward.

Such a storm occurring in the month of
May, was never, it would appear, known
before. Very voluminous details were pub-
lished at the time by the local journals, but
the subjoined additional particulars, from the
Diary of Mr. T. Lister, will, we feel sure, be
read with an increased feeling of curiosity—
more especially as they embody many inter-
esting remarks about birds, flowers, and vege-
tation generally.

May 9.—The barometer sank from 29·30° yester-
day to 29·15° and 29°. Through the early
hours of morning showers were continuous, which
gradually changed to snow, increasing in the heaviness
of the flakes towards noon, and continuing
without intermission until late at night. Passen-
gers, vehicles, roofs of houses, trees, everything
was literally covered with a thick, snowy mantle.

May 10.—This morning the streets and houses
are deeply enveloped in snow. The depth around
the town is estimated at from nine inches to one
foot, increasing in a westward direction towards
the moors. At Stainbro', it is reported to lie from
fifteen to eighteen inches; at Thurgoland, two
feet; at Penistone, with careful measurement, it
was found to be a depth of two feet three inches;
and in many places above one yard. On the Derby-
shire side of the great backbone of England, it is
stated to be from three to four feet. The wind
was changeable during the fall of this snow-storm,
blowing from the N.E. by N. and N.W. at intervals.
The extent to which the snow was mainly confined,
was, in this district, on each side of the Moorland
ridge, thinning off to the eastward towards Ponte-
fract, scarcely extending to Wakefield northward,
nor Chesterfield southward, nor Doncaster south-
east; the snow changing to rain in these directions.
The damage to trees has been immense. The
birch and the beech, with their numerous leafy
sprays, and the budding oaks, have suffered the
most in the woods about here. But the injury
sustained here, is nothing to compare with the west
and south-west districts. The woods of F. V.
Wentworth, Esq., at Stainbro', and those of Lord
Wharnccliffe, at Wortley and Wharnccliffe, suffered
to the extent of thousands of pounds loss. Heavy
losses have been sustained in the quantities of sheep
that have perished. Such a snow-storm in May is
not remembered by the oldest amongst us; and by
few, indeed, at any period of the year. The quan-
tity of water in the rain-gauge, on the roof of the
post-office, indicated a fall to the unprecedented
extent of two inches, and probably there would be
some waste in the flakes of snow being blown from
the receiver previous to melting.

May 11.—Took the first opportunity of getting

out since the storm occurred, anxious to ascertain the fate of my feathered favorites, in this unlooked-for visitation of churlish winter. The effects have been serious to the nesting birds, particularly the ground-builders, as larks, grouse, &c. A handsome cock whinchat had been brought to me, starved to death, and numbers of eggs were found cold in the deserted nests. To my great surprise, on passing down the fields to the Old Mill, I found the birds were neither chilled into torpitude, nor voiceless. The tree pipit, green linnet, and storm-cock, were singing merrily about the gardens and fields. The snow was fast melting away from the neighboring slopes, but laid white and cold on the distant hills; there having been a partial frost during both nights after the snow. An unusually large flood had filled the Dearne valley. The water still covered the Fleets like a miniature lake. Rooks, skylarks, meadow pipits, swallows and thrushes, were flying over the waters, or picking up insects or worms on patches which the flood had left. On the near bushes, the whinchat, the sedge warbler, the willow wren, and the jenny wren were singing merrily; and in the Cliff Wood, lower down, the blackbird, the whitethroat, and the blackcap, were tuning their mellow pipes; as if no unseasonable visitation had but a few hours before taken place, leaving its traces still on the fresh leaves and blossoms of spring.

May 16.—I accompanied the Temperance Procession to Stainbro' Park. The visitors were, as usual, not numerous in the fore part of the day; but before evening were estimated at 1,500 to 2,000. The amount taken at the gates, at the small admission fee, was near £15, leaving a profit of £7 clear, towards the beneficent object of the society. The day was as fine as could be desired for this exhilarating and rational mode of spending Whitsun holidays.

In sad contrast to this genial weather, and the budding promises of summer, were the devastating traces of the late heavy snow-storm. The fine beech trees we had so much admired the week before,—one below the canal partially leafed, and the one a little beyond the bridge, which we had contemplated as a perfect model of this noble tree, so ample in bulk, the trunk being about twelve feet in diameter, and so graceful in the proportion of its bold, leafy branches,—exhibited now a sad wreck of their former beauty and stateliness. In taking the round of the park, to preserve order among the "irregulars" always mingling in such companies, restraining the juveniles from pelting the swans, or running the timid hares and deer,—I found constant traces of the devastating storm.

The branches of many trees of the rookeries in the menagerie, and amid the tall oaks near Queen Anne's Lodge, were broken down by the weight of snow, increased by the quantity of nests they supported. In many cases, the branches, nests, and young birds, had come down in a confused mass. The ravages made on the trees near the Gamekeeper's cottage were still greater; but this was said to be nothing to the destruction experienced in the woods about Rockley. The splendid avenues of beeches, the admiration of all beholders, had many of their finest branches—some of them comparable to trees in themselves—fairly borne down on all sides by the superincumbent masses

of snow. It was, therefore, with feelings of pain and pleasure, that the diversified scenes of this fine park were surveyed on that day—pain at the devastation produced by one day's snow—pleasure in the sight of the fair flowers and trees bursting into vernal beauty, as if eager to outgrow and efface, by their luxuriance, the temporary check that vegetation had sustained. It was truly the union of the hopefulness of spring with the ravages of winter—emblematic of human life, with its smiles and tears, its mingled sorrows and joys.

I had little leisure to search for rare birds; the nuthatch abounded in the pleasure-grounds. The pied flycatcher was yet invisible, as on my last visit. The late cold, changeful weather, may have retarded its arrival in this its only haunt in our neighborhood. Beyond the temple, I saw some boys pelting what they called "jinties," one of their names for the jenny wren. I soon perceived that they were the tree-creepers, running busily around the boles of the huge oaks. I let the lads see them through the telescope; the amusement of which softened down their persecuting instinct into a sort of admiration for these tiny interesting creatures. The Gamekeeper, who had supplied me with some eggs of daws and other birds, had reserved for me the eggs of what he called the blue hawk, which he, with the fatal antipathy of his profession, had shot on the nest, but not captured. Comparing them with Morris's colored plates, I ascertained at once that they belonged to the sparrow-hawk, the blue tint on the back of the male bird gaining it the above title. It could be no other bird; as the blue hawk, the hen harrier, setting aside the color of the eggs, would not have been found here—it having become, with many more of its doomed race, extinct in this country, owing to the rapacity of scientific collectors, and the undying hate of game protectors.

This keeper maintains that the kestrel preys on birds as well as mice. He is backed out by others of his class, one of whom states that he has seen the kestrel devouring a partridge: unless the merlin or hobby, both of which occur, though rarely, in this part, has been mistaken for this bird, the statement is at variance with the views of most writers. I lean to the book opinion, that with respect to destroying game, this hawk is as harmless as it is handsome.

We have also the testimony of the most observing field-naturalist, Waterton, as to its harmlessness, and utility to the farmer and landed proprietor. The excellent remarks of his, quoted in the article on Persecuted Animals by Dr. Morris, editor of the *Naturalist*, appearing in KIDD'S pleasing JOURNAL OF NATURAL HISTORY, are surely sufficient to settle this point, both with the learned and unlearned world.

What with vulgar prejudices, and wanton destructiveness towards eggs and birds, encouraged instead of being checked by the scientific in their over-anxiety for making collections, and a grudging jealousy of losing a few brace of game,—our hawks and eagles will follow the fate of the vanishing bittern and extinct bustard; and instead of being admired in their living state, be known only to a future race, like the *dinorsis* of New Zealand, by their wasting skeletons.

T. LISTER.

WIVES,—USEFUL AND USELESS.

Whoso findeth a good wife, findeth a good thing.
SOLOMON.

WE HAVE NOT FAILED TO ACKNOWLEDGE on several occasions, the obligations we have been under to a certain writer in "Bentley's Miscellany" for a smart hint or two on the present alarming state of society.

Again do we register our friend's happy thoughts,—and this time, his arrow is levelled at Modern Education. He has cleft the bull's-eye right in twain. Listen!—

Look here! behold these twenty-seven advertisements from people wanting pupils; the greatest drug in the advertising market is education. We are too clever by half now-a-days; everybody, in their own opinion, can teach anybody. Here's a lot of knowledge for twenty guineas a year, *extras* included! French, German, washing, board, lodging, music, drawing, *Calisthenics*—what's that?—geometry, arithmetic, and the use of the globes? Why, its dog cheap—too much by half for the money. Old Peacham in "The Beggar's Opera," who wondered how any man alive should ever rear a daughter, must, with respect, have been a fool; when daughters can be instructed in everything for nothing, we wonder who wouldn't rear scores of daughters if he could get them off his hands.

But there's the difficulty; for, when a man comes to choose a wife in this worky-day world, his object, in nine cases out of ten, is to get a woman who will strive to make a shilling do duty for eighteenpence, who will attend to her household, watch over her family, and not be above doing her duty; and we think we can see in these multifarious accomplishments of the present day, and the necessary neglect of that solid practical education which gives woman a position of utility, the reasons why daughters, now-a-days, are stock slow of sale, and apt to hang heavily on hand.

Who on earth, unless he be a fool, or a man of fortune, can abide to sit down to an ill-dressed dinner in a slatternly house, with the bitter relish for his victuals from the knowledge that his "lady," at a five-and-twenty pound boarding-school, has acquired an appreciable quantity of French, Italian, German, *Calisthenics* (which I suppose is some other outlandish lingo), geometry, or globes? Pickling, preserving, cooking, making and repairing her children's dresses and her own, and a knowledge of the use and economy of money, are things a marrying man can understand and appreciate, particularly if he is under the necessity, as most of us are, of earning his own bread; and this, I think, is the reason that sundry friends of ours, despising boarding-school accomplishments, airs, and graces, have gone down to the country, and brought up wives who had learned by experience of their respectable mothers, the art of presiding over a "comfortable home," and who—to their credit be it spoken—don't know the difference between the Italian and Irish, or could not distinguish *Calisthenics* from Carlotta Grisi.

Our friend is a bold man, to speak heretical language such as this. Fashion strictly

prohibits any young lady to shine in the useful or domestic arts. People of the present day see no charms in a quiet, "happy home;" and as to the term "domestic wife"—woe be to him who has the temerity to utter it in "genteel" society! His sentence would be banishment, from that day forward.

It seems sad to us, that the word "domestic" should be so universally despised. Nor can we see any just cause for a man or woman being so thoroughly hated for their being "home-birds."

There are some points on which we set Fashion at defiance. Those we have hinted at are among the number. With our dying breath, we shall sing of

Home!—sweet Home!

and seek no "fashionable" hand to close our eyes.

THE CHARMS OF POETRY.

The world is FULL of Poetry. The air
Is living with its spirit. The waves, too,
Dance to the music of its melodies,
And sparkle in its brightness.

PERCIVAL.

IT IS WITH THE POET'S CREATIONS AS WITH NATURE'S,—great or small, wherever truth and beauty can be shaped into verse, and answer to some demand for it in our hearts, there poetry is to be found; whether in productions grand and beautiful—as some great event, or some mighty, leafy solitude, or no bigger and more pretending than a sweet face or a bunch of violets—whether in Homer's Epic or Gray's Elegy, in the enchanted gardens of Ariosto and Spenser, or the very pot-herbs of the "Schoolmistress" of Shensstone. Not to know and feel this, is to be deficient in the universality of Nature herself, who calls upon us to admire all her productions.

What the poet has to cultivate above all things is—love and truth. What he has to avoid like poison is—the fleeting and the false. His earnestness must be innate and habitual; born with him, and felt to be his most precious inheritance.

Treatises on Poetry may chance to have auditors who think themselves called upon to vindicate the superiority of what is termed useful knowledge; but if the poet be allowed to pique himself on any one thing more than another, compared with those who undervalue him, it is on that power of undervaluing nobody and no attainments different from his own, which is given him by the very faculty they despise. The greatest includes the less. They do not see that their inability to comprehend him argues the smaller capacity.

No man recognises the worth of utility more than the poet; he only desires that the

meaning of the term may not come short of its greatness, and exclude the noblest necessities of his fellow-creatures. He is quite as much pleased, for instance, with the facilities for rapid conveyance afforded him by the railroad, as the dullest confiner of its advantages to that single idea—or as the greatest two-idea'd man who varies that single idea with hugging himself on his "buttons" or a "good dinner." But he sees also the beauty of the country through which he passes; of the towns; of the Heavens; of the steam-engine itself, thundering and fuming along like a magic horse; of the affections that are carrying, perhaps, half the passengers on the journey. And beyond all this, he sees the incalculable amount of good, and knowledge, and refinement, and mutual consolation, which this wonderful invention is fitted to circulate over the globe,—perhaps to the displacement of war itself, and certainly to the diffusion of enjoyment to millions.

"And a button-maker, after all, invented it!" cries a friend. Pardon me, it was a nobleman. A button-maker may be a very sensible and a very poetical man too, and yet not have been the first man visited by a sense of the gigantic powers of fire and water combined. It was a nobleman who first thought of it; a captain who first tried it; and a button-maker who perfected it: and he who first put the nobleman on such thoughts, was the great philosopher Bacon, who said that "poetry had something divine in it," and was necessary to the satisfaction of the human mind.—LEIGH HUNT.

POEMS BY TENNYSON.

THE following verses by Tennyson are taken from the *London Literary Gem*, published in 1831. They have not appeared in any of the volumes of Tennyson's Poems:—

NO MORE!

Oh, sad *No more!* Oh, sweet *No more!*
 Oh, strange *No more!*
 By a moss brook-bank, on a stone,
 I smelt a wild-weed flower alone;
 There was a ringing in my ears,
 And both my eyes gushed out with tears.
 Surely, all pleasant things had gone before,
 Low buried fathom deep beneath with thee,
No more! A. T.

ANACREONTIC.

With roses musky breathed,
 And drooping daffodilly,
 And silver-leaved lily,
 And ivy darkly wreathed,
 I wove a crown before her—
 For her I love so dearly—
 A garland for Lenora.
 With a silken cord I bound it.
 Lenora, laughing clearly
 A light and thrilling laughter,
 About her forehead wound it,
 And loved me ever after. A. T.

LOVE AND CONSTANCY.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

WE met,—when Fortune's smile was free;
 When Love, and Hope, and Joy were young,
 And pleasures in variety
 Across our happy path were flung.

And, in the joyousness of youth,
 How fondly did our hearts agree!
 We seal'd a sacred bond of truth,
 And sang of Love and Constancy.

Life seemed a long unclouded day,
 Where Truth and Justice reign'd supreme;
 And weary hours pass'd away
 Like phantoms in a restless dream.

And cheerfully we bade adieu
 To follow Fortune's destiny;
 For Happiness was still in view,
 To cherish Love and Constancy.

Years pass'd away; again we met,
 Possess'd of many an anxious care;
 And sorrows we could ne'er forget
 Had made the path of life less fair.

But, in the darkest, dreariest hour,
 The star of Hope shone brilliantly;
 And LOVE, by its resplendent power,
 Claim'd the reward of CONSTANCY.

BALDNESS—WHAT PRODUCES IT?

NO PERSON CAN HAVE FAILED to remark the vast number of young men whose heads are comparatively bald. We have often imagined this to proceed from their manner of living; smoking and spirit-drinking being so inimical to a healthy constitution, and tending so greatly to sap the springs of life. Our contemporary, the *Quarterly Review*, takes a different view of the case. Perhaps we may, together, have worked out the shadow of a correct idea as to the "why and because."

Our contemporary says:—From some one cause or other, baldness seems to befall much younger men now, than it did 30 or 40 years ago. A very observant hatter informed us a short time since, that he imagined much of it was owing to the common use of silk hats, which, from the impermeability to the air, keep the head at a much higher temperature than the old beaver structures, which, he also informed us, went out principally because we had used up all the beavers in the Hudson Bay Company's territories. The adoption of silk hats has, however, given them time, it seems, to replenish the breed. This fact affords a singular instance of the influence of fashion upon the animals of a remote continent. It would be more singular still, if the silk hat theory of baldness has any truth in it; it would then turn out that we were sacrificing our own national nap that the beaver may recover his.

Without endorsing the speculative opinion of our hatter, we may, we believe, state it as a well-ascertained circumstance, that soldiers in helmeted regiments are oftener bald than any other of our heroic defenders. We may add to this, that baldness is, most assuredly, an hereditary misfortune.

A BRIGHT VISION.

BLUE against the more blue Heavens
 Stood the mountain calm and still ;
 Two white angels, bending earthward,
 Leant upon the hill.

Listening leant those silent angels ;
 And I also longed to hear—
 What sweet strain of earthly music
 Thus could charm their ear.

I heard the sound of many trumpets,
 And a warlike march draw nigh ;
 Solemnly a mighty army
 Passed in order by.

But the clang had ceased ; the echoes
 Soon had faded from the hill—
 While the angels, calm and earnest,
 Leant and listened still.

Then I heard a fainter clamor ;
 Forge and wheel were clashing near :
 And the reapers in the meadow
 Sang both loud and clear.

When the sunset came in glory,
 And the toil of day was o'er,
 Still the angels leant in silence,—
 Listening as before.

Then, as daylight slowly vanished,
 And the evening mists grew dim,
 Solemnly from distant voices
 Rose a vesper hymn.

But the chant was done ; and, lingering,
 Died upon the evening air ;
 Yet, from the hill, the radiant angels
Still were listening there.

Silent came the gathering darkness,
 Bringing with it sleep and rest ;
 Save a little bird was singing,
 In her leafy nest.

Through the sounds of war and labor
 She had warbled all day long ;
 While the angels leant and listened
 Only to her song.

But the starry night was coming,
 And she ceased her little lay—
 From the mountain-top the angels
 SLOWLY PASSED AWAY !

From "*Household Words*."

ENGLISH L-A-W.

TAKE NOTICE !—If a man give you a black eye, you make him pay for it ; but if he put out your eye, you get nothing. Whatever is taken from him, goes nominally to the Queen ; *really* to John Stokes or Jack Noakes, who has no concern at all in the matter.

If a man kill your pig, you get the value of it. But *if he kill your wife or your child*, you get nothing. If anything is got out of him, it goes to a stranger as before.

A man sets your house on fire. If by misfortune, you receive amends ; if through malice, you receive nothing.—BENTHAM.

[When simple truths are printed in naked array, how very eloquently they speak !]

FORCED FRUITS AND COSTLY VEGETABLES.

WHILST WALKING DOWN the principal avenue of Covent-Garden Market, and gazing upon certain extraordinary exhibitions of early fruit, flowers, &c., it has often puzzled us to imagine for whom all these unnatural things were intended. Connected with this subject, is an article in "*Household Words*." As it clears up the doubtful point, existing not only in our mind, but in the minds probably of some thousands of individuals, we extract the final paragraphs *pro bono* :—

Centre Row is awake and open now ; but what may I find here that all the world does not know ? I have been through Centre Row hundreds of times in summer and winter, and wondered who were the wealthy luxurious individuals who did not hesitate to pamper themselves with hothouse grapes at twenty-five shillings a pound, with potlles of British Queens or Black Princes at one shilling an ounce, with slender French beans at three shillings a hundred, peas at two pounds a quart, and new potatoes at four shillings and sixpence a pound ; and never knew till now that they are mostly bought by kindly friends as "a surprise" for invalids and sickly and afflicted persons. It was worth walking through here to know *that*.

I never knew till now, that the fruiterers here (who seem to be always having tea or coffee, and to divide their time between mugs, account-books, gold fish, and the vegetable world) can pay four or five hundred pounds per annum for the rent of a little shop ; and that their shops pass from father to son, or to their nominees by will, on payment of a fine, almost in the same way as copyhold property. I did not know that the late Mr. Jonquil—who could not write his name, and was never anxious to learn—made thirty thousand pounds in one of these little Ionic pens.

I was not aware that one back shop keeps sixty persons during the season constantly shelling peas ; nor that nosegay-making has been an art since the Duchess of Sutherland made it one. Nor that girls who practise it skilfully can earn an easy living. Much less (sober bachelor that I am) did I suspect that a wedding nosegay will sometimes cost two guineas ; or that those little bouquets in cut paper, which the *première danseuse* picks up and sniffs and smiles at, and presses to the rim of her corset, and feigns to guard as inestimable treasures, have cost from five to ten shillings each.

The amount of money expended in this Avenue on "extraordinary" productions of nature, is, no doubt, fearfully large. We have stood by, times out of number, and seen such sums cheerfully parted from that we have gone home lost in thought !

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.

ALL things bright have surely got their shadow,
 And every joy is but the gay reverse—
 The bright blank nothing, but the picture's back,
 The portrait of their woe turned to the wall !

J. S. BIGG.

"PENNY WISE AND POUND FOOLISH."

WE GAVE, IN OUR LAST, a racy description of "A Village Tea-Party." The following gem from the same pen, is equally worthy of a "setting" in our columns.

I have often noticed, says Mrs. Gaskell, that almost every one has his own individual small economies—careful habits of saving fractions of pennies in some one peculiar direction—any disturbance of which annoys him more than spending shillings or pounds on some real extravagance. An old gentleman of my acquaintance, who took the intelligence of the failure of a Joint-Stock Bank, in which some of his money was invested, with stoical mildness, worried his family all through a long summer's day, because one of them had torn (instead of cutting) out the written leaves of his now useless bank-book. Of course, the corresponding pages at the other end came out as well; and this little unnecessary waste of paper (his private economy) chafed him more than all the loss of his money.

Envelopes fretted his soul terribly when they first came in. The only way in which he could reconcile himself to such a waste of his cherished article was, by patiently turning inside out all that were sent to him, and so making them serve again. Even now, though tamed by age, I see him cast wistful glances at his daughters when they send a whole instead of a half sheet of note-paper, with the three lines of acceptance to an invitation written on only one of the sides.

I am not above owning that I have this human weakness myself. String is my foible. My pockets get full of little hanks of it, picked up and twisted together, ready for uses that never come. I am seriously annoyed if any one cuts the string of a parcel, instead of patiently and faithfully undoing it fold by fold. How people can bring themselves to use India-rubber rings, which are a sort of deification of string, as lightly as they do, I cannot imagine. To me an India-rubber ring is a precious treasure. I have one which is not new; one that I picked up off the floor, nearly six years ago. I have really tried to use it; but my heart failed me, and I could not commit the extravagance.

Small pieces of butter grieve others. They cannot attend to conversation, because of the annoyance occasioned by the habit which some people have of invariably taking more butter than they want. Have you not seen the anxious look (almost mesmeric) which such persons fix on the article? They would feel it a relief if they might bury it out of their sight, by popping it into their own mouths, and swallowing it down. And they are really made happy if the

person on whose plate it lies unused, suddenly breaks off a piece of toast (which he does not want at all) and eats up his butter. They think that this is not waste."

Is this not a rich morçeau of its kind? We can, many of us, point out the very person indicated, and say—"Thou art the man!"

FLOWERS ON THE TOMB.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

Oh, let the sweetest flowers bloom,
To breathe an incense o'er the tomb
Where soft winds gently sigh,—
Let myrtle, and forget-me-not,
And cypress mark the sacred spot,
Where friends and kindred lie!

It is a rest for those who weep;
Calmly and peacefully they sleep,
Beneath the bright blue sky:
They know no care, they fear no foe,
They leave this joyless world below
For endless bliss on high.

Oh, plant upon the friendly tomb
The fairest, sweetest flowers that bloom
Beneath the summer's sky;
A faithful vigil they will keep,
And sympathise with those who weep,
Where friends and kindred lie!

Yes, plant the sweetest flowers there;
None are too delicate or fair
To grace that sacred rest.
Oh, waft a fragrance o'er the grave,
Where calmly sleep the good, the brave,
The dearest and the best.

Friends of the mourner! smile and bless
The heart that feels its loneliness!
Oh, lead their thoughts on high!
Point to that happy land above,
Where we shall meet with those we love,
To live and never die!

THE MODESTY OF TRUE GREATNESS.

THE modesty of great minds, like their tendency to rest, generates an apparent inconsistency, at which vulgar observers are amazed. It is a dissonance full of sweetness and power; but pleasing to well-taught ears.

For just as there is an alternation between the love of repose and the desire of action, so is there also in noble spirits a counterpoise between the consciousness of superior power and native high quality, and the characteristic humility or meekness. Such are the changes in a spring day, when the sun, returning to our hemisphere, and about to put forth anew the generative fervor of summer, is seen contending with the heavy exhalations of earth.

For awhile, these vapors gather over the Heavens and darken the landscape; but at length they divide, and even while tepid showers are falling, the source of light is revealed in all his effulgence; and yet only to be seen again veiled in the mists his own rays have drawn into the sky.

A VOICE FROM THE CHURCH BELLS.

How sweet and solemn sounds the old Church bell!

We in its measured notes may often scan
Some passing scene of which it seems to tell—
Some tale which marks the destiny of man.

Hark! how its merry, noisy, gladsome notes
Are chiming forth in peals both loud and wild,
Wakening the echoes; it to all denotes
A hearty welcome to *the new-born child*.

Again its cheerful sound falls on the ear,
And ushers in the happy *bridal morn*—
Tells of fond hearts (to form a tie most dear
Now from all earlier ties for ever torn.)

Sweet sound the Church bells on *the Sabbath day*,
There seems a sweetness in the Sabbath air,—
Wafting their melody, it seems to say,
"For the great Sabbath of thy soul prepare!"

Forth from the old grey tower again ascends,
In altered note, the slow *funereal toll*!—
The mournful sound which tells of severed friends,
And of the solemn exit of a soul!

J. H.

JUDGMENT APPLIED TO EDUCATION.

MANY A MAN, by crossing his child's natural disposition, has caused himself an aching heart; besides contributing largely to his child's unhappiness.

The first step in early education should be, a consideration of what a pupil is really fitted for. The human head is so formed, that the point may not be so difficult to ascertain as some imagine. The natural inclination, too, develops itself at a tender age.

If we would have our children to excel, we must work by rule. Excellence, as a sensible writer remarks, no matter in what department, *must be* the child of an ardent general predilection. It can never be the offspring of qualities, however eminent, constrained from their native bias. We must all admit this.

It is laudable, therefore, to encourage, as far as may be, the eccentricity which forms the principal virtue of the human character. There is propriety in fanning the vital spark of originality into flame; and watching and guarding it, until it warms and invigorates its whole neighborhood. It is judicious to remove every obstruction to the well-being of those kindly indications of future and novel splendor, which are capable of charming, even in their infantine state.

It is well done of the father, when arranging the entrance of his children on the stage of life, carefully to consult their sentiments as to what are the desirable situations of its eventful drama. Should he exert his authority in direct opposition to their wishes, the result, it may be safely predicted, will

be shame to them, and sorrow to himself. But should he adopt their ideas, and make them the partners of his own thoughts and hopes; should he resolve to give assistance to the ardent conceptions of youth,—he will in all probability experience the rare happiness of witnessing in his family the felicitous union of rectitude, prosperity, and genius.

The scheme of our lives is drawn by a celestial artist. It is our part to see it executed. A heavy responsibility attaches to those who show neglect in this important matter.

LIFE'S PAINFUL REALITIES,— A SCENE AT NIAGARA.

WE ARE TOO OFTEN DOOMED—once at least in the course of our lives—to witness some painful scene, the impression caused by which never can be effaced from the memory. We have ourself beheld scenes from which even now the mind recoils with horror.

Of all the recorded casualties of life, however, none surely can exceed in the intensity of interest it excites in the perusal, the following. It is a carefully condensed history of a scene which recently was witnessed at Niagara. We register it here, with a view of showing on what a slender thread our life sometimes hangs:—

Three men recently went boating on the river. * * * The boat was swept towards the "falls," overturned, and two of the party were whirled into the boiling surge.

The third, a man named Avery, caught on some rocks not far from the dreadful precipice of foam. A log of wood, apparently wedged tightly between the rocks, and crossed by another, still higher out of the water, was his resting-place. Here he remained, half clinging to and half perching upon the log, from which he would occasionally slip down and walk a little on the rocks, which were only a short distance under water.

A few feet in advance was a small fall of about four or five feet, and here and on each side of him the waters rushed wildly on, at a speed of about forty miles an hour. A raft was constructed, formed of crossed timbers, strongly fastened in a square form, a hogshead being placed in the centre. The raft was strongly secured with ropes on each side, and was floated down to the rocks upon which Avery was stationed. As it approached the spot where he stood, the rope got fast in the rocks; and the raft became immovable. Avery then appeared to muster strength and courage, and descending from the log, walked over the rocks to the place where the rope had caught, and labored long and hard to disengage it from the rocks.

After some time he succeeded; and then, with renewed energy, inspired by the hope of rescue, he pulled manfully at the rope, until he succeeded in bringing the raft from the current towards his fearful resting-place. Avery now got on to the raft, making himself fast thereto by means of ropes,

which had been placed there for that purpose, and those on the land commenced drawing it towards the shore. It had approached within thirty feet of one of the small islands, towards which its course was directed, when suddenly it became stationary in the midst of the rapids, the ropes having again caught in the rocks. All endeavors to move it were found to be in vain, and much fear was entertained that the strain upon the ropes might break them, and occasion the poor fellow's loss.

Various suggestions were now volunteered, and several attempts were made to reach him. One man went out in a boat as far as he dared to venture, and asked him if he would fasten a rope round his body, and trust to being drawn in by that. The poor fellow, however, shook his head despondingly, as though he felt that he had not strength enough remaining to make himself secure to a rope. At length a boat was got ready—a life-boat, which had arrived from Buffalo—and was launched.

Seeing the preparations, Avery unloosed his fastenings, with the intention of being ready to spring into the boat. Borne on by the rushing waters, and amid the breathless suspense of the spectators, the boat approached the raft. A thrill ran through the crowd—the boat lived in the angry waves—it struck the raft—a shout of joy rang forth from the shore, for it was believed that he was saved—when suddenly the hope that had been raised was again destroyed. A moment's confusion followed the collision, and in the next, the victim was seen in the midst of the waters, separated from his frail support, and struggling for life.

For a minute or two the poor fellow, striking out boldly, swam towards the island, and the cry echoed from shore to shore that he would yet be saved. But soon the fact became certain that he receded from the shore—his strength was evidently failing. Gradually he was borne back into the fiercest part of the current; slowly at first, then more rapidly. Swiftly and more swiftly he approached the brink of the fatal precipice, the waters had him at last their undisputed victim, and madly they whirled him on to death, as though enraged at his persevering efforts to escape their fury.

A sickening feeling came over the spectators, when, just on the brink of the precipice, the doomed man sprang up from the waters, clear from the surface. Raising himself upright as a statue, his arms flung wildly aloft, and, with a piercing shriek that rang loudly above the mocking roar of the cataract, he fell back again into the foaming waves, and was hurled over the brow of the fatal precipice. * * * *

The melancholy and awful fate of poor Avery will add another to the many fearful local incidents already related by the guides at the Falls, and for years his critical situation, his hard struggles, his fearful death, will be the theme of many a harrowing tale. And visitors to the mighty cataract will seek the scene of the terrible catastrophe with a shuddering curiosity, and the timid and imaginative will fancy, in the dusk of the evening, that they still hear above the waters' roar the fearful shriek that preceded the fatal plunge.

Our readers will remember, that we wit-

nessed a painful scene of a drowning man, some twelve months since—Aug. 26, 1852. We described it (see vol. ii., p. 173) accurately, just as we saw it.

We hardly need add, that the recollection of that day (commenced in pleasure, but ending in sorrow) has never been effaced from our mind.

We saw the affectionate mother of that fine young man bid him adieu, at London Bridge, at ten o'clock. Ere mid-day, we also saw the fond hopes of that dear, loving mother, withered. Her boy had fallen overboard from the vessel in which we sailed; and the waters, closing over him, had deprived her of her only joy for ever!

How true it is, that in the very midst of life we are in death!

WOMAN'S LOVE.

WOMAN'S love is like a rock,
Firm it stands, though storms surround it;
Like the ivy on the rock,
E'en in ruin clinging round it.

Like the moon dispelling night,
Woman's smiles illumine sorrow;
Like the rainbow's pledge of light,
Harbinger of joy to-morrow.

Like the swallow, when she's seen,
Pleasure's blossoms never wither;
Herald of a sky serene,
Woman brings the summer with her.

Like the roses of the brake,
Precious though their bloom be faded;
Like the bosom of the lake,
By reflected darkness shaded.

Like a picture truly fine,
Half her beauty distance covers,—
Touches of a hand divine
Every nearer view discovers.

Like the stream upon the hill,
Unconfined it runs the purer;
Like the bird, a cage will kill,—
But kindness win, and love secure her.

Like the sun dispensing light,
Life, and joy on all that's human,—
Ever fixed, and warm, and bright,
IS THE LOVE OF FAITHFUL WOMAN.—E. H.

HOME THRUSTS.

A GENTLEMAN from Germany, writing of what he lately saw in our fashionable churches, says, "In religion, the English *are decorous hypocrites.*" He has us there!

The same German, speaking of English goodness, says, "The extreme prudery of the women is put out of countenance *by the lowness of their evening dresses.*" He has us there, too! *Fas est ab hoste doceri.* Had the same remarks been made by an Englishman, they would have savored of ill-nature. But recorded as they are by a foreigner, they carry weight with them. We *are* a superficial people!

WOMAN'S SMILE.

As when the rose we cherish'd
Lies wither'd on the plain,
Her leaves, tho' pale and perish'd,
Sweet odor still retain;

As when a song is ended,
Its music haunts the ear;
As when the Sun's descended,
Light lingers o'er his bier;

So WOMAN'S brow, when faded,
Still shines on Memory's stream:
The smile that Time has shaded,
Gilds Fancy's darken'd dream.

Ambition's footsteps falter,
And Passion's waves expire;
Time strews the world's dark altar
With ashes of Desire.

But WOMAN'S smile for ever
Returns upon our dream:
Once felt, the soul can never
Forget Love's morning beam!

ILLUMINATION OF THE SEA.

YOU GAVE US, MR. EDITOR, some very interesting particulars last month (page 27), about the various colors imparted at certain times to the waters of the great deep.

Connected with the same subject, I observe some additional remarks recorded by Mr. Gosse, in his "Rambles of a Naturalist." I have copied them, and beg to crave a corner for their insertion in OUR JOURNAL:—

I was coming down lately, says Mr. Gosse, by the steamer from Bristol to Ilfracombe in lovely summer weather. Night fell on us when approaching Lynmouth; and from thence to Ilfracombe, the sea, unruffled by a breeze, presented a phenomenon (of no rare occurrence indeed to those who are much on the water, but) of unusual splendor and beauty. It was the phosphorescence of the luminous animalcules; and though I have seen the same appearance in greater profusion and magnificence in other seas, I think I never saw it with more delight or admiration than here.

Sparkles of brilliance were seen thickly studding the smooth surface, when intently looked at, though a careless observer would have overlooked them; and as the vessel's bows ploughed up the water, and threw off the liquid furrow on each side, brighter specks were left adhering to the dark planks, as the water fell off, and shone brilliantly until the next plunge washed them away. The foaming wash of the furrow itself was turbid with milky light, in which glowed spangles of intense brightness. But the most beautiful effect of the whole, by far, and what was novel to me, was produced by the pro-

jecting paddle-boxes. Each of these drove up from before its broad front a little wave, continually prolonging itself, which presently curled over outwardly with a glassy edge, and broke.

It was from this curling and breaking edge—here and there, not in every part, that there gleamed up a blueish light of the most vivid lustre; so intense that I could almost read the small print of a book that I held up over the gangway. The luminous animals evidently ran in shoals, unequally distributed; for sometimes many rods would be passed, in which none or scarcely any light was evolved, then it would appear and continue for perhaps an equal space. The waves formed by the summits of the swells behind the ship continued to break, and were visible for a long way behind, as a succession of luminous spots. Occasionally, one would appear in the distant darkness, after the intermediate one had ceased; bearing no small resemblance, as some one on board observed, to a ship showing a light by way of signal.

While on this subject, I will mention the charming spectacle presented by some of the Sertularian zoophytes, in the dark. Other naturalists, as Professor Forbes, Mr. Hassal, and Mr. Landsborough, have observed it before me; and it was the admiration expressed by them at the sight, that set me upon witnessing it for myself. I had a frond of *Laminaria digitata*, on whose smooth surface a populous colony of that delicate zoophyte *Laomedea geniculata* had established itself. I had put the frond into a vessel of water as it came out of the sea, and the polypes were now in the highest health and vigor in a large vase in my study. After nightfall I went into the room, in the dark; and taking a slender stick, struck the frond and waved it to and fro. Instantly one and another of the polypes lighted up, lamp after lamp rapidly seemed to catch the flame, until in a second or two every stalk bore several tiny but brilliant stars; while from the regular manner in which the stalks were disposed along the lines of the creeping stem, as before described, the spectacle bore a resemblance sufficiently striking to the illumination of a city; or rather to the gas-jets of some figure of a crown or V.R., adorning the house of a loyal citizen on a gala-night; the more because of the momentary extinction and re-lighting of the flames here and there, and the manner in which the successive ignition appeared to run rapidly from part to part.

It has been a question whether the luminosity of these polypes is a vital function, or only the result of death and decomposition. I agree with Mr. Hassal in thinking it attendant, if not dependent, upon vitality. The colony of *Laomedea*, in the preceding experiment, was still attached to its sea-weed; and

this had not been washed up on the beach, but was growing in its native tide-pool when I plucked it. It had never been out of water a single minute, and the polypes were in high health and activity both before and after the observation of their luminosity.

The above graphic sketch harmonises nicely with the paper you have before inserted. I have myself witnessed the ocean in a state of luminosity, and therefore take pleasure in seeing the *causes* of it popularly explained.

W. E.

THOUGHTS ON A FEW DROPS OF WATER.

THE RELATION THAT WATER HAS to all bodies endowed with life, in whatever shape they may appear to us, is very considerable, and embraces an extensive science.

Water being the vehicle by means of which nourishment is conveyed into plants, and the means through which nutriment becomes a part of the animal tissue, it follows that this element is of the highest importance, both in the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

It is impossible to determine with any degree of precision, the relative quantity of water and solid substances in animals and vegetables. Some distinguished experimenters believe that there are at least 6-7 water in animals, and a more considerable portion in vegetables than would at first be imagined. The vegetable and animal economy are continually changing. Consequently, this great menstruum is necessary to carry on the work of building up and tearing down, for subserving a purpose then becoming unfit for use. In the form of perspiration, some plants—for instance, the cabbage, transmit daily a quantity of water, nearly equal to half their weight: this takes place from the under side of the leaves; and man perspires, on an average, at least 28 pints per day. Hence renovation with this fluid is so necessary, and extreme thirst so painful.

We cannot but be struck with the sublime character of this extensive and beautiful circle of action, to which, in part, the specimen before us is subject; and by which such a variety of important purposes are accomplished. The vast range it embraces is wonderful. Once, this little example may have been floating high in the aerial regions, presenting all the beauties of a crystalline state, or in infinitely small particles, collected in large heaps, called clouds—at another time, penetrating the bowels of the earth, collecting the many minerals, with which it is impregnated, in the fountain. At one time it was mingling with the waters of the great deep, and occasionally, wafted by winds and currents out into fathomless regions—at another, bursting out from some of the springs or fountains which are found in every section of the globe, placed

there to meet the immediate wants of its inhabitants. At one time it was raised up from the sea, in the form of an invisible gas, and in an insensible manner—at another time descending in showers, to water the fields which are prepared for it by the sweat of the brow.

In the ocean, it assisted in supplying the wants of the million of millions of its inhabitants;—on the land, it must have assisted in quenching the parching thirst of unnumbered millions, the lives of whom have long since passed their scene of action here. So adapted is the means to the great end!

Who dares deny that this shows the design of a great, intelligent First Cause?

THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON.

IT IS AN ASCERTAINED FACT that there are three classes of lunar mountains. The first consists of isolated, separate, distinct mountains of a very curious character. The distinguishing characteristic of these mountains is this: they start up from a plain quite suddenly.

On the earth it is well known that mountains generally go in ranges or groups; but we find these isolated lunar mountains standing up entirely apart, never having been connected with any range. The one named Pico, is 9,000 feet high. This mountain has the form of an immense sugar-loaf; and if our readers can imagine a fairly-proportioned sugar-loaf, 9,000 feet in height, and themselves situated above it so as to be able to look down upon its apex, they will have an approximate idea of the appearance of Pico.

There are many other mountains of a similar description scattered over the moon's surface; and these mountains not only stand apart from each other, but what is still more remarkable, the plains on which they stand are but slightly disturbed. How singular, then, the influence that shot the mountain up 9,000 feet, and yet scarcely disturbed the plain in the immediate neighborhood! The second class of lunar elevations consists of mountain ranges. Now this is the principal feature of the mountains on earth. They are rarely found associated in any other manner than in vast ranges. This phenomenon is also found in the moon, but there it is the exception; only two principal ranges are found, and these appear to have been originally one range. One is called the Appennines. It is so well seen, that just as the line of light is passing through the moon, you will think it is, generally speaking, a crack in its surface; but a telescope of ordinary power will at once manifest it to be a range of mountains.

The lunar Appennines may be compared with the loftiest ranges of mountains upon

earth. It is 18,000 feet high, and there is another range still higher, rising 25,000 feet above its base. In this feature, then, the moon corresponds with the earth, but with this difference—what is the rule on the earth is the exception on the moon. N.

NOTES ON THE HERON.

THERE ARE SOME particularly interesting papers in No. 30 of our good old friend "The Naturalist." Among them, we observe one from S. Hannaford, Jun., Esq., who left us, to our great regret, last year, to proceed to Australia.*

The communication we allude to is entitled "Notes on the Indigenous Plants of Melbourne;" and it will be perused with delight by all who feel interested in that now important country.

The article we select is slightly abridged from "Notes on the Heron," by W. G. Johnstone, Esq. We quite agree in opinion with him, in considering a heronry an interesting sight. His ramble is introduced thus:—

It was a delightful morning, the 4th of April, when we awoke, our thoughts intent on the pilgrimage about to be performed, to see for the first time not only a Heronry, but one situated in that small lake where steam, as applied to propelling vessels, was first tried, and that successfully. The place in itself is surpassing lovely, embosomed amongst slightly undulating green hills, with those of a sterner cast in the back ground, clothed to their summits with the Tasselled Larch (*Larix*), and our hardy native Pine (*Pinus Sylvestris*); and extending again beyond these may be seen the heath-clad mountains, where, in the words of the poet,

"The martyrs lie;

Where Cameron's sword and his bible are seen,
Engraved on the stone where the heather grows
green."

Indeed all around is sacred ground—the lake before us, Burns' (our national poet) Farm at Ellisland immediately behind us, Queensberry looking down upon us, surrounded on all sides by mountains till the chain is completed by the dark-browed Criffel, which guards the entrance to the Solway.

But to the matter in hand; as I have before stated, the Heronry is situated on a small island in the lake. I was very particular in my examination of it. The Heronry consists of forty-nine nests in all, of which two nests are on birch trees, three on silver firs, four on ash, four on oak, four on larch, seven on spruce, and twenty-five on elm; thus showing they are not at all particular as to

their choice of any species of tree. I could not be sure of how many birds there were, but I believe there would not be fewer than eighty to ninety—forty or forty-five pairs; but from the screaming way they fly about when one intrudes on their domains, it is no easy matter to count them. Though the nests are more numerous than the birds I have stated, there might be, as I have no doubt there were, some of them old and untenanted. The nests I observed are all placed, if not on the very summit of the trees, at least as high as may be, and on the extremity of the branches—no doubt that they may get easily into their nests, for did branches intervene, they would have difficulty in so doing; it is a most ludicrous sight to see their long legs twirling about like as many churn-staves before descending into their nests.

Before the Herons got established in their possessions, they and the Rooks had a severe, or rather a series of severe battles; but Mr. Heron came off victorious, and now woe to the poor Rook who ventures on the island! I have heard it stated that the legs of the Herons might be seen out of the nest behind, while sitting; this is not the case. The nest is formed very much like that of the Rook's, in many cases no larger; the eggs, generally three in number, are of a beautiful green color, varying somewhat in shape, but about the size of the domestic fowl's; some of them are ovate, pointed at the lower end, others are pointed at both ends. I noticed many of the male birds with splendid crests, others of them very small; it may be that some never have that appendage so full as others, or that the latter are younger birds, for at least two years are required to perfect the Heron's plumage.

Altogether a Heronry is a most interesting sight, no less from its novelty than a romantic beauty peculiarly its own. We wonder much to hear of parties having such in their possession, destroying them. The birds do no injury, their food consisting of eels, frogs, and the like; indeed they only establish themselves in the vicinity of waters where such are to be found, and are more benefit than otherwise. Rookeries are allowed and cherished—aye, noisy Rooks—and why not the gentle Heron—a more interesting bird we have not on our island; one, too, associated with by-gone days, when the cry used to be at dawn of day—

"Waken Lords and ladies gay, &c."

Not as now—

"Up in the mornings no for me."

It may be well also to state that several pairs of Herons have this year, for the first time, built their nests in a wood at a short distance from the lake, not certainly for want of room on the island; "but every man to his humor," as Shakspeare says.

Having said so much regarding the Heronry, we must take notice of four other friends claiming our attention. Two by their restless activity, the Water-hen, and the Coot; two by their subdued quiet beauty, the Wild Duck, and the lovely little Teal. The two former breed on and around the lake; the two latter disappear about this time, returning again generally in the course of a few months with a goodly addition to their numbers.

* We may note here, that Part 20 of "Morris' Natural History of the Nests and Eggs of British Birds," and also Part 39 of the "History of British Birds," by the same author, are just published. They are, as usual, highly interesting, and the engravings nicely colored.—Ed. K. J.

A deserted Dove-cot on the island is tenanted by a pair of White Owls. The Frogs are swimming about most lustily.

Walking around the lake, our face turned homewards, we had the pleasure of seeing some pairs of the Long-tailed Titmouse and the Cole Tit, both of which breed here in abundance. When we did see them, our mind was musing on these most true lines of the great Schiller:—

On the mountain is Freedom! the breath of decay
Never sullies the fresh flowing air;
Oh! Nature is perfect wherever we stray;
'Tis man that deforms it with care.

THE FIRST OYSTER-EATER.

THE IMPENETRABLE VEIL of antiquity hangs over the antediluvian oyster, but the geological finger-post points to the testifying fossil. We might, in pursuing this subject, sail upon the broad pinions of conjecture into the remote, or flutter with lighter wings in the regions of fable—but it is unnecessary: the mysterious pages of Nature are ever opening freshly around us, and in her stony volumes, amid the calcareous strata, we behold the precious mollusc—the *primeval bivalve*,

—“rock-ribbed! and ancient as the sun.”

BRYANT.

Yet of its early history we know nothing. Etymology throws but little light upon the matter. In vain have we carried our researches into the vernacular of the maritimæ Phœnicians, or sought it amid the fragments of Chaldean and Assyrian lore. To no purpose have we analysed the roots of the comprehensive Hebrew, or lost ourselves in the baffling labyrinths of the oriental Sanscrit. The history of the ancient oyster is written in no language, except in the universal idiom of the secondary strata!

Nor is this surprising, in a philosophical point of view. Setting aside the pre-Adamites, and taking Adam as the first *name-giver*, when we reflect that Adam lived IN-land, and therefore never saw the succulent periphery in its native mud, we may deduce this reasonable conclusion: viz., that as he never saw it, he probably never NAMED it—never!—not even to his most intimate friends.

Such being the case, we must seek for information in a later and more enlightened age. And here let me take occasion to remark, that oysters and intelligence are nearer allied than many persons imagine. The relations between Physiology and Psychology are beginning to be better understood. A man might be scintillant with facetiousness over a plump “Shrewsbury,” who would make a very sorry figure over a bowl of water-gruel. The gentle, indolent Brahmin, the illiterate Laplander, the ferocious Libyan, the mercurial Frenchman, and

the stolid (I beg your pardon), the *stalwart* Englishman, are not more various in their mental capacities than in their table æsthetics.

And even in this century we see that wit and oysters come in together with September, and wit and oysters go out together in May—a circumstance not without its weight, and peculiarly pertinent to the subject-matter. With this brief but not irrelevant digression I will proceed. We have “*Ostreum*” from the Latins, “*Oester*” from the Saxons, “*Auster*” from the Teutons, “*Ostra*” from the Spaniards, and “*Huitre*” from the French; words evidently of common origin, threads spun from the same distaff! And here our archæology narrows to a point, and this point is the pearl we are in search of: viz., the genesis of this most excellent fish.

“Words evidently derived from a common origin.” What origin? Let us examine the venerable page of history. Where is the first mention made of oysters? Hudibras says:—

—“the Emperor Caligula,
Who triumph'd o'er the British seas,
Took crabs and 'OYSTERS' prisoners (mark
that!)

And lobsters, 'stead of cuirassiers;
Engaged his legions in fierce bustles
With periwinkles, prawns, and mussels,
And led his troops with furious gallops
To charge whole regiments of scallops;
Not, like their ancient way of war,
To wait on his triumphal car,
But when he went to dine or sup,
More bravely ate his captives up;
Leaving all war by his example,
Reduced—to vict'ling of a camp well.”

This is the first mention in the classics of oysters; and we now approach the cynosure of our inquiry. From this, we infer that oysters came originally from Britain. The word is unquestionably *primitive*. The broad, open, vowelly sound is, beyond a doubt, the *primal*, spontaneous thought that found utterance when the soft, seductive mollusc first exposed its white bosom in its pearly shell to the enraptured gaze of aboriginal man! Is there a question about it? Does not every one know, when he sees an oyster, that *that is its name*? And hence we reason that it originated in Britain, was Latinised by the Romans, replevined by the Saxons, corrupted by the Teutons, and finally barbecued by the French. Oh, philological ladder, by which we mount upward, until we emerge beneath the clear vertical light of Truth!!

Methinks I see the FIRST OYSTER-EATER! A brawny, naked savage, with his wild hair matted over his wild eyes, a zodiac of fiery stars tattooed across his muscular breast—unclad, unsandalled, hirsute, and hungry—he breaks through the underwoods that margin the beach, and stands alone upon the

sea-shore, with nothing in one hand but his unsuccessful boar-spear, and nothing in the other but his fist. There he beholds a splendid panorama! The west all a-glow; the conscious waves blushing as the warm sun sinks to their embraces; the blue sea on his left; the interminable forest on his right; and the creamy sea-sand curving in delicate tracery between. A *picture* and a *child* of Nature!

Delightedly he plunges in the foam, and swims to the bald crown of a rock that uplifts itself above the waves. Seating himself he gazes upon the calm expanse beyond, and swings his legs against the moss that spins its filmy tendrils in the brine. Suddenly he utters a cry: springs up; the blood streams from his foot. With barbarous fury he tears up masses of sea-moss, and with it clustering families of testacea. Dashing them down upon the rock, he perceives a liquor exuding from the fragments; he sees the white, pulpy, delicate morsel, half-hidden in the cracked shell; and instinctively reaching upward, his hand finds his mouth, and, amidst a savage, triumphant deglutition, he murmurs—OYSTER!! Champing, in his uncouth fashion, bits of shell and sea-weed, with uncontrollable pleasure he masters this mystery of a new sensation; and not until the grey veil of night is drawn over the distant waters, does he leave the rock, covered with the trophies of his victory.

We date from this epoch the *maritime* history of England. Ere long, the reedy cabins of her aborigines clustered upon the banks of beautiful inlets, and overspread her long lines of level beaches; or pencilled with delicate wreaths of smoke the savage aspect of her rocky coasts. The sword was beaten into the oyster-knife, and the spear into oyster-rakes. Commerce spread her white wings along the shores of happy Albion, and man emerged at once into civilisation from a nomadic state. From this people arose the mighty nation of Ostrogoths; from the Ostrophagi of ancient Britain came the custom of Ostracism—that is, sending political delinquents to that place where they can get no more oysters.

There is a strange fatality attending all discoveries. Our Briton saw a mighty change come over the country—a change beyond the reach of memory or speculation. Neighboring tribes, formerly hostile, were now linked together in bonds of amity. A sylvan, warlike people had become a peaceful, piscivorous community; and he himself, once the lowest of his race, was now elevated above the *dreams* of his ambition. He stood alone upon the sea-shore, looking toward the rock, which, years ago, had been his stepping-stone to power, and a desire to revisit it came over him. He stands now

upon it. The season, the hour, the westerly sky, remind him of former times. He sits and meditates.

Suddenly a flush of pleasure overspreads his countenance; for there, just below the flood, he sees a gigantic bivalve—alone—with mouth agape, as if yawning with very weariness at the solitude in which it found itself. What I am about to describe may be untrue. But I believe it. I have heard of the waggish propensities of oysters. I have known them, from mere humor, to clap suddenly upon a rat's tail at night; and, what with the squeaking and the clatter, we verily thought the Prince of Evil had broke loose in the cellar.

But to return. When our Briton saw the oyster in this defenceless attitude, he knelt down; and gradually reaching his arm toward it, he suddenly thrust his fingers in the aperture, and the oyster closed upon them with a spasmodic snap! In vain the Briton tugged and roared; he might as well have tried to uproot the solid rock as to remove *that* oyster! In vain he called upon all his heathen gods—Gog and Magog—elder than Woden and Thor; and with huge, uncouth, druidical oaths consigned all shell-fish to Nidhogg, Hela, and the submarines. Bivalve held on with "a will." It was nuts for him, certainly. Here was a great lubberly, chuckle-headed fellow, the destroyer of his tribe, with his fingers in chancery, and the *tide rising!* A fellow who had thought, like ancient Pistol, to make the world his oyster, and here was the oyster making a world of him.

Strange mutation! The poor Briton raised his eyes: there were the huts of his people; he could even distinguish his own, with its slender spiral of smoke; they were probably preparing a roast for him; how he detested a *roast!* Then a thought of his wife, his little ones awaiting him, tugged at his heart. The waters rose around him. He struggled, screamed in his anguish; but the remorseless winds dispersed the sounds, and ere the evening moon arose and flung her white radiance upon the placid waves, the last billow had rolled over the FIRST OYSTER-EATER!—From HOLT'S Magazine, No. 2.

THE WORLD'S "PLEASURE."

CAST an eye into the gay world. What see we there? For the most part, a set of querulous, emaciated, fluttering, fantastical beings, worn out in the keen pursuit of what *they* call "pleasure,"—creatures that know, own, condemn, deplore, yet still pursue their own infelicity! These are the thin remains of what is called "delight."—YOUNG.

[Let every one of us, at this season, "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" the above.]

RECREATIONS IN SCIENCE.

THE SILK WORM.—No. I.

HAPPY is he who lives to understand
Not human nature only, but explores
ALL natures ; to the end that he may find,
The law that governs each, and where begins
The union, the partition where, that makes
Kind and degree among all visible things.

WORDSWORTH.



WHEN WE NOTE WHAT IS
PASSING AMONGST US day
after day, and behold the
indifferent manner in which
the obligations and duties
of life are too often per-
formed, we stand aghast
at the shallowness of the

human mind—which, like a horse in a mill,
goes through its duties as if it were blind-
fold. Why, the commonest (as we call it)
of Nature's Works possesses an interest for
an inquiring mind that is perfectly delight-
ful. It only wants the eye to see it, and
the heart to appreciate it, to cause its beau-
ties to shine resplendently forth. Education
can alone give these—followed by example.

We are glad however to observe, that the
apathy of which we complain is *beginning* to
be aroused. Things are not now universally
regarded with the stoical indifference they
were some years ago. Wholesome Treatises
on the works of nature have been issued at
a cheap rate ; and an incipient taste for an
investigation into the Wonders of the Crea-
tion has begun to manifest itself. Flowers,
birds, and gardens, now possess a charm,
which works powerfully on the better feel-
ings of the human heart ; and there are many
among our rising youth who show an
inquiring spirit which it is delightful to
encourage.*

For such, we propose to-day to give our first
paper on the Silkworm, an interesting little

* We have often before remarked—that these
harmless amusements, introduced amongst chil-
dren, form their character for good or evil in after-
life. A child really fond of flowers, birds, dogs,
or indeed any living "pet," gives indication of its
becoming a kind and feeling member of society.
We have noticed this often. Whereas an early
display of cruelty in children, or an inclination to
tease, worry, and torture animals, *invariably*
leads to evil in manhood or womanhood. Not long
since, we saw four innocent girls amongst their
"pets." One possessed a goldfinch, one a redpole,
one some pretty little dormice ; and the fourth
three young rabbits. The mutual affection sub-
sisting between *all* these, it was really delightful
to behold. The rabbits in particular, as they ran
after their young mistress in the garden—at once
fearless and playful, caused us to regard that
"happy family" with rapture. Their papa—a
most estimable man, encourages this amiable
feeling, and he may well be proud of his children.
God bless them all ! say we.—ED. K. J.

creature that finds favor in the sight of so
very many of our sons and daughters ; and
the wonders of whose short lives almost
surpass belief. A little child, when it hears
the ticking of a watch, labors earnestly to
break it open—to see whence the sound
comes, and how it is produced. Shall we
then, "children of a larger growth," culti-
vate these worms, and not show an equal
curiosity to know how *they* perform such
miracles as are constantly presented to our
view ? Assuredly not. The little animal
who spins her soft, her shining, her exqui-
sitely-fine silken thread ; whose matchless
manufactures lend an ornament to grandeur,
and make royalty itself more magnificent,
must be regarded with admiration ; nor must
we fail to notice, at a future time, the cell
in which, when the gaiety and business of
life are over, the little recluse immures her-
self, and spends the remainder of her days
in retirement :—

This study, if directed by a meek,
Sincere, and humble spirit, teaches love ;
For knowledge is delight, and such delight
Breeds love. Yet, suited as it rather is
To thought, and to the climbing intellect,
It teaches less to love than to ADORE—
If *that* be not indeed the HIGHEST LOVE.

It would be useless for us to tell young
people *where* to obtain their silkworms. They
know this as well—perhaps better than we
do. Our business is with their habits and
manner of life. These we shall glean from
the best authorities.

The habits of the silkworm are completely
sui generis, both as regards the times of its
eating and sleeping. To ascertain these
thoroughly, should be an early—the earliest
study. The silkworm takes no water with
its food, excepting only what is contained in
the fresh leaf on which it feeds. If neglected,
or only fed at long intervals, and during the
day (even though at such times fed abun-
dantly), a large portion of the food is thereby
wasted. The leaves thus for a long time
exposed becoming dry, the silkworms refuse
to eat ; suffering irrecoverable injury by day,
and also during the long night, both by
reason of hunger and tormenting thirst.
They suffer doubly also from the voracity
with which they then devour their food in
the morning.

But by fresh feeding, at short and frequent
intervals (by night as well as by day), the
food is *all* devoured ; and half the quantity
will suffice, none being wasted. Half the
expenses of gathering the leaves and of
cultivation being saved, even less than one
hundred pounds of these leaves will be found
amply sufficient for the production of a
pound of silk. The cocoons thus formed
will be found large and heavy ; the thread,
or filament, substantial and strong, and not

liable to break in reeling. Thereby, neither trouble nor waste will be caused; and eight pounds of cocoons of this superior size will, with careful and skilful reeling, produce a pound of raw silk. In the manufacture of this silk, the waste will be exceedingly small.

The eggs are to be obtained, as they were laid on the paper the preceding season by the female moth. Some persons recommend taking the eggs off the paper; then distributing them on a paper tray, or other receptacle appropriate for them. If the eggs were originally laid on paper, it would be as well to let the eggs remain upon it; and so soon as a sufficiency of food can be regularly insured, to place them in the sun, or under the influence of an artificial temperature, for the purpose of expediting the hatching. The paper tray for the worms, which is nothing more than a sheet of paper folded up at the ends and sides, may be about six inches square. When the eggs begin to hatch, let a piece of writing paper (pierced with numerous holes) be put over the eggs, through which the worms crawl as they hatch; and on the paper lay some small twigs of mulberry, with the leaves on. The worms, in getting through the holes, immediately lodge on the twigs, which, when covered, you should remove to another paper tray about eighteen inches square. More leaves should then be placed over the eggs, and removed as soon as the worms are upon them. The time of hatching generally commences at five, and lasts till nine o'clock in the morning. It will take about three days for the whole of the eggs to be hatched, and each day's hatching should be placed on a separate tray, so as to occupy one-fourth of the space. The day of the month, too, should be carefully noted down, so as to prevent all future confusion.

When first hatched, the produce of the egg appears like a small black worm, of about a quarter of an inch in length. Its first sign of animation is the desire which it evinces for obtaining food, in search of which it will roam about. But so little desire is there for a change of place on the part of these animals, that of the generality it may be said their inclination seldom causes them to travel over a greater space than three feet throughout the whole duration of their lives!

As soon as the worms have done coming forth for the day, and are removed, they should have a little food given to them. This may be a few young leaves, chopped very fine, which should be sprinkled over them. Some prefer giving the leaves whole, as they consider that, when chopped, they lose a considerable portion of their nutritive juices. The food must be given to them in very small quantities, so as at first not to cloy the appetite of the worm; for the silkworm is a

voracious eater. Indeed, its whole life appears to be devoted to the satisfaction of its appetite. It will be found advisable to feed the worms at least four times a-day. The first meal should be given very early in the morning—the second about nine or ten; the third at three in the afternoon, and the last at nine in the evening.

The quantity of leaves given should increase at every meal up to the fifth day, and the chopped leaves should be spread a little wider every time that they are fed. Thus, as the worms increase in size, they will have more room to feed. This may be considered the proper course of management up to the fifth day from the time of hatching. On the sixth day, a less quantity should be given them. On the seventh, little will be required; and on the eighth, or thereabouts, the first sickness, which is called moulting, will take place.

This may be called the "FIRST AGE" of the silkworm. On the third day from its first refusal of food, the animal appears on that account much wasted in its bodily frame,—a circumstance which naturally assists it in the painful operation of casting its skin. In order to facilitate this moult, a kind of humor is thrown off by the worm, which, spreading between the body and the skin about to be abandoned, lubricates their surfaces, and causes them to separate more readily. It also emits from its body silken traces, which, adhering to the spot on which it rests, serve to confine the skin to its then existing position. In two or three minutes from the commencement of its efforts, the worm is wholly freed, and again puts on the appearance of health and vigor, feeding with renewed appetite upon its leafy banquet. When the silkworm gets over his first sickness and moulting, he is of a greyish color; and his little trunk, or point of his head, is jet black, by which color he is then distinguished. It must, however, be observed that this first moulting, or casting their skins, depends entirely upon the temperature in which they have been kept. If the temperature be kept up to seventy-five degrees, they would cast their skins on the sixth or seventh day. As a rule, the hotter they are kept the more rapid their growth; and they consequently go through their changes more quickly. Still, the risk is greater.

The litter must not be cleared away from the worms until they have parted with their skin; it should then be immediately removed. Great care must be always taken in giving the worms dry leaves. Indeed they ought always to be gathered some hours before they are used. Wet leaves almost invariably produce sickness and disease.

The "SECOND AGE" of the silkworm may be said to commence on the ninth day of its rearing; that is, supposing the moult to have

taken place on the eighth. The routine of management is now nearly the same as during the first age. Mulberry twigs with the leaves on, or separate leaves, may be spread over them; and as soon as the worms are fairly established upon them, they should be removed to clean paper trays kept in readiness. In this age they will require double the space to grow in, for they are now beginning to increase considerably in size. They must be laid in squares (about one fourth the space they will fill during this age), and particular care must be taken to enlarge the squares every time they are fed. Proper attention, too, must be paid to the quantity of food given, which must be increased up to the fourth day of the second sickness. On the fifth day they will require but little, and on the sixth little or none, as they will now become torpid. When at this age, the leaves need not be cut at all, but given as they are gathered from the tree. They will now consume double the quantity; and in much less time.

The temperature of the room in which they are kept should be as equable as possible. The apartment should be well ventilated, but no strong current of air should be allowed to pass over the worms. When the sun shines brightly, a blind should be hung up against the window; for the intense rays of the sun are very hurtful to them. The neglect of these precautions is the cause (too often) of failure and disappointment.

The "THIRD AGE" of the silkworm commences from about the fifteenth day of its birth. The worms, after their third sickness, will have increased to such a size as again to require double the space which they had during their second age, and four times the quantity of food. When they have revived from their sickness, which can be told by their increased activity and apparent anxiety or food, they should be removed to clean trays. The food must be gradually increased up to the fifth day; but on the sixth, *half the quantity will be sufficient*. On the seventh, little or none must be given, seeing that, on the eighth, they will begin to cast their skins and enter upon their fourth age.

The "FOURTH AGE" of the silkworm commences about the twenty-first day of its birth. In this age they will consume nearly *three times the quantity of leaves* which they did in the third age. The leaves should now be given in their natural state (*not chopped*); and the worms will require at least *double the extent of space* which was allotted to them in the preceding ages. Remove them, as in the previous ages; and every time they are fed increase the quantity of food up to the fifth day. On the sixth day give about half the quantity; and on the seventh day little or none. They are now about to pass through

their last moult, and enter upon their final and most precarious stage as silkworms.

At this age of the worms, most particular attention must be paid to the temperature. If the weather be very cold, a fire ought to be made in the apartment in which they are kept; and every method adopted to prevent the worms being exposed to any damp. All objects yielding any offensive smell should be removed, and the air in which they are kept should be occasionally renewed. This may be effected by sprinkling the apartment with chloride of lime.

The "FIFTH AGE" commences about the 28th day from the birth; and this may be considered the commencement of the *largest and most dangerous size* of the silkworm. The greatest attention must now be paid—not only to the feeding, but to the ventilating of the apartment; and be sure to keep up a regular temperature, and prevent the entrance of dampness and noxious air. Strict attention, too, must be paid to the excrement of the worms. This and the refuse leaves must be removed every morning. Cleanliness is of the greatest importance in the keeping of silkworms.

In this last age, the worms should be fed with full-grown leaves, given whole. The quantity they require, if they be in good health, will be about *four times what they consumed during their first four ages*. On no account must the leaves be given in a wet state; and it will be advisable that a stock be always kept in hand, in case of wet weather. If the leaves be two days old, they will answer very well, but *they must be kept dry*; not piled upon each other, but spread out singly, and turned occasionally, to prevent the tops from shrivelling.

Up to the sixth day, they will consume an immense quantity of leaves, and of course the quantity must be increased every time the worms are fed. *Every morning*, bear in mind, they should be removed to clean trays. If it be found necessary to remove a few of the large worms, it is a good plan to *take them up with a quill*. The less they are handled the better; for the heat of our hands being much greater than their bodies, it does them an injury from which they frequently never recover. The paper trays used the first day will answer for the third, and so on. For the seventh day, a less quantity of leaves will be required than on the former day; and on the eighth day still less. On the ninth day very few will be required; but it should be well remembered that the worms should have *as much food given them as they will consume*. This should be most carefully attended to, in this age of the silkworm. It now requires all the nutrition that can be administered to it. The juices from which the silk is to be produced are commencing to

be elaborated; and if nutrition be withheld, or only sparingly supplied, the silk will be weak and flimsy—hardly, indeed, better than what is generally known by the name of floss silk.

The general rules for feeding are as follows:—During the first three ages, the leaves should be cut very fine; and instead of distributing them with the hand, much time would be saved, and the distribution made more equally, by using small sieves, with meshes about three-quarters of an inch square.

Between the moults, there is always an increased appetite, especially in the last age.

At the approach of each moult, the worms raise and toss about their heads, and the appetite diminishes. It is not necessary to spread leaves, except on those which have not ceased eating; and when they are all at rest, the feeding may be stopped entirely.

After the moult, it is necessary to increase gradually the quantity of nourishment, in proportion to the increased appetite of the worms.

During the fourth age, the leaves are to be cut, but not so fine as before.

At the fifth age, cease cutting the leaves.

After the final moult, the silkworm has attained its full growth, and presents the appearance of a slender caterpillar from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to three inches in length.

We would here remark that one of the greatest drawbacks to the successful keeping of silkworms in this country, and consequently to the realisation of any profit, is the lateness in which the foliage of the mulberry tree breaks forth in England, which is seldom before the latter end of April or the beginning of May; and it must be borne in mind that the leaf of the mulberry is the *natural food* of the silkworm. Lettuces, dandelion, currant leaves, plum, and apple leaves are made (from necessity) to supply the place of the mulberry leaf; but these, on account of their generally watery and succulent nature, are very sorry substitutes. The silkworm will certainly subsist upon them, but never arrive at that degree of perfection from which a good and rich quality of silk may be expected.

The early hatching of the eggs is therefore by no means a desirable event; on the contrary, it ought to be retarded, for, in the majority of cases, the eggs are hatched before even a leaf is seen on the mulberry tree, and the question then naturally presents itself, as to the next most nutritious food which in this dilemma can be given to the worms. Our choice, *by necessity*, falls upon the common cabbage lettuce, which is to be obtained in all the markets during the spring, independently of the facility with which every one can grow them in their own garden. In

order to guard against the early hatching, it is of the utmost consequence to keep the eggs in as cold a place as possible, *and free from damp*. This last is very pernicious. If possible, they should not be brought into the warmth to hatch before the latter end of April or the beginning of May.

THE SILKWORM.

WE now lay before our readers some very singular, original Experiments, recently made by BOMBYX ATLAS,—a gentleman, whose name is a sufficient guarantee for the *exact* truth of every word he pens down; and whose fame as a practical entomologist needs no comment from us.

The worthy veteran has sent us a TABLE OF OPERATIONS AND EXPERIMENTS; and with it, a few remarks.* These we give in his own natural, unvarnished, simple words; merely adding, that his experiments have been pursued with unremitting ardor for two long months:—

I have kept silkworms, my dear Sir, ever since I was a school-boy; and I have tried, many and many a time, to rear them upon other leaves than those of the mulberry. But invariably without success.

With me, they have never come to the third change (as they ought to do), unless they have their natural food. I have fed them on the black mulberry, the white mulberry, and the paper mulberry; and have always found the strongest and most glossy silk produced by the worms fed on the black mulberry. I have been most particular in bringing up silkworms hatched the same year, and at the same period, from the same nest of eggs; and have, in all cases, found those fed on the black mulberry thrive the best.

I intended this year to try the experiment mentioned by "Heartsease," Hants, at pages 183 and 184, Vol. III., of "OUR JOURNAL." I commenced the indigo operation; and I must honestly confess, that finding the hearts of my poor patients ill at ease, I at once gave up the experiment. It was evident to me, that they suffered; and I therefore turned my attention to a different amusement,—and one which may perhaps be interesting to some of your readers. But I will never, for the sake of an experiment, knowingly inflict pain upon any animal or insect.

I send you herewith, a table of my amusing experiments, which will speak for itself. I beg you to observe that this little practical synopsis was all the result of observations

* It gives us pleasure to say, that we have *seen* all the silk produced in these experiments. The richness of its color is transcendently beautiful.—Ed. K. J.

upon the *self-same hundred worms* throughout. Should any of your readers have some eggs of the silkworm which produces the white silk, or the pale straw, and also be willing to send me a few hundred eggs, I will (D.V.) make a similar synopsis, and send it to OUR JOURNAL; giving you as many orange-colored as you can wish in exchange.

I will here simply remark that I weighed a skein of silk, produced from 100 pale straw-colored worms, reared in the year 1841, and it gave 81 grains. Also a skein of white silk reared in 1840, and it gave 72 grains.

The average weight of these white cocoons with the silk taken off preparatory to winding (1840), is 6 grains and 9-10ths. And the average weight of the cocoon of pale straw-colored silk, *before* the silk is taken off preparatory to winding, is 6 grains and 6-10ths.

The few following remarks appear to me curious and striking. They are taken from the Table I now send you.

100 cocoons, after the loose silk was taken off preparatory to winding, weighed 1587 grains and 8-10ths.

Now, Mr. Editor, it would appear that the weight of 100 full chrysalides (1437 grains), and the weight of the skein of silk produced (109 grains and 8-10ths), should give the same result. But they do not. They give only 1546 grains and 8-10ths; or a *loss* of 41 grains. This may, however, be accounted for by a certain loss of silk consequent upon the operation of winding, as well as the rejection of the slight filmy envelope which surrounds the chrysalis.

Again, it would appear that the weight of 100 empty chrysalides (20 grains and 9-10ths) and that of 100 moths (871 grains and 4-10ths), ought to give the same result as that of 100 full chrysalides. But it is far otherwise; and here we have a remarkably striking fact. There is a loss of no less than 544 grains and 7-10ths. This is occasioned, no doubt, by the transformation of the soft substance, which at first filled the chrysalis, into the beautiful feathery moth, which, after a while, breaks forth.*

Now for the grand climax. We find that, from 100 eggs, weighing only 1 grain and 3-10ths, are produced 100 silkworms, measuring in length 25 feet, and weighing 8 ounces and 11-48ths. These produce a skein of silk of 13 miles and 4-5ths in length, and weighing 109 grains and 8-10ths; leaving,

* It may here be imagined, that I ought to have taken into consideration the weight of the fluid ejected by the moths, and so make the proper allowance. But, be it observed, it is not every moth that does eject the fluid,—say one-third; so, if we reckon 20 grains on this account, it will still leave a deficiency of 524 grains and 7-10ths.—B. A.

after the silk is wound off, 100 chrysalides weighing 1437 grains. These, in a short time after, produce 100 moths, which weigh 871 grains, and 4-10ths, leaving behind them their empty chrysalides which only weigh 20 grains and 9-10ths.

Truly marvellous and astounding are all the works of the omnipotent God!

BOMBYX ATLAS.

Tottenham, Aug. 20.

TABLE OF OPERATIONS AND EXPERIMENTS.

PRACTICAL OBSERVATIONS ON "BOMBYX MORI."

Fed from the Egg on the leaves of the Black Mulberry. Hatched 20th May, 1853.

100 Silkworms produced 73,370 feet of silk, or about 13 miles and 4-5ths.

Average length of silk produced per silkworm, 733 feet and 7-10ths.

Average length of full-grown silkworm, on easy stretch, 2 inches and 3-4ths.

Average length of full-grown silkworm, on full stretch, 3 inches.

Average girth of full-grown silkworm, 1 inch and 1-4th.

Length of 100 silkworms on easy stretch, 22 feet 11 inches.

Length of 100 silkworms on full stretch, 25 feet.

Girth of 100 silkworms, 10 feet 5 inches.

Weight of skein of silk, produced from 100 silkworms, 109 grains and 8-10ths.

Average weight of silk produced by each silkworm, 1 grain and 98-1000ths.

Average weight of full-grown silkworm, 39 grains and 5-10ths.

Weight of 100 silkworms, 8 ounces and 11-48ths.

Weight of 100 cocoons, *before* the loose silk was taken off preparatory to winding, 1628 grains and 9-10ths.

Average weight of cocoon, *before* the loose silk was taken off preparatory to winding, 16 grains and 289-1000ths.

Weight of 100 cocoons, *after* the loose silk was taken off preparatory to winding, 1587 grains and 8-10ths.

Average weight of cocoon, *after* the loose silk was taken off preparatory to winding, 15 grains and 878-1000ths.

Weight of 100 full chrysalides, 1437 grains.

Average weight of full chrysalis, 14 grains and 37-100ths.

Weight of 100 empty chrysalides, 20 grains and 9-10ths.

Average weight of empty chrysalis, the 209-1000th part of a grain.

Weight of 100 moths half male and half female, 735 grains.

Average weight of males, 4 grains and 7-10ths.

Average weight of females, 10 grains.

Weight of 100 eggs, 1 grain and 3-10ths.

Average Weight of one egg, the 13-1000th part of a grain.

These 100 silkworms produced 100 moths, 40 of which were males, and 60 females. They weighed 871 grains and 4-10ths.

Average weight of the fluid ejected by the moth shortly after its escape from the chrysalis, the 55-100th part of a grain.
Color of silk produced, rich orange.

[Here terminates this "strange eventful history." Let us cherish the ardent hope,—most sincerely expressed,—that our rising youth will lend a willing ear to the detail of such matters. The world is *full* of similar wonders. It is the disposition to investigate them that is alone wanting.]

OUR MIRROR OF THE MONTHS.

SEPTEMBER.

How sweetly Nature strikes the ravish'd eye
Through the fine veil with which she oft conceals
Her charms, in part, as conscious of decay!

'Tis now the mellow season of the year,
When the hot sun sings the yellow leaves
Till they be gold,—and, with a broader sphere,
The moon looks down on Ceres and her sheaves;
When more abundantly the spider weaves,
And the cold wind breathes from a chilling clime.

WHAT A CURIOUS WORLD is this we inhabit! Or rather, what curious people are those of whom the world consists! We stick to our favorite opinion that the world itself is good as ever; it is WE who are found wanting.

As late as to the very end of July, people were grumbling sorely about the prospect of the harvest. It was said that the quartern loaf would assuredly soon be sold for one shilling; that horses would soon be starved; and that desolation would presently prevail amongst us to an extent never known. July closed under these heavy forebodings of coming sorrow; and August dawned with anything but a hearty welcome.

But how did the advent of August reproach the grumbling multitude! Full of smiles, and full of tenderness, she brought with her the glorious sun, who, in all his splendor has continued with us ever since; doing good to his enemies with a heartiness that makes us love him better than ever. Oh! how we do rejoice to bask in his golden rays, and wander abroad in his sweet company through the fields of golden grain! He smiles, and his smile blesses all nature. The atheist retires to his den; the cavillers at the Creator's goodness mumble out some sort of an excuse for their shortsightedness; the valleys shout and sing; the barns are well filled with the fruits of the earth; and *at last* we confess that all is — quite right.

When will people begin to learn that Nature delights in compensating for any apparent deficiency? How easy is it for her to make up for (what WE call) lost time! In all our walks, and observations by the way, we have seen reason, during the past month,

to rejoice with exceeding great joy. An abundance of good things has been visible on every hand, and the Goddess of Plenty has showered down upon us blessings out of number.

If our readers could get access to our heart, and read therein written what we have sensibly enjoyed since last we chatted with them, they would agree with us,—that such feelings could never find utterance on paper. The month of August possesses charms of the most exquisite kind for those who idolise Nature.

It is now that this loving, blessed mother, rests from her labors. She has done, by her creative power, all that she has to do. She now looks on at the in-gathering and proper distribution of her gifts to mankind. And oh,—what tongue shall tell, what pen note down, the broad expanse of her power! Far beyond the reach of vision—far beyond the realms of thought, extend her lavish bounties; and, as we see the busy laborers at work in the fields, and listen to the distant voices in the villages and barns mingled with the tinkling of sheep-bells, the lowing of oxen, and occasionally the striking of the country church clock,—the whole, united, makes the heart happy.

But we must quit this land of pleasing dreams. Would that such dreams would tarry longer with us! They are so refreshing! We are now in SEPTEMBER.

Of all months in the year, this perhaps is the most enjoyable,—we mean, of course, out of doors; for no sane person would remain at home in September. All that has life now basks in the sunshine; and—

There is no sunshine like the sky
Of these mild, breezy, cloudless Autumn days,
Which tempt once more abroad the butterfly
To search for lingering flowers; when the green
sprays
Of ash, now loosened, drop on him who strays
Through woodland paths, while the light yellow
leaves
Of fading trees come dancing down all ways,
Like winged things; and off the stream receives
Full many a tiny voyager, whirl'd along
Amid its eddies,—when the gossamer spreads
O'er the fresh clods her trembling silvery threads.

The mention of the word September, brings with it a solemn truth,—the year is in its decline. Already have we heard the lively song of the autumn robin sweetly welcoming in the "harvest home." Perched aloft on a hedge-stake, or a stile, he tells us plainly that the season has changed, and that with it come signs of gradual decay:—

Sweet little bird, in russet coat,
The livery of the closing year!
We love thy lonely, plaintive note,
And tiny whispering song to hear.

While on the stile or garden seat
We sit to watch the falling leaves,
The song thy little joys repeat
Our loneliness relieves.

But we delight to gaze on this lovely change,
and we glory in the season of Autumn :—

What though the radiance which was once so
bright

Be now for ever taken from our sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower,
We will grieve not—rather find
Strength in what remains behind.

We are known advocates for early rising ;
and during the present month in particular :—

The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet ;

The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That watches o'er the year's mortality.

It is just now that the garden contains living objects innumerable, to keep you spell-bound with admiration. The geometric spider is now holding his court on every bush.* This skilful architect must be closely regarded. That palace of his is surpassingly wonderful,—the construction of a "cunning workman." The more time you now assign to an examination of the insect world, the better. A world of living wonders is about you, all round you, aye,—beneath your feet.

Nor must you fail to walk abroad during the day, and observe what is so actively going forward in the fields. At even-tide, too, ramble forth, good folk ; and behold the glorious moon, who views with no little interest what is passing around us. Our autumnal evenings are, for the most part, splendid.

To sum up all that is going forward this month would be impossible. The first day of September is a blot. It is a signal for remorseless acts of butchery and wanton cruelty. Partridges, and their innocent families, are separated ruthlessly ; and after being, some slaughtered, and others frightfully wounded, the survivors meet at night to condole with each other as best they may. Their murderers, meantime, and those whose want of skill has left many of their would-be victims without a leg or a wing, are joyously carousing, and telling gleefully of their deeds of blood—to be continued on the morrow. Man ! thou art a savage.

Gleaning, too, is going forward this month. We love to wander among the tribe of gleaners, far away in the *real* country. The gleaners round *London* know too much for us. Sim-

* We spoke at large of the Spider, and its marvellous operations, in our *SECOND VOLUME*, pp. 233 and 275.

plicity, we guess, and innocence, lie far remote from cities. In our early days we enjoyed those scenes, and could assist the little reapers harmlessly. Many a walk have we had, side by side with a pretty, nut-brown, innocent face ; a merry, prattling tongue, a neat, trim figure, and an amiable heart. Those days, alas ! are gone—to return no more.

The hop-harvest, too, is now at hand ; and a glorious sight it is to see the hop-pickers busily at work under a fine bright sky. May the produce be heavy ! As for the apples, pears, wall-fruit, &c., &c., there is really no end to them this year. In short, there is plenty of everything. We have been here, there, everywhere—and there appears but one tale to tell. If the wheat was prostrated by the heavy storms, most of it recovered itself in good time ; and we find the harvest will be an excellent one. The hay, too, is by no means such a scanty crop as was represented—far from it. The alarmists have been foiled. "There is corn in Egypt," enough to stand many a siege !

The "signs of the times" are now made evident by the restlessness of certain of our little birds of passage. Their summer visit has nearly terminated. Their prophetic instinct has warned them that it is time to collect their offspring, and prepare for a lengthened flight.—By the way, we have been asked about our promised articles on "Instinct and Reason." They shall appear soon.

We have left ourself no room to speak of our autumnal flowers—the China Aster, the Dahlia, the Convolvulus, the Scabious, the Arbutus, &c. These, and many of last month's flowers, are in all their glory. The garden really looks quite gay and animated. As for rural scenery, all nature has put on her richest looks. The firs are gradually darkening towards their winter blackness. The oaks, limes, poplars, and horse-chestnuts still retain their very darkest summer green. The elms and beeches are changing to that bright yellow which produces, at a distance, the effect of patches of sunshine ; and the sycamores, in one or two localities, we observe, are assuming a brilliant warmth of hue almost amounting to scarlet.

The birds who have been recently lost to sight, whilst moulting, now begin to peep out at us from the hedges as we pass, and invite us to look at their new coats. New, indeed ! How lovely and how innocent are their wearers ! It is a curious fact, that birds should, during this painful effort of nature, retire altogether from observation. They *feel* themselves "unclean ;" and till the fever is over, they will not present themselves to the eye. If time and space permitted, we could give a very pretty illustration of this in the case of "our own" robin, who has been partially

hidden in the garden, among the leaves of the trees, for the last month—gliding mysteriously in and out as we passed and re-passed.

A short time since, we had a day "at home," for gardening purposes. Then was it that we took the interesting "notes" we have alluded to. This little rogue sang softly to us among the bushes all day. He never left us one moment; but, being not thoroughly "clean," he kept as much out of sight as possible—merely crossing and re-crossing the path quickly. Connected with this little bird, we could tell a string of pretty facts. Of the love existing between us, none can form an idea—save those who can appreciate the qualities of the robin. His love for mankind is astounding; though few of them are worthy of it. But we must close this paper.

We have said nothing of the holiday-folk this month; nor made any allusion to their habits of drinking, smoking, &c. No doubt they will be all the better pleased for the omission; seeing that we are apt to be somewhat severe on these, their recognised "pleasures."

The boarding-houses at our summer watering-places are now having it all their own way. The *thick* half-pint decanters are carefully distributed (as usual), we understand, to each of the bearded tabbies, whose skill in guaging what was left, and severity in commenting on the "marked" deficiency, are as remarkable as ever. Scandal too, reigns high as ever; and character is as remorselessly butchered.

Au reste—the steamers are over-crowded with "fast men;" the railways *ditto*. Half London has long since fled; the second half is preparing to fly. The streets are dusty and dull; tradesmen are yawning and inactive; and business is brought to a stand-still. Pic-nics, parties of pleasure, &c., are progressing merrily in all parts; and "work" is universally voted—a bore.

What pleases us more than all is, that our Evil Genius, the *organ-grinder*, has taken HIS departure too. It is hard for us to linger in London under *any* circumstances, during this splendid season; but it is just bearable now that our enemy has withdrawn with his "infernal machine." Oh! the contents of those boxes of whistles! Surely Satan set the tunes, and his emissaries "play them up!"

That WE are not a maniac, may be set down as one of the wonders of the day. Let us glory in so remarkable a fact!

WISDOM is an ocean that has no shore; its prospect is not terminated by an horizon; its centre is everywhere, and its circumference nowhere.

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION.

No. XLVI.—PHYSIOLOGY OF THE BRAIN.

BY F. J. GALL, M.D.

(Continued from Page 39.)

WE NOW PROCEED with our increasingly-interesting Inquiry, and introduce to day our views of

MORAL LIBERTY.

We cannot, and we ought not to admit any other liberty than that which is in accordance with the general laws of nature and with the nature of man. We have seen that an unlimited liberty and an absolute liberty are in contradiction with the nature of a being created and dependent. The liberty which we ought to acknowledge, must consider man as a being subject to the laws of causes and effects: this liberty must render the individual and the lawgivers responsible for good and evil. In this liberty, our acts must have the quality of merit and demerit. The development of this liberty must convey the full conviction, that it depends not only on the organisation, but also on the influences of external things; whether man is more or less master of his actions; and that social institutions, education, morality, religion, laws, punishments and rewards, are eminently useful and indispensable. A liberty, which has all these characteristics, is a moral liberty.

Moral liberty is the faculty of being determined and of determining one's self by motives; or, in other words, liberty is the power of willing, or not willing, after deliberation. It is this liberty, which has been the subject of the lessons of the ancient philosophers and lawyers—the only liberty, the application of which to social life and to each individual, can have the most extended influence. The moral code and the religion of all nations themselves, suppose only this species of liberty; since their only object is to furnish to us the most powerful and the noblest motives to direct our actions.

There are, then, two principal points to consider in moral liberty; the faculty of being determined, and the faculty of determining one's self by motives.

To make these two points clear, it is first necessary to remove a difficulty which results from my two propositions already proved—*viz.* that all our dispositions, propensities, and talents are innate, and that their manifestation depends on the organisation. It may be asked, to what extent moral liberty can reconcile itself with these two truths? "Man," it is said, "can in no wise change what is innate; no more can he change his organisation. He must, consequently, act as the innate faculties and qualities, and their organs permit, or rather command him."

It is true that man cannot change his organisation; nor the results which follow directly from it. Moreover, he has no control over accidental impressions produced from without. Thus, when by the effect of his organisation, or of external stimuli, there arise in him sensations, propensities, feelings, ideas, wishes,—we must consider him, as respects these impressions, desires, and thoughts, as the slave of his own organisation and the external world.

Each organ, when put in action, gives him a

sensation, a propensity, a succession of ideas ; and, in this respect, he has no empire over himself, except so far as he might prevent or produce the action of the organs. As it is impossible for him not to feel hunger when his stomach acts in a certain manner, so it is impossible for him not to feel the desires of the flesh, or any other propensity whatever, for good or for evil, when the organs of these propensities are in a state of excitement. It would, therefore, be unjust to render man responsible for the existence of these sensations and desires ; and for him to make of them a personal merit or demerit.

But we must be cautious ; for it is a great mistake to confound *propensities* and *desires* with *will*. To will, is nothing less than to feel desires, as M. Richerand quotes with approbation from M. de Tracy, or as Fichté says, the simple tendency of the faculties to act ; and desire is nothing less than a movement of the will towards a good which one does not possess, as it is defined in the *Dictionary of the French Academy*.

The ancients spoke of desires, concupiscences, volitions, or inclinations, and distinguished them carefully from will. Kant has with reason followed them, and Condillac says, on this subject, with much justice, "As it does not depend on us, not to have the wants which are the result of our conformation, it no more depends on us not to be inclined to do that to which we are determined by these wants."

It is then, also, from having confounded these various affections, desires, concupiscences, inclinations, with true will, that men have found inextricable difficulties relative to moral liberty. There is reason to deny freedom, as respects the existence of the desire ; but it is a false inference to conclude that the will and the acts are equally wanting in freedom. The desires, the propensities, are the result of the action of a single organ ; as I have shown in treating of the origin of moral qualities and intellectual faculties. Will, on the contrary, is a decision, a determination, produced by the examination and comparison of several motives.

Let us examine how man becomes capable of will, and, consequently, of moral liberty ; how man can be in opposition with his desires ; and how this same will, this same freedom, acquires, in different individuals, a different extent.

Let us represent to ourselves a being, endowed with a single organ. This being could perceive only a single species of sensations or ideas, and would be capable of exercising only a single species of faculties. Such a single organ might well be put in action by internal and external irritations, and be exercised in this action by frequent repetitions. But this individual would not be susceptible of any other sensation or idea. It would be impossible for him to compare sensations and ideas of different kinds, and to choose between them. Consequently, as soon as the single organ should be put in action, there would be no reason why the animal should not follow the propensity put in motion, or the idea awakened by this action ; he would, therefore, be under absolute restraint ; or, rather, he would have no possibility to do otherwise than submit himself to this motive, to this single impulse. The inaction or action of this being, would result simply from the activity or inactivity of this single faculty. It is thus that the inferior

animals are invariably limited to their aptitudes or their instincts.

As soon as animals are endowed with several organs (as happens especially in the more perfect orders), they also become susceptible of different species of sensations and ideas. It is true that, in this case, the action of one organ destroys neither the existence nor the action of another ; consequently, it can no more destroy the sensations and ideas excited by this organ. But an organ may act with more energy, and furnish a more powerful motive. The instant you have presented food to a hungry dog, and when he is on the point of devouring it, make a hare pass before him, and he will run after the hare, though he has not ceased to feel the sensation of hunger. If you repeatedly employ violence to prevent the dog from pursuing the hare, he remembers the blows which await him ; and, though the ardor of his desire occasions him tremors and palpitations, he will no more trust himself in the pursuit. If the dog were only susceptible of hunger, or if he had propensity and faculty only for the chase, this mode of action would be impossible to him. It is then the plurality of organs which renders him susceptible of different ideas and sensations. But, as these ideas and these motives are not of a high order, we cannot call this faculty in animals, a moral freedom—a real faculty of willing ; we must regard it as simple *spontaneity*, or the faculty of being determined by the strongest and most numerous excitements.

Now let us compare man to the most perfect animals. How are the motives, of which his more elevated organisation has made him susceptible, ennobled and multiplied ? Beside the propensities and the faculties which he has in common with animals, he distinguishes truth from error, justice from injustice ; he compares the present with the past, and reads the future ; he seeks and discovers the connection of causes and effects ; he has the sense of shame and decency ; he has sympathy and compassion, and can of himself discover the duties which he owes to others ; he is furnished with internal organs for morality and religion, for knowing and honoring an eternal and independent Being. His internal organisation, his language, tradition, education, &c., secure to him an abundant source of knowledge ; and furnish him an infinitely larger number of motives than animals can have. By means of his reason, he compares ideas and sensations, weighs their respective value, and can especially fix his attention on determinate motives. From all these operations, finally, results decision. It is this decision, the result of reason, and of the comparison of motives, which is properly willing ; and the act of willing, in opposition to the propensities, desires, volitions, the inclinations, and the simple sensation of contentment.

It is now easy to conceive, how man may have desires and inclinations altogether different from will, and how his reason places him in opposition to his desires. The senses are inflamed, and man feels himself incited to obey this movement ; but if he abandons himself to his desire of vengeance, he knows, by means of his intellectual faculties, that a base action will dishonor him, and that he will be rather regarded as the slave of his passions than as master of himself. If he

throws himself into the arms of voluptuousness, the frightful image of his health destroyed, and his domestic felicity overthrown, presents itself to his eyes; the regulations of social life, the shame of abusing confidence, the disastrous results of his conduct as affecting the beloved object, &c. &c.; all these motives act in his mind, and by their force or their number succeed in overcoming him. It is thus that a man comes to will a thing precisely the reverse of that to which his desires would have led him.

Each one then ought to feel that, so long as the propensities and the desires are not awakened and nourished by the participation of the individual, he cannot be made responsible for them; but that he is so for his determination, for his will and actions. Thus it is, and always will be true, that the organs of the moral faculties given by the Creator, are the principle of what we call sometimes propensity, sometimes inclination, desire, or passion; according to the different energy of action of these organs. Every one allows that, in this respect, the empire of man is limited; it is not in his power to annihilate his propensities, nor to give himself inclinations at will. But, in the midst of the most earnest desires of man, if several faculties of a superior order, the exercise of which is maintained by a perfect organisation, act in him, and join themselves to the external motives which education, the laws, religion, &c., furnish him—these same desires are overcome. The will which man then manifests, is no longer the action of a single organ.

It is the business of the man, secured within and without by multiplied motives, and endowed with the faculty of comparing them, to weigh them, and to be determined, or to determine himself, according to these motives. Now it is incontestable, that, so long as man enjoys his good sense, he can act thus; and that he often wills and does the entire contrary of what his propensities direct him. Consequently, he is morally free. It is this liberty which makes of man a moral being, which gives to his actions morality and responsibility.

But, let us not believe that this faculty of willing or not willing, this moral liberty, has been given up to chance by the Creator. The determination which takes place by motives, is also submitted to laws in such a manner that, in the exercise of moral liberty, there can never be any question as to unlimited or absolute liberty. The laws of nature, for instance, ordain that the faculties of an inferior order should obey those of a superior order; that every living creature should love himself, and, consequently, employ all his means and his faculties for his own happiness. "All men," says Pascal, "desire to be happy. This is so without exception. The will makes no effort except toward this object. It is the motive of all the actions of all men, even of those who destroy themselves." Man must, then, necessarily desire a good, and dread an evil, which he acknowledges as such. If several motives present themselves, it is not in the power of the man to decide indifferently for one or the other; but he is determined, according to the laws of thought, by the motive which acts most powerfully upon him, or offers him the greatest good. Without this necessity, man, with all his moral liberty, would

fall into that unreasonable contradiction against the laws of nature, of which I have made mention in speaking of unlimited and absolute liberty.

Meanwhile, this liberty, conformable to the dependence in which we are placed in the creation, to the laws of nature and of our organisation, fulfils all the conditions which we can expect from a finite, but reasonable being. It not only renders those who direct man, responsible, but makes each individual so, for his actions; it is the only liberty which can be useful in life, and, as Locke says, the only one which is supposed in human institutions; while, in admitting an unlimited or absolute liberty, all the efforts which tend to guide man, would be absurd.

When certain philosophers require that we should practise virtue and justice, without any motive, for the sake of virtue only,—far from doing away with the necessity of motives, they present to you virtue and justice as the most sublime motives, and the most worthy to lead you to act. Every thing then proves, that in all states of human society, men have supposed no other freedom than that of being able to be determined, or to determine one's self, by the most powerful motives.

It is certain, that all individuals do not enjoy moral freedom to the same extent. How happens this?

We have seen that the faculty of appreciating motives of a superior order constitutes the first condition of moral freedom. Now, all motives are founded either in our own constitution, on a happy organisation, or on external circumstances. As our internal faculties are more limited, the fewer motives will they furnish us to do good, or to avoid evil; and the more the noble sentiments and faculties predominate over the propensities, the more will these be counterbalanced when their tendency becomes prejudicial. Thus, the man with great talents has more liberty than the ordinary man; and the more the faculties descend towards idiocy, the more also moral liberty goes on decreasing.

The second source of our motives is in external circumstances. The man who has fewest wants, will also be less tempted than the man who is sunk in misery. The man formed and cultivated by education, morality, and religion, and who understands the laws and the duties of society, will have infinitely more motives in his power than he whose heart and mind have been abandoned to ignorance and brutality. In general, the greater disproportion there is between the motives, whether internal or external, and the energy of the propensities, the more precarious becomes the exercise of moral liberty.

SELFISHNESS AND BRUTALITY.

How very revolting it is, to behold how the love for "Number One" prevails just at this particular time! And how very abominably exclusive "some people" are!

Even the sight of a playful child on the sands by the sea-shore, we observe, gives "some people" annoyance; and they gaze on the "happy innocent" with contempt as they sweep rustling past it. The human heart has become ossified. What has not "Fashion" got to answer for?

AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF A DOG—No. XVI.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

(Continued from Page 41.)

IT HAS BEEN HOT AND HARD WORK, my dear Mr. Editor, to collect my thoughts and arrange my papers this month. But the public eye is on me; and I, like yourself, must go through what I have undertaken to perform. So now for my pen and ink. I am sitting on the very chair you sat on, when last we met. I love that chair! [And we love *you*, too, dear FINO!]

I have very often introduced to your notice my venerable friend, the "Grandpapa des Papillons," and I suspect, at the great age he reached before he was gathered to his fathers (nearly fourscore and four years), he was, perhaps, justly entitled to be so named among entomologists in Switzerland. This aged gentleman was equally well-known by the name of the "Vieux Silène" (*Satyrus circé*). His collection of insects was rich indeed, and I think I have heard Bombyx Atlas say that it is now the property of his grandson. Should he go on perfecting it with the zeal which so distinguished his grandfather, what a collection of rarities this will in time become!

Do you know, Mr. Editor, there is one single spider worth travelling a hundred miles to see! Bombyx has got a fellow that strides upwards of eight inches, (a neat creature this to catch a blue-bottle!) and, oh, if you could but behold old grandpapa's pet! I never!

However, my object now is to portray to your mind's eye the great lion of entomologists—at least so I think him, Mr. Editor. I have heard old grandpapa mention him as the greatest entomologist that ever lived; and he was no bad judge. One must know *something* about insects before one equals the old grandpapa; and yet the other was a giant even compared to him, albeit he was originally his pupil to a certain extent.

It was delicate health that, in the first instance, compelled this great man to quit a continental city, his birthplace; and that induced him to settle in a little village in the most lovely and wildest part of the most lovely and wildest country; his sole object being then, the restoration of his health. During his "strolling dabbles," he would watch the motions of various insects; catch butterflies; and, after a while, bring up caterpillars. Here the right chord of his giant mind was struck, and he finished by purchasing the residence he now occupies, devoting himself to entomology. How many years ago he first became acquainted with the "Grandpapa des Papillons" I know not, but he must have been his junior by some sixteen or seventeen years—consequently must now be hovering upon the verge of some threescore years and ten.

Well, it was a splendid autumnal evening, when the departing sun was gloriously illumining the lofty summit of the "Dent de Borée," "Dent d'Ôche," the "Autan" &c., &c. The deep blue lake was as calm as a mirror, and reflected on its limpid surface the grand chain of the mountains of Savoy. "Bombyx" was in his little garden, discussing a "bahia," and enjoying the glories of the splendid evening.

Myself and my brother were at our usual corner, on the top of the garden-wall; when I presently saw Carlo wag his rude old tail (not such a gentle-

man-like appendage as mine, Mr. Editor), in token of welcome, and of course I did the same. Looking up to see who it was that was so cordially greeted, I instantly perceived the old "grandpapa," and a step or two behind, we observed an elderly man, whom I put down as an impertinent intruder, annoying old grandpapa; accordingly I gave a significant growl to warn him off, and Carlo began to bark and show his teeth. Still they both advanced up the avenue. At last they both halted for a short time, and talking rather loudly, I thought they were quarrelling. Now, as we had a great veneration for the old grandpapa, we both leapt off the wall, determined to brush this intruder off in double-quick time, and so rid our aged friend of this supposed nuisance.

Judge of our surprise. When we arrived they were both enjoying our mistake! "Qu'est ce qu'il y a donc, mes amis?" ejaculated the old grandpapa. "Le Bombyx, est il chez lui?"

"Was ist, mein liebe freund? Was ist mein liebe Fino?" said the elderly gentleman (where he heard my name I am quite at a loss to guess), with a most significant smile, and a peculiar twitch of the chin I never saw before.

The noise brought the German servant to the door, and he, falling into the same mistake as ourselves, halloed out "Ei Du Schlimmer Spitzbube wollen sie oder wollen fie nicht fort."

Upon this, there was an out-and-out laugh between the "Vieux Silène" and his companion. At length they reached the garden,—the aged "Grandpapa" calling out "Bon soir, cher Bombyx. Bon soir, mon cher vieux Silène! As tu quelque chose de bon pour souper, Bombyx? Ah que si. Je viens souper avec vous mes amis, et je vous amène Monsieur W—, le roy des entomologistes, —décidément le premier entomologiste d'Europe. Il part pour Berne demain à six heures, et nous allons jouir de sa brave société ce soir." Sur cela Bombyx lui donne un welcome, worthy of the great man, and of his kind old friend.

No sooner did I hear the name mentioned than I smelt a rat; for I had often heard grandpapa name him with a species of enthusiasm. But I certainly was not prepared for such a singular exterior. However, our intruder (as we took him to be) was soon laughing and joking with Bombyx and the "vieux Silène." A bottle of "Perrier's" best sparkling was now brought up, and the German servant was despatched to the town to get something peculiarly "piquant" for the "vieux Silène" and his companion, grumbling as he went along, "Was ist das fur ein kerl?"

This extraordinary man, Mr. Editor, as I have already observed, must be rapidly approaching threescore years and ten, and about five feet ten inches high; moderately stout and thick-set, with a bald high forehead, and rather a sallow complexion, although a certain unmistakable ruddy appearance denotes him a man capable of great exertion, and of undergoing great fatigue. A most remarkably expressive countenance was his, and a fine full hazel eye. He had grey hair, and a grey beard, which is nearly silvery under the chin. A most peculiar smile, too, was his; and when particularly pleased, he utters an almost involuntary "ya—ya," which speaks volumes. Talk to him of "Sphinx alecto," "Lasiocampa Dryophaga." "Ya, ya. Das is gut," he will

say, and you will see an involuntary raising of the right hand to the chin. Just mention the name of "Esulæ," and the poor chin is grasped by the right hand, in a most unceremonious manner. The eyes sparkle with delight—"Ya, ya, das ist Seltenes. Das ist was—was." Show him a butterfly, whose name he does not instantly recollect, and out of his capacious side pocket comes a most compendious catalogue, interpaged and interlined so thickly and so closely, you wonder how he will discover what he wants. He next produces a large pair of round spectacles, in an old-fashioned steel frame, and the catalogue expanded in the left hand. He moistens the thumb and finger of the right hand, and hastily turning over a page or two, says, rather slowly, and in a subdued tone of voice, "Da sollte es unfehlbar seyn," next to so-and-so, and he always manages to let his finger fall mechanically upon the name of the insect.

I cannot here resist giving you a short description of his singular costume. He wore an ample pair of dark-brown pantaloons; his shoes were very strong and large, and particularly square-toed. Either of them would have contained, easily, both the feet of the largest man I ever saw. He also wore a singular square-cut greenish olive waistcoat, very loose to his person, and an immense large coat of the same color and material; a black cravat, and a curious large cloth cap, with broad leather front to shade the eyes. He was, however, a man full of intelligence, and a very great observer. Nothing escaped his keen eye. He was not so polished as the "Vieux Silène," but he was indeed a most wonderful character; liberal, kind-hearted, and communicative. Every word he spoke, every look he gave, conveyed a meaning. Moreover, he took a great fancy to my old master, who profited greatly by his entomological knowledge and experience, and many, many a most valuable specimen in his collection does he owe to this great man's kindly feeling towards him.

Never did this king of entomologists come within reach of old Bombyx's habitation but he spent part of the day, at least, with him—and with the "Vieux Silène," of course; and he seldom came without bringing some specimens of rarest value. Should he ever come into this country, my dear Mr. Editor, you shall be introduced to him [thank you dear Fino]; but I doubt his now so doing. He has often been as far as Paris, but never was tempted to visit London. Possibly he feared the over-kindness of the great Scotch entomologist would quite overpower him. He is so very kind to poor "strolling dabblers!"

Singularly clad as this curious individual was—it was from no lack of means; another proof of the folly of judging of the characters of people by external appearances! He was a man of very considerable property, but who enjoyed his own peculiar fancies in all honest simplicity. At the same time, he felt deeply any slight to himself, on account of his odd dress, and somewhat uncouth manners. When any body superciliously sneered at his odd ways, and at the same time presumed to seek for any information, he would plainly tell them—"Yetzt konnensie schwarzes brod fressen." He was uncommonly full of quaint drollery, and could take and give a joke as well as any man.

To speak of his entomological researches, his entomological labors, his entomological mind, altogether—is more than I can attempt to do. I must refer you for *that* to my old master. The many splendid insects actually discovered, or again brought to light, after having been lost sight of during a very long period of time, by the exertions of this indefatigable entomologist, is perfectly astonishing. Would that a few more entomologists would imitate his great perseverance, and his simple simplicity! What a lesson of humility would half-an-hour's communication with this great man impress upon the minds of some entomologists! They certainly would not leave him without feeling their great inferiority. They would be equally charmed, too, with his unaffected kindness.

What an universal pass kindness is, Mr. Editor, How quickly we dogs can perceive who is kind and who is not! This great man, Mr. Editor, is very regular in his hours and habits. He rises with or before the sun, generally speaking. Occasionally he takes no rest at all. The midnight hour—one, two, three—nay every hour may every now and then find him at his beautiful study. His breakfast is very simple, consisting of a cup of coffee and a little brown bread and butter. He dines very frugally, at one o'clock. His great enjoyment appears to be his supper (which, at home, is always early), especially in winter, when he is surrounded by his family, and, may be, a friend or two, and enlivened by his "Schoppchen" of old wine and a crackling fire. He discourses most *naively* on any occurrences that have happened to him during his different travels; or perhaps, in his own most peculiar expressive manner, will describe the particular ways and habits of some insect upon which he may have been questioned.

I scarcely think, Mr. Editor, there is any great entomologist, now living, who does not benefit, more or less, directly or indirectly, by the great labors of this individual. Such however are his modesty and simplicity, that he does not like his name to be introduced anywhere.

By the way, I had almost forgotten to tell you that he is very fond of his "prise de tabac." He takes this from a most capacious *tabatière*, which, doubtless has been his companion for many a long year. He used generally to visit Bombyx, either about Easter, or at the fall of the autumn, and singularly rare indeed were the insects he would at such seasons leave behind him!

By the way, it is worthy of note, that when this wonderful man first left his native city, in a sad state of health, he cared little about a butterfly; and probably the first time he saw one, he rather avoided chasing it than otherwise, until, in time, his attention was arrested, his curiosity excited, and his thirst for more perfect entomological knowledge became absolutely insatiable. Even now, when he is an old man, he works at his favorite pursuit (which at times is very fatiguing) with all that zeal which so peculiarly distinguishes him, and long may he live to enjoy the proud distinction of being the greatest living entomologist!

Adieu, my own very dear friend. *Au revoir.*
Tottenham, Aug. 18. FINO.

P.S.—I see that you advise me *not* to go to

Chobham. I certainly have no fancy to be hunted through the camp with an old kettle attached to my tail; so I think I *shall* stop at home, and catch butterflies. I hope you will soon come and have a day's sport with me in Epping Forest. Perhaps we shall meet some of those charming picnic parties, about which you sang so sweetly and provokingly in your last. Oh, my dear friend, you *are* "a cheerful card." I long to take "another glass" of ale with you [Hush!].

[Well spoken, FINO! Look out—we shall be with you anon, and your good nose shall soon point to the spot where the revellers lie concealed in the forest, amidst their well-selected delicacies. Rely upon it *WE*, and all belonging to our "united happy families," shall be welcome guests there. *WE* will sing them a song, and you shall tell them a racy anecdote. Old Bombyx and the smaller B's will, of course, accompany us.]

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A DOG.*

BY ONE OF THAT SUFFERING RACE.

While others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great TRUTH catch mere simplicity.
While some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With TRUTH and plainness I do wear mine bare.
SHAKESPEARE.

LIKE CHARLES DICKENS, of immortal memory, I will, my dear Mr. Editor, begin with the most important circumstance first.

I was born in a cellar, in a small street in Seven Dials. My owner kept a species of composition live-stock shop; and sold dogs and ducks, cats and canaries, rabbits and rats, ferrets and fowls, gold-fish and gold-pheasants, white-mice and monkeys. And, in the midst of these barking, quacking, mewling, singing, stamping, squealing, cackling, swimming, beautiful, stinking, and nasty things, I and my brother and sister, on the twelfth day after this event, opened our astonished eyes.

My mother and father were of the royal race—King Charlie spaniels; and had once both been the especial favorites of a noble lady who lived in—Square, where they associated in the drawing-room with the

* With the MS. of this article came a note from Mr. W. KENT, the celebrated Canine Surgeon, of 53, Great Marylebone Street, to the following effect:—"To the Editor of 'KIDD'S JOURNAL.' Dear Sir,—Rejoicing, as I do, in the perusal of that most interesting 'Auto-biography of a Dog' now publishing in your delightful Book of Nature; I write to ask the insertion of another Life of another Dog—one of those numerous 'patients' of mine, from whom I derive so much curious information from time to time, and to whom I read FINO's Life. Few know more of the habits and treatment of the Dog than myself. That I love the race, I freely admit. They deserve my love. This tale, I should tell you, is taken down for you *verbatim* from the mouth of 'Charlie,' one of my patients. I give it *ipsisssimis verbis*.—W. H. KENT."

highest in the land, or gambolled on the beautiful grass in front of the house with embryo peers of the realm. But "to what base purposes may we come?" Your Queen (God bless her!) went to Scotland; and from thence brought a terrier as a plaything for the royal children. This condemned many of our race. The fashion was changed. The Queen's Scotch terrier was all the rage; and my parent's mistress, being the leader of the ton, they were exchanged for one of these "children of the North;" and from the boudoir of a nobleman's mansion, they were condemned to a cellar in Seven Dials.

For about a month after my eyes were open, life seemed a pleasure to me. I rolled over my brother and sister; fed, slept, and waked—to feed and roll again, or pull my dear mother's beautiful long silken ears. I knew no care, no pain, save when my mother trod upon me, as she sometimes did, in her hurry to escape from the whip of our owner. Not that he whipped her for nothing, or out of mere cruelty; but simply because he was unable to appreciate the warmth of her heart, and her longing desire once more to see that mistress for whom alone she "loved to live, nor feared to die."

In this endeavor, at the sound of gentle voices that we often heard inquiring of Mr. Fancier,—if "he had any terriers like the Queen's to sell," she would sometimes fancy that she recognised some "sweet and well-remembered sound;" and running to the door, would whine so mournfully, that even the fashionable fanciers would occasionally say, "Poor dog! what is the matter with it?" The answer was—"It's only a spaniel, that fancies every one that comes here is its missus." Her owner would then, whip in hand, chase her to our kennel.

After the fifth week, we were taken from our mother, and placed in a sort of rabbit-hutch, with iron rails in front, in the shop. And here I saw scenes that I shall never forget; cruelty, such as those who paid for its perpetration could not stand and look upon. Gentlemen, whose bearing bespoke them "noble," and whose every action in public and private life was doubtless stamped with honor; and ladies, whose acts of kindness and charity have been sounded from one end of England to the other—would bring their favorites to have their appearance "improved" according to "fashion," by mutilating different parts of their bodies.

The Captain's bull-terrier must have his ears cut close, to prevent their being bitten by any other dog he may be ordered to worry. My lady's Scotch terrier must have his ears cut so as to point over the head, according to "the fashion;" and the Countess's pugs must have their ears wrung

completely out of their heads, or they would not "look like" pugs; and her dear little English toy-terrier, "whose fate—in bondage thrown for weak loveliness—is like her own," must be cropped to make him "look sharp."

You, my dear Sir, in the plenitude of your patronage, are pleased to call the Dog "the friend of man;" but does man make a friend of a creature without affection, and dead to pain? No! This wanton cruelty is, let us hope, a disease of the head, not of the heart; the one says "we must be in the fashion," and the other candidly acknowledges it cannot witness the scene. Of this I am sure, that if ladies and gentlemen would stand by and see this barbarous operation performed, or hear the piteous and heart-rending cries of their little favorites, during its performance, those who have dogs already "cropped" would feel pity for the agonies they had endured, and in future refuse thus to allow cruelty to minister to fancy.

Nature, my dear Mr. Editor, made us dogs perfect. Why should we not remain so? Nature made our mistresses perfect; and (between ourselves) why should *they* not remain so? However, that is *their* affair. If they think they can "improve" upon nature, be it so. They certainly do undergo severe torture in the trial. But with *them*, the sacrifice is voluntary; with us poor dogs, it is compulsory. Adieu! *Au revoir*. I shall have lots more to tell you about myself and my race.

Yours ever affectionately,

August 16.

CHARLIE.

HEATED VESSELS.

EXPOSITION OF A PARADOX.

A VERY general opinion prevails, "that when water is boiling in a vessel the bottom is cool; but the moment it ceases to boil, the bottom becomes hotter."

The whole of the paradox appears to be founded on an error of sense. When a person applies his finger to the vessel, though he applies it for a considerable time, it is not heated more than he can endure; for the blood in the course of its circulation loses some of its heat before it arrives at the extremities.

And till the blood in the extremities is heated to the same degree with that of the heart, we feel no pain from burning; but as soon as this is effected, the least degree of heat becomes painful.

When the finger is first applied to the bottom of the vessel, after it is taken off the fire, the heat is endured for these reasons. When the boiling ceases, it is natural to take the same finger (for, having dirtied one, people seldom choose to take another); and that finger being already heated almost as much as it could bear, now finds the heat at the bottom of the vessel exquisitely painful.

METROPOLITAN POULTRY SHOW.

THE GRAND SUMMER EXHIBITION having been held on the 26th and 27th of July (just as we were going to press), we were unable to take any notice of it in our last. Nor need we now offer more than a passing remark on what we saw.

The Collection was a somewhat extensive one; but the season chosen for their display was truly unfortunate. Most of the old birds were in moult, and exhibited a very ragged appearance. The chickens, however, which were numerous, were, for the most part, strong and hearty.

No fewer than 913 pens of poultry were submitted by the various well-known contributors to the public eye. Of these, there were all the usual kinds, including many of the Cochin China breed. We were glad to observe that the latter had lost one half, if not more, of their attraction. The season too very fortunately prevented their indulging so much as usual in the hideous, deafening noises, for which they are so celebrated. They were comparatively silent. The Cochin China mania, we are glad to say, has very nearly subsided. People have indeed paid dearly for *that* whistle!

There were some very fine specimens of Spanish fowls, and some very fine old golden spangled Hamburgs. Some of the Polands, too, were good; as were certain of the game fowls. We observed also a few, and but a few, fine bantams.

As for the Dorkings, our old favorites, we gazed on *them* with real delight. These noble animals carried the palm among all good judges. It pleased us not a little, to listen to the remarks of certain practical men as to their decided superiority (*in every respect*) over the Cochins.

Then there were dumpies, frizzled, and silk fowls; pigeons, turkeys, ducks, geese, &c.—all very fair specimens of their kind. We would particularly dwell upon the arrangement of the rooms. This was under the able superintendence of Mr. J. H. CATLIN, the secretary, who had carefully and successfully studied the comfort of the visitors, as well as the convenience of the animals exhibited. The attendance was not so large as could have been wished; but the "Cab strike" no doubt had something to do with this.

We observed in the further rooms, a variety of very useful articles connected with the keeping and rearing of poultry—the inventions and manufacture of Mr. Joseph HARDMEAT, of King's Lynn, Norfolk. Our readers will remember that we called particular attention to some of these, in our January number; but they have since been largely added to.

We congratulate Mr. Hardmeat on the

good sense he has shown in getting up these essentials for the poultry-yard at a remarkably cheap rate. We saw fountains as low as 2s. 6d.; and every other article appeared to be assessed at an equally moderate rate. This will ensure them a ready sale.

Among Mr. Hardmeat's recent inventions, we would direct special attention to his

POULTRY RESTAURANT.

This, being adapted for every variety of fowl, may be pronounced an indispensable adjunct to all poultry-yards. It is adapted to hold both *food and water*; which are supplied, *from one vessel*, at an equal ratio with the consumption. The "Restaurant" is fitted with sliding regulators, which adapt it to any description of food, from corn to potatoes; and the supply may be shut off when desired.

A list of the different articles invented and manufactured by Mr. Hardmeat, will be found in our advertising columns. His London depot is—the Bazaar, Baker Street.

Many other poultry shows have been held in various parts of the country; and we consider them likely to lead to beneficial results, inasmuch as they encourage competition. Besides, if they work no other good, they encourage a fondness for animals amongst our womankind, which cannot fail to add considerably to their naturally-kind disposition.

A love for animals cannot be too highly commended. Its effects few persons can be ignorant of. We again caution our friends against purchasing choice eggs for sitting, from any but people of known respectability. They are offered "cheap" by adventurers; but ere they arrive they have been scalded, and the embryo has been destroyed. This trick is now almost universally practised.

HINTS TO AMATEUR GARDENERS.

THE CALENDAR FOR SEPTEMBER.

WE ARE NOW unmistakably reminded, that we are on the verge of Autumn. Our early Summer was a short one; but short as it was, we have enjoyed it. Nature loves to give us "compensation," and it is our own fault if we do not improve the many opportunities she gives us of being "happy." Let but the desire show itself, and the way is plain. Our Autumns are indeed truly glorious!

Our general remarks upon this month may be brief.

The shortening days, cold nights, and decreasing gaiety of the flower-borders, must not relax our endeavors to preserve cleanliness and neatness; but rather tend to increase perseverance, in keeping the plants that remain in perfection, and all parts of the garden in still better order. This will

be found the best means of extending the gratifications to be derived from the garden; a clean, neat garden being at all times a pleasing object even in the depth of Winter. There is, however, much to be done this month. Flower-seeds of various kinds must be collected and dried, keeping each in a separate paper, with its name, height, and color, or any other observations marked upon it. Any choice or half-hardy plants which have been growing in the open border during the summer, should now be potted for the window, or be placed under protection. In the absence of better means of keeping scarlet or other Pelargoniums, they may be lifted with the soil adhering to their roots and hung up in a cellar. Beds for choice bulbs should now be prepared; they should be broken up eighteen inches deep, but no manure added so near their surface as to come in contact with the bulbs. We give more minute particulars, in alphabetical arrangement, below.

FRUIT.

During the dry weather, any kinds of apples or pears which may be ripe, should be gathered. To ascertain if they are ready for gathering, raise them gently. If they part readily from the tree, or if on cutting one through the middle the seeds are become brown, they may be taken. Early fruit had better be gathered a little *before* they are quite ripe. You may still continue to plant out strawberry runners; keeping them well watered. You should also have your vines carefully examined in accordance with the directions we gave for August.

FLOWER GARDEN.

All who love their flower-garden,—and who that is possessed of one does not love it?—should now devote their unceasing energies to its good-looks. Early and late there is something requisite to be done,—something to remove, something to add. Gardening is a most delectable occupation.

Antirrhinums.—Succession plants will be in flower by judicious management, but large supplies are scarcely needed.

Auriculas.—As these progress, continue and be prompt in the necessary routine of water, air, and cleanliness; if, from watering and stirring, the soil should be wasted, add a little on the surface, to make the fibres secure and well covered: look to the frames awaiting them, replace labels if decayed.

Biennials.—Finish planting; sow.

Bulbs.—These may now be potted; plunging into dry sand, or ashes, or soil, to the depth of six inches. Scillas, Snowdrops, Crocuses, Anemones, Ranunculuses, &c., may be planted in borders two or three inches deep; Hyacinths, Jonquils, &c., four to six inches, in numbers varying from three to twelve or twenty in each patch.

Calceolarias.—Keep growing, and remove all decaying foliage.

Camellias should now be again housed; clean, surface stir, and top dress.

Carnations.—Get all the stock potted by the end of the month, place in frames close to the glass, shade from strong sun.

Chrysanthemums.—As the flower-buds appear, take off all except the centre bud, leaving not more than two bloom-buds on the plants where specimen blooms are required; train the shoots on the specimen plants, when the bloom-buds are set, water with liquid manure, increasing the strength of the liquid from time to time.

Cinerarias.—Continue as recommended last month, and do not let the plants at any time become pot-bound, fumigate periodically to prevent green-fly, and dust the under part of the foliage on any appearance of mildew.

Clumps, need attention, decaying stems cut down, tall plants make secure.

Composts, collect and have in readiness for mixing.

Crocks will be needed in large quantities as potting proceeds.

Cuttings in store pots see to: take, and put in.

Dahlias are in their glory this month: look to seedlings, save none but of real merit. A few flowers may be marked and the seed allowed to ripen, select only first-rate properties from which to take the chance of improvement.

*Epacris*es are still better out of doors than in, if the weather be genial: flowering sorts should, however, be under glass if showing color.

Ericas.—Get into their winter quarters and make all clean.

Frames will now be in full use; a good layer of ashes inside, on which to stand the pots, is desirable.

Fuchsias, let remain dormant; if early flowering specimens be wanted, get some into heat to start them.

Greenhouses may now be considered as fully engaged; give air in abundance, or premature growths, with weakly wood, will be produced.

Hollyhocks.—Look to the ripening seed, cut down spent flower-stalks, protect the plants in hard weather if intended to remain; young plants annually do best.

Hyacinths.—Purchase, pot and plant in borders.

Lawns require attention at this time.

Liliums.—Discontinue the manure water as the flowers open; when in flower look that all are correct to name. Discontinue water as they go out of bloom.

Lime-water may be given to all pots as before directed.

Pansies.—Prepare beds for planting; keep young stock clean; sow seed; discard all worthless flowering seedlings.

Paths.—Give a good rolling to, so to make even and firm ere winter sets in.

Pelargoniums.—General attention is now required: if any plants are standing about out of doors, they should be either put into a greenhouse or frame. We prefer the house; if the plants are left out they become soddened with wet, which will most likely bring on the spot, and cause the plants to look unhealthy through the winter; the plants at this time require but little water to keep them in good health—always keep clean from green-fly. It will be well this month to

get the different soils into a shed, protected from heavy rains, ready for the final shift for the year; the soil must not be wet when used, but moderately dry. The young plants that have been struck this season, and not stopped back, should be done so now in order to make nice bushy plants.

Piccotees.—After potting a few days, close glassing is necessary to start the fibres into the new soil; protect from excessive rains.

Pinks should all be planted; a few pairs of particular or delicate sorts may be potted to fill gaps in the beds, at early spring.

Plants generally, going to rest, need less water.

Polyanthuses, may yet be parted; destroy slugs, and keep the surface of beds well stirred on dry days.

Pots.—Obtain a sufficient supply; clean those emptied for the season, as also all, before they are taken into houses or frames.

Primulas, pot on as they fill the pots with roots; keep clean and remove decaying leaves.

Ranunculuses.—See to the preparation of beds for, sow seed.

Roses.—Cut seed pods out of all plants done flowering; fork plantations of; secure to stakes; add old manure.

Scillas.—Plant.

Seed.—Sow of hardy subjects.

Seedlings.—Plant out such as Pinks, Pansies, &c.

Snow-drops and similar bulbs, plant.

Soils, collect, stack, protect, turn.

Sow such seeds as will stand out the winter.

Tulips, let each bulb be placed in the boxes as it is intended to bloom in the bed next season, and then transcribe the name in your tulip-book for the coming season; the advantage arising from this method is, that the bulbs are in order for planting at the right time; until which shall arrive, an occasional look through is all that is needed, in order to ascertain that all is right. Should green-fly be anywhere visible, let the same be immediately removed. Now is the proper time to vigorously set about the preparation of beds and soils, for the reception of the bulbs at planting time. Get in your off-sets; also early sorts in pots.

Verbenas.—Put off into thumb pots, or small 60's, plants struck last month; where room be an object, the first week in this month take cuttings, placing them round a forty-eight pot in a light, rich compost, quarter sand, keeping the pots close to the glass in either a frame or greenhouse; when struck, thin out the plants to about eight, to prevent their being too crowded. Collect seed.

Violets.—Plant and pot; old plants will be giving flowers.

Weeds.—Get rid of in paths, beds, or pots.

L O V E.

THAT is the true season of love, when we believe that we alone can love; that no one could ever have loved so before us; and that no one will love in the same way after us.—GOETHE.

THE BROKEN HEART.

I never heard
Of any true affection, but 'twas nipt
With care, that, like the caterpillar, eats
The leaves of Spring's sweetest book—the rose.
MIDDLETON.



NOTWITHSTANDING IT IS A COMMON PRACTICE with those who have outlived the susceptibility of the early feeling, or have been brought up in the gay heartlessness of dissipated life, to laugh at all love stories, and to treat the tales of romantic passion as mere fictions of novelists and poets, yet my observations of human nature have induced me to think otherwise. They have convinced me that, however the surface of the character may be chilled and frozen by the cares of the world, or cultivated by mere smiles by the arts of society, still there are dormant fires lurking in the depths of the coldest bosom, which, when once enkindled, become impetuous, and are sometimes desolating in their effect. Indeed, I am a true believer in the blind deity, and go to the full extent of his doctrines. Shall I confess it? I believe in broken hearts, and the possibility of dying of disappointed love! I do not however consider it a malady often fatal to my own sex, but I firmly believe that it withers down many a lovely woman into an early grave.

Man is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the bustle and struggle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or a song piped in the intervals of the acts. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for space in the world's thought, and dominion over his fellow men. But a woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire—it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure—she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection; and if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless, for it is the bankruptcy of the heart.

To a man, the disappointment of love may cause some bitter pangs; it wounds some feeling of tenderness—it blasts some prospects of felicity. But he is an active being; he may dissipate his thoughts in the whirl of varied occupations, or may plunge into the tide of pleasure. Or, if the scene of disappointment be too full of painful associations, he can shift his abode at will; and taking, as it were, the wings of the morning, can "fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, and be at rest."

But woman's is comparatively a fixed, a secluded, and a meditative life. She is more the companion of her own thoughts and

feelings; and if they are turned to ministers of sorrow, where shall she look for consolation? Her lot is to be wooed and won; and, if unhappy in her love, her heart is like some fortress that has been captured and sacked, and abandoned and left desolate.

How many bright eyes grow dim! how many soft cheeks grow pale! how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness! As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals—so it is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pang of wounded affection. The love of a delicate female is always shy and silent. Even when fortunate, she scarcely breathes it to herself; but when otherwise, she buries it in the recesses of her heart, and there lets it cower and brood among the ruins of her peace. With her the desire of her heart has failed—the great charm of existence is at an end. She neglects all the cheerful exercises which gladdened the spirits, and quickened the pulses, and sent the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken; the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams. "Dry sorrow drinks her blood," until her enfeebled frame sinks under the slightest external injury. Look for her a little while, and you find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one who but lately glowed with all the radiance of both health and beauty should so speedily be brought down to darkness and the worm. You will be told of some wintry chill, some casual indisposition that laid her low. But no one knows the mental malady which previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.

She is like some tender tree, the beauty and pride of the grove, graceful in its form, bright in its foliage, but with the worm preying at its heart. We find it suddenly withering when it should be most fresh and luxuriant. We see it drooping its branches to the earth, leaf by leaf, until, wasted and perished away, it falls as in the stillness of the forest; and as we muse over the beautiful ruin, we strive in vain to recollect the blast of the thunderbolt that could have smitten it with decay.

I have seen many instances of women running to waste and self-neglect, and disappearing gradually from the earth, almost as if they had been inhaled to Heaven; and have repeatedly fancied that I could trace their deaths through the various declensions of colds, consumptions, debility, languor, melancholy—until I reached the first symptoms of disappointed love. But an instance of the kind was lately told me. The circumstances are well known in the country where

they happened, and I shall but give them in the manner in which they were related.

Every one must recollect the tragical story of E——, the Irish patriot. It was too touching to be easily forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland, he was tried, condemned, and executed, on a charge of treason. His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy—he was so young, so intelligent, so generous, so brave, so everything that we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under trial, too, was so lofty and intrepid. The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country, the eloquent vindication of his name, and his pathetic appeal to posterity, in the hopeless hour of condemnation—all these entered deeply into every generous bosom; and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution.

But there was one heart whose anguish it would be impossible to describe. In happy days and fairer fortunes, he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a celebrated Irish barrister. She loved him with the disinterested fervor of a woman's first and early love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him, when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him the more ardently for his sufferings. If, then, his fate could awaken even the sympathy of his foes, what must have been the agony of her whose whole soul was occupied by his image? Let those tell who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being whom they most loved on earth—who have sat at its threshold as one shut out in a cold and lonely world, from whence all that was most lovely and loving have disappeared.*

But then the horrors of such a grave—so frightful—so dishonored! There was nothing for memory to dwell upon that could soothe the pang of separation; none of those tender, though melancholy circumstances, which endear the scene; nothing to melt ^Sorr w into those blessed tears, sent like the

* Our readers may smile at the idea of our inserting a tale bearing the title of a "Broken Heart,"—a thing, now-a-days, rather talked about than realised. However, when the amiable Washington Irving wrote this lovely episode, "Fashion" had not put on her brazen front. Woman's heart had a soft place in it. It could feel; and was not ashamed to own that it felt. We therefore speak of "things as they were;" and pant for a return to the "good old times." Hearts are not "trumps" now. We speak of the rule, not the exceptions. Besides, it must be borne in mind that the heroine of the present tale was *not* an English maiden.—ED. K. J.

dew of heaven to revive the heart in the anguish of the parting hour.

To render her situation more desolate, she had incurred her father's displeasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile from her paternal roof. But could the sympathy and kindly offices of friends have reached a spirit so shocked and driven in by horror, she would have experienced no want of consolation, for the Irish are a people of quick and generous sensibilities.

The most delicate and cherished attentions were paid her by families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society, and they tried, by all kinds of occupation and amusement, to dissipate her grief, and win her from the tragical story of her love. But all in vain. There are some strokes of calamity which scathe and tear the soul—which penetrate the vital seat of happiness, and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom. She never objected to frequent the haunts of pleasure, but she was as much alone there as in the depth of solitude. Walking about in a sad reverie, apparently unconscious of the world around her, she carried within her an inward woe that mocked all the blandishments of friendship, and "heeded not the charmer, charmed he never so wisely."

The person who told me her story had seen her at a masquerade. There can be no exhibition of far-gone wretchedness more striking and painful than to meet it in such a scene—to find it wandering like a spectre, lovely and joyless, where all around is gay—to see it dressed out in the trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and woe-begone, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. After strolling through the splendid rooms and giddy crowd with an air of utter abstraction, she sat herself down on the steps of the orchestra; and looking about for some time with a vacant air, that showed her insensibility to the garish scene, she began, with the capriciousness of a sickly heart, to warble a plaintive air. She had an exquisite voice; but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching—it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness, that she drew a crowd, mute and silent, around her, and melted every one into tears.

The story of one so true and tender could not but excite, in a country remarkable for enthusiasm, interest. It completely won the heart of a brave officer, who paid his addresses to her, and thought that she, so true to the dead, could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attention, for her thoughts were irrevocably engrossed with the memory of her former lover. He however persisted in his suit. He solicited not her tenderness, but her

esteem. He was assisted by her convictions of his worth, and a sense of her own destitution and dependent situation; for she was existing on the kindness of friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand, though with the solemn assurance that her heart was unalterably another's.

He took her with him to Sicily, hoping a change of scene might wear out a memory of early woe. She was an animated and exemplary wife, and *made an effort* to be a happy one. But nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her very soul. She wasted away in a slow but hopeless decline, and at length sunk into the grave—the victim of a broken heart.

It was on her that TOM MOORE composed the following lines:—

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,

And lovers around her are sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking—
Ah! little they think who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!

He had lived for his love, for his country he died;
They were all that to life had entwined him;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh, make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep like a smile from the west,
From her own loved island of sorrow!

THE DOMESTIC CAT.

It has been said that the cat, although a fond creature, will scratch you, if provoked, or if teased. Now, a woman will do the same thing; yet cannot we help loving her! Let both be used kindly then, and their claws will not be employed against us. Love begetteth love.—From "An Essai on the Householde Cat," 1714.

THERE ARE REGISTERED in the columns of OUR JOURNAL (more particularly in the first volume), many remarkable anecdotal facts connected with the Cat; and there can be no doubt whatever that, amidst many doubtful qualities, she does possess many that may be pronounced amiable.

It always gives us pleasure to record any and everything that is interesting in animals; we therefore make way to day for a few remarks (abridged from a charming paper on "Cats," signed A. B. R.) which appeared in a recent number of our excellent contemporary, the "Illustrated London News." Is the writer a lady? The genial tone of the subject-matter would indicate as much:—

That cats love localities better than persons, is an axiom in which I feel assured that there is not

half so much truth as is generally believed. In many of the cases which are commonly quoted in proof, the cat has returned to her former locality because she can make an easier living there than on unknown grounds. I remember a gentleman abusing a cat for attachment to stone and lime rather than to flesh and blood, because, on his changing his residence, puss had practically refused to change hers with him, and had gone back to haunt the purlieus of a neighboring granary. I inquired—whether the family had regularly fed her? "Oh, dear no!" was the reply; "*she could feed herself very well*, and did so on the rats and mice and small birds about the barn." "Then, of course," I rejoined, "*the cat has more reason to love the barn than you*. It gave her food: she found none here. She might not be aware that you intended to supply her, and animal instinct prompted her—as, if a dog lived on what he could pick up, it would also prompt him to return to the spot where his wants had been supplied."

The plain truth of the matter is, that well-treated and regularly-fed cats have no particular attachment to a place. On the contrary, they attach themselves to the persons kind to them, and who often notice them; so that the cry of want of personal attachment on the part of the feline tribe, is very frequently mere slander of ladies and gentlemen who have neglected, perhaps ill-treated, the creatures—and yet expect them to be as fond as lovers.

How true is this picture of a cat's life! Almost all cats are starved. We have said so, over and over again. A single half-penny-worth of meat (and that bought grudgingly) transfixed by a wooden skewer, is very frequently the entire quantity of food given (cold water excepted!) to supply the wants of *two* cats. Hence is it that cats go so often "visiting" to a neighbor's house, taking away with them all they can find in the way of "grub." We do not *blame* the cat,—surely not; but her inhuman mistress. Still the poor cat suffers.

The barbarities practised on our domestic cats are fearfully great. Most dogs too, are kept equally short—*more* than half-starved. We speak feelingly on this point. The howling of a neighbor's dog tells us a piteous tale of animal suffering. His agonies must indeed be extreme. But then he is "only a dog!" How the heart sickens at such heathenish brutality!

We can readily believe that cats, well fed and kindly used, do form strong attachments—

Cats are fond of those who are fond of them; and they are as sharp as needles in finding out their real friends, and in shrinking from people "who don't like cats." One of my pussies knows my knock at the door, especially at night, and her mew follows closely on the sound; while generally, a couple of other creatures of the same species are waiting with her in the lobby, and the whole three accompany me up-stairs in procession. If they happen to be out of doors at night, a single

call will generally bring them scampering home; and if their names prove inefficient, one enunciation of "Cat's-meat!" acts like a spell.

It is curious to contrast the mild, and, if I may use the expression, the affable faces of cats which are noticed—perhaps playfully talked to—with the fierce and moody countenances of those neglected creatures which, in London and elsewhere, grow half or wholly wild, among gardens, yards, and outhouses, picking up their living as they can. The two classes seem to belong to different species. The well-kept and well-treated house-cat seems rather civilised than tamed; the neglected and too often persecuted brute outside the window has relapsed into a skulking savage. You never see the two consort together, and the natural playfulness of the species seems in the outcast to have almost entirely vanished. Now, is all this poor, ragged, beaten, pelted, and unsheltered pussy's fault? Far from it. It is too often the fault of her accusers. *They do not give her sufficient food.* She steals it, gets beaten and driven out; and perhaps in a month or two acquires that horribly stealthy crawl, and that misgiving, hungry eye—both of which are quite unnatural, and speak a creature under the influence of constant want, and the fear of tyrant man.

Well said, this. It nicely illustrates all we have ever advanced. Starve children, and see if *they* will not steal to satisfy the appetite. Beat them, and watch the effects of that beating. Should we expect more from a cat than we would from a child?

Here follows a nice distinction between the parlor cat and the kitchen cat. It is sketched by a masterly hand:—

A not uncommon phrase in households is that of a "parlor cat" and a "kitchen cat;" and I believe it to be an undoubted fact that there *are* differences in the character of the creatures, which somehow prompt the one to seek the cheerful light and talk of a sitting-room, and the other rather to brood and nestle in the gloomier and the warmer regions below. The one is always seen conspicuous on the rug, or stretched upon the footstool; the other makes casual appearances upon the stairs, and flies like a spectre at the approach of anybody but the cook. The one creature seems to have a sort of aristocracy in its nature, and it is all but uniformly the handsomest cat of the twain; the other is, most probably, a vulgar, squat plebeian, with its original shyness still strongly present in it.

Of my three cats, two I reckon as parlor cats, *par sang*; and the third has been, by kind usage and encouragement, coaxed into a degree of the same familiarity. Still, however, the natural timidity seems unconquerable. If you make a rapid motion towards the creature, she bounds away like a wild thing. Her two comrades, on the contrary, are frightened at nothing. The room, the occupants, the whole *locale*, seem their own special sphere and natural dwelling-place; and the only period of the day when the three appear to be merged into a common character, is as the hour for the visit of the "cat's-meat-man" approaches; when they are sure to be in waiting at the door, and to set up their sweet voices as soon as they hear that of the vendor of the food.

It is to be remarked, that they take not the slightest notice of the daily cry of a rival practitioner who perambulates the street at nearly the same time; and that on Sundays, when no prandial visit takes place, they never appear to expect the week-day ceremony, but are perfectly aware of a double quantity of good things being stowed away in a certain cupboard, round which they cluster with arching backs and waving tails.

We conclude with a few very sensible remarks about juvenile and adult cats:—

People not unfrequently cry out that kittens are pretty, playful things, but that they lose the *gentillesse* and piquant prettiness of their youth when they degenerate into stupid cats! The complaint is unreasonable enough. The infantine Johnny Tomkins, who kicked, and crowed, and lisped funny imperfect words, and made big eyes at his mother, can hardly be expected to repeat the performance some half-century after, when he is Tomkins & Co.—perhaps the mayor of the town, and a churchwarden of the parish to boot. Why then should sedate ten-years-old puss, who is getting rather stiff in the joints, and likes better and better the summer's bask, and the winter's warm, be expected to tumble over a ball of cotton, or to lie on his back kicking at nothing at all, like his own son and heir, whom he gravely observes at these amusements, and sometimes tips over with his paw? Mr. Tomkins is not blamed for his matured dignity, why then should Mr. Puss?

But the fact is, that the playfulness of kittenhood can be partially, particularly with healthy and good-tempered cats, kept up, by a little encouragement, even when they have grown into "potent, grave, and reverend seigneurs;" and that grim old grimalkins, who have drunk their morning's milk for a dozen of years, can be induced to skip and roll and tumble in the most absurdly awkward mimicry of the small fry, which are still indebted for the lacteal fluid to their mothers.

Just so. And is it not the same with us? Why, we are as active now, and as playful as ever we were; and as full of fun too—provided, always, we are in the company of those we love.

Treat us well, good people; and we, like the veteran cats, will "skip, and roll, and tumble" down any hill that the youngest of you dare to descend!

Try us when you will.

THE HOLINESS OF NIGHT.

BY J. S. BIGG.

It is the hour when Earth, our mother, claims
Companionship and sisterhood with stars;
When, throwing off the trammelage of Day,
She bounds into the infinite and sings
With all the galaxies the ancient songs
Of all the ages and of all the suns;
The hour when the Eternal One steps from
His starry throne, and whispers in the ear
Of Universal Nature, the great truths
That have to shine upon the golden front
Of the To-morrow, to win back man's soul
Unto its purest self and to its God.
Ah! Night is holy, like her sister Death.

INSECT STRENGTH.

THE MORE WE STUDY THE INSECT world, the more cause do we find for increased admiration. The smaller the thing created the greater reason is there for us to love the Creator for his goodness and wisdom. All who have given attention to the subject, must have felt amazed at the comparative strength of insects. Baron Haller tells us that in great muscular power they appear to excel in proportion to their diminutiveness. Of this we have a remarkable example in the common flea, which can draw seventy or eighty times its own weight. The muscular strength of this agile creature, enables it not only to resist the ordinary pressure of the fingers in our endeavors to crush it, but to take leaps two hundred times its own length; which will appear more surprising, when we consider that a man, to equal the agility of a flea, would have to leap between three and four hundred yards.

The flea, however, is excelled in leaping by the cuckoo-spit, frog-hopper (*Tetigonia spumaria*, Oliver), which will sometimes leap two or three yards—that is, more than two hundred and fifty times its own length; as if (to continue the comparison) a man of ordinary height should vault through the air to the distance of a quarter of a mile. Mouffet, in his "Theatre of Insects," mentions that an English mechanic, named Mark, to show his skill, constructed a chain of gold as long as his finger, which, together with a lock and key, were dragged along by a flea; which could draw a golden chariot, to which it was harnessed.

Bingley tells us, that Mr. Boverich, a watchmaker in the Strand, exhibited, some years ago, a little ivory chaise with four wheels, and all its proper apparatus, and the figure of a man sitting on the box, all of which were drawn by a single flea. The same mechanic afterwards constructed a landau, which opened and shut by springs, with the figures of six horses harnessed to it, and of a coachman on the box, a dog between his legs, four persons inside, two footmen behind it, and a postillion riding one of the fore horses, which were all easily dragged along by a single flea.

Goldsmith remarks upon these displays of pulchric strength, that the feats of Sampson would not, to a community of fleas, appear to be at all miraculous. Latreille tells us a no less marvellous story of another flea, which dragged a silver cannon twenty-four times its own weight, mounted on wheels, and did not manifest any alarm when this was charged with gunpowder and fired off. Professor Bradley, of Cambridge, also mentions a remarkable instance of insect strength in a stag-beetle (*Lucanus Cervus*), which he saw carrying a wand a foot and a half long, and half an inch thick, and even flying with it to the distance of several yards.

We may understand the proximate cause of the strength of insects, when we look at the prodigious number of their muscles—the fleshy belts or ribands by whose means all animal motions are performed. The number of these instruments of motion in the human body, is reckoned to be about five hundred and twenty-nine; but in the caterpillar of the goat-moth, Lyonnet counted more than seven times as many; in the head, two hundred and twenty-eight; in the body, one thousand six hundred and forty-seven; and around the

intestines, two thousand one hundred and eighty-six; which, after deducting twenty, common to the head and gullet, gives a total of four thousand and sixty-one. We put the caterpillar of the goat-moth, to which we have before alluded, under a bell-glass, which weighed nearly half a pound, and of course more than ten times the weight of the insect, yet it raised it up with the utmost ease. We then placed over the glass the largest book we had at hand—"Loudon's Encyclopædia of Gardening," consisting of about one thousand five hundred pages of strong paper, and weighing four pounds; but this did not succeed in preventing the escape of the animal, which raised the glass, though loaded with the book, nearly a hundred times its own weight, and made good its exit. The multiplicity of its muscles, above enumerated, two hundred and thirty-six of which are situated in the legs alone, will enable us to understand how this extraordinary feat was performed. Even this power of muscle, however, would doubtless have been unavailing in raising the loaded glass, except in connexion with two favorable circumstances under which the experiment was performed, and which are necessary to be borne in mind to render the operation credible; first that the wedge-like form of the caterpillar's head, in connexion with the peculiar shape of the glass, enabled it to lift it; and second, that one side of the glass resting on the table, the insect only bore half the weight of the glass and book.

A peculiar toughness of external covering, sometimes supplies the place of this muscular power in caterpillars. A singular instance occurs in the history of a common downy two-winged fly, with grey shoulders and a brown abdomen (*Eristalis tenax*, Fabr.) The grub, which is rattle-tailed, lives in muddy pools, with the water of which it has sometimes been taken up by paper-makers, and, though subjected to the immense pressure of their machinery, it has survived it in a miraculous manner. Since this grub is rather soft, it must be the tough texture of skin which preserves it, as in the similar instance of the caterpillar of the privet hawk-moth (*Sphinx Ligustri*), which Bonnet squeezed under water till it was as flat and as empty as the finger of a glove, yet within an hour it became as plump and lively as if nothing had happened.

A record of these curious facts will go far, let us hope, towards creating a love for the study of entomology. The world is full of wonders if we would but search them out; and how pure is the pleasure afforded by such a search!

BASHFULNESS, MODESTY, AND PRUDERY.

WOMEN who are the least bashful are, oftentimes, the most modest; and we are never more deceived than when we would infer any laxity of principle from that freedom of demeanor which often arises from a total ignorance of vice.

PRUDERY on the contrary, is often assumed rather to keep off the suspicion of criminality, than criminality itself. It is resorted to, to defend the fair wearer,—not from the whispers of our sex, but of her own. Yet is it a cumbersome panoply, and a heavy armour. A prudish woman, young or old, must ever live detested. Any thing that is unnatural, becomes abhorrent.

SUMMER ENJOYMENTS.

DOINGS AT TRENTHAM PARK.

THERE IS NO MISTAKE NOW, about out-of-door amusements. All who have a shilling to spend have run away to spend it. And why not? Health is alone thus obtainable in the summer months.

There has just been a grand gathering of visitors at Trentham Park* where, by the kind permission of his Grace the Duke of Sutherland, all comers may freely enjoy themselves on the greensward. We have received from our amiable Correspondent, "A Clergyman's Wife," before introduced to our readers (see p. 265. vol III.), some very interesting particulars of the doings on the grand occasion; and we quite enter with her into the harmless pleasures of the happy visitors. It must indeed have been a gratifying sight, to witness so many thousand joyous faces assembled together, making holiday. The presence of her Grace, the Duchess of Sutherland, too (who was present in the afternoon), must have added greatly to the effect of the *tableau*.

We learn that, from eight in the morning until five in the afternoon, visitors poured in a continuous stream; and at that hour the crowd in the park could not have numbered many less than forty thousand. Some of the young men engaged in cricket, prison bars, and other athletic games; but the majority preferred amusements in which the fair sex could participate; and many were the parties engaged heart and soul in the stirring polka, and other favorite dances. Pic-nic parties luxuriated beneath the shade of the noble trees skirting the park. Those who preferred "pairing off"—not exactly as do members of the legislature,—wandered along the numerous glades opening out in different directions; whilst the more youthful engaged in various innocent recreations.

It is often remarked that "it always rains on the Trentham day," but this year was a delightful exception to the watery rule. Warm genial sunshine, and a balmy air, largely promoted the enjoyment of the day.

When evening approached, the company began to move off. At nine o'clock the park was deserted, and every road leading therefrom thronged with joyous parties returning homewards.

Our fair Correspondent, we should observe,

* It was the grand week for the Stoke Wakes and the North Staffordshire Races, when it is usual for every class to congregate from all parts of the country for many miles around. High and low, rich and poor, people of all ages and of both sexes—the gentler largely predominating—meet in armies, on one common ground, in pursuit of one common object—enjoyment.

was on a visit in the neighborhood. Her observations were therefore leisurely made in a carriage drive. Her description of the holiday dresses, the motley costumes, and the happy faces of their wearers; their dances, and their various rustic sports,—has delighted us exceedingly. Her graphic delineation, too, of the natural beauties of the spot where these festivities were celebrated, is quite charming.

How refreshing it is for us poor editors, during the season of drought, to meet with a heart like this,—so alive to the beauties of Nature's pencil; so able to enter into and enjoy the harmless frolics and pleasures of the rustic peasantry!

We regret that our limited space forbids us to print our Correspondent's letter in full, but we have endeavored to give the spirit of it. May these little festivities be regularly kept up! say we. They are wholesome both for mind and body.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Summer Gnats.—These very troublesome little creatures have been, and are just now, committing sad havoc on the human countenance. We both hear them buzz, and feel them bite, whilst slumbering on "the bed of wakefulness." In such a case, my dear Mr. Editor, that which *you* so much hate will be found very useful,—I mean the smoke of tobacco, in its least objectionable form of a cigar. Indeed, if coarse brown paper be lighted and the smoke allowed to enter the room for a minute or two, the end will be answered. The gnats will become stupid, and will remain on the walls, "in amazement lost," until the morning. The window will then be open, and they can take their departure. —Puss.

[Thanks. Smoke, we know *is* a good remedy for this seasonable, or, rather, *un*-seasonable annoyance. We have, more than once, been sadly put out of late by these back-biting little rascals, who are so fond of cheek, and who feast so unmercifully on our tenderest points. They will face you, do what you may to prevent it. Indeed we regard them as a perfect eye-sore. Try the smoke, good people, but use cedar chips instead of pigtail. You will soon find your apartment "all serene."]

Poisonous Fish.—Much curious and useful information is often lost to the world, from the want of knowledge of *what to observe* in men who have the opportunity of correctly ascertaining the facts and conditions of many, as yet, unexplained phenomena which fall under their notice. The alleged and generally received facts of the poisonous nature of various fishes, in given localities at certain seasons, whilst they are perfectly innocuous and suitable for food when caught in other places—is one of those mysterious things which can only be explained or disproved by one who possesses both the opportunity and the ability to observe correctly. On this subject Mr. Schomburgh remarks, in some observations on *Anegada*, one of the Virgin Islands, that whilst

it is well-known that the yellow-billed sprat, the bottle-nosed cavalla, rock-fish, and at times the king-fish, are sometimes poisonous, and cause immediate death—yet that the sea surrounding Anegada abounds in perfectly wholesome fish of these kinds; and that whilst frequent cases of poisoning by fish occur in the neighboring islands, not a single instance has ever been known in Anegada, where the, in other places, poisonous kinds are eaten with impunity. Mr. W. Hamilton confirms this account of the poisonous nature of some of these fishes when taken off various of the West-India Islands; stating that the yellow-billed sprat at St. Kitt's and Nevis, for eleven months in the year, is a most deadly poison; whilst in the twelfth, he thinks in April, it is perfectly wholesome. So fatal is it, that a negro girl has been known to expire whilst eating it! This quality must render it a questionable luxury, even in the wholesome season. Again, *all* the fish taken on the north-west of St. Kitt's, and between it and St. Eustatia, is said to be poisonous; although fish of the very same kind, found on the other coasts of the island, is harmless. Mr. W. Hamilton properly directs attention to the noxious effects of fish in a certain stage of decomposition; but fairly remarks that the facts respecting the periodicity of the poisonous nature of some fishes are left untouched by this. Again, what is the truth respecting the alleged poisonous properties acquired by fish, &c., when exposed to the moon's rays in tropical seas, yet which will remain perfectly wholesome if sheltered from these rays? Facts, not notions, on these points, would be very welcome to the scientific world, if the residents in those islands, or frequenters of those seas, would direct their attention to them, and communicate the results of their investigations.—E. J.

Engravings Copied by means of Iodine.—M. Niepce de St. Victor investigated some few years since, the action of various vapors on the surfaces of drawings and engravings; and then noticed that the vapor of iodine adhered to the black parts of an engraving, in preference to the clear white spaces, in such a manner, that the impression might be transferred to paper imbued, or to glass covered with a solution of starch; but that these copies were fugitive. From recent experiments, he finds that these copies may be rendered permanent by dipping the design, thus transferred to the starched glass or paper, into a solution of nitrate of silver; when it disappears. It is then to be exposed to the light for a few seconds, whereby the iodide of silver, formed by the action of the silver solution on the iodine-starch compound, is rapidly colored, owing to its superior sensitiveness to the action of light, in comparison to the nitrate; and when the glass or paper, after this exposure, is plunged into a solution of gallic acid the design is developed, after which it must be washed with hyposulphite of soda like other photographs, to render it unalterable. Another process is described by M. Bayard, who exposes the engraving to the iodine vapor, then places it in contact with a plate of glass covered with sensitive albumen, which yields a negative, and from this plate he procures positive impressions by the ordinary methods adopted by photographers; he by having, those

means, successfully copied some valuable old engravings, without their being in the least degree distorted.—H.

Hymn of the City:—

Not in the solitude
Alone, may man commune with Heaven, or see
Only in savage wood
And sunny vale the present Deity;
Or only hear his voice
Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.

Even here do I behold
Thy steps, Almighty!—here, amidst the crowd
Through the great City rolled,
With everlasting murmur, deep and loud—
Choking the ways that wind
'Mongst the proud piles, the work of human kind.

Thy golden sunshine comes
From the round Heaven, and on their dwelling
lies,
And lights their inner homes—
For them thou fill'st with air the unbounded
skies,
And givest them the stores
Of ocean, and the harvests of its shores.

Thy spirit is around,
Quickening the restless mass that sweeps along;
And this eternal sound—
Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng—
Like the resounding sea,
Or like the rainy tempest—speaks of Thee.

And when the hours of rest
Come, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine,
Hushing its billowy breast—
The quiet of that moment, too, is thine;
It breathes of Him who keeps
The vast and helpless City while it sleeps.

BRYANT.

Plants in Bed-Rooms.—A silly paragraph has been going the rounds of the daily papers, to the effect that plants, or flowers in bed-rooms, are *not* injurious! It is well to correct this silly statement. Let any one try the experiment for one single night. Flowers not only part with carbonic acid at night, but they give forth a very powerful odor, which has a violent effect on the nervous system of very many persons. The air of a bed-chamber is sufficiently vitiated by its human occupants. There needs not the presence of other vitiating objects!—AMICUS.

[Your observations are perfectly just. It is to be regretted, that the public papers should fill up their columns with such nonsense as they do.]

Reproduction of the Toad and Frog, without the intermediate stage of Tadpole.—The following brief remarks on the Toad (*Bufo vulgaris*) and the Frog (*Rana temporaria*), may perhaps be received with some degree of interest, as they are, I believe, contrary to the generally-received notion of the procreation of these reptiles. Ray, and most naturalists, consider toads and frogs as oviparous animals; yet it is apparent that they are viviparous as well. Or if they do not bring forth their young alive, they have the power of reproduction

in a different manner to the ova, and subsequent tadpole. Mr. J. Higginbottom, of Nottingham, who has paid great attention to this subject, has clearly proved the development of the tadpole to the perfect toad, in situations wholly deprived of light. This I have, through his kindness, several times witnessed. My present remarks are intended to show that, occasionally, frogs and toads are reproduced in localities where it would be impossible for the intermediate stage of tadpole to have any existence. 1. Toads deposit spawn in cellars, and young toads are afterwards observed. Last summer several masses of spawn were procured from my cellar, having been found deposited amongst decaying potatoes, &c., and, subsequently, young toads were noticed. The cellar is free from water, and at a considerable distance from any brook.—2. Young toads are observed among hot-beds. In the kitchen-garden at Highfield House (which is entirely walled round), young toads have been noticed round the cucumber and melon beds. The gardeners have been in the habit of bringing toads to these beds to destroy the insects; these have continued amongst the warm, damp straw, all summer. It is after these beds have remained three or four months, that the young ones have been noticed. Toads would have to travel half-a-mile to reach this garden from the brook or lake; and also to mount a steep hill, besides taking the opportunity of coming through the door. Toads, so small, are not seen in any other part of the gardens.—3. Young toads and frogs are observed in abundance at the summit of another hill, whilst quite small. During the past summer, especially in the month of July, very many young toads and frogs were seen amongst the strawberry plants; apparently from a week to a month old. These might possibly have travelled from a brook, a few hundred yards distant; yet it is strange that, with the exception of these beds, no young toads could be found elsewhere in the garden. A number of full-grown toads are mostly to be seen about these beds.—4. Young frogs, dug out of the ground in the month of January. In digging in the garden amongst the strawberry-beds (near where so many toads were observed last summer), in the middle of January in the present year, a nest of about a score young frogs were upturned. These were apparently three or four weeks old. This ground had been previously dug in the month of August, and many strawberry plants buried. It was amongst a mass of these plants, in a state of partial decomposition, that these young ones were observed.—5. Young frogs are bred in cellars, where there is no water for tadpoles. In mentioning the subject to Mr. Joseph Sidebotham, of Manchester (an active botanist), he informed me that young frogs; and, in fact, frogs of all sizes, were to be seen in his cellar, amongst decaying dahlia tubers. The smallest of them were only about half the ordinary size of the young frog, when newly-developed from the tadpole. He further stated, that there was no water in the cellar; and no means of young frogs entering, except by first coming into the kitchen,—a mode of entry, if not impossible, highly improbable. Mr. Sidebotham never found any spawn. It seems probable from the above, that frogs are occasionally born alive in situations where no water can be found for the spawn to be deposited in; and that toads are either reproduced in the same man-

ner, or from the egg directly. The latter mode seems most likely; owing to spawn having been found previously to the young toads. Mr. Higginbottom tells me, that the same remark on the birth of the Triton, without the stage of tadpole, has been mentioned to him.—E. J. LOWE.

The Sole.—The common sole, probably from the comparative smallness of its size, is seldom, if ever, caught by bait; only by the trawling-net. Soles are found in great abundance on the coast of England, from Sussex to Devonshire, and on the shores of various counties of Ireland. The sole is full of roe in February, and approaches the shore to spawn about the end of that month, or the beginning of March; after which, it is extremely soft and watery, and unfit for use. After spawning, the sole retreats into deep water; and in the course of six weeks or two months, recovers its strength. Like the rest of the finny tribe, its flavor is finest when caught in deep water; before the roe or milt is much developed. But in consequence of its being rather shy of bait of any kind, it is not then easily taken. This fish, it is said, thrives in fresh water; where it will grow to double the size of the salt-water sole. It is in good season throughout the entire year, with the exception of the months of February, March, and April.—HENRY R.

Butter.—The largest quantity of butter from a given weight of food, and the richest milk, are yielded by the milk of the smaller races. The small Alderney, or Jersey, West Highland, and Kerry cows, give a richer milk than even the small Ayrshire. But the small Shetlander is said to surpass them all. These breeds are all hardy, and will pick up a subsistence from pastures on which other breeds would starve. The quantity of butter yielded by different cows in the same yard, and eating the same food, is sometimes very different. Some will yield only three or four pounds, a week; while more will give eight or nine pounds, and a few fifteen pounds a week. As a rare instance, I may mention that a cow has been known in Lancashire to yield upwards of twenty-two pounds in seven days.—PROFESSOR JOHNSTONE.

Average Duration of Life.—Professor Buchanan makes the following observations upon the average duration of life—the effect, in part, of the improvements in medical science. He says that, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, one-half of all that were born died under five years of age, and that the average longevity of the whole population was but eighteen years. In the seventeenth, one-half the population lived over twenty-seven years. In the latter forty years, one-half exceeded thirty-two years of age. At the beginning of the present century, one-half exceeded forty years; and from 1838 to 1845 one half exceeded forty-three. The average longevity of these successive periods has been increased from eighteen years in the sixteenth century, up to forty-three and seven-tenths by our last reports.—D. C.

Reading at Dinner.—A very frequent cause of nervous affections originates in intense or unseasonable application of the mind—such as in reading while at dinner. By this untimely exercise of the

brain, the blood is diverted from its proper course, *viz.*, to the stomach, at the time when it is more particularly required there to enable the viscus to secrete and supply a sufficiency of gastric juice. Such patients cannot be benefited, except they alter their habits; because, so long as they force the current of blood towards the brain, when the vital fluid is required elsewhere for the purpose of digestion, this function will be impaired, and but very imperfectly performed. Consequently, nervous derangement will continue to result.—DAWSON.

Vocal Machinery of Birds.—It is difficult to account for so small a creature as a bird making a tone as loud as some animals a thousand times its size. It has become known that in birds the lungs have several openings, communicating with corresponding air bags or cells, which fill the whole cavity of the body, from the neck downwards, and into which the air passes and repasses in the progress of breathing. This is not all. The very bones are hollow; and from these, air-pipes are conveyed to the most solid parts of the body, even into the quills and feathers. This air being rarefied by the heat of their body, adds to their levity. By forcing the air out of the body, they can dart down from the greatest height with astonishing velocity. No doubt the same machinery forms the basis of their vocal powers, and at once solves the mystery.—ROSA B.

Nature and Art;—or, How to Make Flowers Bloom.—Take of sulphate of ammonia, a quarter of a pound; nitrate of potash (common nitre), two ounces; moist sugar, one ounce; boiling water, one pint. Mix well together. All the ingredients are soluble in water. When cold, the mixture is ready for use. For plants near their flowering time, either in pots or the open ground, add a few drops to the water that is used to moisten them. For hyacinths in glasses, add from five to ten drops of the mixture to the water in which each bulb is growing; changing the water in the hyacinth-glass about once a fortnight. It acts, of course, as a stimulant to the plant, and, as such, care must be taken not to use too much of it; otherwise the flowers would be “cut off in their bloom.”—JANE E.

Bees on Laurels.—My attention has been called to a subject on which I shall be very glad if some reader of OUR JOURNAL will give me a little information. I have observed lately great numbers of bees flying round the laurel shrubs, apparently to obtain from them some product or other. On watching their movements, I discovered that they invariably resort to three or four small punctures on the under-surface of the leaf, near the base, from which they appear to extract something for their use. What I wish to find out is, what causes these punctures?—they may be found in every young leaf—and then, what is it which the bees obtain from them? If any one can answer these queries, he will greatly oblige—A CONSTANT READER.

Realisation of the Beauties of Arabian Scenery.—Dr. Layard observes, in his new work, that the glowing descriptions he had so frequently received from the Bedouins of the beauty and fertility of

the banks of the Khabour were more than realised. The Arabs boast that its meadows bear three distinct crops of grass during the year. On reaching the Khabour, the travellers pitched their tents on the right bank, near Arban—an artificial mound of irregular shape, from the summit of which “the eye ranged over a level country bright with flowers, and spotted with bright tents, and innumerable flocks of sheep and camels. During our stay at Arban, the color of these great plains was undergoing a continual change. After being for some days of a golden yellow, a new family of flowers would spring up, and it would turn, almost in a night, to bright scarlet, which would as suddenly give way to the deepest blue. Then the meadows would be mottled with various hues, or would put on the emerald green of the most luxuriant pastures.”—ROSA B.

Compulsory Vaccination.—By the bill as amended, to extend and make compulsory the practice of vaccination, it is very properly proposed to enact that the father or mother of every child born in England or Wales, after the 1st of August, 1853, shall, within three months after birth, cause it to be taken to the medical officer of the place and vaccinated; unless the same shall have been previously vaccinated by some qualified medical practitioner. The *Medical Times* says—“The proportion of deaths from small-pox in London is three times, and in Glasgow six times, what it is in Brussels, Berlin, or Copenhagen. Of each thousand persons who die in England and Wales, twenty-two die of small-pox. Of each thousand persons who die in Ireland, forty-nine die of small-pox; while of each thousand persons who die in Lombardy, two only die of small-pox. The proportionate mortality, then, from small-pox, in England and Wales is eleven times, and in Ireland twenty-four times greater than it is in Lombardy. Whence comes this difference? In England those who please take their children to be vaccinated; in Lombardy vaccination is compulsory. The proportionate mortality from small-pox in England and Wales, is three times greater than what it is in any country in which the inhabitants are compelled, by law, to have their children vaccinated. These are great facts. In our metropolis, one thousand persons die annually of small-pox; if vaccination were compulsory, it is indisputable that the number of deaths from this disease, in London, would be reduced to two or three hundred per annum. *From six to eight hundred persons thus die yearly in the metropolis alone, whose lives might be saved by an Act of the Legislature.* That a Vaccination Extension Bill should be before Parliament; that all should be agreed on the propriety of legislating anew on this important subject, is then, considered in the abstract, matter for rejoicing.”—ROBERT M.

Are Cochinchina Hens good Mothers?—It has been the fashion to run down the natural instinct of these good-tempered, affectionate animals; and a report has gone abroad, that they desert their offspring when they are a week old, &c. ! This is pure calumny. I have a hen, sir, that hatched eleven chickens, more than three months ago. These chickens are now fine, noble

creatures; and to this very day their mother *tries* to brood them. She never once deserted them, although she has now laid an egg daily for many weeks; and she is a living example that nature is *not* so unnatural as some people try to make out. To see this hen, and her over-grown children, crowding together on one perch, is a curiosity.—W. J., *Camden Town.*

A Word fitly Spoken.—You did quite right, my dear sir, to give your readers a hint that they ought to try and increase the circulation of OUR JOURNAL. It is not correct that it should be borrowed and lent out from family to family. For my own part, I converse with you so naturally and so delightfully once a month, that although I have not yet had the pleasure of seeing you, I feel we are quite “one.” We seem to be old, familiar friends; and why should it not be so? OUR JOURNAL was established for this very purpose.* This induces me on principle,—to say nothing of interest, to exert myself for the good cause. I am canvassing bravely among my friends, and hope that so good an example will be cheerfully followed by your other legion of friends. I can see no reason—can you?—why you should not have ten thousand subscribers.—JOHN GARLAND, *Dorchester.*

[No indeed! “The more the merrier,” is an adage we are “naturally” anxious to keep up. It is this *borrowing and lending system* that does all the injury. A kind young lady residing in Lancaster, writes us, that all the world in those parts “are in love with OUR JOURNAL.” She adds, “we are ten in family; and when our copy is thoroughly read (we read every line of it), we send it round during the month to at least a dozen other families. So that you really ARE appreciated.” Have our readers ever heard of a “mistaken kindness?” Surely *this* is one! We cannot understand the extreme meanness of people who are in good circumstances. They seem to enjoy everything with a rich *gusto*, that costs them nothing! Fie, upon such a principle of action! We blush—yes, we blush to know that any person who “loves OUR JOURNAL” can be possessed of so paltry a spirit. We trust that such people will never publicly acknowledge that *they* are of the “happy family” about whom we so frequently speak. Oh,—no! But let us thank you, sir (which we do most heartily), for the honest expression of feeling that marks the *materiel* of which you are made. For *such* readers, we could write on for ever. We have your heart. Ere long (we hope) you shall have our hand. *Nous verrons.*]

A Word in favor of the much-abused Race of Cats.—I really must bring under the notice of your readers (and more particularly under the notice of your truly amiable correspondent Puss),

* By the way, on looking over our Note-Book the other day, we found a number of little complimentary remarks touching OUR JOURNAL, cut, at different times, from the public papers. An idea suggested itself, that we should print them. They will be found in our Advertising Columns. They say far more for us than we dare say for ourself.—ED. K. J.

a certain article which appears in No. 638 of the “Illustrated London News.” It is headed “A Chapter on Cats.” I know not who the author is, but the paper is most charmingly written. It is also so truthful—so naturally truthful, throughout, that it really *must be* read by all who love animals for their amiability. I know *you* are no friend to cats (indeed you have given us *good reasons* for your particular antipathy), but still I know you are not hard-hearted, and that you are ever ready to give praise where praise is due. Can you—and if so, will you print this article in our JOURNAL? Such a gem surely *ought to be* “set” in your pages. My own experience so fully verifies all the pretty facts that are adduced, that I feel the more anxious to see them brought prominently forward. The cat is a very ill-used animal—little understood, but capable of great affection. A. B. R. (the writer of the article I allude to) is surely “one of us.” May we live to see many more *such* papers from so graceful a hand!—BOMBYX ATLAS, *Tottenham, August 18.*

[Our good friend’s wish has been anticipated in a former page. We have not thought it just to appropriate *all* the article that he alludes to; but we have made a few excerpts from it, adding a little commentary of our own. A. B. R., if of the *genus homo*, is a “trump.” If A. B. R. be a *woman*, she is an angel. There are few angels amongst us; let us prize them highly—and “when found, make a note of!”]

A Hint about Standard Rose Trees.—I offer to the lovers of standard roses a little plan of my own—it has succeeded admirably. An artificial prop to standard roses is unsightly, and it is both exposed to decay in the run of time, and to disasters from the raging of the wintry blast. In order to do without this prop, plant three standard roses (the longer the stem the better) in an equilateral triangle. If on a slope, one leg must be longer than the other two. They may be from eight to fourteen inches apart. Bring the stems together at the top, and bore a hole through each of them, a little below where they have been budded. Then, through these holes, thread a copper wire, such as is used for soda-water bottles, and bring the heads of the three plants quite close together, making the ends of the wire fast. This is all. You have here a group so firm and strong, that it can never break down, or ever require an artificial support. I made four groups last autumn. They are now in fine blow, and are much admired.—CHARLES WATERTON, *Walton Hall, Aug. 4.*

Benefits from Sprinkling Plants with Water.—I am very anxious to have the opinions and experience of the readers of OUR JOURNAL on this subject. I have always been accustomed to sprinkle the floor of my greenhouse, and the foliage of my plants with water, under the idea that they were greatly benefited by the operation; and I cannot help fancying that I have seen good result from the practice. But I have been told lately, that I am mistaken; that plants do not absorb water by their leaves, in any quantity at least; and that, moreover, when the external air is colder than the atmosphere of the house, the vapors produced will rise to the glass, and there

be condensed, not benefiting the plants at all. I should like to know what more experienced readers think of the matter.—E. H. C.

First and Last Love:—

"First love" is a pretty romance,
Though not quite so lasting as reckoned;
For when one awakes from its trance,
There's a great stock of bliss in a "second."

And e'en should the "second" subside,
A lover should never despair;
For the world is uncommonly wide,
And the women uncommonly fair.

Those poets their rapture may tell,
Who never were put to the test:

A "first love" is all very well,
But, believe me, *the "last" love's the best!*

J. B.

[A wag, residing at Liverpool,] has sent us the above, requesting to have our opinion of the sentiment. How shall we give it, so as to steer clear of offence? Let us observe that the human heart is very capacious—so then, *let every one of our loves* (we will not say how many) be carefully packed up in that heart, and lovingly tended. There is no "matrimonial question" raised; therefore we speak out "like a man!" When we walk in a garden filled with beautiful flowers, whose aroma almost overpowers our senses with delight, how can we dare to give any decided preference? We love them *all best*—of course!]

"Smoky London," with a Gleam of "Hope."—

Your metropolitan readers, and those in the country also, who have any sympathy with us in the privation of light and pure air (which in this city of smoke we are called to endure), will be glad to hear that the House of Commons has passed a bill which provides that, on and after the 1st of August, 1854, all manufactories, and also all the steamers on the river, from London Bridge to Richmond, shall consume their own smoke. "The smoke-protectionists, however," the *Times* tells us, "are looking very black; they have a vested interest in compelling us to consume their smoke. It is true they do not like smoke themselves; the brewer, whose lofty chimney is a volcano always in a state of eruption, lives twenty miles out of town, where his moss-roses are not cankered, and where his gardener gets the prize for the best basket of pansies at the neighboring flower-show. Once a week he gets on the rail, and comes up to town just to see how the chimney draws, and how the till fills; and then runs off, thanking his stars that he lives where he cannot smell his own grains or swallow his own smoke." But in spite of "vested interests," the nuisance is doomed: twelve months more, and it will be in a great measure annihilated.—R. M.

Unqualified Medical Practitioners.—From a table which has been compiled, in the *Medical Times and Gazette*, comparing the number of practitioners in medicine, according to the census of 1841, with the number of qualified practitioners in the *Medical Dictionaries* of 1851—it would appear that the former amounted to 33,339 persons, the latter to 11,808, leaving 21,531 persons practising in one or more departments of medicine,

without due qualification. In England, according to the census, there was thus a practitioner to every 543 of the population; in Wales, 1 to 822; in London, 1 in every 272; in Scotland, 1 in 593; and in the British Isles, 1 in 510; while, taking the numbers in the *Medical Directory*, the proportion of qualified men to population was, in England, 1 in 1527; in Wales, 1 in 2893; in London, 1 in 714; in Scotland, 1 in 1614; and in the British Isles, 1 in 2215. The following observations are abridged from an article in the same periodical on this important subject:—In the table are included "Chemists and Druggists," and there is sufficient reason on the face of it for so doing. It appears that, deducting the chemists and druggists from the grand total, it would leave 22,495 persons practising medicine according to the census, or 10,687 more than appear in the *Medical Directories*. Thus there is 1 chemist and druggist in Great Britain to every 2 medical practitioners. This warrants the assumption that "chemists and druggists" are themselves practitioners to a great extent. Indeed, the experience at assizes and before coroners' juries, where detection and conviction are the exceptions, sufficiently attests the fact. We therefore include them in the gross total. "Keepers of lunatic asylums" have been omitted, though a large number of them would legitimately appear. It is worthy of observation that, under the head of "keepers of lunatic asylums," 216 of them are females, and many of these under 20 years of age. In Birmingham, there was 1 "herbalist" under 20 years of age; 2 "keepers of lunatic asylums" under 20; 14 female leach-bleeders; and 1 female physician. One female "dentist" in Taunton; 1 "physician" in Norwich under 20; 2 "medicine vendors" in the Tower Hamlets under 20; 1 "midwife" in Preston under 20; 1 "physician" in Canterbury under 20; 2 "physicians" in Bristol under 20; 1 female "chemist and druggist" in Colchester under 20; 1 "physician" in Darlington under 20; and 1 female "surgeon" in Cornwall under 20.—Is not this, Mr. Editor, a very curious table? We find no fewer than 216 females (under 20 years of age) keeping "lunatic asylums;" one chemist and druggist *to every two medical practitioners!!* The "bills of mortality" are heavy. Is it to be wondered at!—AMICUS.

["Where ignorance is bliss," &c. We must not, my dear Sir, inquire *too* closely into matters of every-day life. If we did, we should (four-fifths of us) die from fright!]

Boring Shells.—Several shells have the singular capability of boring the softer rocks of marble, and limestone, and reefs of coral—for the purpose, it would seem, of eluding their natural enemies. This habit is remarkable in some species of mussels, such as the *Mytilus lithophagus* and the *M. rugosus*.—W.

The Tree Mignonette.—This may be readily produced. Place a young plant in a pot, with a stick from 16 to 20 inches long to tie it to. Continue to strip off the lower branches as it grows, until you get a stem of the required length. It may be kept through the winter in the window of

a moderately-warm parlor. The seeds should be picked off as soon as they are formed.—HEARTSEASE, *Hants.*

Remedy for Sprains.—Accidents of this sort are not unfrequent; and perhaps none are more liable to them than the laboring class of people. They happen most generally in the joints of either the upper or lower limbs, accompanied with much pain and swelling, and inability to use the limb. The remedy is simple, and within the reach of every one. Cloths, wet freely in a strong and cold solution of salt and water, applied and persevered in, generally effect a speedy cure. If necessary to make a shift, and the part is very painful, apply the leaves of garden wormwood, wet in spirits. Should the part injured remain weak, as it sometimes does in severe sprains, a safe remedy is to pump or pour on cold water freely for a few mornings.—ANGELINA.

The Weeping Cypress.—I have a plant of this celebrated Chinese tree in my garden, which is growing very vigorously. It is now about 2 feet high, but as yet shows no disposition to weep—a circumstance with which I am a little disappointed. Can any reader inform me whether it has been found to assume the weeping form in any garden in this country?—E. H. C.

Prolific Swarming of Bees.—I have lately noticed in the newspapers some account of an extraordinary hive of bees in the possession of R. Turner, of Fell House, near Whitton Gilbert, "which cast four times in fifteen days." I am most happy to inform you that not one of my hives has performed such an extraordinary feat. I have no desire for such an increase in my hives; on the contrary, I try my utmost to prevent my bees from swarming at all, and have so far succeeded as not to get on an average more than ONE swarm from eight stocks of bees. The most prominent feature in my *Temple Hive* is the convenience for giving the bees access to four glass surplus hives; thus enlarging the hive to double its size. These glass hives may be removed as they are filled, and replaced by empty ones. Thus, by enlarging the parent hive, I prevent the necessity of swarming. It was on this same principle that I have taken seventy-four pounds of pure honey from one stock in the same season, leaving the parent hive well stored with honey for winter consumption; and it is to this humane system of bee-culture that I invite the attention of all lovers and admirers of that truly interesting and valuable insect, the honey-bee.—W. J. PETTIT, *Dover.*

Surprising "Effects" of the Heat in America.—I have heard you say, Mr. Editor, that your mental workshop is at the extreme top of a lofty house, in a private street. No doubt the sun, just now, streaming through your window, dries up your brain. Should then your forthcoming JOURNAL not be so bright as usual, we can readily excuse you; and to help you out, I send you the following, "cut and dried." It is copied from an American paper, just received.—"Gentle readers! As you sprawl on your sofa this pleasant forenoon, or make an inverted Z of yourself by propping your chair-back against the wall, you probably

think it must be 'easy' to read. *Did* you ever plough, hoe corn, or plant cabbages? We *have* been engaged in all these rural exercises; and we have also swung the scythe and cradle under the sun of the hot south; and we solemnly declare that the physical labors aforesaid are *mere recreations*, in comparison with the exhausting toil of writing for the press, in a close office with a south-western aspect, when the thermometer is in the neighborhood of the nineties. The vigorous ideas that should find their way by electric telegraph from the brain to the pen, liquify on the road, and ooze out in big globules of perspiration; while the more delicate fancies evaporate by the 'insensible' process. Excuse, therefore, the shortcomings of genius under the sudorific influence of the summer solstice; for be assured that the vertical sun, however it may dulcify and mature cherries, plums, and other fruitful 'plumpitudes,' is by no means favorable to the development of intellectual products."—I will not say the above is elegant, but it is "pithy."—WHIRLIGIG.

[We are as thoroughly fried as our brother Editor, good Mr. Whirligig; but we defy any amount of heat to keep us from our work. Nothing but a special "invite" to superintend a pic-nic party could do *that*; unless indeed it were a snug little projected water-party, to certain meadows we wot of near Hampton Court. *Such* a temptation *might* peril the interests of the JOURNAL for a single day—more especially if the gentle freight, borne by that gliding skiff, were of our own selecting.]

Oh, Tempora! Oh, Mores!—Did you ever see VENUS in petticoats, my dear Sir; or the Greek Slave tucked up in flounces—wearing our national dorsal excrescence as a "support"—under her sufferings? If not, "go over in two ships" to New York, and visit the "Great Exhibition" there. An appeal has been made to the authorities, by the *delicate* inhabitants of the city, to clothe in suitable apparel all the nude figures that have entered the building. This, they say, is needful, lest the morals of the people should be defiled, and the rising youth "get used" to see Nature in her own dress. Every leg is to be covered, every neck to be cased, every body to be swaddled. No arms are to be exposed. So averse are the good citizens to *nakedness* in every form, that the bare-headed busts (the originals having had no hair) are to wear *hats*; and the words "naked fact" (used fifteen times in the printed Catalogue) are to be expunged forthwith. I am going over on purpose to see this funny sight. Will you go with me?—WALTER, *Cambridge.*

[WALTER! you must *not* go. We will give you a "retainer" of 100 guineas to remain where you are. We cannot do without you. That's a fact!]

Thermometers.—Can you tell me the rule observed for the comparison of the three thermometers? If so, will you oblige me by so doing?—JAMES H.

[To reduce degrees Centigrade above zero to degrees Fahr., multiply by 1.8, and add 32. To reduce degrees Cent. below zero to degrees Fahr., multiply by 1.8 and subtract from 32. To reduce degrees Reaumur above zero to degrees Fahr.

multiply by 2.25, and add 32. To reduce degrees Reaumur below zero to degrees Fahr., multiply by 2.25, and subtract from 32.]

The Value of Observation.—Many people are too apt to take things upon trust. By so doing, they often commit serious error, and do a positive injury to science. For instance, it was objected (says Archbishop Whately) to the System of Copernicus (when first brought forward), that if the earth turned on its axis, as he represented, a stone dropped from the summit of a tower would not fall at the foot of it, but a great distance to the west—in the same manner as a stone dropped from the masthead of a ship in full sail does not fall at the foot of the mast, but at the stern of the ship. To this it was answered, that a stone, being part of the earth, obeys the same laws, and moves with it; whereas it is no part of the ship, of which, consequently, its motion is independent. The solution was admitted by some and opposed by others; and the controversy went on with spirit. Nor was it till one hundred years after the death of Copernicus, that the experiment being tried, it was ascertained that the stone thus dropped from the head of the mast *does fall at the foot of it*. How requisite it is, my dear Sir, for everything to be fully proved before it be put forth as fact! —HELEN W.

[Your observation is very just. We are daily discovering that many things recorded as facts (particularly in natural history) were merely surmises. Later experiments have fully proved this.]

How to obtain perfect Impressions from the Leaves of Trees and Plants.—Allow me, my dear Sir, to present the following recipe to the notice of the readers of OUR JOURNAL. It is not, I believe, new, but possibly will be so to many; and it may be the means of affording them a little pleasant and instructive occupation for their leisure hours:—Take a small quantity of bichromate of potash (say a teaspoonful), which may be had at any druggist's or colorman's shop; dissolve it in a saucerful of water. Then pass the pieces of paper, on which the impressions are to be taken, through the solution; and, while wet, press the leaves, &c., lightly upon it, and expose it to the sun—which should be shining powerfully. When quite dry, remove the leaves, and a perfect fac-simile will remain in a light lemon shade, while the rest of the paper will be of a dark brown tint. Bichrome, as it is generally termed, is in dark yellow crystals. It should be powdered previous to using it.—J. R.

The "Life" in an Oyster.—The liquor of the oyster contains incredible multitudes of small embryo, covered with little shells, perfectly transparent, swimming nimbly about. One hundred and twenty of these in a row, would, it is calculated, extend one inch. Besides these young oysters, the liquor contains a great variety of animalculæ, five hundred times less in size, which emit a phosphoric light. Nor does the list of inhabitants conclude here; for besides these last mentioned, there are three distinct species of worms, called the oyster worm, half-an-inch long,

found in oysters, which shine in the dark like glow-worms. The sea-star, cockles, and mussels, are the great enemies of the oyster. The first gets within the shell when they gape, and sucks them out. While the tide is flowing, oysters lie with the hollow side downwards; but when it ebbs they turn on the other side.—VIOLET, Worcester.

Germination of Old Seeds.—Humboldt states that an aqueous solution of chlorine possesses the property of stimulating or favoring germination. Its action is so decided as to be apparent on old seeds, which will not germinate under ordinary circumstances.—R. O.

Strange Fish.—In the Mediterranean, Chinnereth, and Semechomitis, as also in the Jordan, are found many kinds of fish, which are nevertheless essentially different from the European ones. Some are found which weigh thirty pounds. In the sea near Jaffa, there is found at times a species of fish which emits a phosphorescent light in the dark, not unlike rotten wood. This peculiar property of the fish is only destroyed when it is put over the fire, or immersed in hot water. There is found likewise, in the sea Chinnereth, a very fat fish, called Al Barbud. It has no scales; therefore it is not eaten by the Jews. There are two kinds of fish known as Shebuta, Al Sabuta; one of these is as large as a hog, and is very fat and well-flavored. It is not met with in Palestine, and is only caught in the Indian seas; especially near Fiume. It is known among the Italians as Tanina. The other is a smaller species, has tender flesh, and is salted before being eaten.—HEARTSEASE, Hants.

Effects produced by an Earthquake in the Tropics.—The impression which the first earthquake makes upon us, even if it is unaccompanied by subterranean noise, is an inexpressibly powerful and quite peculiar one. What moves us so powerfully is the disappointment of our inherent faith in the repose and immutability of the firm solid earth. A moment destroys the illusions of a life. We are undeceived as to the repose of the earth, and feel transported within the sphere of destroying unknown powers. We scarcely trust the ground on which we stand; the strangeness of the occurrence produces the same anxious uneasiness in animals. Pigs and dogs, especially, are overpowered by it; the crocodiles of the Orinoco, (Humboldt tells us) generally as dumb as sour little lizards, leave the agitated bed of the river, and rush howling into the forests. To man an earthquake appears as something omnipresent, unbounded. We can escape from an active eruption, or from a lava stream flowing towards our dwelling; but during an earthquake, wherever one flies seems the hearth of destruction.—HELEN W.—

Degeneration of the Races of Fruits and Flowers.—The wearing out of certain varieties of fruits and florists' flowers seems a subject well worthy of further investigation. It might be useful to bring to notice the genera, or the species of plants, most subject to such decay, and thus direct attention principally to the obtaining of new seminal varieties of the species most requiring renewal of good sorts. The apple seems particularly

liable to wear out. There are many kitchen apples formerly common, that are now rare—the codlin, for instance, some years ago the cheapest apple, and the most esteemed summer one for puddings and tarts. The codlin was formerly a most abundant and certain bearer, its fruit excellent at different stages of its growth. Gathered young, it was used as green apricots now are; and by thinning the crop, the remaining fruit swelled to a large size. It was thought indispensable for dumplings, and for “codlins and cream;” no other variety of apple having the same agreeable acidity and flavor. To the codlin succeeded the Lemon Pippin; also now wearing out, and for winter use the russeting, at present scarce and a bad bearer. These three fruits used to be common in cottage gardens, some trees of them still remain in such a garden near Canterbury; but they have ceased to bear abundantly there as elsewhere. The recent acquisition of valuable varieties of pears may have caused neglect of old sorts, many of them inferior to the new ones; yet some of the old varieties were excellent—the bergamot, for instance, formerly abundant and cheap, but rarely brought to market now. The jargonelle still keeps its ground, though always a dear fruit. About sixty years ago, a fruiterer in Bridge Street purchased choice specimens of the jargonelle, at six shillings a dozen; when, at the same time, the finest Windsor pears were sold for four shillings a bushel. Probably varieties of stone fruits are more durable than those of pears and apples, for some of the peaches and nectarines recommended in an early edition of “Miller’s Dictionary” continue in successful cultivation. The old Morello cherry still flourishes as formerly—so does the May Duke. Some varieties of cherries are, however, disappearing; a very rich large black cherry, for example, though formerly common, is now rarely seen; and in Kent, it is said that the old Kentish cherry is becoming a shy bearer.—B.

Voice of the Tench.—The tenacity of life in some fresh water fish is surprising. In none is it more surprising than in the Tench. Dr. Shirley Palmer records the fact, of his having received in the spring a brace of Tench, just taken from the water. They were deposited, by the cook, in a dish, and placed upon a very high shelf in the larder—a room situated between the dining parlor and cooking kitchen. On the following midnight, whilst writing in the dining room, to which he had removed in consequence of the extinction of the fire in the library, his attention was suddenly excited by a deep, hollow, protracted groan, such as might be supposed to proceed from a large animal in extreme distress. It was twice or thrice repeated; and all his efforts to discover the source of the alarming sound were ineffectual. At length his ear was startled by a loud splash, succeeded by a groan more deep and long-continued than those which he had previously heard, and evidently proceeding from the larder. Inspection of that room quickly explained the mystery. One of the fishes had sprung down from the shelf, on the stone floor, and there lay, with mouth open, and pectoral and vstral fins extended, and uttering the sounds by which his midnight labors had been so unexpectedly interrupted. Next day, both fishes were cooked for dinner; and, such is the tenacity of life

in the tench, that, although thirty hours had then elapsed since their removal from their native element, both fishes, after having undergone the process of scaling and evisceration, sprang vigorously from the pot of hot water when consigned to it by the cook.—Puss.

[Carp and Tench, if packed in wet grass, will travel safely from one end of England to the other—and they will recover their wonted liveliness on being placed in a tank of water.]

Affection of Fishes.—It has been asserted by some naturalists, that no fishes are known to take any care of their offspring. This statement, however, is erroneous; for two species of Hassar found in Africa, make a regular nest, in which they lay their eggs in a flattened cluster, and cover them over most carefully. Their care does not end here; they remain by the nest till the spawn is hatched, with as much solicitude as a hen guards her eggs; both the male and female steadily watching the spawn, and courageously attacking any assailant. Hence the negroes frequently take them by putting their hands into the water, close to the nest; on agitating which, the male hassar springs furiously at them and is thus captured.—ROSA B.

[If you will turn, ROSA, to Vol. II. of OUR JOURNAL, p. 390, you will there find a most graphic account given of the affection of the TITTLEBAT for its young. The article will amply repay a perusal. The facts are quite startling.]

Culture of the Chinese Primrose.—I generally sow my seeds about this time, or a little earlier. I use shallow pans, light sandy soil, and no manure. They are sown thinly, and pressed down on the surface, so as just to be covered with the soil. After a gentle watering, the pans containing the seed are removed to a hot-bed; there they remain until the young plants are about an inch in height. At this stage they are pricked out into the same sort of pans, an inch apart; adding this time one-third leaf-mould to the soil. The plants are put into the hotbed again, until they have attained the height of two inches; when they are taken out of the pans, and shifted into five-inch pots that have been well drained. The compost for this and their final shift, consists of equal quantities of cow-dung two years old, leaf-mould, peat earth, and sandy soil. After potting, the plants are removed into a cold frame, with an eastern aspect. The lights are kept close for a few days, and the plants are shaded from the midday sun until they commence growing. Air is then admitted; gradually at first, but as soon as I perceive the plants to be fairly in a pushing state, I ventilate freely. The sashes are, however, always put on when it rains; for nothing is so injurious to Primulas as water overhead, at any stage of their growth. As they begin to fill their pots with roots, I give them liquid manure once a week, made from pigeons’ dung. I permit the first flower stem to rise, but only for the purpose of judging of the merits of the flower. As soon as that is decided, the good flowers are picked out; and when the pots are filled with roots, the plants are finally shifted into eight or twelve-inch pots, and treated in precisely the same way as at the former shifting, and with the same situation and aspect. They remain in the cold frame until the middle of October. After that, they are brought

into their winter quarters, to flower in the greenhouse. As soon as the plants have stopped growing, I withhold the dung-water, as a continuance of it would be likely to destroy them in the winter months.—J. H.

Production of Oxygen Gas.—M. Boussingault has lately described a process by which pure oxygen gas may be obtained from the atmosphere at a trifling cost, so as to enable it to be collected in unlimited quantities and preserved in gasometers, like coal-gas, for application to many practical uses in the arts. This process depends upon a peculiar property possessed by the earth barytes, of absorbing the atmospheric oxygen at one temperature and evolving it at another; or, rather, the ready conversion of hydrate of barytes into peroxide of barium by a current of atmospheric air at a dull red heat; and the decomposition of the peroxide, by steam, at a lower temperature, even at 212° F., with re-formation of the hydrate of barytes—the process being in reality a continuous one. It is found in practice, advisable to mix the barytes with hydrate of lime or magnesia; so as to prevent the fusing of the first. This mixture, when placed in an earthen tube heated to dull redness, is to be oxidised by passing a current of dry atmospheric air over it. So soon as the oxidation is completed, the tube is connected with the gas-holder, and a jet of steam allowed to act upon it. This re-converts the peroxide of barium into hydrate of barytes, the excess of oxygen being given off and collected in the gas-holder. The barytes is then again oxidised by a fresh current of air, and deoxidised by steam as frequently as required; thus making the process continuous. M. Boussingault considers that about 1000 cubic feet of pure oxygen gas could be obtained every twenty-four hours by the use of 10 cwts. of barytes,—which will answer for any length of time —LYNX.

The White, or Barn Owl.—This bird is the victim of all who, ignorant of its value, can get a shot at it. "As a constant destroyer of rats and mice," says a writer on British birds, "the services performed by them for the agriculturist ought to obtain for them the toleration which they well deserve." The number of mice this bird must destroy is very great, as a vigilant observer has seen him return to his nest with his prey every five minutes. The gardener complains of the destruction of his early crops of peas by mice; but he feels no hesitation or remorse at having a shot at the bird who would be of essential service to him in preserving his produce from these depredators! Other useful birds are destroyed in like manner; and the consequence is (of course) destruction to all sorts of produce by vermin,—insects, grubs, &c.—ARGUS.

Curious Facts attending Sleep.—Sleep does not come on all at once, it would seem; but by degrees. M. Carbinis, the French physiologist, tells us that the legs and arms fail, before the powers which support the head; and these last sooner than the muscles which sustain the back. He illustrates this by the cases of persons who sleep on horseback. He conceives that the sense of sight sleeps first; then the sense of taste; next

the sense of smell; then that of hearing; and finally that of touch.—JAMES C.

A Gigantic Cedar.—There exists in California, says the *Echo of the Pacific*, on one of the mountains of the country of Calaveras, a Cedar said to be the largest tree in the world. A correspondent of the *Herald of Sonora*, who has paid a visit to the spot for the purpose of examining this prodigy of the vegetable kingdom, describes it as follows:—"At the level of the earth its circumference is 92 feet—4 feet up, it is 88 feet—at 14 feet, it is 61—and thence it gradually tapers. Its height is 285 feet; and it has none of that deformity which commonly characterises trees with enormous trunks. From one end to the other, it is a model of symmetry. The age of this giant Cedar, counted by its zones, is 2520 years" (!) This king of the forests of the world has just had its bark—which at the base is nearly 14 inches in thickness—stripped away to a height of 50 feet, for the purpose of being sent to the Great Exhibition in New York, where, we understand, it now is.—J. B.

The Swallow and the Sparrows—a Curious Circumstance.—I find the following in the "Hereford Journal":—"Under the eaves of a house in St. Owen's Street, in this city, a swallow's nest of last year, in which a young family had been reared, remained for occupation (probably by the same birds) on their return to this country from their continental winter sojourn. During their temporary absence, the nest was taken possession of, and inhabited by some house-sparrows, who, from their loud chirrupings, seem to have found it very snug quarters. The swallows, wishing to regain possession, had several skirmishes with the intruders, one of whom appeared always to remain at home to offer resistance from the interior; but they were unable to dislodge them until one day last week, when it was observed that a swallow pertinaciously attached itself to the outside of the nest. Here it was seen late at night, evidently keeping watch on the sparrow prisoner. The next morning, however, the sparrow had deserted his post; but from the entrance to the nest the dead sparrow was suspended by one of its feet, which was firmly cemented to the outside of the nest, and where it still remains as an admonitory warning to all other burglarious sparrows.—Is not this a very remarkable circumstance, Mr. Editor? —JANE D.

[It reads well, Mademoiselle. If it be true, it is interesting. We fear, however, there is a trifle "too much color in the brush." We want pure matters of "fact."]

A Curious Discovery of Roman Coins.—A Bavarian naturalist, Dr. Autenrieth, travelling in New Grenada, has, it is said, while excavating in the neighborhood of Panama, disinterred a terracotta vase, containing 364 Roman coins in bronze. They belong to the third and fourth centuries, and bear the effigies of the Emperors Maximilian, Diocletian, and Constantine the First. As there is no existing evidence of communication between the ancient Romans and Southern America, it is supposed, says a Munich journal, that these coins may have been buried by some Spanish numismatist or archæologist who inhabited the ancient

city of Panama when it was sacked, in 1670, by the Irish buccaneer, Morgan. In any case, it is averred that these are the first coins of the Roman Empire ever found in the soil of America.—R. O.

The Evergreen Oak as a Sea-side Plant.—During a recent visit to Guernsey, I had an opportunity of witnessing the value of the evergreen Oak as a shelter plant for the sea-side. In the vicinity of a deep bay, subject to the most violent gales, and of course to the action of the salt spray, I saw hundreds of them in a most flourishing condition. I learnt, as was the case on the occasion of which I speak, that during the winter their foliage becomes in some degree browned by the combined action of the severe winds and drenchings of salt spray to which they are subjected; but that this is every season repaired, and that in the summer they become as green and luxuriant as ever. That they grow luxuriantly I had abundant evidence. Their appearance was healthy to a degree, scarcely to be expected in evergreens in so bleak a situation. They exhibited none of the one-sidedness so peculiar to most trees—the English Oak, for example, when grown in similar situations—on the contrary, they appear quite at home on the bleak hill side. As an evergreen tree in similar situations, nothing that I know of can surpass it for shelter or for ornament. As this tree is proverbially a difficult one to transplant successfully, a hint or two gleaned on the spot may not be inappropriately recorded here; if, indeed, what I have to convey may be considered as hints in addition to what is already known. I was informed by the proprietor of the property on which the trees in question were growing, that the loss of a tree by transplanting was a contingency hardly ever experienced. “We move them now,” he observed—this was in the early part of March—“and in July. If in the latter season, we shorten the branches very much; were we to leave all the foliage on, success would be doubtful.” The philosophy of the practice is evident enough. “And,” continued he, “we move them with perfect safety, however large. You observe the tree before us”—this was in allusion to one with a trunk of some five or six inches in diameter—“that fellow was moved in the summer three years ago. You can hardly believe it, can you? but it is nevertheless true. Believe me we move them as if they were willows.” And so it appeared. I examined the tree in question. It had been severely pruned back at no very remote period, which was of course, at the time of its removal; and I do not think that I exaggerate when I say that in the three seasons’ growth a good six feet of wood had been made. Associated with these oaks were many stone pines, well sustaining their character. Like the evergreen oaks, their foliage was brown when fully exposed to the sea-breezes. One or two Scotch firs, that by some means or other had become mixed up with the assembly, looked as if they were astonished at finding themselves in such situations. The shelter of their neighbors did them good service, or they had figured but indifferently. I may observe, by the way, that the practice of cutting back the branches of large trees, appears to me to offer the means of securing their safe removal, when otherwise failure must, as a general rule, result. There may appear

something anomalous in the practice, on a casual investigation of the system, but we all know what vigorous shoots are pushed from a healthy stem denuded of its branches. Repton recommended the practice, and alludes to its being successfully carried out by a friend of his in Norfolk; I quote his words:—“He” (the friend alluded to) “placed deciduous trees of every kind, but especially Birch intermixed with Thorns, Crabs, and old Hollies, cutting off their heads; these are planted in a puddle and the earth laid round their roots in small hillocks, which prevent the cattle from standing very near them; and thus I have seen groups of trees which looked like bare poles the first year, in a very short time become beautiful ornaments to a dreary waste.” And of course such might be made to ornament other situations than dreary wastes; and to my taste a bare pole for one year, with the certainty of its becoming a handsome tree afterwards, and year by year increasing in stature and beauty, is preferable to enduring a dead-alive tree for half-a-dozen years; and which ultimately dies altogether.—CRAYON.

Deilephila Elpenor.—I have at the present time, feeding in my room, some remarkably fine caterpillars of this beautiful Sphinx. I believe it is much thought of in this country. Is it not? I remember, when on the Continent, I used to hold *Sphinx Elpenor* in high esteem.—BOMBYX ATLAS, Tottenham, August 22.

Spiders casting their Skins.—I am (like yourself, my dear Mr. Editor), a great admirer of Nature’s handiwork. The following, copied from my book of observations, may prove interesting: “I watched this said spider when about to disengage itself from its skin. It first formed a kind of thick purse, in one corner of the web. It then went to the centre of the web; and distending its body with violence for some minutes, the skin was rent the whole length of the back. This over, it began to force its body slowly through the aperture; gradually drawing out its legs, one by one, till they were all released. The exuviae retained the form of the spider only,—being perfectly transparent. The insect, which was quite gelatinous, and of a pale-green color, now retreated to the thick purse above alluded to. It did not reappear until after three days.”—ROSA B.

“BEGIN WELL,—END WELL.”

NEVER WAS THERE A TIME when people went so “fast” as they do now. Our youth seem born with “great ideas;” and woe be to those who attempt to control them in their lofty projects! Let such read what the good old QUARLES has noted down for their instruction. He says—“At the first entrance into thine estate, keep a low sail. Thou must rise with honor. Thou canst not fall without shame. He that *begins* as his father ended, shall *end* as his father began.” Alas! how is this prediction verified from day to day. Foolish parents are they, who thus yield to the caprices of their wayward, wilful children. Full many a heart is broken by its own folly, that might have been happy by the exercise of a little firmness, and only a grain of good sense.

NOTES UPON NOTES.

FASHION—TASTE—HABIT.

Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears!
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

WORDSWORTH.



WERE IT NOT FOR THE REGION OF THOUGHT, in which the mind can revel undisturbed by the external hubbub of the world at large, what an existence would ours be!

The elements of which society is composed, are quite insufficient, of themselves, to render a man "happy"—and what is life without happiness? OUR thoughts, be it known, fly far and wide; and in their wanderings they gather sweetness.

We are not going to venture an essay on Thought, much as we could say on that most interesting subject. Our business to-day is, to offer a few remarks on sundry letters we have received of late, bearing upon certain observations our pen has volunteered *pro bono publico*. And here let us express ourselves not only pleased, but delighted, with the confidence almost invariably reposed in us by our numerous correspondents. Their names and addresses are rarely withheld; and their simple narratives induce to a train of thoughtfulness in our active mind which is perfectly indescribable. There is surely much latent good in the world, if one could only draw it out. The great drawback to this is, the fear people express of daring to be singular. They tell us their feelings, and acknowledge their weakness in this matter.

The article which appeared in a late number on the perverse taste of women in their mode of dress, and blind obedience to the cruel laws of Fashion—also the paper in our last number deploring the horrid custom of plastering a pretty face with such overwhelming bands of hair, have excited marked attention. Some may imagine that we have given serious offence by our freedom of speech. Not so! We always write good-temperedly, and will not let people be angry with us. We cut at their faults, not at their persons. We hate the former; we love the latter.

Among the letters received during the past month, are several which demand serious attention. They are from ladies moving in a high position of life. Our remarks have worked upon the better feelings of their (natural) "good" nature, and they have made us their father-confessor. We are quite satisfied, that not one of the individuals we allude to is in the secret of any but themselves having written us on the subject. Yet are our "confessional duties" pleasingly heavy.

Let us select a single missive, and comment on it. As it harmonises in its views and feelings with the others already referred to, it will answer a good general end. The fair writer (who resides in one of our most fashionable squares) says—"I cannot, my dear sir, argue against or disprove one word you have uttered. That you write for our benefit and instruction, I freely admit. That you are entitled to our lasting regard, is speaking but faintly how I feel towards you, and your noble periodical. But let me tell you, that we young ladies cannot, dare not, use any discretion in the matter of taste. Whatsoever be the 'fashion,' with that we are bound to comply, or we 'lose caste' (as mamma words it). Whether as regards our general apparel, our bonnets, our head-dress, or what *you* call 'the insult offered to the human face divine,' by converting our ornamental hair into 'blinkers,' &c., &c., our lot is cast. We are the creatures of habit. We *must* submit to the rules of the society in which we move. Yet, *entre nous*, I do indeed enjoy the perusal of OUR OWN JOURNAL. I love its principles; and in all sincerity, I may and will add, I love its Editor. Keep on, my dear sir; raise your pen, make your voice heard, and do see if anything *can* be done to deliver us from the hideous trammels of the god we are compelled (many of us *unwillingly*) to worship."

We are proud of the missive from which we have made the above short extract; and we could append others from a second fair hand, but it is quite needless. We never can hope—nor do we, to work a reformation among the veterans in Fashion's service; but we feel for the younger branches, and we will, D.V., labor for *them* with unwearied assiduity. We will prove that Nature is a sweet, lovely mistress—her yoke easy—her burthen (gossamer) light indeed!

We have also in possession some very interesting letters in connection with our late remarks about Habit. We mean, the few *addenda* we made in our last to the article by Dr. Symonds. Our readers enter, readily, into the appreciation of those various characteristics which so individualise many of the friends and acquaintance with whom they are associated from time to time. It is a pretty subject; and at a future time we may be in the vein to pursue it in some of its most pleasing features.

A very intimate friend of ours, who perused the remarks we have referred to, has told us some of the scenes in *his* early life that will infallibly set us thinking of the scenes in *our* early life, and the ever-to-be-remembered habits of "some" who at that time were dearer far to us than our own existence—indeed we only "lived" when we heard their footstep, breathed when we heard

their sweet laugh. We felt spell-bound when we handed their fairest of all fair forms into their little carriage. And oh! that look—oh! those matchless eyes that spoke the unuttered words—Good bye! We distinctly hear the receding wheels of that little carriage now.

But as we are *not* going to write an article to-day upon the characteristic habits of those we love and esteem; we throw down our pen at once—else should we be constrained to let it utter what we feel it longs to pour forth.

“There is a time for all things under the sun.”

SEASONABLE TOPICS.

GOSSAMER.

WE HAVE ON A NUMBER OF occasions directed attention to the fine-spun webs floating in the air, and known as gossamer. At this particular season, early-risers (and we hope every one of OUR country readers rise early) may see them in all their glittering beauty. No money can purchase a sight like this.

Nor are these webs to be viewed without a feeling of intense curiosity. We would know whence they come,—how they are formed, and what their object. Minutely, infinitesimally small though they be, let us rest assured that the little spinners are capable of the purest enjoyment; and that the morning air is an element in which they revel with ecstasy. During the lovely mornings of autumn, we note these matters with rapturous feelings of delight. As we have before said, the insect world just now is in all its glory.*

* The first grand display of gossamer during the present season, met our eye on the morning of the 24th of August. At 5 A.M., looking from our casement, we noticed a heavy impending mantle of fog. Indeed, the trees in the garden were not visible. This was the signal for us to “up and away.” We well knew what awaited us below. We found, as we anticipated, that the air was full of web; that every tree and shrub was impearled with dew, and loaded with the curiously-constructed domiciles of the geometric spider. If we say there were at the very least two hundred of these habitations, we speak quite within compass. Those who know how we revel in observations of nature, in these her finest and most subtle provisions for the happiness of her children, will not require to be told what a treat we enjoyed—a treat, than which nothing could be more delightful. The ropes, ladders, scaffolding, manœuvres of the builder to secure the unsuspecting prey, the *adyta et penetralia* of the family mansion, and other domestic arrangements of these little creatures, fairly fascinated us. We have enjoyed the same sight frequently of late; and shall continue to do so whilst opportunities offer.—Ed. K. J.

At the request of a subscriber who feels much interest in this subject, we insert a letter on the Gossamer, from the pen of Gilbert White, of Selborne. Mr. White's observations are indeed worth recording in our columns. The letter was originally addressed to the Honorable Daines Barrington:—

DEAR SIR,—On September the 21st, 1741, being then on a visit, and intent on field diversions, I rose before daybreak; when I came into the enclosures, I found the stubbles and clover grounds matted all over with a thick coat of cobweb, in the meshes of which a copious and heavy dew hung so plentifully, that the whole face of the country seemed, as it were, covered with two or three setting-nets, drawn one over another. When the dogs attempted to hunt, their eyes were so blinded and hoodwinked, that they could not proceed, but were obliged to lie down and scrape the encumbrances from their faces with their forefeet; so that, finding my sport interrupted, I returned home, musing in my mind on the oddness of the occurrence.

As the morning advanced, the sun became bright and warm, and the day turned out one of those most lovely ones which no season but the autumn produces—cloudless, calm, serene, and worthy of the south of France itself.

About nine, an appearance very unusual began to demand our attention—a shower of cobwebs falling from very elevated regions, and continuing, without any interruption, till the close of the day. These webs were not single filmy threads, floating in the air in all directions, but perfect flakes, or rags; some near an inch broad, and five or six long, which fell with a degree of velocity that showed they were considerably heavier than the atmosphere.

On every side, as the observer turned his eyes, he might behold a continual succession of fresh flakes falling into his sight, and twinkling like stars, as they turned their sides towards the sun.

How far this wonderful shower extended, it would be difficult to say; but we know that it reached Bradley, Selborne, and Alresford, three places which lie in a sort of triangle, the shortest of whose sides is about eight miles in extent.

At the second of those places, there was a gentleman (for whose veracity and intelligent turn we have the greatest veneration), who observed it the moment he got abroad; but concluded that, as soon as he came upon the hill above his house, where he took his morning rides, he should be higher than this meteor, which he imagined might have been blown, like thistle-down, from the common above; but, to his great astonishment, when he rode to the most elevated part of the down, three hundred feet above his fields, he found the webs, in appearance, still as much above him as before; still descending into sight in constant succession, and twinkling in the sun, so as to draw the attention of the most incurious.

Neither before nor after, was any such fall observed; but on this day the flakes hung in the trees and hedges so thick, that a diligent person sent out might have gathered baskets full.

The remark that I shall make on these cobweb-like appearances, called gossamer,* is, that strange and superstitious as the notions about them were formerly, nobody in these days doubts that they are the real production of small spiders, which swarm in the fields in fine weather in autumn, and have a power of shooting out webs from their tails, so as to render themselves buoyant and lighter than air. But why these apterous insects should that day take such a wonderful aerial excursion, and why their webs should at once become so gross and material as to be considerably more weighty than air, and to descend with precipitation, is a matter beyond my skill. If I might be allowed to hazard a supposition, I should imagine that those filmy threads, when first shot, might be entangled in the rising dew, and so drawn up, spiders and all, by a brisk evaporation, into the regions where clouds are formed; and if the spiders have a power of coil-

ing and thickening their webs in the air, as Dr. Lister says they have [see his *Letters* to Mr. Ray], then, when they were become heavier than the air, they must fall.

Every day in fine weather, in autumn chiefly, do I see those spiders shooting out their webs and mounting aloft; they will go off from your finger, if you will take them into your hand. Last summer, one alighted on my book as I was reading in the parlor; and running to the top of the page, and shooting out a web, took its departure from thence. But what I most wondered at was, that it went off with considerable velocity in a place where no air was stirring; and I am sure that I did not assist it with my breath. So that these little crawlers seem to have, while mounting, some locomotive power without the use of wings, and to move in the air faster than the air itself.

Selborne, June 8th, 1775.

G. W.

* Gossamer has been long noticed both by poets and naturalists. It is now known to be produced by several kinds of spiders, particularly the flying ones. Mr. Murray, who has given much attention to the economy of these insects, says, they have the power of projecting their threads to a considerable distance, and by this means transporting themselves from the ground to any elevation in the atmosphere, or from the apex of one object to another. He is of opinion that the threads of their web are electric, or so influenced by that subtle element, that buoyancy is imparted, and the baseless shrouds of this aerial voyager are, together with their fabricator, raised into the higher regions of the air.

Most spiders, when crawling over uneven surfaces, leave behind them a thread; serving as a cable, or line of suspension, lest they should fall, or be blown from their eminence; so that nearly the whole surface of the ground is covered with the network of these singular animals. Besides the ground spiders, other wanderers contribute to these accumulations, which, however delicate, are at the same time durable. That this tissue is always on the increase, may be noticed by following a plough for a short space; for no sooner has it finished one ridge, than the fresh mould turned up is equally interlaced with innumerable threads, which glisten in the sun's rays, and can only be accounted for by the circumstance mentioned by Mr. Murray—that during fine weather the air is filled with these excursive webs of the *aranea aeronautica*. The spider is often seen at the end of its thread, with extended limbs; balancing itself like a bird, and invariably floating before the wind. The same gentleman, however, says, he has seen threads projected in a close room, where there was no current of air to carry them in a direct line, which is an interesting fact.

Mr. Murray thinks that electricity, either positive or negative, is an active agent in the movement of the spiders' webs; which opinion has been combated by Mr. Bakewell, who asserts that they have not the power of propelling their webs without assistance from the wind, and that the cobwebs seen floating in the air are raised from the surface of the ground by the action of air, highly rarefied by a cloudless sun.—
ED. K. J.

THE LATEST AMERICAN NOTIONS.

THE WIFE OF A LITERARY MAN.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

TRUTH, like a single point, escapes the sight,
And claims attention to perceive it right.

POMFRET.

The creatures of Man's art may catch the eye;
But TRUTH'S sweet nature captivates the soul.

CUMBERLAND.

A WOMAN, MY DEAR SIR, FIT TO BE THE WIFE OF A LITERARY MAN, must indeed *be* a woman. She must combine in her character all those pleasing attributes which we often find *described*, but so rarely meet with in real life.

She must be neither selfish in feeling, vain, prodigal, nor passionate. She must be one who will not marry where she cannot respect; one who, when she has consented to lay aside her virgin honors, will love her husband with a devotion that shall waive every other consideration but that of her duty to God. She must be even more than this; she must be self-sacrificing in disposition, and be willing to endure much loneliness; and also learn, if she have not already learnt; to have a fondness for her husband's pursuits, in which case she will receive a return that will be dearer far than all the world can offer.

A man of literary pursuits sins against himself and the woman he marries, if he takes one who is but a votary of Fashion—whose empire is in the drawing-room, and not in the seclusion of domestic life. And if he marry a literary pedant, he will be still more unfortunate; unless the pedantry be that of a young, active, and inquiring mind, which is pleased with its first essay into the regions of learning. She should not resemble the first wife of Milton, whom the poet married from sudden fancy. Unable to endure his literary habits, and finding his house too solitary for her romping disposition, she beat his nephews, and conveyed herself away at the expiration of the honey-moon! Nor

like the wife of Bishop Cooper, who, jealous of his books, consigned the labor of many years to the flames. Nor like the wife of Sir Henry Seville, whose affection was so strong as to cause her to destroy his most valuable manuscripts, because they monopolised so much of his attention. Neither should she resemble in character Mrs. Barclay, who made both herself and her husband ridiculous by her great public admiration of his abilities—she considering him little less than a demi-god.

She should either be like the lady of Dacier, who was his equal in erudition and his superior in taste, but whose good sense caused her to respect and give place to her husband at all times and on all occasions, and whose love for him kept her from the slightest feeling of presumption, because she was his equal in mind—or, as the wife of Wieland, a domestic woman, who, though not much given to study, was of a calm, even temperament, and always *soothed* instead of *excited* her husband's irritable disposition.

Above all things, the wife of a literary man must avoid jealousy. Jealousy and suspicion poison the very springs of life. Only give them entrance once, and farewell to happiness! All public men must be "privileged." Their avocations demand this. They are made the depositories of a host of secrets, emanating from persons whose names, characters, and objects must be revered like Truth—held sacred as Holy Writ.

It is *impossible* to conceive what sometimes is imparted to the Editor of a public journal. In him, is vested a power for good or evil which is positively gigantic in its extent. His wife then, as a prudent woman, should yield him implicit confidence, and believe him *incapable* of doing or saying anything prejudicial to her interests or his honor. She should trust him, cheerfully, with anybody, anywhere; and always treat him as the well-beloved object of her heart of hearts. Such a man, if well educated, would *never* be found tripping; whilst his love for his wife will be boundless as the ocean. Try this course of action, fair ladies, and tell us if we be not a true prophet. Nature is a good mother!

There remains only to be said, that a literary man, in choosing a wife, should not look so much for shining abilities, as for a clear, discriminating judgment, and a *warm and affectionate heart*. A combination of these qualities, if he be not an unreasonable, cross-grained tyrant, will be SURE to bring DOMESTIC FELICITY.

New York, Aug. 1.

UMBRA.

[The above is from the pen of our American Correspondent; and as we cordially agree in sentiment with the worthy writer, all we shall add to it is—"PROBATUM EST!"]

THE WORLD AND ITS INHABITANTS.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

God made the world, good in his sight;
He bless'd it when he gave it light—
But sin has cast a mournful gloom
E'en from the cradle to the tomb,
Diffusing with its poison'd breath—
Want, misery, disease, and death!

But there are many scenes in life
Unsullied by the hand of strife;
Free from the ravings of despair,
Exempt from sorrow, pain, or care—
Scenes that convey our thoughts above,
To holy, pure, unchanging love.

In infancy, how oft we trace
Emblems of innocence and grace;
We seem to breathe a purer air
When we behold a child at prayer,
And hear its lisping accents say—
"Lord, teach a little child to pray!"

How gracefully the blushing morn
Unfolds her charms! the golden corn
Waving with elegance and ease,
In meek submission, as the breeze
Wafts gently by. Here let us raise
A grateful song of prayer and praise.

I love the pensive evening hour,
When dew-drops fall on field and flower;
When stars are peeping, one by one,
As if they feared the setting sun
Had not resigned his throne of light,
And left them victors of the night.

But there's a scene, oh! brighter far
Than morning sun or evening star;
'Tis when the Christian yields his breath,
And leaves this world for Heaven. Death
Has no sting! No doubt or care
ASSAILS HIS SOUL—FOR GOD IS THERE!

JEANNETTE,—THE AMIABLE MONKEY.

"Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's."

MY DEAR SIR,—AS YOU INVITE your readers to contribute from their store of information, or anecdotes, to the general fund of that branch of natural science which OUR JOURNAL is especially designed to illustrate, I am induced to send you the following sketch of one of the most interesting of a species, for which, in general, I believe, you entertain no particular liking—that of monkeys. Whether, with Dr. Ollapod, you class cats, rats, monkeys, and old maids, in the same category, I cannot presume to say;* suffice it for the present purpose, that I entreat your indulgence for the following brief me-

* As we are not put upon our oath, we had rather leave this an "open question." Dr. Ollapod was a funny fellow. He was a brave fellow too, thus to beard the race of "old maids" to their very teeth.—Ed. K. J.

morial of one of the gentlest and most playful of the long-tailed tribe that I ever met with, in the course of a tolerably long acquaintance with most branches of natural history.

In the course of the summer of 1849, I became the possessor of a young female Maugabey monkey (*Cercopithecus Fuliginosus*). For the information of those of your readers who may not be intimately acquainted with the modern sub-divisions in zoological nomenclature, it may be as well to mention that the genus *Cercopithecus* includes all the monkeys, properly so called, which have cheek pouches, and perfectly-developed thumbs on the anterior extremities. The whole of the *Cercopithecus* tribe are of a light and active make; the head round, the face comparatively short, and the eyes bright and somewhat prominent. The body is, in general, slender; the limbs long; and vivacity and activity characterise every movement. In disposition, the individuals of this genus are mostly playful and gentle; and if some display occasionally a little impetuosity in confinement, yet all are free from the disgusting habits and propensities exhibited by other varieties of the *Quadrumania*.

The monkey in question soon became very familiar, and answered to the name of Jeannette as readily as a dog would do. Brought from a very warm climate—the eastern coast of Africa—we quickly discovered the necessity of preserving an even temperature in the place where she was kept. During the summer, her dwelling-place was a very large cage in the garden, which, in the winter, was exchanged for a hutch of considerable size in the kitchen, with a sleeping-box attached to it, warmly stuffed with hay; into this she was accustomed to retire at night.

Her color, as may be imagined from the name of the species, *fuliginosus*, was of a dark, sooty, blue-black; the hair, very fine and long, gradually shading into a light grey as it approached the breast and stomach. She seemed to take great pleasure in smoothing and dressing her delicate coat, and was most remarkable for her general cleanliness of habit in all respects. Finding how gentle and tractable she appeared to be whenever any one approached her, I resolved one evening to let her out, free from a chain or any other restraint, in the room where I was sitting. It was winter, and a fire was burning brightly in the grate, protected by a fire-guard—for fear of accident to any of my young olive-branches.

No sooner did Miss Jeannette find herself at liberty, than she performed a deliberate circuit of the room, until her attention was suddenly arrested by the blaze and warmth of the fire. She made instantly towards it, without perceiving the sleeping figure of Zoë, a pet Italian greyhound, that lay curled

up on a corner of the soft Turkey rug in front of the grate. The peculiar shrill, bird-like chatter by which the monkey was accustomed to express her sense of pleasure, roused the slumbering greyhound in a moment. Dog and monkey stood for a few seconds staring at each other, until the latter softly extended her long velvety arm, and patted the greyhound on the head. Zoë, seeing no hostile demonstration, received these approaches with great cordiality; and the intimacy thus begun was never afterwards interrupted. Monkey and dog would play with each other in the most amusing manner for hours together; and frequently on a winter's night, after gambolling until they were tired, the dog would stretch herself before the fire at full length, while Jeannette would curl herself up on the hearth-rug, and make a pillow of Zoë's back.

Before the monkey had been in my possession three months, her playfulness and docility were such that she would gambol with my children and suffer them to do almost anything with her, without on any occasion showing the slightest malice or ill-temper. Indeed an anecdote that I am now about to relate, would almost make one believe that the creature entertained a vivid sense of gratitude for kindness. Fond as she was of all my children, she was peculiarly attached to my eldest little daughter; and would sit on her lap by the hour, dozing and murmuring gently like a kitten. On one occasion, the child had been petting the monkey, as she lay on her lap, as usual; and feeding her with nuts and other monkey-dainties; when Jeannette suddenly leapt down, ran to the fireplace, and began searching eagerly among the cinders, until she found one apparently to her liking. With the cinder in her paw, she sprang again into my little daughter's lap; and, as if presenting her with the greatest delicacy imaginable, thrust the cinder into her lips. The child, it need scarcely be said, refused the proffered treat; and, after a few more ineffectual attempts, the monkey, finding her present scorned, put the cinder into her own mouth, and quickly crushed and swallowed it. It is worth noting that we found cinders, chalk, and calcareous substances in general, eagerly seized by the monkey; and small pieces at once devoured.

Another amusing instance of the monkey's singularity of taste, occurred one afternoon when I was absent. My wife was sitting by herself in the parlor, when her attention was excited by a tapping against the door. Fancying it was one of the children, she exclaimed, "Come in!" but no one came, and the noise was repeated. Somewhat puzzled as to the cause of the knocking, she rose and opened the door; when, to her amazement and not a little to her consternation, in bounded Jean-

nette. On the table stood a medicine-bottle, about one-third full of a most nauseous rhubarb mixture. The monkey's curiosity was instantly excited by the sight of the bottle. She sprang upon the table, seized the bottle, and shook it violently: but the cork was an obstacle. However, she soon managed to pull it out with her teeth; and then placing the neck of the bottle in her mouth, drank off every drop of its repulsive contents with apparently the greatest *gusto*. You can well imagine that this was a very droll performance.

Throughout the whole time that this monkey was in my possession, I never once saw her evince any signs of malice, or ferocity of disposition; although on one occasion her temper must have been rather severely tried. When she was first brought to me, a small collar was fastened round her neck; to this a thin chain was usually fixed, before we felt sufficient confidence in her tameness to suffer her to be at large in the room. One morning, desiring to exhibit the monkey to some friends, I called to her to come out of her cage; but she only looked up, and did not seem at all inclined to stir. Thinking she might be sleepy or lazily inclined, I slipped the chain through the buckle of the collar. She remained quite still. I pulled her, and then she made a plaintive murmur, and put her hand to her neck. Then, for the first time, I fancied something might be wrong. I took her out and examined her; and, to my sorrow, found that the tin collar had worked through the leather binding, and caused quite a severe wound in the poor little animal's neck. I need not say that the manacle of slavery was at once removed, and never again placed upon her. A few simple remedies effected a complete cure, and not the slightest scar remained after three weeks had elapsed.

POOR JEANNETTE was carried off in the autumn of 1850, by an attack very strongly resembling cholera. She was sent to a famous animal-doctor at Pimlico, who exerted all his skill, but in vain, to save her. To the last, she exhibited the same gentleness of disposition, which had, during her short career, won for her so many friends; and my children, to this day, often talk of their merry games with—poor Jeannette, the monkey.

C. J. P.

Dawlish, Sept. 10.

VIRTUE AND VICE.

As, in geometry, the oblique must be known as well as the right; and in arithmetic the odd as well as the even—so in actions of life, he who seeth not the filthiness of evil, wanteth a great foil to perceive the beauty of virtue.—Sir P. SIDNEY.

THE WOMEN OF SPAIN.

Hard is the task, and bold the advent'rous flight,
Of him who dares in praise of BEAUTY write;
For when to that high theme our thoughts ascend,
'Tis to DETRACT,—too poorly to commend?

CONGREVE.

WE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN IMPRESSED with the belief, that the Spanish women are truly beautiful. All travellers of the masculine gender have pronounced them so, and it is no more than fair to give them—at least some of them—credit for a sound judgment in the matter.

But there is a new version abroad, put forth by Lady Louisa Tenison. She—woman like—"cannot see" much to talk about in Spanish beauty, nor in Spanish dress. It is amusing to hear her talk, and to turn to the pages which have been written by other writers of the opposite sex. Oh, Woman! verily thou art a paradox!

Nor is it less amusing to hear her ladyship sit in judgment on *the taste* of the Spanish women, as regards dress. No doubt she takes her own countrywomen as her model! But let us listen to her comments:—

On the Alameda, or public walk of Malaga, such a variety of colors meet and dazzle the eye, as to make the stranger at once conclude that whatever attractive qualities Spanish women may possess, *taste in dress cannot be considered among them*. The most striking novelty on first landing in Spain, is the *mantilla*, or black veil, which is generally worn; although here and there bonnets are creeping in, and Spanish women are sacrificing the only becoming peculiarity they have left, in order to imitate the fashions of their neighbors.

There is an elegance and a dressy appearance about the mantilla which create surprise at its not having been adopted by other nations; and if Spaniards could only be made to feel how unbecoming bonnets are to them, the rich masses of whose splendid hair prevent the bonnet being properly worn, they would cherish the mantilla, as conferring on them a peculiar charm in which they are safe to fear no rivals. I know that I shall be accused of insensibility and want of taste, when I confess that my first disappointment on landing in Spain was the almost total absence of beauty amongst the Spanish women.

This last observation is conclusive as to the justness of our foregoing remarks. Women are not correct or competent judges of "beauty" in their own sex. They do not "see with our eyes." How should they? Her ladyship proceeds:—

Poets have sung of Spain's "dark glancing daughters," and travellers have wandered through the country with minds so deeply impressed with the preconceived idea of the beauty of the women, that they have found them all their imagination so fondly pictured, and in their works have fostered what I cannot help maintaining *is a mere delusion*—one of the many in which people still indulge when they think and dream of Spain.

The women of Spain have magnificent eyes,

beautiful hair, and generally fine teeth; but more than that cannot be said by those who are content to give an honest and candid opinion. I have rarely seen one whose features could be called strictly beautiful; and that bewitching grace and fascination about their figure and walk which they formerly possessed, have disappeared with the high comb which supported the mantilla and the narrow basquina—which gave a peculiar character to their walk.

With the change in their costume, those distinctive charms have vanished. The gaudy colors which now prevail have destroyed the elegance that always accompanies black, in which alone, some years since, a lady could appear in public. No further proof of this is required than to see the same people at church—where black is still considered indispensable, and on the Alameda, with red dresses and yellow shawls, or some colors equally gaudy, and combined with as little regard to taste. Although I have not yet discovered the beauty of the Spanish women, I must say that the *Malaguënians* are fairly entitled, in all that does exist, to dispute the palm with the inhabitants of any other town we have visited. *There are some very pretty faces*, and very characteristic of the Spanish countenance. They are generally very dark, and almost all have that peculiar projecting brow which gives to the face quite a character of its own.

This involuntary admission argues still more forcibly that her ladyship's prejudice blinds her better judgment.

The women have a universal custom of putting fresh flowers in their hair. It strikes one much upon first arriving, to see those of every class (even the poorest) with some flower or other most gracefully placed in their rich black hair; the beauty of which is not a little enhanced by the bright red rose or snowy jessamine, contrasting so well with their raven tresses. The hair is generally worn plain,—curls being seldom seen, for they do not suit the mantilla; and if flowers cannot be procured, some bright ribbon is invariably worn as a substitute. The love of brilliant and showy colors appearing to form a ruling passion in the present day, offers a singular contrast to the fashion twenty years ago, when a lady who would have ventured into the street dressed in anything but black, would have been mobbed and insulted by the people. Our first visit to the theatre at Malaga confirmed my impressions of the exaggerated accounts generally given of Spanish beauty.

This final fling settles the point. The *animus* of the writer is seen bright as the sun at noon-day. We therefore take it for granted that the Spanish women have very good taste, and that their beauty is undeniable.

OUR OLD ENGLISH WRITERS.

THE fault of the old English writers was, that they were too prone to unlock the secrets of nature with the key of learning, and often to substitute authority in the place of argument.

NATURE'S OWN CHARADE.

OH! WHO would linger when gay Summer calls
From every flowery mead and bosky dell?
Oh! who would linger 'neath the city's walls
When waves upon the wind the heather-bell?
When the green corn-fields' promise 'gins to
swell

The filling ear? When silence at high noon
Doth of the songsters' callow younglings tell?
Who can resist the merry voice of June,
When Nature in reply doth every heart attune?

Now venture forth my *first*, with buoyant grace
And light step, wandering thro' the grassy
lane;

Health spreads its mantling blushes o'er her face,
And shyness doth her spirits' flow restrain.
Soon as the summit of the hill we gain,
And the pure breeze hath fanned her open brow,
To check the gay infection were in vain,—
And laughing, warbling, bounding she will go,
Racing to reach the brook which cheers the vale
below.

Then, bending o'er the streamlet's leaf-fringed
side,

To watch the sportive minnows glancing gay,
Start back to see my *second* all untied,
And blush to mark its lawless disarray
Reflected there. The wanton zephyrs play
With each bright tress, whilst she, with pretty
art,

The breeze will chide, and turn her head away,
And rest upon some jutting rock, apart,
To smooth her truant curls, and still her beating
heart.

Sure 'tis a pleasant picture thus to see
That fair young creature cast her eyes around
Half closed, yet sparkling with a covert glee,
Scanning the summer treasures which abound
On the o'er-arching rock—its summit crowned
By plume of waving fern! whilst hanging there,
My *whole* in verdant clusters may be found,
Scattering all moisture to thirsty air,
And flinging from its leaf each dew-drop glittering
fair.

INTOXICATION IN INDIA.

BY DR. GIBSON.

THE EXTENSIVE USE OF OPIUM AND RICE ARRACK among the Chinese and Malays, is pretty generally known. It is also tolerably well known that the Burmese and Mughs are extensive consumers of spirits. On this side the Ganges, the use of alcohol made from Rice-sugar, Palm-juice in its various states, from the flower of the Bassia, from the bark of Acacia Sundra, is, if not equally common, at least widely spread. The Rajpoots, too, and the Kolies of Western India, are great Opium-eaters; and the employment of this drug in rearing children of the most tender age is universal among all classes of Indian society. From what can be observed, however, there seems

every reason to think, not only that the moderate use of the drug is innoxious to children, but positively beneficial, in bringing them through the critical periods of dentition.

In the more southern parts of Western India, the spirits used are distilled from Palm-juice, from sugar in its various forms; and less frequently from the cereal grains; whereas north of Bombay and throughout Guzerat and Rajpootana the distillation from the flower of the *Bassia latifolia*, Roxb., is greatly the most common. This flower is collected in the hot season by Bheels and others, from the forests; also from the planted trees, which are most abundant in the more open parts of Guzerat and Rajwarra. The ripe flower has a sickly sweet taste, resembling manna. Being very deciduous, it is found in large quantities under the trees every morning during the season. A single tree will afford from 200 to 400 lbs. of the flowers. The seed affords a great quantity of concrete oil, used in the manufacture of soap. The Forest of Bheel population also store great quantities of the dried flowers as a staple article of food. Hence, in expeditions undertaken for the punishment or subjection of those tribes when unruly, the *Bassia* trees are threatened to be cut down by the invading force; and this threat most commonly ensures the submission of the tribes.

In Guzerat and Rajpootana every village has its spirit-shop for the sale of the distilled liquor from the flowers. In the island of Caranja, opposite to Bombay, the government duty on the spirits distilled (chiefly from this flower) amounts to at least £60,000 per annum. I rather think that £80,000 is most generally the sum. The Parsis are the great distillers and sellers of it in all the country between Surat and Bombay, and they usually push their distilleries and shops into the heart of the forest which lines the eastern border and hills of those countries. The spirit produced from the *Bassia* is, when carefully distilled, much like good Irish whiskey, having a strong smoky and rather fetid flavor. This latter disappears with age.

The fresh spirit is, owing to the quantity of aromatic or empyreumatic oil which it contains, very deleterious, and to the European troops (her Majesty's 4th and 17th Dragoons) stationed in Guzerat some 30 years ago, appeared to be quite as poisonous as the worst new rum of the West Indies has generally proved to our soldiers. It excited, immediately, gastric irritation; and on this supervened the malarious fever so common in those countries. The regimental artificers, musicians, &c., and all whose extra means enabled them to obtain a larger supply of

this liquor, were the first people to be cut off; but finally, the fever spared few or none, and the only effective remedial measure was found to be the removal of the European force to the more sterile semi-desert plains at Deesa, in the north-west corner of the province.

To show how little is known even in India regarding the spirituous drinks of the country, I may state that the question has ere now been gravely entertained by persons high in authority, as to the practicability of rendering the people *compulsorily* sober, by cutting down the wild Date-trees,—as if these were the only source of alcoholic stimulus! I have before alluded to the *Cannabis* as affording a stimulating material. The use of the plant in its various forms—stalk, juice, and resin—is very widely diffused, and in many provinces (as in Scinde) a draught of the infusion forms a prelude to the daily dinner among the better classes. The stimulus has a champagne-like transience, and is said to whet the appetite and improve the digestive powers.

I should here mention that with East Indians, liquor, when taken, is most commonly taken before food; and not after eating, as with us. The continued use of the *Cannabis*, as practised by many at all periods of the day, speedily breaks down the system; the lungs, generative power, &c., all yielding to its influence. The use of *Nux vomica* is confined to desperate debauchees, by whom it is had recourse to as a bracer-up of decayed corporeal faculties. It is taken to the extent of even two seeds per diem—these being softened and afterwards fried in ghee or butter!

LIVE AND LET LIVE,—

A BOW DRAWN AT A VENTURE.

How often, in this cold and bitter world,
Is the warm heart thrown back upon itself!
Cold, careless are we of one another's wants;
We wrap ourselves in sullen SELFISHNESS.

L. E. L.

THERE ARE, NO DOUBT, many people in the world who live by *finesse*, and whose existence is maintained at the cost of others. With these we have nothing to do. The law, when it catches them, (too seldom, we admit,) pays them off.

But there are also a class in society who live, *thoughtlessly*, at the cost of their tradespeople. We wish to whisper a little secret in the ear of such. If we argue in a tone of gentleness, what we say can give no offence. At this season people who enjoy the blessing of independence bid adieu to care. Their country friends and acquaintance have open arms to receive them. They turn their backs upon London, and forget, for a time, all that is left behind. It were well just to cast one glance, before leaving, at the unsettled accounts of the London tradesman. It may be con-

sidered "vulgar" to do this, we grant; but why not show yourself an oddity in the matter? WE have done so; and have never regretted it.

It is a positive fact—and we speak on the very best authority—that the long credit taken by families for articles bearing very little profit indeed to the seller, keeps *him* and his sick family prisoners in town, while his customers, *at his expense*, are revelling in all the glories of sun and fresh air.

We need not go into detail on this matter. We merely state the broad fact. Chance has recently thrown us in the way of hearing some very piteous complaints connected with this subject; and we at once resolved to make certain comments, leaving those whom it may concern to "chew the cud of meditation."

The withholding of what is "due" to a tradesman who deals fairly, and sells at the *lowest ready-money prices*, is a cruelty daily practised, and perhaps rarely reflected on. It is, moreover, a high moral offence; for it cripples his means, and compels him to make sacrifices which materially affect the *interests* both of himself and his family.

It is a sad subject for reflection, that whilst we are enjoying under the canopy of Heaven all that is lovely, a warm-hearted innocent man and his amiable family are, by our wanton cruelty, immured in a dungeon of filth and smoke.

If this be not a "sin of omission," then is our judgment not worth a straw. Good people! read and reform.

I WOULD,—IF THOU WOULDST.

Wouldst thou be mine,
I'd love thee with such love, thou canst not dream
How wide, how full, how deep—whose gracious
beam

Should on thy pathway ever shine!
Wouldst thou be mine,—I'd be
As father, mother, friend, to thee;
Thou never shouldst in thy new bliss,
Their old, their dear affection miss;
For I would love thee better still,
Soothe thee in sorrow, guard from ill,
Would cherish thee each passing hour,
As the sun cherishes the flower,
Whose ceaseless, gladdening sunbeams play
Around it through the livelong day.

All this should be wouldst thou
But be mine own, mine only love,
And every changing day should prove
How faithful my first vow.

Wert thou but mine—Oh, could
My voice some tone persuasive take,
And in thy breast some answering passion wake,
Then it were well—were good—

All life were light; but now
My life is dark; and thou, and thou—
Is there no darkness in thy life?
No loneliness, when pain and grief
Oppress thy tender, gentle heart?
Couldst thou be mine, no sorrow's dart
Should deeply wound, for I'd be there;
And Love the darkening clouds should clear,
Or make the very darkness shine
By Love's dear power,—wert thou but mine!

THE FASHION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

No council from our CRUEL wills can win us;
But ills once done, we bear our guilt within!

JOHN FORD.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your old friend FINO has called my attention to an article entitled "Passages in the Life of a Dog," by Charlie, in the last number of OUR JOURNAL. The weather is very warm; too warm for my old dog to ransack his brains to find words to express his horror and indignation at this most painful recital: and seeing the old fellow not very cheery, I inquired what was the matter? He then requested me to notice this article, in the precise way in which he would have done it himself. This I agreed to do, on the understanding that all which related to the canine species should be suggested by himself, and that I should let their masters and mistresses (be they peers or chimney-sweepers) know what "Old Bombyx" thinks of them.

I will commence, then, by offering our joint thanks to Mr. W. H. KENT for having brought this subject forward. I can only say that, if "Fino" or myself knew the name of the ignoble lady who exchanged poor "Charlie's" mother for the *fashionable* Scotch terrier, it should appear in red letters three inches deep. Certain I am that her royal mistress never set her such an example; and were I Queen of England, she should never come into my royal presence again.

This is a queer fancy, Mr. Editor; and I really think I could give a shrewd guess as to *who* this "leader of the ton" is. Oh, if I were but certain! Is it not horrible to think, how "Fashion" sways everything and everybody that is encompassed by the atmosphere of the West End? It deforms the human body; it debases the human mind; it metamorphoses the fair creatures of the Almighty into nondescript imps of Satan's handiwork. We read in the Sacred Volume, that *all* that God made was "very good;" perfect—yet do we (so-called) Christians (!) dare to try and make it better. I ask emphatically, what right has man to clip the ears or cut the tail of any harmless animal, formed originally by the Great Creator, and pronounced by Him to be very good? It is because, whilst pretending to be worshippers of God, we are in truth worshippers of *Fashion*.

I well recollect, when Fino was not as many months old as he is now years, a certain worthy Baronet,—who at that time occupied the very house at Cour, belonging to Mr. G. (mentioned by Fino in the number of his autobiography for the present month, and which was the scene of the serio-comic adventure alluded to). I was strongly urged by this gentleman to take off *three inches* of Fino's tail; and by his lady to

give a *fashionable* appearance to his ears by a proper application of professional shears. The sapient Baronet declared that if I did so, he would become a *van-derful* dog. The gentleman, who had a peculiar nasal twang, gave this observation all due effect! I need scarcely tell you, Mr. Editor, how I treated the proposal; nor need I tell you that Fino's caudal appendage and fine ears remain just as they were at the moment of his birth. No fashion for me. I am a lover of Nature; and I firmly believe that what the Almighty has pronounced "very good," none but a simpleton would venture to alter.

I very rarely visit your West End; but I do sometimes. On such occasions, what do I see? Why, one or more very elegant equipages stopping before the shops—or, to speak *fashionably*, "Magasins des Modes;" and two grinning footmen in gaudy livery, with silver-topped "Batons d'Office," opening the coronetted doors. Out step two or three thin, pale, cadaverous, wan, half-living ladies (wives or daughters of Peers); so pinched up that they are actually wriggling with agony. A dear little pet dog have they too. He remains behind "pour monter la garde" over my lady's reticule!

We pretend to admire the human form divine, and yet do all we can to deform it. A quarter of a century ago, my excellent friend, Dr. Neil Arnott, endeavored to convince the mothers of England of the horrible absurdity of running headlong after the tyrant Fashion, instead of following the path of simple nature (see Arnott's *Elements of Physics, Medical Mechanics*,—1827, pages 195 to 214, and various other parts, had I time to quote them). Still, the warning and advice of this modern Bacon remain unheeded; and we persist in mutilating the human form till it is scarcely distinguishable from that of some of the (mis-called) inferior animals. We are not content with mutilating every species of dog. We cannot even let a tree grow to its own natural size and shape. Its goodly branches are hacked and hewn until the lordly oak is transformed into a maypole.

O Tempora! O Mores! The fashion of the present day, Mr. Editor, is not only mischievous, it is downright wicked. Moreover, it pervades every class. Look, on a Sunday morning, at this pair going (not to church, but) for a day's amusement. The man is equipped in an elegant pair of dove-colored pantaloons, strapped tightly down; also a pair of thin patent shining leather boots, elegantly fastened with buttons; a charming flowered-silk waistcoat, and a broad sky-blue satin cravat; a fashionably-cut coat of dark blue; an elegant Bond Street hat; and a neat little cane in his delicate hand, which is covered with nice white kid gloves—and,

resting on his arm, his better half, in a lovely silk of violet "changeant." Neat *little* shoes has she on; a pretty watered silk mantilla; a "chapeau," sweetly ornamented with flowers; and a delicately-colored parasol, to protect her pretty face from the burning sun. Now *who* do you think it is, Mr. Editor? Why it might be the twopenny-postman and his wife. And truly we must not be surprised, when the leaders of the "haut ton" employ, or rather waste, so much of their valuable time in endeavoring to discover the most absurd way of distorting that noble human form which the Almighty has pronounced "very good." When will our noble matrons and their beauteous offspring vie with each other in trying to look becoming? When will they learn that "least adorned is most adorned?" When will they try and discover that simplicity, gentility, and nobility go hand in hand?

Again let us put the question: why is not a dog (that faithful companion of man) treated as a dog ought to be treated? Why is his tail cut? Why are his poor ears clipped—his silky coat sheared? If our leaders of the "haut ton" do thus, what can you expect from the lower orders? Our fine fashionables purchase a dog, because it is "the fashion" to have a dog. They sell it, or exchange it, because Lady so-and-so has an animal of a *different* breed. This is perhaps discarded in a short time for a parrot; and "poor Poll" perhaps is shifted on one side to make way for a *Cochin China* hen. As to expecting any attachment from these poor animals to their masters or mistresses, it is quite monstrous to think of such a thing.

How different is a really *faithful dog!* I only move my foot, and Fino's eye is all awake to see what I want. I only look at a tree, three or four hundred yards off, and in half a moment Fino is on the wall surveying all around. I only look at the old dog, and he understands the meaning of every wrinkle on his master's forehead. Every thought is as quickly understood by him as though it were instantly conveyed to his own brain. This is not Fashion, Mr. Editor; this is Nature.

I and my dog are friends. We perfectly comprehend one another. From my heart I pity poor Charlie, and so does Fino; and if he knew the cold-hearted mistress that discarded his unfortunate mother, he would have her pretty locks cut so short that she should (as a punishment) be obliged to wear a wig the remainder of her days.

When will our modern ladies understand that charming simplicity which is above all price? When will they learn to "look through Nature up to Nature's God," and leave the tyrant Fashion to the contempt and scorn which it merits? When will they

lift up the loathsome mask, and see the unnatural spectre it conceals? When will they learn to believe that what the Almighty has pronounced very good—**REALLY IS SO?**

Tottenham, Sep. 15. BOMBYX ATLAS.

[Some people may think that a little excision should have been practised with an article of this description, with a view to modify the sentiments of the writer, and so render them more palatable. There is however such a heartiness, such a freshness about it—and the worthy veteran writes in so wholesome a strain, that he shall be heard in his manly appeal to common sense and common humanity. He has lived long in the world, and can afford to speak his honest sentiments. We are proud to echo them.]

THE RAINBOW.

Iris! what art thou? Break Creation's silence,
Send forth a voice, thou "million-colored bow;"
Let fiction be no longer man's reliance;
More of thy nature he desires to know.

Art thou a goddess, dwelling in Elysium,
Whose power, so vast, no mortal dare deny
The soul consigning to some unknown region,
Sole arbitress of human destiny?

Art thou a mirror in the sun's pavilion,
Tenfold reflecting all his glories bright,
Glittering with purple, orange, and vermilion,—
Or shinest thou with thy unaided light?

'Twas eventide! The majestic bow was gilding
The cloudy temple of the weeping sky;
Arch of Creation's wide palatial building,
Most wondrous work of God's geometry!

Whilst thus I mused, methought the breeze came,
bringing
A whisper soft from Iris' golden throne;
Like to the strains of seraph minstrel's singing,
Or Heavenly harpings of Æolian tone.

"Dost thou inquire why my illumined crescent
Gleameth so brightly in the Heavens o'erhead?
Mortal, to cheer thine oft-beclouded present,
And paint thy future, is my radiance shed

"Upon thy path. Art thou a stricken spirit,
With many cares and many woes oppressed?
A struggling genius, born but to inherit,
Like all thy fellows, mischance and unrest?

"Art thou a mourner, weeping and heart-broken,
Because thy best-loved treasures are no more?—
To each, to all, I am the faithful token,
There yet is hope and happiness in store.

"I am the mystic over-arching portal—
Resplendent entrance to a better land;
Where peace is perfect, happiness immortal,
And faith to full fruition doth expand."

Fainter and fainter, like the distant pealing
Of silver chimes, th'Æolian whisper grew.
It softly ceased; no cloud was then concealing
Heaven's firmament of clear ethereal blue.

R. W. CARPENTER.

DISTINCTIONS AND DIFFERENCES. INSTINCT AND REASON.

THE EXTREME difficulty of coming to any settled decision, as to where "instinct" terminates and "reason" begins, sets all the world upon speculation. But after all, there is nothing like careful, pains-taking investigation. Those who narrowly watch the habits of the so-called "lower creation," and compare them with the habits of mankind, will find that there is not only a distinction, but a very great difference. We shall venture on this delicate inquiry more at large in due season, as promised. Meantime, we shall bring into view all that strikes us as being worthy of note, in connection with the general question.

Who is there, says a contemporary,* that has not admired the wonderful precocity of chickens, ducks, partridges, and other little creatures whose wisdom on the very first day of their existence appears to equal, if it does not surpass, many of the finest efforts of elaborate reason? The knowledge which they seem to possess of the world into which they have just been introduced, of the food which is agreeable to their palates and suitable to their digestive organs, their fear of danger, and their confidence of security in circumstances of which they can have no experience, the facility with which they use their legs and their beaks, walk and run, eat and drink—a facility which reason itself could not equal—are quite unintelligible to man, who gains all his knowledge by labor and experience, and is but little indebted to instinct for anything.

It has been observed by philosophers who have made comparative anatomy their study, that the more instinctive an animal is, the more ganglionic its nerves are. That is, its nerves, instead of arising from, and centering in a brain, as the principal nerves of the human body do, have their centres distributed in different parts of the body; in fact, such animals may be said, properly speaking, not to be possessed of a brain at all, but merely of a series of ganglions, or nervous centres, arranged along the line of the spine, if they have one; or the abdomen, if the spine be wanting. But animals possessed of a spine or backbone, being always of a higher order than those which are not so organised, have the brain more fully developed, and the nervous system more concentrated therein. This concentration of the nervous system in a brain increases their intelligence, but it diminishes their instinct. From this, it appears that reason is the result of the centralisation of the nervous system; and instinct, of its distribution and division. In

* The "Family Herald."

the lower and more instinctive animals, the brain is merely one of the ganglions, and supplies nerves to the eyes and mouth, and neighboring regions; whilst, for the chest and abdomen, other ganglions are supplied, which furnish their own respective departments with the requisite amount of nervous fibre. In articulated animals, which consist of a series of rings, like caterpillars, each ring has its own ganglion, or ganglia. This explains the fact of the tenacity with which these animals cling to life, and seem even to possess more lives than one, when cut into two or more parts. With them the brain is divided and distributed over the body, and the vitality accordingly; and each division being a little independent brain, the animal constitutes a republic of lives, instead of one combined and united monarchy. The instinct of animals thus organised, is beyond the understanding of human reason; but their intellect is so small as to be inappreciable or undiscoverable. There is therefore, as M. Agassiz has well remarked, "a certain antagonism between instinct and intelligence; so that instinct loses its force and peculiar character whenever intelligence becomes developed."

The difficulty which reason experiences in understanding the movements of instinct, would be quite sufficient for sceptical philosophers to deny its existence, were the evidences not as palpable and undeniable as the thing itself is incomprehensible. There is a little spider called the water-spider, which actually constructs a diving-bell; not only upon the most scientific principles, but in so mysterious and recondite a manner that natural philosophers have not even yet discovered the secret of its patent. This diving-bell is a little cylinder lined with silk, and fastened with threads on every side to the water-plants. It is open only below, so that the spider has to dive under the water before it can get into it. But when it is in, how can it live unless there be air? It solves this difficulty in a manner that puzzles the philosophers. It carries down, round its body, a bubble of air, and lets it escape at the mouth of the bell; the air ascends to the top of the bell, and displaces a quantity of water equal to its own bulk. The spider goes on diving with these air-bubbles, until it has filled the diving-bell with air; and, being now furnished with an atmosphere, and secure from all molestation from without, it rejoices in the seclusion of its own domestic retirement.

How does this little creature discover this intricate and ingenious process of house-building, so far beyond the inventive powers of man himself? No doubt it is furnished with an apparatus for carrying this air-bubble, and with power to force itself under

the water with air-bladders around it; but how it comprehends the manner of using the apparatus, shaping the bell, fastening it, making its opening in the water, instead of in the air, and then filling it with an invisible gas, is a problem difficult of solution. Kepler, the great astronomer, was so thoroughly perplexed with the problem of animal instinct, that he came to the conclusion that animals were automatons,—mere machines, which seemed conscious of existence, but in reality were not; and Addison, in his *Spectator*, almost maintains the supposition that "God is the soul of the brute creation."

The industry and ingenuity of mason-bees, mining-bees, carpenter-bees, and wasps—upholsterer, carder, lapidary, and humble-bees, and social wasps—the carpentry of tree-hoppers and saw-flies—the ingenuity of leaf-rolling, nest-building, carpenter and tent-making, and stone-mason caterpillars—the extraordinary architecture of ants of every description—the galleries which they excavate in trees, the towers which they build, the government which they organise, their military establishments, their nurseries, and their "maiden ants," or females exclusively set apart for superintending the nurture and admonition of the young—the infinite variety of modes of industry exhibited by worms, moths, and spiders, and many other classes of articulated animals, are all so many illustrations of the wonders of instinct in contra-distinction to reason, or intelligence derived from experience.

Man acquires his wisdom by labor and research, and by treasuring up the facts of a long series of observations transmitted by tradition, and written records, from father to son, and from generation to generation. But these instinctive animals *are born with the fully-developed wisdom of their own respective species*. They transmit no experience from one generation to another; they communicate no new discoveries to each other; for they never make them. They have the power of adapting themselves to circumstances; but in like circumstances they act alike, and one generation is the facsimile of all the generations that preceded it. Whatever reason they have is, therefore, inappreciably small; and it is apparently only the result of an extraordinary effort of instinct in very difficult and exciting predicaments. Their normal condition is that of routine—a law of perfect regularity and conservatism, in which reason becomes unnecessary. So that the circumstances that call forth the exercise of reason in instinctive animals, are circumstances of misfortune, in which their houses are demolished, their plans are thwarted, and the even tenor of their industry becomes impracticable.

The happiness of an ant or a bee consists in the uninterrupted exercise of its instinctive faculties. No better fortune can befall it than such a constant flow of that orderly routine which characterises all its favorite movements, that nothing like what man is pleased to denominate rationality shall ever be required of it. The apparent development of reason in such a creature, is the result of an agony or an irresistible unprecedented attraction. Its laws are not made by itself, like those of man; but made for it. It is a denizen of Nature; its obedience to Nature's laws is voluntary and cheerful; and it is only when the action of these laws is interrupted by violence or restraint, that it makes use of a seeming reason to re-establish it. The law of Nature once restored, the apparent reason ceases to manifest itself, and instinct once more resumes its unvarying and delightful routine.

How very different man is from these instinctive animals! Man is ever changing; they are *not*. And yet there are men—races of men—who seem to personify the principle of instinct, in comparison with others who personify reason. We see the routine of instinct in Oriental and savage life—the reign of conservatism and precedent, use and wont, custom and habit. Man is a little world, and has the type of everything in himself. The most instinctive of all organised human associations are those of China and Japan. There, men live together a life of unchanging mannerism; indifferent to what is taking place in the world around them—as incurious of neighboring regions as a community of ants, and as exclusively engaged in their own limited nationality; exercising their inventive genius only when difficulty or aggression and invasion compel them, and desiring nothing better than to be let alone to live a life of unvaried uniformity, established and unchangeable science, unimproved and unimprovable art, irreversible customs, and unalterable habits. To develop the reason of such a race of men, and elevate them above their inferior or instinctive condition, you must treat them as you would a community of ants when you want to be witness of their intellectual resources. They must be assailed by force or internal confusion—their law of order must be reversed—anarchy must reign for a season—that faculties, hitherto unemployed, may be brought into play.

Whether the Chinese and Japanese—who are instinctive races of men—can ever be made to act upon the progressive principle, like the men of the West, is a question not easily answered. Like instinctive animals, their history reveals no progress made in the arts of life and association since the earliest

antiquity. They always were, like the ants and the bees, just what they are; they had no savage and barbarous ancestors, painted with ochre and dressed in skins of slaughtered animals, as we had. They were, so far as human testimony goes, created as they are; inspired at first with the civilisation which they now possess; and either unable or unwilling to change it. But whether this be strictly correct or not, in reference to Oriental nations, it is relatively so when compared with the Western, amongst whom the principle of reason has been developed in such a manner as to establish an incompatible dissimilarity of character between the two hemispheres.

It would, however, be foolish for us to maintain that all the wisdom lies with reason, and the ignorance or the folly with instinct. On the contrary, the wisdom of instinct is, in some respects, perfect, and therefore Divine; whereas the wisdom of reason is merely human. To the bee and the ant, their normal condition is perfection. Such cannot be affirmed of any human political constitution; for one of the most decisive proofs of imperfection in law is its mutability. A Divine law is unchangeable, because it is perfect; human laws are changeable, because they are imperfect.

Let us add, that if the question were raised, which of the two gifts are preferable—instinct or reason, it would be a hard matter to decide the point. The "lower order" of animals are certainly "happy;" and so far so good. But as "reason" does not make mankind by any means happy, as a matter of course, the question *must* remain open to further debate.

He were a clever man indeed, who could set such a matter straight!

PRESSURE OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

THE PRESSURE OF THE ATMOSPHERE is known to pervade all space. It removes water, and may be so compressed as to remove the more substantial bodies. Some have even asserted that, but for it, some parts of this globe would fly off into immeasurable space, and never return. Its effects on water, may be judged by the following experiment:—Take a tall drinking glass, at the edges whereof is fastened, by means of sealing-wax, a piece of string made tight, and having in its centre a lighted wax taper. This being balanced, so as to retain its position when the glass is turned upside down, place its mouth in a vessel filled with water; as the taper consumes the air within the glass, its pressure is withdrawn; but the pressure from without still continuing, will force part of the water up into the glass to supply the place of the air which the taper has consumed.

It must be evident, that nothing but the pressure of the atmosphere could thus cause the water within the glass to rise above its own level.

STRONG CONTRASTS.**THE AMERICAN AND THE ENGLISH MAIDEN.**

THE PURELY ARTIFICIAL LIVES WE ENGLISH lead, are thrown into powerful contrast by what we notice abroad. Innocence of feeling, as well as action, in early age, is encouraged there; whilst here, all that is natural and harmless is suppressed. The nurse takes her lesson from her mistress. The child is reared by art. Nature is always made to play "second fiddle" in the drama of life. Nobody will deny this.

We have just been glancing over Mackay's "Travels in the United States;" and what we have therein read has elicited these few observations. Speaking of the American Maiden, the author says:—

The whole course of her education is one habitual lesson of self-reliance. The world is *not* kept a sealed book to her until she is tolerably advanced in years, then to be suddenly thrown open to her in all its diversity of aspects. From the *earliest age* she begins to understand her position, and to test her own strength. She soon knows how to appreciate the world, both as to its proprieties and its dangers. She knows how far she can go in any direction with safety, and how far she can let others proceed. She soon acquires a strength of character to which the young woman of Europe is a stranger, and can act for herself whilst the latter is yet in leading strings. All this would tend, were her entrance in society a little longer delayed, or were the sway which she acquires over it somewhat postponed, to impart a much more sedate and serious character to American social intercourse than it possesses.

These remarks are convincing to us, that our system of early education is greatly inferior to that of our neighbors. Our children's "minority" is regarded for the most part as merely probationary. They are in leading-strings when they ought to be able to teach and instruct others. Habit would soon render this easy. But fashion and custom overrule this wholesome system. The author continues:—

The latitude of action here referred to, necessarily involves a free and *habitual* intercourse between the sexes. This is permitted from the *very earliest ages*, and *never ceases* until the young girl has left her father's house for that of her husband. The freedom thus extended is one which is seldom abused in America; and is more an *essential feature* than an accidental circumstance in a young woman's education. Her male friend invites her to walk or ride with him; and her compliance with the invitation is a matter solely dependent upon her own humor. He escorts her to the concert, or home from the party; the rest of the family finding their way thither or returning home as they may. Indeed, I have known the young ladies of the same family escorted by their male acquaintances in different vehicles to the same party, where they would

make their appearances perhaps at different times.

How very delightful would such an innocent and natural habit be, if observed amongst ourselves! Any little act of common attention or kindly greeting, paid to each other by friends and acquaintances, is by us regarded as *de trop*. We *dare not* be natural. If our heart leans towards any one whose attractions engage us, we must suppress the feeling. Friendly calls, cordial shaking of hands, an absence of ceremony, "natural" salutations, and hearty welcomes—these are voted as vulgar, heathenish, improper, dangerous!

What a world to live in! Honest old Nature however has "converted" us, we are happy to say; and we have converted others. When we shake hands, and when we salute, the heart goes with the offering. Innocent we feel, and we defy the world at our time of life to change our sentiments. And rely upon this, good folk—if we like you, no false modesty shall check the expression of feeling; if we love you, the same principle holds good. You shall have pleasing evidence of *that fact*. If our life were held upon other tenure than this, it would be burthensome. So long as our conscience be honest, and clear of offence towards God, the formula of "the world we live in" shall never make us unnatural.

Dr. Mackay tells us further, that no ill-result whatever is observable from this natural and proper freedom of action. He adds:—

Nor is this licence confined to cases in which the young men are recognised admirers of the young ladies—by no means. A friendly intimacy is all-sufficient for every purpose of social life. It justifies invitation on one side, and compliance on the other. * * * A young woman's education in England, teaches her that such conduct is a disregard of the proprieties of her sex. If it were looked upon as such in America, it would not be followed. The difference arises from the different views taken, in the two hemispheres, by young women of their actual position. In America, it neither impairs the virtue, nor compromises the dignity of the sex. It may be somewhat inimical to that warmth of imagination and delicacy of character which, in Europe, is so much admired in the young woman; but it is productive of impurity neither in thought nor conduct.

It is not our intention to waste either time or space in pursuing this subject. We are aware all argument is vain. Constructed as modern society is, and sacrificed as all natural feelings are to "expediency" from the very cradle, in these matters we must remain *in statu quo*.

All we claim is, the privilege of a freedom of action. We have lived long enough for other people. Some have emptied our purse;

others have used our brain and unceasing activity—whereby they have gained their ends. *In every case* we have “paid the piper.” These are known and cruel facts.

It is now time that we show an independence of action, however shallow may be our means of life. Whatever may be brought against us, it never will be said that we are not honest, sincere, a true friend, and purely natural.

These qualifications will pull any man safely through—even such a world as ours!

THE LOVES AND THE GRACES.

WHILST WE ARE HAMMERING AWAY at the outrages upon Nature committed by our Englishwomen, *en masse*—(those, we mean, who move in good society), our contemporary, the *Quarterly Review*, is cleverly following us up. He draws a nice distinction between beauty in a man, and beauty in a woman; and proves that the former are “created” beautiful, although sleeping and waking their sole object is to deform their persons.

We quite agree with this position. A woman’s countenance is beautiful—her business it is “to be beautiful.” Therefore was she made. WE make war upon the follies that prevent her being beautiful. Our contemporary says:—

The Loves and the Graces are felt to reside *naturally* in a woman’s countenance, but to be quite out of place in a man’s. His face is bound to be clean,* and may be allowed to be picturesque—but it is a woman’s business to be beautiful. Beauty of some kind is so much the attribute of the sex, that a woman can hardly be said to feel herself a woman who has not, at one time of her life at all events, *felt herself to be fair*.

Beauty confers an education of its own, and that always a feminine one. Most celebrated beauties have owed their highest charms to the refining education which their native ones have given them. It was the wisdom as well as the poetry of the age of chivalry, that *it supposed all women to be beautiful*, and treated them as such. A woman is not fully furnished for her part in life, whose heart has not occasionally swelled with the sense of possessing some natural abilities in the art of pleasing; opening to her knowledge secrets of strength, wonderfully intended to balance her muscular, or, if you will, her general weakness. And herein we see, how truly this attribute belongs to woman alone. Man does not need such a consciousness, and seldom has it without rendering himself most extremely ridiculous; while to a woman it is one of the chief weapons in armoury, deprived of which she is comparatively powerless. *And it is not nature which thus deprives her.*

* Hear this, ye advocates for making a man’s face hairy as a savage, and doing away with the use of the razor and soap. A MAN’S face must be “clean,” pure, natural, wholesome.—ED. K. J.

Few, and solitary as sad, are the cases when a woman is stamped by nature as an outcast from her people, and such a one is understood not to enter the lists. *But it is a perverse system of education which starts with the avowed principle of stifling nature.*

Here is the grand fault. The *very first* effort of a girl’s parents is to stifle nature in their offspring. How then can “Woman” fulfil her mission—her mission “to be beautiful?” It is impossible; as we proved last month, whilst sitting in judgment upon the prevailing want of taste in the arrangement of ladies’ hair. Most of our women—if not known to be such, would, if their heads only were seen, pass admirably for monkeys. There can be no two opinions about *that*; and dressed as they are from the head downward, we could, were we ill-natured, make a further apt comparison. We seldom hear of “elopements” under the reigning fashion. A woman’s head and face have lost all their wonted attraction. We fear their owners have read the “Comic English Grammar,” and studied it too severely. It surely *is* recorded there, that “the *masculine* is more worthy than the feminine.”

Our contemporary next attacks the silly practice of those disgusting pruders (all pruders are disgusting), who instil the idea that it is wicked to show a consciousness of beauty; and who maintain that it is right to “mortify the flesh.” Then speaketh he about plainness, as *contra* distinguished from beauty:—

What can be more false or cruel than the common plan of forcing upon a young girl the withering conviction of her own plainness? If this be only a foolish “sham” to counteract the *supposed* demoralising consciousness of beauty, the world will soon counteract that. But if the victim have really but a scanty supply of charms, it will, in addition to incalculable anguish of mind, only diminish those further still. To such a system alone can we ascribe an unhappy, anomalous style of a young woman, occasionally met with, who seems to have taken on herself the vows of voluntary ugliness—who neither eats enough to keep her complexion clear, nor smiles enough to set her pleasing muscles in action—who prides herself on a skinny parsimony of attire, which she calls neatness—thinks that alone respectable which is most unbecoming—is always thin, and seldom well, and passes through the society of the lovely, the graceful, and the happy, with the vanity that apes humility on her pale, disappointed countenance, as if to say—“Stand back! I am uncomelier than thou!”

Yet even such self-disfiguring ladies as these instinctively obey that law of nature which bids a woman hide her face when she knows it not to be attractive. Even these cry into their pocket handkerchiefs and sneeze behind their hands; not because they are ashamed of either emotion, but simply because such paroxysms of the countenance are too ugly for the light.

Let us here add one word of our

own, about "plain" people. We have usually found that people called plain, are intelligent; and as frequently, amiable. Nay more—when we have been twitted for speaking of our "pets" in such high terms, we have learnt to regard them as "beautiful." So great is the power of amiability, which illumines the countenance of a "plain" person till it becomes radiant as a diamond!

We can afford to be laughed at for such sentiments.

THE WOMEN OF CHINA.

WE HAVE GIVEN IN ANOTHER COLUMN some interesting particulars of the Spanish women. Let us now hear what Mr. Power, in his "Recollections of Three Years' Residence in China," says of the females of that country:—

The wife and daughter of the Chinese farmer walk about the world with such feet as it has pleased God to give them, and very pretty feet and ankles they generally are. In fact, whatever want of beauty of feature there may be among the Chinese women, no one can deny them the merit of remarkably beautiful feet, ankles, hands, and arms. Of the rest of the figure one can judge but indifferently, from their peculiar though not ungraceful costumes.

In the country villages the young girls and matrons may be seen at their doors, or grouped together beneath the trees, or in the yard attached to the house, engaged in household or farm occupation; laughing the while in merry chorus to their work. I have often, from the back of my horse, looked over the low walls at such a group, but the result was rarely complimentary; for on some coy damsel suddenly catching sight of my Saxon face, she would scream an alarm to the rest, who retreated to the house with a general screech. On reaching the threshold, however, they would generally stop to giggle at the object of their fears, on finding him not pursuing with savage intent; or sometimes the respectable bearded patriarch would take them by the shoulders, and in spite of their affected resistance, push them all out again into the yard, calling jokingly to me at the same time, in some incomprehensible gibberish probably, "to eat them up." I flatter myself, however, that I was not sufficiently frightful to alarm them very much; with a stout wall between, and the whole village within call.

Far different, however, was the case when "the foreign devil" happened to come upon one solitary matron, pursuing her way from one village or farm to the other. Her fears were really terrible; and she fled as fast as her legs could carry her. If, however, the unprotected female happened to be of the small-footed kind, she staggered off with the aid of her bamboo, till an unlucky trip would usually leave her sprawling on the path, or not impossibly in the mud and water of a paddy-field. To rush to her assistance was the natural impulse; but the approach of the

monster was a signal for the most tremendous shrieking, and one could only persevere at the risk of throwing the distressed matron into hysterics. It was a disagreeable dilemma, but it invariably ended in my walking on and leaving the lady to scramble out of the mud in her own way. If I had a Chinese attendant with me, I usually sent him on to conduct any fair one I might meet into a secure bypath, or to assure her of the harmlessness of my general character and habits.

It is "well" that the Chinese women *have* "remarkably beautiful feet, ankles, hands, and arms." Their snub-noses and copper faces are not exactly what one could fall in love with.

We believe that only *one* daughter in every family has "pinched-up" feet. That is an honor which is "expensive." The other members run nimbly about to discharge their needful domestic duties.

There can be nothing to admire in little feet—made little by the barbarous screw. The others, however, may do "nicely."

HOLYROOD.

THE moonlight fell like pity o'er the walls
And broken arches, which the conqueror, Time,
Had rode unto destruction; the grey moss,
A silver cloak, hung lightly o'er the ruins;
And nothing came upon my soul but soft
Sad images. And this was once a palace,
Where the rich viol answered to the lute,
And maidens flung the flowers from their hair,
Till the halls swam with perfume: here the dance
Kept time with light harps, and yet lighter feet;
And here the beautiful Mary kept her court,
Where sighs and smiles made her regality,
And dreamed not of the long and many years
When the heart was to waste itself away
In hope, whose anxiousness was as a curse:
Here, royal in her beauty and her power,
The prison and the scaffold, could they be
But things whose very name was not for her?
And this now fallen sanctuary, how oft
Have hymns and incense made it holiness!
How oft, perhaps, at the low midnight hour,
Its once fair mistress may have stolen to pour
At its pure altar, thoughts which have no vent
But deep and silent prayer; when the heart finds
That it may not suffice unto itself,
But seeks communion with that other state,
Whose mystery to it is as a shroud
In which it may conceal its strife of thought
And find repose. * * * *

* * * * But it is utterly changed:
No incense rises, save some chance wild-flower
Breathes grateful to the air; no hymn is heard,
No sound but the bat's melancholy wings;
And all is desolate and solitude.
And thus it is with links of destiny
Clay fastens on with gold, and none may tell
What the chain's next unravelling will be.
Alas the mockeries in which Fate delights!
Alas for time!—still more,—alas for change!

L. E. L.

NATURE'S PROVIDENCE FOR MAN.

USES OF THE SWAN.

COME, let us mount on Contemplation's wings,
And mark the "causes" and the "ends" of things.



HALF THE WORLD AT LEAST, MY DEAR SIR, do appear to be what you describe them,—indifferent to the why and because of what is daily passing under their observation. They seldom let their inquiries go beneath the surface; nor do they care to trouble themselves about causes and effects. This is a great neglect of the talent which has been given them to trade withal.

These remarks, corroborative of your own recently-expressed opinions, are suggested by a perusal of "Le Monde des Oiseaux," by A. Toussenel. I have been much interested by what I there find recorded of the Swan. With your permission, I will transfer his comments, in an English dress—not the unbecoming dress, I hope, of which *you* so loudly and justly complain!—to the columns of OUR OWN JOURNAL; and we shall find that this majestic animal, instead of being made simply to be looked at, was created for a much nobler end.

The history of animals will one day mention, to the disgrace of the era, that amongst all birds, the swan only (in France) was of use to man; and further, that this solitary auxiliary was of use to him without his even suspecting it. The "Dictionary of Natural History," a work very recently published, has dared to attack Buffon, and many other poets of antiquity and of modern times, for their admiration of the swan,—a creature, it is said, suitable for the decoration of ornamental water, but from which nothing more is to be expected. I acknowledge the ancients have gone to too great a length in their infatuation, when they endowed him with a melodious voice to sing his death-song,—a belief which Martial has so beautifully expressed in the distich,

"Nulla defecta modulatur carmina lingua
Cantator Cynens ipse sui."

But, for the tranquillity of my conscience, I had rather have sinned through adulation and lavish praise, like the Greeks, than through injustice and illiberality, like the authors of the above-mentioned work. It is there said, the swan is only fit to decorate ornamental water; which is not the fact. The swan is an intelligent bird, and perfectly understands how to be at once beautiful and useful. Were his merits limited to the decoration of public gardens, I should still highly esteem him; but he does more than this, and he has a sacred right to the gratitude of man.

The mission of the swan is, to destroy every focus of contagious infection produced by stagnant waters. The swan is the most formidable enemy of the yellow fever; it is his ambition to annihilate it. He knows that this fearful pestilence, which is exactly the same as that in our marshes—whether in France or Algiers, is caused by the decomposition of the weeds which impede the flow of the water, whether decorative, for the purposes of irrigation, or in the *fossees* of our citadels. He has no other occupation or anxiety than to cut down these poisonous weeds. Put a sufficient number of swans in stagnant waters where aquatic plants abound; and in a few months, they will have cleared all away, and transformed the most fetid, the muddiest waters, and those most obstructed by deleterious vegetation, into limpid mirrors.

The large bason of the Tuileries, and that of the Luxembourg, are both inhabited by a pair of swans; and the water-weed (*lentille d'eau*) has no time to spread its green mantle over the motionless surface of their waters. But in the garden of the Palais National, where the piece of water is much smaller, and is constantly agitated by the action of the waterfall (an agitation which must be greatly against the formation of any herbaceous growth), aquatic vegetation has nevertheless succeeded in establishing itself in disfiguring the fountain.

A creature that would destroy the yellow fever, and prevent the pestilential exhalations of all the marshes in the world; a creature that visibly metamorphoses fetid slime into drinkable water—is a creature which these unfortunate *savans* call a useless animal, fit only to please the eye on a public promenade.

There is a very easy method of avoiding any error in natural history; but it is quite in vain for me to tell the secret (even although gratuitously) to all the world. No one will employ it. This method consists in never saying aught about any animal, without having previously ascertained for what use it was created, and for what reason it has such and such peculiarities assigned to it; for every creature is a Sphinx which presents its enigma to be guessed, and the true *savant* is the *Œdipus* who best deciphers it. But superficial minds find it more convenient to laugh at the "dabblers" in enigmas, than to heat their own brain by endeavoring, like the "dabblers," to discover their hidden meaning; and such are discouraged at the first failure. The "naturalist-proper" (I owe my thanks to your correspondent, Bombyx Atlas, for the term, which I think exactly gives my author's meaning in the words "Zoologiste officiel") falls into the error of imitating the practical economist; who will very readily explain "how wealth is produced," but who dares not say "why

it is sometimes so unequally bestowed." The "naturalist-proper" will admit that the tail of the stork is decorated with thirty feathers, while that of the eagle and of the falcon have twelve, and that of the woodpecker only ten; but he does not like to be urged further, nor to be questioned as to the causes of this unequal division. "It is a fact," he says; "and the only duty of Science is to state facts."

It is also a fact, that the swan has twenty-three vertebræ in the neck; a much greater proportion than any other feathered creature. But this explanation does not suffice me. I ask the reason of the extraordinary number. If the authors alluded to had conceived the excellent idea of putting to themselves the same question, instead of servilely mentioning the bare fact, it is probable they would instantly have discovered the enigma of the swan.

The tame swan, which I am describing, is a magnificent white bird; without any admixture of black, excepting only the eyes, beak, and feet. He weighs about 26lbs.* His wings cover a space exceeding six feet; † they are concave like those of the stork; and appear to inflate with the breeze, like the sails of a ship. His long undulating neck, the sovereign type of grace, bends in a serpentine curve; even more flexible and pleasing than that of the Arab. His well proportioned beak unites all the requisites of elegance, dexterity, and strength. The mandibles are armed with sharp serratures, and the upper one is terminated by a sort of nail, horny and solid. The swan, strictly speaking, does not live upon fish, nor does he plunge like the duck. This might naturally have induced the *savans* to reflect, that this long neck, provided with a sharp-edged beak, could only have been given to the swan as an instrument with which to extirpate the bulbs and roots of marine vegetables. And once in possession of this luminous fact—which confers upon the swan the high functions of "preserver against infection," "destroyer of frogs," and "preventive of effluvia"—the said naturalists would necessarily have abstained from the rash assertion that the swan was "only pleasing to the eye."

In this pre-eminently graceful creature, all leans towards the side of "beauty;" and the swan, conscious of his ornamental and hygienic mission, adds to nature as much as he can by art. He is "the" coquet among birds; not excepting the peacock and the humming bird. He is longer at his toilette than a cat; he admires himself in the crystal wave like the beautiful Narcissus. If I wished to calumniate the swan, I would not

say he was only useful to decorate a public garden, but that he liked pure waters only because such best reflected his form. Admitting that an exaggerated self-love, and the desire of seeing the unspotted whiteness of his plumage reflected in the wave, are the only motives which induce the swan to destroy noxious weeds and croaking reptiles,—the air is no longer poisoned with tainted miasma; the frog does not disturb my rest. That is all I know; and it is enough to have the right of saying—"Honor to the swan, which has given me pure air, and quiet nights."

But if I am not a sceptic; if I am an analogist; if I am convinced that every animal symbolises a human type,—how the scene expands to my intellectual vision! The swan will then be no longer a mere creature with palmated feet, which by chance prefers clear waters, as the duck prefers muddy ones. He will be at once transformed into the purifier of the waters, and the preserver of public health. The ancients guessed nearly as much, when they consecrated this bird to Apollo, the god of the fine arts, and to Venus the goddess of beauty; that is, to the two most charming creations of the Olympus. Many instances might be quoted, demonstrating the degree of regard and esteem which has everywhere been felt for this majestic bird, the noblest of all water birds. I have passed many hours in admiring him—more particularly in his functions as father of a family, preceding the convoy of his numerous young ones; his wings lovingly spread to the zephyr; tracing a long wake on the surface of the water; glancing keenly around; his head high, his eye glowing, and his beak threatening; while the mother protects the rear-guard in an attitude no less imposingly-proud—the young meantime playing between them with all the gaiety and fearlessness peculiar to their age.

Whilst gazing on such a scene, what gratitude do I not feel for the many mercies shown to me; and for the charm lavished upon this spectacle which is mine for nothing! What gratitude, for having conferred upon me in my poverty, the enjoyment of so many delights unknown to the rich!—to the *poor* rich, who have never given praise to Providence for aught but having directed the course of large rivers through large cities!

The swan, gliding upon the waves without the eye being able to discern the movement which impels him, is the perfect image of a ship—one of the most magnificent conceptions of human industry. Nautical science will only have reached perfection, when the system of the swan's sails shall be adapted to the ship; and when a paddle capable of

* 25 lbs. French. † 2 Metres.

contracting itself like the swan's foot, and acquiring fresh impetus by again expanding, shall replace the wheel of the steam-boat. The swan is justly considered as the model of fathers; his fidelity perhaps is not live-long, but his paternal tenderness has a claim to be quoted as without a parallel. He never considers the number or the strength of the enemies which threaten the safety of his family. He rushes upon them furiously, and attacks with equal ferocity, man, dog, or horse. He awaits the eagle without flinching; his beak pointing, and set like a spring. Striking and thrusting, both, he soon stuns his adversary, and drives him discomfited away.

He does not hide his nest, being ready to defend it; and the fox, so cunning, so greedy after young birds, dares not even approach his progeny. Unfortunately, his caprices expose him to desperate conflicts. A fight between swans is almost always a mortal combat; but the quarrel is not decided in a day. These creatures are tenacious of life. Strength and rage (alone) do not enable them to destroy each other. A considerable degree of skill, and of wrestling skill, is also required. The death-stroke consists in twisting the enemy's neck in his vertebrae; and in holding it bent and sunk under water until the victim expires from suffocation. "I embrace my rival, but it is to strangle him," say the swans; unconsciously turning into a parody the celebrated line of Nero.

It was difficult not to lend to what was already so rich. On this account, the Greeks, who were naturally very generous, assigned to the swan a tender and melancholy voice; more plaintive and flute-like than that of the nightingale. The Greek fable was excusable, as proceeding from their love of ideal perfection. To extenuate it, they said the melodious voice with which they had gifted the swan, was heard but once during the life of the bird—at the hour preceding his death. The fable succeeded, because it was as pretty as are all Greek fables; but now we have had the advantage of it, I see no longer any use in concealing the truth.

The swan has *not* a more melodious voice than the nightingale. He clatters like the stork, and alas! he gabbles like the goose, his nearest relative. Nor is the hour in which he makes the most noise, that preceding his death; but rather, that which follows the hatching of his young. The ancients had however already successfully refuted the fable. Pythagoras, who was a geometrician, naturally admitted the version of the death-song; he did even more. He proved, that its sweetness was to be attributed to the length of the circuit which the vital spark of the bird had to make, ere it could escape from his body through his long neck! But

Pliny successfully disputed the opinion of the geometrician; and the ingenious explanation relative to the influence of the dimensions of the tracheal artery of the swan, upon the sweetness of his vocal powers, necessarily fell before the fact *that he did not possess any!* Previous to Pliny, Aristotle had made a praiseworthy concession to truth. He still maintained that the swans of the African sea sang agreeably; but he also affirmed that the exercise was in no way injurious to their health, and that it did not foretell their death.

Three plagues exist in the world, which have committed their ravages with impunity for an immense length of time,—the cholera, or black plague, originating in India; the plague strictly so called, originating in Egypt; the yellow-fever, originating in America.

A good police regulation respecting burials would remedy the two first, in six months. The third, undeniably the most difficult to subdue, would not hold out ten years against the judiciously-combined effects of the sluice (*écluse de chasse*), and—the Swan.

FORESTIERA.

**THERE'S ONLY ONE RIGHT PATH,—
THE PATH OF DUTY.**

BY ANN SMITH.

THERE is a path which often lies
Through dangers and perplexities,
Avoided by the many;
And yet for those who would possess
The realms of endless happiness,
The nearest path of any.

My study 'tis in simple rhyme,
As others in a strain sublime,
To deck with love and beauty
This "narrow path," that to the skies
In gradual ascent doth rise—
The path of Christian Duty.

Another path may soon be found,
With sweet, but fading flow'rets crown'd,
To lure us from the right:
This path is laid in fairy lands,
And Pleasure at the entrance stands
To beckon and invite.

So well the syren plays her part,
Luring the unsuspecting heart
To its untimely doom,—
That thousands of the young and gay,
Dazzled by the deceptive ray,
Her votaries become,

A warning to my readers all,
Before she lets the curtain fall,
The moral Muse would give,—
Those who will duty's path forsake,
For interest, or for pleasure's sake,
IN PEACE SHALL NEVER LIVE!

REVIEW.

THE NATURALIST, No. 31. Groombridge & Sons.

Our much-esteemed contemporary again comes forth with a goodly array of pleasing facts in Natural History.

We have a very interesting article, by James Davies, Esq., on the peculiarly-formed Femur of a Fox; Letters of an Ornithologist; a Paper on British Evergreens, by our old friend J. M'Intosh, Esq.; Gleanings by the Way, &c., &c., in addition to the usual Varieties and Miscellanies.

From this mass of delightful reading, we have been trying to pick and choose some fair specimen. Our election has fallen on a racy paper, detailing some pretty facts in connection with our oldest friend THE STICKLEBACK, of whom, in a former number, we discoursed at considerable length. This is contributed by Mr. Clement Jackson, of East Looe; and shows the doings of our hero when confined to a very small space of water. The Stickleback (*Gasterosteus Aculeatus*) is *not* to be spoken of disrespectfully. He is a pattern for all the finny tribe. But let us listen to his exploits:—

On the 12th of April, a fish glass, of seven inches diameter and depth, was furnished with some gravelly mud, and filled nearly to the top with spring water. A plant of Water Starwort (*Callitriche verna*), was fixed by placing a couple of spar-stones on the roots to steady it, whilst the leaves floated on the surface, and a number of Water Snails (*Limnea stagnalis*, and *Ancylus fluviatilis*), were added to devour decayed leaves, &c., and keep the water clear.

The muddy particles having subsided, and left the water very clear, half-a-dozen Sticklebacks were introduced about the 18th; and a male immediately took possession, attacking and driving the others sharply about. These were taken out successively as attacked, until only one, a large female, to which he did not exhibit much animosity, remained; and in the course of an hour or two afterwards I saw him carrying a long fibre in his mouth, and actively commence building with such scanty materials as the place afforded. Having liberally supplied him with skeleton leaves, fibrous roots, &c., he took them readily as soon as dropped into the water; seizing a fibre, blowing it out of his mouth, and attentively watching its fall to test its gravity and fitness for his work; if heavy enough, it was immediately recovered, and added to the building against the stone at the bottom; if too light, it was rejected, and another tried; he every now and then adding a stone to secure the frail fabric, and occasionally blowing a mouthful of gravelly mud over it, boring vigorously into the accumulating mass with his head to form the nest, and keep the opening clear.

This first nest did not prove satisfactory; for a few days afterwards he commenced an active removal, carrying all his materials to the other

side of the stone, where he soon completed a new one, apparently to the satisfaction of both, as he brought down the female (who had nothing to do with the work, but had remained quietly at the surface, resting amongst the branches), apparently to show that the structure was complete, and ready for use.

She spawned on the 24th, then lay listlessly at the bottom amongst the roots, and in a few days died—either from injuries in capture or from being worried by her pugnacious partner, whom I latterly observed driving her smartly about.

Having now undisputed possession of the glass, he mounted guard, hovering above the nest, and often drew his body slowly over and in contact with it; every now and then, at short intervals, placing himself directly in a line with the hole, he rapidly vibrated the fins and tail, apparently to pass a current of water through it; and did an unfortunate snail at any time trespass upon it, he immediately pounced upon and threw it aside. He merely quitted his post to feed, eagerly taking small portions of earthworms from the finger, and when satisfied, blowing the last portion from his mouth and catching it again, as if in play; but anything applied to the outside of the glass raised his choler and spines in a moment.

Commiserating his solitary condition, I one day put in three more, by way of company; but he had no idea of such intrusion, and having a home to defend, showed a most determined spirit, presently putting the late quiet little pond into a complete turmoil—rushing immediately on these unfortunate intruders on his domain, he chased them rapidly round the glass, biting fiercely at their tails, and, despite all their endeavors to hide amongst the plant, or in the mud, &c., at the bottom, they were speedily turned out, worried rapidly and repeatedly round, and would doubtless have been killed, if I had not quickly removed them with a silver tablespoon, which was also viciously attacked by this irritated and determined defender of his invaded rights. On placing the bottle with the removed fish against the glass, he immediately rushed at them; and I observed his formidable lateral spines repeatedly projected. Of course after this exhibition of his pugnacity, he was left to manage things his own way, and continued assiduously to attend the nest, frequently and rapidly vibrating before it; and on the 16th of May, the young fry were first observed swimming thickly about the nest, so small and transparent as easily to be overlooked. For the first few days he guarded them jealously, driving back stragglers to the nest; and occasionally seizing one, perhaps more obstreperous than his fellows, in his mouth, he took it back, and blew it out amongst the others—every now and then swimming round the glass, as if to ascertain that all was safe. The young, about fifty in number, gradually ascended, and in a few days scattered about at the surface and amongst the plant without interference.

On the 20th of May, the water, which had not been meddled with, except to fill up the loss caused by evaporation, and had remained quite clear, became all at once so clouded, and with a greasy scum on the surface, that the fish were barely discernible; and fearing I should lose them, about a quart was dipped out, and refilled

with fresh. The cause I could not ascertain, possibly some discharge from the old fish, and from the number of young being too great for the confined space. The plant has grown freely; and being confined to one side by the stone, forms a good canopy over the fish; but its leaves are very much eaten by the molluscs, which swim freely about at the surface, shell downwards, with the foot hollowed, and guided by an undulating motion of its edges, exhibiting a very curious specimen of locomotion. They crawl along the under surface of the floating leaves, and are so nearly balanced in the water, that I have observed one turning back on the end of a long slender fibre, which scarcely bent under its weight; and at the bottom and sides they crawl about like the common snail. The *Ancylus Fluvialis* also shifts its position freely, adhering indifferently either to the glass sides, or to the stones at the bottom. They deposit masses of spawn attached to the leaves, which are probably devoured by the fish soon after being hatched, as comparatively very few young snails are observed; and I have often seen the old fish take some minute object from the leaves, and from the mud at the bottom.

Among the Miscellaneous Notices, are two contributions from the pen of G. R. Twinn, Esq., Bawburgh Hill, near Norwich. The first astounds us; for he tells us that he has heard the Blue Tit (*Parus cæruleus*) sing so like a robin, that the difference was only distinguishable by *seeing* the vocalist. We have kept company with "Master Tom" from boyhood, and this is the first time we ever heard of his newly-acquired powers. Let us record the curiosity *pro bono* :—

During the continuance of the snow in February and March, I had quite a family of birds that daily visited my window for food, which was as regularly furnished as they were punctual in coming for it. Blackbirds, Thrushes, Robins, Sparrows, and Tits all fed in peace and joy; the Robins only would enter and perch on our breakfast-table. The others, however, were very tame; and from a Blackbird we had many a note of thanks; but whilst the Robins gladly and merrily sang in our warm study, the Blue Tit replied; and had I not distinctly seen and heard the songster, I should have stated it was a Robin singing. But I can add further testimony. We at present have a Blue Tit's nest in our garden in a Laurestinus, and regularly the male Tit sits, after his feeding the brood, on the top of the shrub, and sings away very gaily. I think you will observe that the notes of this bird are much harsher and shorter than those of the Robin, and are devoid of that gradual cadence with which the Redbreast often ends his lays, or rather sinks in melody, that he may, like the Nightingale, break out in richer music.

The second extract, from the same hand, has reference to the nesting of the NUTHATCH; a lovely fellow, whose praises we have often before sung. We saw a nest of these pretty creatures in a hollow tree, during a recent visit in Hampshire; and we were quite charmed to watch the affectionate movements of the

parents whilst sedulously tending their infant brood. Secure and happy, their fearless independence and indifference to the curiosity of lookers-on were ridiculously diverting. Some comments of ours on their little performances, will be found at p. 344, Vol. III. We talked to them; and got such a funny, squeaking reply! Did their papa and mamma resent this prying curiosity on our part? Oh, no! They sat by the while, and seemed to take it as a personal honor! But let us listen to Mr. T.'s account of the nesting of the Nuthatch (*Sitta Europæa*). We see that *he* too, like most of us lovers of birds, has suffered by those diabolical fiends, the bird-trappers. Of all robbers, these are the *most* atrocious :—

In a small but deep hollow of a shattered tree, about twenty feet from the ground, a pair of these birds selected their retreat, and had intended rearing a brood, had not my robbery prevented them. I had a very fine opportunity of observing their peculiar mode of nesting. At the bottom of the hole, about thirty small pieces of bark, (from the beech tree), were carelessly laid, and, without any other aid to promote heat and assist the bird in the period of incubation, this was the sole means, apparently, to be employed. An egg was deposited on them, a layer of bark over it, and so the work proceeded regularly, till the seventh egg was deposited, and then over all the bird began carefully to sit, and heat the pile of bark. I observed no variation in the daily appearance of the nest, to warrant any supposition that the eggs in regularity were removed from top to bottom, nor can I well fancy such a process without damage to the eggs in such a nest, formed so indifferently, and without any soft materials. Now I have no doubt, from the depth of this hole, that the birds had with their "hammer-bills" bored to a depth (exceeding the natural) of nearly nine inches; and at the base of the tree many—very many—chips of wood were readily discernible. I have for several mornings scarcely missed observing, from four o'clock till long after five, a pair seated on a poplar tree; and as I read in my room, or ramble round our field, I hear their hammering, as though to them it were a merriment and a joy. They are called "Creepers" here; and very active birds they are in scouring trees for insects, and digging for vermin. I have met with instances of the nests of these birds in the side of a trunk of a tree, and where the bark and wood have, on removal, left *white* traces that might betray their locality, I have seen a thin coating of dirt brushed over to imitate the natural appearance of the bark, and delude the eye. The under plumage of these birds beneath the wings is, in many specimens, very rich—of a deep claret-color. I have never met with eggs entirely white. On the contrary, all have an abundance of red spots on a clear white ground; and not small ones neither, but certainly not to be called blotches.

THE STORY OF MONT BLANC. By ALBERT SMITH. Bogue.

If any one were asked, "Have you been to see Albert Smith's popular entertain-

ment?" the answer would either be in the affirmative, or there would be an immediate resolution formed—to go and do what *ought to have been done* long ago. All the world, of course, will go and see Mont Blanc, and—Albert Smith; the "two inseparables."

But as there may, perchance, be some few among our readers who are prevented the pleasure we speak of, let such *hear* the account of what they cannot *see*. We will be as concise as possible. And first for the grand start. Albert Smith *log*.—

About half-past seven we started; and as we left the inn, and traversed the narrow ill-paved streets of Chamouni towards the bridge, I believe we formed the largest caravan that had ever gone off together. Each of us had four guides, making twenty in all; and the porters and volunteers I may reckon at another score; besides which, there was a rabble rout of friends, and relations, and sweethearts, and boys, some of whom came a considerable distance with us. I had a mule waiting for me at the bridle-road that runs through the fields towards the dirty little village of Les Pélerins—for I wished to keep myself as fresh as I could for the real work. I do not think I gained anything by this, for the brute was exceedingly troublesome to manage up the rude steep path and amongst the trees. I expect my active young companions had the best of it on their own good legs. Dressed, at present, in light boating attire, they were types of fellows in first-rate fibrous muscular condition; and their sunny good temper, never once clouded during the journey, made everything bright and cheering.

Let us follow our leader in his description of the bivouac on the Grand Mulets:—

As soon as we had arranged our packs and bundles we began to change our clothes, which were tolerably well wet through with trudging and tumbling about among the snow; and cutting a number of pegs, we strewed our garments about the crannies of the rocks to dry. I put on two shirts, two pairs of lamb's-wool socks, a thick pair of Scotch plaid trousers, a "Templar" worsted headpiece, and a common blouse; and my companions were attired in a similar manner.

There was now great activity in the camp. Some of the guides ranged the wine bottles side by side in the snow; others unpacked the refreshment knapsacks; others, again, made a rude fireplace, and filled a stew-pan with snow to melt. All this time it was so hot, and the sun was so bright, that I began to think the guide who told De Saussure he should take a parasol up with him, did *not* deserve to have been laughed at. As soon as our wild bivouac assumed a little appearance of order, two of the guides were sent up the glacier to go a great way ahead, and then return and report upon the state of the snow on the *plateaux*. When they had started, we perched ourselves about on the comparatively level spaces of the rock, and with knife and fingers began our dinner. We kept high festival that afternoon on the Grand Mulets.

One stage of our journey—and that one by no means the easiest—had been achieved without the

slightest hurt or harm. The consciousness of success thus far, the pure transparent air, the excitement attached to the very position in which we found ourselves, and the strange bewildering novelty of the surrounding scenery, produced a flowing exhilaration of spirits that I had never before experienced. The feeling was shared by all; and we laughed and sang, and made the guides contribute whatever they could to the general amusement, and told them such stories as would translate well in return; until, I believe, that dinner will never be forgotten by them.

A fine diversion was afforded by racing the empty bottles down the glacier. We flung them off from the rock as far as we were able, and then watched their course. Whenever they chanced to point neck first down the slope, they started off with inconceivable velocity, leaping the crevices by their own impetus, until they were lost in the distance. The excitement of the guides during this amusement was very remarkable: a stand of betting men could not have betrayed more at the Derby. Their anxiety when one of the bottles approached a crevice was intense; and if the gulf was cleared they perfectly screamed with delight, "*Voici un bon coureur!*" or, "*Tiens! comme il saute bien!*" burst from them; and "*Le grand s'arrête!*" "*Il est perdu—quel dommage!*" "*Non—il marche encore!*" could not have been uttered with more earnestness had they been watching a herd of chamois.

The sun at length went down behind the Aiguille du Gouté; and then, for two hours, a scene of such wild and wondrous beauty—of such inconceivable and unearthly splendor—burst upon me, that, spell-bound, and almost trembling with the emotion its magnificence called forth—with every sense, and feeling, and thought absorbed by its brilliancy, I saw far more than the realisation of the most gorgeous visions that opium or *hasheesh* could evoke, accomplished. At first, everything about us, above, around, below—the sky, the mountain, and the lower peaks—appeared one uniform creation of burnished gold, so brightly dazzling that, now our veils were removed, the eye could scarcely bear the splendor.

As the twilight gradually crept over the lower world, the glow became still more vivid; and presently, as the blue mists rose in the valleys, the tops of the higher mountains looked like islands rising from a filmy ocean—an archipelago of gold. By degrees this metallic lustre was softened into tints,—first orange, and then bright, transparent crimson, along the horizon, rising through the different hues with prismatic regularity, until, immediately above us, the sky was a deep pure blue, merging towards the east into glowing violet. The snow took its color from these changes; and every portion on which the light fell was soon tinged with pale carmine, of a shade similar to that which snow at times assumes, from some imperfectly-explained cause, at high elevations—such, indeed, as I had seen, in early summer, upon the Furka and Faulhorn.

These beautiful hues grew brighter as the twilight below increased in depth; and it now came marching up the valley of the glaciers, until it reached our resting-place. Higher and higher

still it drove the lovely glory of the sun-light before it, until at last the vast Dome de Gouté and the summit itself stood out, icelike and grim, in the cold evening air, although the horizon still gleamed with a belt of rosy light. Although this superb spectacle had faded away, the scene was still even more than striking. The fire which the guides had made, and which was now burning and crackling on a ledge of rock a little below us, threw its flickering light, with admirable effect, upon our band. The men had collected round the blaze, and were making some chocolate, as they sang *patois* ballads and choruses; they were all evidently as completely at home as they would have been in their *châlets*.

We had arranged ourselves as conveniently as we could, so as not to inconvenience one another, and had still nothing more than an ordinary wrapper over us; there had been no attempt to build the tent with batons and canvass, as I had read in some of the Mont Blanc narratives—the starry Heaven was our only roofing. Mr. Floyd and Mr. Philips were already fast asleep. Mr. West was still awake, and I was too excited even to close my eyes in the attempt to get a little repose. We talked for awhile, and then he also was silent. The stars had come out, and, looking over the plateau, I soon saw the moonlight lying cold and silvery on the summit, stealing slowly down the very track by which the sunset glories had passed upward and away. But it came so tardily, that I knew it would be hours before we derived any actual benefit from the light.

One after another the guides fell asleep, until only three or four remained round the embers of the fire, thoughtfully smoking their pipes. And then silence, impressive beyond expression, reigned over our isolated world. Often and often, from Chamouni, I had looked up at evening towards the darkening position of the Grand Mulets, and thought, almost with shuddering, how awful it must be for men to pass the night in such a remote, eternal, and frozen wilderness. And now I was lying there—in the very heart of its ice-bound and appalling solitude. In such close communion with nature in her grandest aspect, with no trace of the actual living world beyond the mere speck that our little party formed, the mind was carried far away from its ordinary train of thought—a solemn emotion of mingled awe and delight, and yet self-perception of abject nothingness, alone rose above every other feeling. A vast untrodden region of cold, and silence, and death, stretched out far and away from us on every side; but above, Heaven, with its countless watchful eyes, was over all!

Having got thus far, it would be sad indeed to leave our travellers in the lurch. Let us drag on, then, with them, till they reach the summit:—

For upwards of half an hour we kept on slowly mounting this iceberg, until we reached the foot of the last ascent—the *calotte*, as it is called—the “cap” of Mont Blanc. The danger was now over, but not the labor, for this dome of ice was difficult to mount. The axe was again in requisition; and everybody was so “blown” (in common parlance) that we had to stop every three or four minutes. My young companions kept

bravely on, like fine fellows as they were, getting ahead even of some of the guides; but I was perfectly done up. Honest Tiarraz had no sinecure to pull me after him; for I was stumbling about, as though completely intoxicated. I could not keep my eyes open, and planted my feet anywhere but in the right place. I know I was exceedingly cross. I have even a recollection of having scolded my “team,” because they did not go quicker; and I was excessively indignant when one of them dared to call my attention to Monte Rosa.

At last, one or two went in front, and thus somewhat quickened our progress. Gradually our speed increased, until I was scrambling almost on my hands and knees; and then, as I found myself on a level, it suddenly stopped. I looked round, and saw there was nothing higher. The batons were stuck in the snow, and the guides were grouped about; some lying down, and others standing in little parties. I was on the top of Mont Blanc! The ardent wish of years was gratified; but I was so completely exhausted, that, without looking round me, I fell down upon the snow, and was asleep in an instant. I never knew the charm before of that mysterious and brief repose which ancient people term “forty winks.” Six or seven minutes of dead slumber, was enough to restore the balance of my ideas; and when Tiarraz awoke me, I was once more perfectly myself.

And now I entered into the full delight that the consciousness of our success brought with it. It was a little time before I could look at anything steadily. I wanted the whole panorama condensed into one point; for, gazing at Geneva and the Jura, I thought of the plains of Lombardy behind me; and turning round towards them, my eye immediately wandered away to the Oberland, with its hundred peaks, glittering in the bright morning sun.

Who, after reading all that we have here set before them, will rest satisfied without seeing it realised? Not one person, we hope, who is possessed of a spare shilling.

Success to Albert Smith! say we. He has made loads of money, and he deserves it. He once “cut us up” in print, and made fun of us for being such a devoted “lover of nature,” or what *he* called “nonsense.” We glory in taking our revenge in a different strain.

All “lovers of nature” can afford to be good-tempered. No ill-feeling can ever linger in their breast. Let us therefore “cry quits,” good Mr. Albert Smith. A long and merry reign to you and your clever Book!

M'INTOSH'S BOOK OF THE GARDEN. *Part XIII.*—Blackwood and Sons.

IN OUR EARLIER NUMBERS we have directed special attention to this excellent work, so rich in horticultural information, and so ably illustrated. It proceeds well.

In the number before us, are some remarkably interesting observations connected with the hybridising of plants. They are from the well-known pen of Mr. Isaac Anderson,

the first authority living on that particular subject.

Feeling assured that our readers will derive great pleasure from the perusal, we subjoin part of the article to which we have alluded:—

To those who would attempt the hybridising or cross breeding of plants, I will now offer some suggestions for their guidance. It is an essential element to success that the operator be possessed of indomitable patience, watchfulness, and perseverance. Having determined on the subjects on which he is to operate, if the plants are in the open ground, he will have them put into pots, and removed under glass, so as to escape the accidents of variable temperature—of wind, rain, and dust, and above all, of insects.

A greenhouse fully exposed to the sun is best adapted for the purpose, at least as regards hardy and proper greenhouse plants. Having got them housed, secure a corner where they are least likely to be visited by bees or other insects. The plants which are to yield the pollen, and the plants which are to bear the seed, should be both kept in the same temperature; but where this cannot be managed, pollen from an outside plant, in genial summer weather, may be used, provided it can be got; for there is a class of insects which live exclusively on pollen, and devour it so fast after the pollen vessels open, that, unless the plant is under a hand-glass (which I would recommend), it is scarcely possible to get any pollen for the required purpose.

To secure against chances of this nature, a sprig with opening bloom may be taken and kept in a phial and water inside, where it will get sufficient sun to ripen the pollen. But here, too, insects must be watched, and destroyed if they intrude. An insect like, but smaller than, the common hive bee, which flits about by fits and starts, on expanded wings, after the manner of the dragon-fly, is the greatest pest, and seems to feed exclusively on pollen. The hive bee, the humble bee, and wasp give the next greatest annoyance. All these may be excluded by netting, fixed over apertures from open sashes or the like.

Too much care cannot be bestowed on excluding these intruders, whose single touch, in many cases, might neutralise the intended result; for the slightest application of pollen native to the parent plant is said by physiologists to supersede all foreign agency, unless, perhaps, in the crossing of mere varieties; and the truth of this observation consists with my own experience. Without due precaution now, the labor, anxiety, and watchfulness of years may issue in vexation and disappointment. As a further precaution still, and to prevent self-fertilisation, divest the blooms to be operated on not only of their anthers but also of their corollas. Remove, also, all contiguous blooms upon the plant, lest the syringe, incautiously directed, or some sudden draft of air, convey the native pollen, and anticipate the intended operation.

The corolla appears to be the means by which insects are attracted; and though when it is removed the honey on which they feed is still present, they seem puzzled, or indifferent about collecting it; or if haply they should alight on the dismantled flower (which I never have detected), the stigma is in

most cases safe from their contact. It will be some days—probably a week or more, if the weather be not sunny—ere the stigma is in a fit condition for fertilisation. This is indicated in many families, such as Ericaceæ, Rosaceæ, Scrophularinæ, Aurantiaceæ, &c., by a viscous exudation in the sutures (where these exist) of the stigma, but generally covering the entire surface of that organ. In this condition the stigma may remain many days, during which fertilisation may be performed; and this period will be longer or shorter as the weather is sunny, or damp, or overcast. In certain families, such as the Malvaceæ, Geraniaceæ, &c., where the stigma divides itself into feathery parts, and where the viscous process is either absent or inappreciable by the eye, the separation of these parts, the bursting of the pollen, the maturity of the stigma, and all which a little experience will detect, indicate the proper time for the operation—sunny or cloudy weather always affecting the duration of the period during which it may be successfully performed.

As to the proper time and season best adapted for such experiments, a treatise might be written; but here a few remarks must suffice. As for the season of the year, from early spring to midsummer I would account the best period; but, as I have just observed, I regard all cold, damp, cloudy, and ungenial weather as unfavorable. On the other hand, when the weather is genial not so much from sun heat as at times occurs from the atmosphere being moderately charged with electricity, when there is an elasticity, so to speak, in the balmy air, and all nature seems joyous and instinct with life—this, of all others, is the season which the hybridist should improve, and above all if he attempt muling.

The hybridist should be provided with a pocket lens, a pair of wire pincers, and various colored silk threads. With the lens he will observe the maturity of the pollen and the condition of the stigma, whether the former has attained its powdery, and the latter (if such is its nature) its viscous condition. If he find both the pollen and the stigma in a fit state, he will, with the pincers, apply an anther with ripened pollen, and by the gentlest touch distribute it very thinly over the summit of the stigma. The operation performed, he will mark it by tying round the flower stalk a bit of that particular colored silk thread which he wishes to indicate the particular plant which bore the pollen; and at the same time tie a bit of the same silk round the stem of the latter, which will serve till recorded in a note-book, which should be kept by every one trying experiments on a large scale.

It is quite unnecessary to offer any directions as to the results to be effected. If it is desired to reproduce the larger, finer formed, or higher colored bloom of a plant having a tall, straggling, or too robust a growth, or having too large or too coarse foliage in a plant without these drawbacks, I need not suggest to select, in another species of the same family a plant of an opposite character and properties—say of dwarf compact growth, handsome foliage, and free flowering habit; and if such can be obtained, work with it, making the latter the seed bearer. Or, if it be desirable to impart the fragrance of a less handsome kind to

another more handsome, I would make the cross upon the latter. I cannot speak with certainty from my own experiments how far perfume may be so communicated; but I have some things far advanced to maturity to test it; and I entertain the hope that fragrance may not only be so imparted, but even heightened, varied, and improved. Or if it be desired to transfer all, or any valuable property or quality, from a tender exotic species to a native or hardy kind, work upon the latter; for so far as constitution goes, I agree with those who hold that the female overrules in this particular. I would offer this caution to those who wish to preserve the purity of certain flowers for exhibition, especially those having white grounds, not to cross such with high colored sorts.

I once spoiled a pure white bloomed *Calceolaria* for exhibition, by crossing it with a crimson sort; all the blooms on those branches where the operation had been performed, being stained red, and not the few flowers merely on which the cross was effected. In this note, already too long, I cannot further illustrate my remarks, by recorded experiments in the various tribes upon which I have tried my hand; but I cannot leave the subject without inculcating, in the strongest manner, the observance of the rules I have laid down to prevent vexatious disappointments. If any doubts arise about the cross being genuine or effectually secured, let not the seeds be sown. Three, four, five, and even six years, must oftentimes elapse with trees and shrubby things, ere the result can be judged of; and if eventually it prove a failure, or even doubtful, it is worse than labor lost, inasmuch as it may mislead. If there is no great departure from the female parent, the issue is to be mistrusted. It is singular, if well accomplished, how much of both parents is blended in the progeny.

Gentlemen eminent as physiologists have read nature's laws in these matters a little differently from what my own humble experience has taught me, and assigned to the progeny the constitution and general aspect of the one parent; while they gave the inflorescence and fruit to the other. I have crossed and inverted the cross, and can venture to give no evidence on the point, except, perhaps, as to constitution, to which the seed-bearer, I think, contributes most. A well-managed hybrid should and will blend both parents into a distinct intermediate, insomuch as to produce often what might pass for a new species. If the leaning be to one more than another, it is probably to the female, though this will not always be the case. Again, it is asserted that a proper hybrid—*i.e.*, one species which is crossed with another species, which is separate and distinct from it—will produce no fertile seeds. This does not accord with my observations. My hybrid, *Veronica Balfouriana* (an intermediate between *V. saxatilis* and *V. fruticulosa*), seeds, I would say, more abundantly than either parent; and the progeny from its self-sown seeds I find to be of various shades of blue, violet, and red, rising in my garden—some having actually larger, finer, and higher-colored blooms than the parent bearing the seed; and I am familiar with the same result in other things.

Yet I am far from asserting fertility in the

produce between two members of allied but distinct genera—such, for example, as in the *Brianthus*, which I have found to be unproductive, whether employed as the male or female parent. As above conjectured, its parents were far too remote in nature's own arrangement. The hybridist has a field before him ever suggestive of new modes of acting. He may try, as I have done, what may be effected under various tinted glass. My persuasion is, that I effected from a pale yellow a pure white-grounded *Calceolaria*, by placing the plants under blue shaded glass, by which the sun's rays were much subdued. He may also apply chemical solutions to plants with ripening seeds.

Nature, in producing, as it sometimes does, plants with blooms of colors opposite to those of the parent, must be governed by some law. Why may not this law be found out? For example, under what influence was the first white *Fuchsia*, the *F. Venus Victrix*, produced—the purest yet of all the race, and the source from which all the whites have been derived?

We shall not attempt to offer any apology for the length of this article. It demands, from its importance, all the space it occupies.

A CYCLOPÆDIA OF POETICAL QUOTATIONS.

Edited by H. G. ADAMS. 12mo. Groombridge and Sons.

This little volume may be regarded as a valuable addition to our existing works of poetical entertainment and instructive knowledge. In alphabetical arrangement we have choice passages, on a multitude of subjects, selected from the poets of every age and country; the whole presenting a poetical dictionary, aptly constructed for ready and constant reference.

The taste of the selector is unquestionably good; and we envy him much the sweet-smelling groves of poesy through which he must have wandered, whilst culling so many and such elegant blossoms. Turn where you will, each page is set with a profusion of literary gems.

We are glad to hear that the success of this work has been great; and that, in consequence, a similar *Cyclopædia of Sacred Poetical Quotations* is about to be published in 12 monthly Parts. We have seen the first part; and it gives excellent promise for the future.

"USE IS SECOND NATURE."

How often do we see the truth of this well-known adage confirmed in practices and habits that are evil! Why should it extend so far *only*? Surely this is wrong.

We cannot help enforcing upon the minds of all our readers—a most choice company truly—that a *habit* of DOING GOOD soon becomes "natural"—and *what* pleasure it does bring with it! Try it.

DEAR DERBYSHIRE DALES!

BY ELIZA COOK.

I SIGH for the land where the orange-tree flingeth
Its prodigal bloom on the myrtle below ;
Where the moonlight is warm, and the gondolier
singeth,
And clear waters take up the strain as they go.

Oh! fond is the longing, and rapt is the vision
That stirs up my soul over Italy's tales ;
But the *present* was bright as the *far-off* Elysian,
When I roved in the sun-flood through Derby-
shire Dales.

There was joy for my eye, there was balm for my
breathing ;
Green branches above me—blue streams at my
side :
The hand of Creation seemed proudly bequeathing
The beauty reserved for a festival tide.

I was bound, like a child, by some magical story,
Forgetting the "South" and "Ionian Vales ;"
And felt that dear England had temples of glory,
Where any might worship, in Derbyshire Dales.

Sweet pass of the "Dove" 'mid rock, river, and
dingle,
How great is thy charm for the wanderer's
breast !
With thy moss-girdled towers and foam-jewelled
shingle,
Thy mountains of might and thy valleys of rest.

I gazed on thy wonders—lone, silent, adoring,
I bent at the altar whose "fire never pales :"
The Great Father was with me—Devotion was
pouring
Its holiest praises in Derbyshire Dales.

Wild glen of dark "Taddington"—rich in thy
robing
Of forest-green cloak, with grey lacing bedight ;
How I lingered to watch the red Western rays
probing
Thy leaf-mantled bosom with lances of light !

And "Monsal," thou mine of Arcadian treasure,
Need we seek for "Greek Islands" and spice-
laden gales,
While a Tempe like thee of enchantment and
pleasure
May be found in our own native Derbyshire
Dales ?

There is much in my past bearing way-marks of
flowers,
The purest and rarest in odor and bloom ;
There are beings and breathings, and places and
hours,
Still trailing in roses o'er Memory's tomb.

And when I shall count o'er the bliss that's de-
parted,
And Old Age be telling its garrulous tales,
Those days will be first when the kind and true-
hearted

WERE NURSING MY SPIRIT IN DERBYSHIRE
DALES.

ANOTHER NEW FASHION!
THE MAN-MONKEY.

FASHION'S the word which knaves and fools do use,
Their FILTHINESS and folly to excuse.

CHURCHILL.

MY DEAR SIR,—You and I have lots of
hard work to perform. All up-hill, eh?
Never mind. We are a mighty host in
ourselves. We will hold the glass up—*until
people do look in it.*

A new game is "up." Now strenuous
efforts are being put forth, to convert men
who already closely resemble monkeys, into
the actual monkey itself.* Some wiseacre,
an outcast we imagine from female society,
has discovered that the filthy appendage
of hair, in the form of lots of beard and
moustache (a *foreign* fashion "of course"),
is not only ornamental to a man's face, but
a preservative of health! The subjoined
abridged extract is going the rounds of the
papers; and it is treated, not as a joke, but
as a fact. Listen, loveliest of your sex,
what is preparing for you to be "fond of."
Where will you ever find room to impress
the "tribute of affection," if this Esau-rian
project be carried out? Why, it will take a
little month to discover the smallest spot
on the human frontispiece that is clear of
weeds!—

A fine flowing beard, bushy whiskers, and a
well-trained *moustache* protect the opening of the
mouth, and filter the air. They also act as a
respirator, and prevent the inhalation into
the lungs of air that is too frosty. In the
case of blacksmiths who wear beards and
moustaches, the hair about the mouth is dis-
colored by the iron dust caught on its way into
the mouth and lungs. Travellers often wait until
their moustaches have grown, before they brave
the sandy air of deserts.

Men who retain the hair about the mouth, are
less liable to decay or achings of the teeth. Both
dust and smoke get into the lungs, and only in a
small degree is it possible for them to be decom-
posed and removed by processes of life. The air-

* When in London, I occasionally meet a most
singular specimen of the *genus homo*, who culti-
vates the *moustache* and whiskers. He moves in
high society; is only recently out of his teens,
and exhales the odor of a civet cat. When he
salutes any of his family or relatives, he
approaches their face on tip-toe, and deposits
the "salute" with a degree of careful foresight
perfectly astounding. If but one single hair
were deranged by the operation, he would be
cross all that day. When he is "prepared" for
going out to dinner, catch him "saluting" if
you can! His face is then sacred—unapproach-
able. A curious specimen of humanity is this
budding youth—well educated indeed, and of a
good family, but so steeped in vanity, and so
shackled by fashion's trammels, that one *must*
pity him.—W.

passages of a Manchester man, or of a resident in the city of London, if opened after death, are found to be more or less colored by the dirt that has been breathed. Perhaps it does not matter much: but we had better not make dust-holes or chimney-funnels of our lungs. The Englishman who, at the end of his days, has spent about an entire year of his life in scraping off his beard, *has worried himself to no purpose! He has disfigured himself systematically throughout life (!)*, accepted his share of unnecessary tic-doloureux and toothache, coughs and colds; has swallowed dust, and inhaled smoke and fog, out of complaisance to the *social prejudice* which happens just now to prevail.

If this *monkey-trick* is to be played with the human countenance, we hope all our fair friends will pause before they make any further engagements "for better, for worse." Let them look out for some smooth, fit, clean, and worthy object on whom to bestow the morning benediction, the noon-tide greeting, and the evening blessing; and having found him, let them bind him down to use the razor unsparingly. Only think of a Turk's-head mop coming in rude contact with a lily-of-the-valley, or a damask-rose!

What very filthy brutes men are! They have, as you say, made spirit-vats of their insides, chimneys of their noses, volcanoes of their throats, apes of their persons; and *now* their faces are going to be turned into—scrubbing-brushes!

"What next, Mr. Merriman?"

Cambridge, Sept. 3.

WALTER.

[Well said, Walter. There seems to be a neck-or-nothing race between the sexes, to try who can most excel in personal deformity. They are going a-head at electric speed, and will soon extinguish all traces of symmetry, comeliness, and humanity. Every day slices off some one of the gentler ornaments of Nature's delicate hand, and replaces it by another of the rougher kind—borrowed from the lower order of the brute creation. In a letter recently received from Glasgow, a friend says, speaking of the spreading mania—"In this place, too, there is a decided movement showing itself against the use of the razor; and even the workmen have resolved to cultivate the *moustache!*" (Only think of the "population" on the human face, when next the census is taken!)

Of course the upper classes set the bad example, and it immediately spreads like wild-fire. Never mind, Walter. WE will not lay aside the razor; but shave very close, and with a very keen edge, all those whose bestial propensities lead them to stray from the pleasant paths of Nature's sweet garden, be they male, or be they female.

"Let the galled jade wince; our withers are unwrung."]

SCENES IN INDIA.

SPEARING THE WILD-DOG.

BY AN OLD SHIRKURREE.

AT A CERTAIN SEASON OF THE YEAR, Mr. Editor, during the hot dry months (March, April, and May), that frightful disease, hydrophobia, prevails to a great extent among the wild-dogs and jackals that infest nearly every inhabited part of India. Both of these animals are addicted to carrion in the most advanced stages of putrefaction, and, by indulging their polluted appetites with decayed carcases, they incur, thereby, the most loathsome diseases; disgusting in appearance to behold, and dangerous to approach.

In the month of March, the town and surrounding neighborhood of Cuttack was visited by numerous mad dogs, which had bitten large numbers of cattle, and many human beings had suffered from the attacks of these rabid creatures. The two frequent occurrences of this description inspired the natives with a dread of moving abroad, and this circumstance having reached the ears of the officers of the 66th Regiment of Bengal Native Infantry, which was at the time stationed at Cuttack, the latter determined that they would hunt down all the pariahs they might meet with, and destroy them indiscriminately. With this view, several gentlemen met upon the Chowly-a-gunge plain, armed with hog-spears; and mounting their horses, took the field, intent upon their object. This plain extends for about a mile in length, and is partially occupied by decayed bungalows, many years since the residences of the officers of regiments which lay on the Chowly lines. But when the staff of Cuttack was reduced, in 1824, the lines were thenceforth abandoned, and the ruins are now resorted to by dogs and jackals only, where they take up their lonesome abodes.

Large droves of bullocks are in the constant practice of grazing upon this extensive tract of territory, and scarcely a day passes over but one or more of these beasts die of disease, and their carcases are left upon the plain, as food for the dogs and jackals. Hence the latter are continually haunting this desolate spot, looking out for carrion spoil. The hunters, shortly after their arrival on the ground, got view of a dead bullock, which was being greedily contended for by thirteen or fourteen pariah dogs, and a group of volucrine competitors for the prize, in the form of a flight of fierce and hungry vultures. These forbidding-looking birds,—these death-scenting scavengers, had assembled around the carcase in large numbers, with their frowning wings expanded,

and their long bare necks extended, shrieking and hissing, and menacing the dogs, as the latter assailed the already half-demolished carrion. The dogs, on the other hand, whilst being interrupted in the act of enjoying their spoil, spitefully relinquished, at intervals, their disputed meal, attacking the phalanxes of wings with a greedy vindictiveness, whilst the birds retreated for a while from the immediate scene of the disgusting carnival.

The sun was fiercely branding these busy scavengers of the offal of the plain, whose blood must have been rankling under its influence, when the hunters galloped up to the spot, and charged, spear in hand, the grumbling pack. Loathsome indeed they looked! The foul mangle had eaten off the hair from their bodies, and a raw surface, an angry red tint, appeared to glow with a consuming heat over the morbid complexion of these filthy satellites of animal corruption. The knell of death—that horrid bay proceeding from the dog of the wilderness, which, whilst it falls upon the ear, appals the heart, was now uttered in the hollow intonations of despair. They were too indolent to retreat before the froward spear, but ululated their death elegy upon the spot; submitting to the impending fate that awaited them without apparently evincing a reluctant feeling—like willing martyrs to a meritorious cause.

During this short-lived onslaught, the greedy birds kept aloof, at a little distance off, watching with exulting expectancy the additional features that attended their partly devoured banquet. The same dogs which, but a few minutes before, had forced them to surrender up their interests in the carrion spoil, had, they perceived, now become the undisputed victims to their indiscriminate appetite; and the hunters had not departed one hundred yards from the scene, when, on looking round, they observed the feathered host of these busy destroyers incorporated with the bodies of the slain—like so many sappers exercising their pickaxes in defacing the objects they were desirous to demolish, whilst, at intervals, the vulturine scream assailed their ears, the glad tidings with which this death-abiding bird heralds to his mate, afar off, that flesh is awaiting him.

Near a deserted bungalow, the roofing of which had fallen in, and the walls of which were in the last stages of decay (whilst a few scattered *surruffhur* (custard-apple) and guava trees that had survived a lapse of years (tending to denote to the occasionally passing stranger that the spot was once inhabited by some English officer, whose fate had been prematurely sealed in an Indian climate, as had been that of thousands before him), lay reposing in the shade, a large pariah dog. He was of an unusual size, and on observing the horsemen, and suspecting them to be

unwelcome intruders, he challenged their approach with a latrant yell; but perceiving that they were intent upon his person, he rose from his recumbent position, and, at a slack pace, took to the plain. This was a chance not to be thrown away. The hunters rode in pursuit, and the pariah, finding that they were at his heels, and in earnest with him, redoubled his speed, and effected the wolf-escape.

He was a powerful animal, of a ferocious aspect, full of wind and vigor. And although he was not a sufficient match for the many in numbers that followed him, he nevertheless, by his adroitness, contrived to baffle them in their pursuit of him, by having recourse to an artful stratagem. There was a deep ravine, of some considerable breadth, that lay on the side of the highroad leading to the town of Cuttack, which no horse could compass in a leap, and joining this chasm was a thick *Kurah* (wild pine-apple) jungle. Whilst his pursuers were pressing him closely, he suddenly disappeared before their eyes; and before they could reconcile themselves to the loss of the chase, two of the gentlemen out of the five fell with their horses into the chasm, and were injured most seriously, insomuch that they abandoned the sport for the day. The dog effected his escape, but was never afterwards seen nor surprised in his former forlorn haunts.

For several successive days this sport was followed up with perseverance and energy; and after some scores of these animals had been sacrificed to the zeal of the hunters, the latter dropped the practice, owing to the intense heat of the weather, and the magistrates appointed *dooms* (dog-destroyers) with instructions to them to despatch every animal of the above description that came under their notice. In less than three days after this warrant was signed, no fewer than four hundred and seventy canine faces were exhibited on the premises of the magistrate's *cutcherry*. The consequence was, that for some length of time after this event, the sight of a dog in the district under consideration was a rare spectacle.

But the abatement of one nuisance engendered another. The carcasses of bullocks, horses, and other animals, which lay dispersed on the face of the country around, were left to decompose; and they poisoned the atmosphere with the foul and fetid gases which evolved from them, bringing about disease and death in other shapes among the inhabitants. For the vultures—not being localised in the vicinity, but birds which range over a vast field of territory, in quest of carrion—were found to be too few in numbers to consume the cadaverous nuisances, whilst the open country around Cuttack was unfavorable to the tenancy and suitability of the

seclusive jackal. Besides this circumstance, the latter station is a peninsula, formed by the juxta-conflux of the two great rivers, the Mahanudee and Gonjuree, so that there was no opportunity left for strange dogs to enter the town from the country around.

This fact may be well worth noting down, for it often happens that men blindly suppress a *less* evil, whilst they are at the same time propagating a *greater* one. Were it not for the innumerable quantities of pariah dogs, jackals, vultures, and other obscene animals, being so abundant throughout India (subsisting almost exclusively upon carrion), that country would prove the seat of perpetual pestilence—a diorama of death.

OVER THE GRASS.

SUNBEAMS are shining
Cheerily gay,
O'er leaflets entwining
In summer array ;
Flowerets are springing
In beauty and light,
And birds sweetly singing
Afar up the height ;
Breezes are bustling
Around in the glade,
And green leaves are rustling
In bloom undecayed ;
Waters are streaming,
Gurglingly sweet,
And butterflies dreaming
In beauty replete—
Over the grass.

Moonbeams are playing,
In silver arraying
Each cranny and nook of the earth ;
Bright eyes are glancing,
And fairies are dancing,
And freely resounding their mirth—
Over the grass.

Hearts light and cheering,
Are fondly endearing
The thought of a love long to last ;
And beauty is glowing,
Where affection is flowing,
In warmth that no tempest shall blast—
Over the grass.

Lovers are sighing,
Affection is dying,
And hopes, fondly cherished, are fled ;
Ribalds are drinking,
And treachery slinking,
Where friendship's sweet light should be
shed,
Over the grass.

Childhood is toying,
And fondly enjoying,
The moments of youth as they pass ;
And age is repining,
Though swiftly declining
Away from the sins that amass—
Over the grass.

J. B.

THE ECCENTRIC NATURALIST.

THE ECCENTRICITY OF GENIUS, and the enthusiasm of inquiring minds, are too well known to require comment. But *some* clever men are so delightfully erratic, that even their so-called weaknesses give the beholders pleasure. A specimen of one of these characters is thus charmingly portrayed by Audubon, in his Auto-biography :—

“ ‘What an odd-looking fellow!’ said I to myself, as, while walking by the river, I observed a man landing from a boat, with what I thought a bundle of dried clover on his back. ‘How the boatmen stare at him! Sure he must be an original.’ He ascended with a rapid step, and, approaching me, asked—if I could point out the house in which Mr. Audubon resided? ‘Why, I am the man,’ said I, ‘and will gladly lead you to my dwelling.’

“The traveller rubbed his hands together with delight, and, drawing a letter from his pocket, handed it to me without any remark. I broke the seal, and read as follows:—‘My dear Audubon, I send you an odd fish, which you may prove to be undescribed, and hope you will do so in your next letter. Believe me always your friend, B.’

“With all the simplicity of a back-woodsman, I asked the bearer where the odd fish was, when M. de T. (for, kind reader, the individual in my presence was none else than that renowned naturalist) smiled, rubbed his hands, and, with the greatest good humor, said, ‘I am that odd fish, I presume, Mr. Audubon.’ I felt confounded, and blushed, but contrived to stammer out an apology.

“We soon reached the house, when I presented my learned guest to my family; and was ordering a servant to go to the boat for M. de T.’s luggage, when he told me he had none but what he had brought on his back. He then loosened the pack of weeds which had first drawn my attention. The ladies were a little surprised, but I checked their critical glances; for the moment the naturalist pulled off his shoes, and while engaged in drawing his stockings, not up, but down, in order to cover the holes about the heels, told us, in the gayest mood imaginable, that he had walked a great distance, and had only taken a passage on board the *Ark*, to be put on this shore; and that he was sorry his apparel had suffered so much from his late journey. Clean clothes were offered, but he would not accept them; and it was with evident reluctance that he performed the lavations usual on such occasions, before he sat down to dinner.

“At table, however, his agreeable conversation made us all forget his singular appearance; and, indeed, it was only as we strolled in the garden that his attire struck me as

exceedingly remarkable. A long loose coat of yellow nankeen, much the worse for the many rubs it had got in its time, and stained all over with the juice of plants, hung loosely about him, like a sack; a waistcoat of the same, with enormous pockets, and buttoned up to the chin, reached below over a pair of tight pantaloons, the lower parts of which were buttoned down to the ankles. His beard was as long as I have known my own to be during some of my peregrinations, and his lank black hair hung loosely over his shoulders. His forehead was so broad and prominent, that any tyro in phrenology would instantly have pronounced it the residence of a mind of strong powers; his word impressed an assurance of rigid truth, and, as he directed the conversation to the study of the natural sciences, I listened to him with as much delight as Telemachus could have listened to Mentor.

"He had come to visit me, he said, expressly for the purpose of seeing my drawings; having been told that my representations of birds were accompanied with those of shrubs and plants, and he was desirous of knowing whether I might chance to have in my collection any with which he was unacquainted. I observed some degree of impatience in his request to be allowed to see what I had. We returned to the house, when I opened my portfolios, and laid them before him.

"He chanced to turn over the drawing of a plant quite new to him. After inspecting it closely, he shook his head, and told me no such plant existed in nature; for, kind reader, M. de T., although a highly scientific man, was suspicious to a fault, and believed such plants only to exist as he had himself seen, or such as, having been discovered of old, had, according to Father Malebranche's expression, acquired a "venerable beard."

"I told my guest that the plant was common in the immediate neighborhood, and that I should show it him on the morrow. 'And why to-morrow, Mr. Audubon? let us go now.' We did so; and on reaching the bank of the river, I pointed to the plant. M. de T. I thought had gone mad: he plucked the plants one after another, danced, hugged me in his arms, and exultingly told me that he had got not merely a new species, but a new genus. When we returned home the naturalist opened the bundle which he had brought on his back, and took out a journal—rendered waterproof by a leather case, together with a small parcel of linen, examined the new plant, and wrote its description. The examination of my drawings then went on.

"You would be pleased, kind reader, with his criticisms, which were of the greatest advantage to me, for, being well acquainted with books as well as with nature, he was well fitted to give me advice. It was summer,

and the heat was so great that the windows were all open. The light of the candles attracted many insects; among which was observed a large species of scarabæus. I caught one, and aware of his inclination to believe only what he should himself see, I showed him the insect, and assured him it was so strong that it could crawl on the table with the candlestick on its back. 'I should like to see the experiment made, Mr. Audubon,' he replied. It was accordingly made, and the insect moved about; dragging its burden, so as to make the candlestick change its position as if by magic; until, coming upon the edge of the table, it dropped upon the floor, took to wing, and made its escape.

"When it waxed late, I showed him to the apartment intended for him during his stay; and endeavored to render him comfortable—leaving him writing materials in abundance. I was indeed heartily glad to have a naturalist under my roof. We had all retired to rest: every person, I imagined, in deep slumber save myself—when, of a sudden, I heard a great uproar in the naturalist's room. I got up, reached the place in a few moments, and opened the door, when, to my astonishment, I saw my guest running about the room naked, holding the handle of my favorite violin, the body of which he had battered to pieces against the walls, in attempting to kill the bats which had entered by the open window—probably attracted by the insects flying around his candle.

"I stood amazed; but he continued jumping and running round and round, until he was fairly exhausted, when he begged me to procure one of the animals for him, as he felt convinced they belonged to 'a new species.' Although I was convinced of the contrary, I took up the bow of my demolished cremona, and administering a smart tap to each of the bats, as it came up, soon got specimens enough. The war ended, I again bade him good night, but could not help observing the state of the room; it was strewed with plants, which it would seem he had arranged into groups, but which were now scattered about in confusion. 'Never mind, Mr. Audubon,' quoth the eccentric naturalist; 'never mind, I'll soon arrange them again. I have the bats, and that's enough!'

"Several days passed, during which we followed our several occupations: M. de T. searched the woods for plants; and I, for birds. He also followed the margin of the Ohio, and picked up many shells, which he greatly extolled. With us, I told him, they were gathered into heaps, to be converted into lime. 'Lime! Mr. Audubon, why they are worth a guinea a-piece in any part of Europe.' M. de T. remained with us for three weeks, and collected multitudes of plants, shells, bats, and fishes. We were perfectly

reconciled to his oddities; and, finding him a most agreeable and intelligent companion, hoped that his sojourn might be longer.

"But, one evening when tea was prepared, and we expected him to join the family, he was nowhere to be found. His grasses, and other valuables, were all removed from his room. The night was spent in searching for him in the neighborhood. No eccentric naturalist could be discovered. Whether he had perished in a swamp, or had been devoured by a bear or a garfish, or had taken to his heels, were matters of conjecture; nor was it until some weeks after, that a letter from him, thanking us for our attention, assured me of his safety."

UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES.

"LITTLE THINGS."

"WE HAVE RECENTLY HAD OCCASION," says the Editor of the *Gardeners' Journal*, (from whose pages we borrow the following very sensible remarks), to visit one of the many great and well-managed gardens for which the North of England has long been famous.

"In passing round the garden at the close of a day's rain, and in places where the walks were bounded by trees, the heavy rains of last month had so depressed the branches, that at the time, owing to the stillness of the air, they were weighed down, and holding a goodly shower-bath of dew-drops on every pendant twig. Some of these slender branches—yielding to the weight of water which, for the time, Nature had compelled them to carry—discharged, in one or two instances, the whole of their contents on the face and shoulders of the owner of the garden, with whom we were at the time walking. The dignity and equanimity of temper so peculiarly characteristic of the thorough-bred English gentleman, seemed for the instant to have been dashed to the ground by the falling torrent; and, in an impulse of irritability, he drew his knife from his pocket, and cut down the twig which had entrapped him into the utterance of angry expressions, which we consider it better *not* to repeat.

"Amongst other things, he said:—'My gardener is a very good man, but will not be taught to value the importance of attending to little things.' We never on any occasion saw or felt the force of this trite remark as we did on the occasion in question. Everyone is familiar with the peculiarities of character for which the late Duke of Wellington was so remarkable—we mean the care and attention which he insisted on paying to the details or 'little things' connected with all the *great things* which he undertook. It has also, as our readers well know, been often said of the late Napoleon, that he made it his special

pride to boast of the attention which he paid to the details of all his great projects; even so far as to say, he knew how many hobnails were driven into the heel of every private soldier's shoe throughout the lines; and added, 'Had I not attended to *little things*, I should never have been fit to attend to great ones.'

"We mention these well-known incidents, to illustrate the importance of the principle, since we are all too ready to believe that greatness and great attainments come, somehow or other, by the neglect and contempt, rather than by the care and attention which we bestow on 'little things.' Nothing can be a more fatal error than such a conviction. It is the due attention to 'little things,' at least in the culture and management of the garden, where alone true success must be looked for. For example, a gardener may be profoundly learned, experienced, and successful in the culture of the leading productions of horticulture—such as Peaches, Pine-apples, Grapes; and, it may be, ornamental stove and greenhouse plants. Possibly, too, there may be such a thing as special pride in the first-rate growth of some culinary production; but what are any of these, after all, or what, we may ask, are all of them put together, if many things besides are neglected?

"If the owner of the garden, or any of his familiar friends, who may chance to stroll along the garden paths after a shower, or during a dewy morning, receive over their heads and shoulders at every few steps of the way something resembling a *douche* bath, from the wet dangling twigs, which the contempt for little things, and the neglect which such contempt is sure to beget, permit to grow there—we say, if a few instances of this kind be allowed to exist, more disappointment, angry feeling, and unforgiving temper, will be the result, than if half the produce of the garden had been lost, from whatever cause. Such, at least, is our experience on points of this kind. Who indeed needs to be told that it is the 'little things,' not the great ones, which constitute the main enjoyments, as well as the annoyances of life?

"Surely no person who cares to cultivate the good-will and esteem of another (be he superior, or equal), will find himself successful by attending only to what he may consider the more important and greater things, while refusing to be taught the value of attending to 'little things.'"

There is so much real good sense conveyed in these observations, that we commend them most heartily to our readers' notice.

The half, at least, of one's domestic happiness is forfeited by the neglect of an observance of "little things." The parting smile is sometimes forgotten. "Somebody" gets an aching heart through this!

TO THE GOSSAMER.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

BEAUTIFUL Gossamer! cheerfully weaving
Festoons for fairy-land, brilliant and gay;
Art thou here to remind us that summer is leaving—
That earth's sweetest treasures are passing
away?

I hear thy soft whisper of joys, yet beguiling
Our sorrow at bidding sweet summer adieu;
I see the bright sun on thy lov'd labor smiling,
And Nature has gilded thy garments with dew.

I've roam'd through the forest, and welcomed
with pleasure
Thy light silv'ry thread as it danced on the
breeze;
And sought 'midst the leaves for thy wreaths as a
treasure,
That Nature bestows on her favorite trees.

Dost thou think the bright leaves are ere long
doom'd to sever,
That thou bindest around them affection's soft
thread—
Or the cold blast of winter will waft them for ever
Where summer's sweet flowers lie withered and
dead?

Or, wouldst thou retain them awhile, to remind us
That we too must wither, and fade as a leaf?
That when time shall sever the strong ties that
bind us,
Affection still lives for the mourner's relief?

Thy presence I trace on the trees' lofty spire,
And mark thy fantastic designs on the sod;
Whilst Nature invites us to gaze and admire
The work of a creature whose maker is God.

FUGITIVE THOUGHTS.

THE BLIND.

How sweet, how placid, how amiable, is the
disposition of the gentle blind! Though dark to
external nature, how obvious are the evidences
of a serene spirit within them! Who ever knew
their passions to flow in any other current than
that which was smooth, and calm, and peaceful?

On the countenances of those who have been
early blind, or blind from their birth, are depicted
none of the deep or startling traces of crime—few
even of the haggard furrows of care or suffering.
God seems in pity to have almost removed them
from the contagion of human depravity, and if
the glories of nature and the thousand inlets to
enjoyment which they open are withheld from
their hearts, so also are the innumerable temptations
which come in along with them. God, in
depriving them of the good, has mercifully removed
the corresponding evil; and as those temptations
of life which would render sight necessary, are
wisely kept back, so will it be found that a querulous
perception of their loss, and an impatience
under their condition, are not among the number
of their afflictions.

There is, to a man who can feel the philosophy
of a humane heart, much that is not only touching

but dignified in the veiled grandeur of their character, as a class. Affliction, whether they feel it or not, elevates them in our eyes, and the unassuming simplicity that distinguishes beings so utterly helpless, presents them to us in an aspect so meek and affecting, that they cannot fail in gaining an immediate passport to the better part of our nature. In their patience they teach us both humility and fortitude. In their cheerfulness we may learn how easy is the task of being satisfied with our own condition. And in their blameless lives, how much depends the secret of controlling our passions, upon the necessity of looking less to the external actions of men, and more into our own hearts.

The human face only is theirs; but though the light which stamps it with the glory of divinity, breaks not from the eye, it shines in the heart, and emanates from the whole countenance. Why otherwise is it that the habitual smile of a blind man is so ineffably radiant and serene? and why is it that it is habitual? Because the lustre of a pure mind, and the meekness of an inoffensive heart, communicate at all times to the features an expression of more touching grace than could the beauty of the most lustrous eye without them.

W. C.

THE SPEED OF TIME.

FLY where we will, age will overtake us. Moments, minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, years,—pass away like a flitting cloud. If man must fade, so must woman. Beauty carries not very long. Neither rouge, artificial ringlets, nor all the resources of the toilet, can retard the relentless progress of that terrible foe to beauty, Time. But every one must have noticed how lightly his hand rests upon some, how heavily upon others. Whenever you see in an old person a smooth unwrinkled forehead, a clear eye, and a pleasing cheerful expression, be sure her life has been passed in that comparative tranquillity of mind, which depends less upon outward vicissitudes than internal peace of mind.

A good conscience is the greatest preservative of beauty. Whenever we see pinched-up features, full of lines, and thin curling lips,—we may judge of petty passions, envy, and ambition, which have worn out their owner. High and noble thoughts leave behind them noble and beautiful traces. Meanness of thought, and selfishness of feeling, league with Time to unite age and ugliness together. Fresh air, pure simple food, and exercise, mental and bodily, with an elevated ambition,—will confer on the greatest age a dignified beauty, in which youth is deficient.

There are many men and women, at sixty, younger in appearance and feeling than others at forty. They are neither fidgetty nor fretful; and they are good company to the very last.

When once decay has seized upon the brain, and memory totters, then have we lost all that renders life supportable.

THE POETRY OF YOUTH AND AGE.

"WHEN I am a man," is the poetry of Childhood. "When I was young," is the poetry of Old Age.

ANOTHER CHAPTER ON LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A CUP OF TEA."*



THE YOUNG of most animals are interesting. But, for interesting both eye and heart, there is NOTHING IN THIS WORLD equal to a rosy, giggling, curly-headed little child, arrived at that age when the mind begins to bud forth in accents of wonder and curiosity. There are some people in the world, who "can't bear children." Whenever my reader meets with one of these child-haters, he may "write him down" as "wanting." His heart is out of tune, as certainly as his eye is covered with the mist of surliness and ill-nature.

The greatest men of antiquity (generally speaking) have been fond of children. Some of the master-spirits of modern times are equally so. OURSELF for instance (!) WE positively doat upon children; and a late particular friend of ours once saw a venerable preacher, whom he pronounced to be the first orator he ever heard—rolling on the carpet of his study, with some of his children performing similar evolutions around him. Should the reader, therefore, happen to be a child-hater, he will have the politeness not to read this essay. He will assuredly be unable to sympathise with any of its sentiments, and he will ridicule a picture of infantine scenes.

According to the motherly custom which has descended from the days of Methuselah to the present most auspicious period, we are bound to admire every lady's "first-born" when we have the happiness of beholding it perched on her arm, and incased in a tube of long clothes. "What an exquisite eye! What a *sweet* little nose! What a darling little chin! What a *sweet*,—what a *beautiful* baby!"

Now this is nothing but complimentary mummery. The babe has scarcely the *look* of actual existence as yet; and we might as well prate about the breathing graces of a clay model. At this age, the "babe" is interesting—but nothing like beautiful. A nose, shaped like the knuckle-bone of a finger—pea-sized eyes winking against the light—a chubby head, with a crown like a warming-pan—and a round mouth, resembling the glass peep-hole to a puppet-show—have nothing to do with "beauty." No allusion has been made to the *complexion*, which, as the most accomplished nurse must allow, at this time, very much resembles that of a tallow "dip." Nevertheless, as before observed, the little creature is interesting; and Mamma is perfectly right

in dandling it on her arm, and being delighted to receive the baby-compliments of her friends, who, of course, never fail to find considerable likeness between its chin and that of the sire. And as for the eyes, "there is the mother *all over* in them." Byron has an exquisite passage respecting the mother and her infant:—

The wife

Blest into mother, in the innocent look,
Or even the piping cry of lips that brook
No pain, and small suspense—a joy perceives
Man knows not, when from out its cradled nook
She sees her little bud put forth its leaves.

The age when a child is both interesting and beautiful, is mostly between three and four. It is now that the miniature of life begins to develop a definite trace of feature and of grace—that the eye is glassed with the young beam of intellect; and that the tongue, like a rapid stream, prattles away in voluble but indistinct utterance. Yonder, on a sunny slope, is a curly-pated urchin, frolicking about in the glittering grass—now chasing a butterfly, and now his own shadow; blowing a "pussy-cat" in the air, and then lying on the grass, to eye the heavens, and wishing for a pleasant ride on the back of those dolphin-figured clouds! Let us call the chubby rogue to us, and survey his face and form.*

Well, here he is, dressed in a Lilliputian surtout, which is girt with a belt, and looks quite warlike. The collar is open at the neck; and reveals the unconscious swell of a bosom, pure as the "unsunned snow." What juvenile nobleness—what an innocent hardihood there is on that white brow, where the wild ringlets dance about in clusters, like grape-bunches on a windy day! Upon its sleek surface, the veins may be traced meandering along their course, and carrying, in their silky tubes, blood, fresh and vigorous as joy. Who shall describe that laughing pair of eyes? There is in them a glitter of pleasure and purity—a soft, confiding expression, rolling across their azure orbs—that no pen can picture. Who shall define their flash of astonishment, when the glories of Nature first open on their view? their timid glance of awe, when the ocean first heaves its myriad hillocks before them?

How truly beautiful are the lips of children! A host of smiles seems nestled there; and when they expand, and disclose the ivory array just peeping up behind them—there is something almost beyond expression playing around them. But if a stranger can find a pleasure in looking on the little por-

* I am of course treating of children dressed as they *ought to be dressed*. I speak not of the deformities of modern times—those abortive "apologies" for human figures.

* See Volume III., page 49.

traiture of a man, what is the pure and deep delight of the mother when it is tripping along by her side, holding her finger and pouring out its pretty babble! How exquisite, to her eyes, is the dawn of mind, daily emerging, and developing itself in a thousand artless and importunate queries! And those who have *not* the happiness to be parents may imagine something of the feeling which glows through a father's bosom, when his child is standing between his knees, patting its tiny hands, shaking its ringlets, and lisping out sundry delicious impertinences.

At these moments, how fondly he glances from the mother to the child, and then, in prophetic visions, beholds the future career of his darling boy! Alas! those visions are not unclouded.

Anguish must riot in that guileless breast; many a tear must quiver down that cheek of purity, ere the boy shall ripen into the man. Still, the same viewless hand that has steered the father onward through life, may extend its guidance to the son. *He* may one day be a father, and, like himself, be musing on *his* merry-eyed boy! Hope brightens away the gloom of fancy, and the translated feelings of his heart, at this moment, are—

Hail to this teeming stage of life;
Hail, lovely miniature of life!
Lamb of the world's extended fold;
Pilgrim of many cares untold!
Fountain of hopes, and doubts, and fears;
Sweet promise of ecstasie years!
How fondly could I bend the knee
And turn idolator to thee!

Did my reader ever seat an infant on his knee, and tell to its delighted ear some marvellous tale? It is one of the loveliest sights in the world to mark the fixed attention of its eye, the drooping lip, and the pensive gravity of its manner; while the wondrous deeds of a giant-killer, or of some other tremendous personage that figures away in paint and print, are waking childish fancies into fears. By-the-bye, if mammas will condescend to take counsel in the flagellating department, an engaging story, in stormy or sullen hours, may very beneficially be substituted for that manual process which is so dishonorably affecting—so revolting to humanity!

How indistinct and imperfect are our recollections of babyhood! When we attempt to retrace the incidents of that period, we lose ourselves in a maze of associations and remembrances. 'Tis like looking from a mountain-top over the misty vale below. There are numberless objects before us; but they are only to be discovered in parts. We are dazzled with indistinctness; and indeed it may almost be doubted whether

we have any real recollections of what we were in the *earliest* bloom of childhood. We are accustomed to observe the habits of children around us; and therefore naturally conclude they are but such as ours were in their stage of pigmy existence. Yet can we well remember the time when we were fond of dabbling in a puddle, or putting a shell to our ear, and listening to its sea-roar! We love, too, to fancy ourselves humming away at a sunny window—riding a family dog down the green-plotted garden, or creeping along to put salt on sparrows' tails. All this, ridiculous as it now is, frequently suggests itself to our memories, when we survey the revelries of children, and seem to recollect our feats and adventures.

The most important day that I can remember of my childhood, is that on which I was breeched. I perfectly recollect, that I thought myself as mighty a personage as the Emperor Fum himself. With what imperial glances I surveyed my little shapeless Tom Thumb body, now for the first time bagged in manly trousers. No *lignum-vitæ* peg-top, spun by a clever hand, ever reeled about in such a giddy delirium as I did this day! How magnificent was the middle row of glittering buttons on my waistcoat! What a fine thing it was, that I should be able to climb a knotty tree, and poke myself through a briary hedge without the awful sound of torn petticoats! I remember wellbeing called into the parlour, and turned almost topsy-turvy for the gratification of friends who were anxious to compliment me on my "first appearance" in breeches!

I should like to see an able analysis of a baby's mind,—if mind it may be called. It is a subject of considerable interest; and one that frequently leads to many absurd speculations about materialism. One thing seems evident: that for a month after an infant's birth there is scarcely any mind in it. That which prompts its piping cry is mere instinct; and when the appetite is satisfied, it relapses into a dozing state, a senseless helplessness. It is almost on a level with an automaton. By degrees, however, the visage begins to clothe itself with the light of life. The eye appears capable of distinguishing an object, and betrays a consciousness of terror or delight; while the outstretched hand, together with a plaintive wail, explain its desire for an object.* At last, the voice is enabled to vent itself in words; the feet begin to walk; the memory awakens; and something like a *mind* is dis-

* For the occasional development of the natural affections in all their purity and intensity, at a *very early* period of life—see an article entitled "A Child's Heart," in Volume III., page 209.

covered in the *child*. Thus mind and body seem intimately and mysteriously connected with each other. Time is requisite to ripen the former, and to strengthen the latter.

Mimicry and curiosity are strongly exhibited in the habits of children. The imitative faculty is developed before articulation is perfect; and it might make a stoic smile to observe the puny but ardent efforts of an infant, to imitate any manual manoeuvre it beholds while throned on the nurse's arms. When the infant has grown into the child, mimicry becomes stronger than ever. What presumption does a little rogue display on a rocking-horse! He has seen a picture of Wellington on his charger—and why should he not sit like him, when straddling on a painted piece of wood? Papa plays a popular air, to please his son, on the flute. Just leave that son, who is barely two feet high, in the room; and you will presently hear *him* sputtering away, and imitating "Pop goes the Weazel" in most laborious squeaks.

If there be any danger in imitating its elders, it generally happens that the child is the more anxious for rivalry. Nothing but the actual endurance of some pain or punishment will vanquish its self-will. What a grand sight it is to see a "GREAT BOY" divide a pop-gun stick into two parts by one cut! The child must mimic him. He obtains the knife and the stick—and chops half a finger off. But ere this, papa has displayed a pistol. What an admirable—what a delicious trick it will be, if his son (affectionately christened "Sly-boots") can pop one of those "funny things," the pistols! If papa has any brains, he will lock his pistols up, or he may be saluted with a leaden pill in his stomach on some inauspicious morning; or perhaps see his "darling William" meditating over "dear Emily," to whom he has unfortunately paid a similar compliment.

Of childish curiosity, what might *not* be written! And how they puzzle us, too! They cannot see, in their innocence, *why* certain questions should not be asked; whilst *WE*, in our craftiness, see every reason why they should not be answered. The child "smells a rat," and soon becomes as "cunning" as we are. Children, now-a-days, are tutored in deception from their very cradle; and are industriously taught that "innocence" is a vice. When *WE* were young, we were told that we were "nobody." We believed it. Tell our children this, *now!*

But curiosity, which is so strongly exemplified in children, ought rather to be encouraged than punished. Sometimes, it must be granted, curiosity leads to burnt thumbs, frizzled hair, and wet shoes. But, against

all this, we may balance the daily improvement it occasions. It is highly interesting to watch a child anatomise a toy, push his pin-fingers into a flower, or examine the inside of a box of bells. How eagerly he scrutinises a stray button! How rapturously he unravels the wiry entrails of a pad, and (barbarous little knave!) dissects the villainous wasp that has just stung him! But, if you wish to feed his curiosity to the utmost—if you do not regard a few pounds for enjoying the spectacle—give the child your watch, and tell him to serve it as he pleases. What a cunning spark will dance in his eyes at the sight of it! see with what joy he puts it to his ear—tick!—tick!—tick!—uncommonly strange! Where does that "tick" come from? Presently, you will observe him in great trouble to uncover the lid—'tis done! See what rapture plays over the child's countenance, now the inside of the watch is bared to his view! His gaze of surprise would puzzle any painter of the day to represent it on his canvass. But, as I said before, you must not wonder if your watch is presently anatomised!

Fox gave an exquisite sample of his benevolent mind, when he quoted to Dr. Parr, who frowned away two children from their innocent gambols—

"Et puer es; nec te quicquam nisi ludere oportet; Lude; decent annos mollia regna tuosque."

It is no wonder that Fox felt a passing pleasure in observing a couple of urchins engaged, heart and soul, at play. In truth it *is* a pretty spectacle. Indeed, we may get a glimpse of the future man by marking the child when he trundles his hoop, or giggles at a game at puss in the corner. The fearless tone of joy, the giddy laugh which hurries away on the breeze, or the undisguised frown of displeasure, and the clinched hand upraised—all are characteristics by which a spectator may venture to determine how the *man* would act; what energies he will reveal in pleasure or in woe.

It is a good omen, when a child plays with spirit and venturesome vigor. He will hereafter enter into the game of life with as much earnestness as he engages in a game of marbles. We all remember how a celebrated Grecian, when a boy, threw himself before an approaching wagon rather than have the marbles disturbed in the "pound." The same dauntlessness marked his career to the grave. On this account, it is injudicious in parents to birch their children for mishaps which take place in the heat of play. They should not regard a few uncrowned hats, unseated trousers, or rent pin-befores. Children ought not to be brought up as if they were made of plaster-of-Paris, or as if a winter's gust would blow them to pieces. Let them be permitted to climb, ride, swim,

and—fight (and bravely too), when their "honor" is in peril. A boy who will not doff his coat, and marshal his fists on such an occasion, will grow up a milk-livered man. I know that tender mothers will shake their heads at me for patronising infant pugilism; it is so "low"—so "dangerous"—so "ungenteel"—"teaches such bad habits." This is all moonshine and vapor—worse than sour caudle. As if two little fellows, with fists about the size of walnuts, could do themselves any serious mischief! As if there were any evil in learning self-defence and the laws of honor!

We have omitted an extremely pretty sight among the sports of children—a child at play with a kitten. The latter, I take it, is in itself a most poetical object, when pouncing on a fly, playing leap-frog with a sun-beam, or circling about and snapping at its own tail. But when accompanied by a little child, the union of simplicity and friskiness is charmingly attractive. The kitten puts itself on an immediate equality with the child; bridges its dotted back, whisks its tail, and paws and paws, and prances with the coyest playfulness imaginable. The child coops down before it with eyes in a glitter of delight, scratches the board with his finger, flickers a tempting slip of tape around its head, and, like Lesbia with her favorite cock-sparrow,

*primum digitum dare appetenti,
Et acres solet incitare morsus.*

And this I maintain to be an extremely pretty spectacle.

A few more lines touching a subject on which half the world are mad—and the remainder very little better; and this childish chapter shall be concluded. One of the most insensate plans in the rearing of children is that of harnessing them with the trammels of "education" before they can hardly distinguish their nose from their mouth. 'Tis enough to make the child sick of the world, and die out of spite. Let this be altered, ye mammams of old England!

Don't seek to place "old heads upon young shoulders." It will not do. The brain of a child must not be trifled with. Stuff it with a Babel fabric of modern science, and it will bend, perhaps break, beneath the weight. If your child *must be* a prodigy of wisdom, be it so. In *later* years, perhaps, the arena of its showing-off will be a lunatic asylum. Nature cannot be outraged without a high moral offence being committed. The sin will be visited heavily on the parent.

Let children *be* children. Watch the bent of their minds. Treasure up everything that indicates their natural bias. But interfere not with their sports and harmless amusements. There is plenty of time yet for care to be placed upon these innocent brows; nor

must those ruddy cheeks and laughing eyes be too soon rendered "thoughtful." Sorrow will come quite early enough; and bring with it its usual train of anxieties indescribable.

The day is happily gone by, for children to be brought in after dinner to go through sundry recitals of "Turn, gentle Hermit of the Dale," &c. Let all other follies and "mistakes" become equally obsolete. Nature requires—nay insists upon it, that in infancy and childhood art *must be* dispensed with, if it be desired that our offspring should be "healthy." Therefore, good people, let your bairns be "natural." Lay aside A B C, till curiosity ask for it. Then will all go smoothly and safely.

If we had fifty of these little "bread-and-butter innocents"—which Heaven forefend!—all of them should go tumbling about in the bright-haired meads, revelling in gooseberries, currants, elicampane,—and laughing their very hearts out in an overflow of joy.

Thus endeth this "Chapter on Little Children."

THE JOYS OF LIFE.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

"Nil desperandum!"

Let us not be cast down by the hand of despair,
Nor picture the future with sorrow and care;
The heart that makes sorrow or sadness its guest,
Expels those kind feelings it ought to love best.

Oh, why should we doubt, though the sun for a
while
Withdraw from our presence his bright happy
smile?
We yet have the joy that contentment bestows,
And the pleasure that ever from gratitude flows.

The sweet tones of Friendship still fall on the ear,
Relieving from sorrow the heart they would cheer;
And who would in doubt and despondency mope,
When a path lies before us enlivened by hope?

Hope smiles kindly on us when summer is gone,
And hails the bright buds as the spring-tide draws
on;
It beams on all nature, o'er forest and plain,
And guides the brave ship as she rides o'er the
main.

The poor little bird, when deprived of its nest,
Commences again with an increase of zest;
Again and again it completes it with care,
And dies from fatigue, ere it yields to despair.

Then be not cast down, nor give place unto sorrow,
Contentment will lessen the cares of the morrow;
With FAITH for our guide we need never be sad,
Whilst GRATITUDE makes the heart merry and
glad.

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION.

No. XLVII.—PHYSIOLOGY OF THE BRAIN.

BY F. J. GALL, M.D.

(Continued from Page 106.)

LET US NOW PROCEED with another branch of our interesting Inquiry:—

ARE OUR ACTIONS UNCONTROLLABLE BY REASON OF OUR PROPENSITIES AND OUR FACULTIES BEING INNATE?

What I have now said on moral liberty, proves how far I am from maintaining the uncontrollable character of our actions. It is not because those who accuse me of this absurdity do not understand my principles; neither will I say that it is through ignorance, or through piety, that they have assumed so bitterly the character of censors of my doctrine. No; let us leave it to posterity to do justice to their motives and intentions, and let us pursue our own task of rectifying erroneous ideas.

Professor Ackermann of Heidelberg, whom my adversaries in Germany have adopted as their leader, and whom my adversaries in France have faithfully copied, has directed himself with a suspicious animosity against the innateness of the moral qualities and intellectual faculties. If these dispositions are innate, said he, we have done with moral liberty; our actions are inevitable, and malefactors of all kinds have gained their cause. Observe to what means he has recourse to prove this consequence.

OBJECTION.

"An organ is the real representation of the faculty itself. The organ being given, its action is so likewise. A muscle which contracts is a different muscle from one which is extended. This is the true definition of an organ; but it cannot be adapted to the trash of Dr. Gall, since he would be obliged to say, that the organs being given, their peculiar action is so likewise, which annihilates the liberty of man."

REPLY.

All the objections of Ackermann turn upon the same false definition of *organ*, and I should be almost ashamed to regard them as worthy of the least attention, if they had not found so many partisans.

If the organ and the manifestation of its functions are the same thing, the organ cannot exist, unless its function takes place, and the agent must disappear every time the function ceases; consequences which Professor Ackermann himself derives immediately from his definition. Thus, not to lose an organ, we must keep them all in eternal activity, together; we must always, and at the same time, taste, smell, hear, look, touch, run, sing, dance, speak, eat, think, learn by heart, judge, will, &c. In sleep, all the organs of animal life would disappear. Who does not see the absurdity of Ackermann's definition, and, consequently, the absurdity of his whole argument?

I call an organ, the material condition which renders possible the exercise or the manifestation of a faculty. According to this definition, it

may be conceived that no exercise of a faculty is possible without an organ, but that the organ may exist without the faculty to which it belongs, being put in exercise.

Professor Ackermann will have it, that men cannot refrain from doing things, for which they have received material conditions or organs. He does not perceive that he contradicts himself. According to him, the cochlea of the ear is the organ of music; according to him, too, the *thalami nervorum opticorum* (couches optiques,) and well-organised senses are the organs of the imitative arts; he likewise maintains that the organ of painting is a practised eye. Now, if it be true that no organ can exist without action and exercise, it follows that every man and every animal which has the cochlea in the ear, must perform or compose music; that every man and every animal possessing the *thalami*, and senses well organised, must be skilful in the imitative arts, and that every man and every animal having a practised eye, must constantly be engaged in painting. I shall not remark how singular it is, to hear it said that we can *acquire* an organ, to those who pretend to understand thoroughly the true principles of the physical organisation.

OBJECTION.

§ 77. "When the organ becomes atrophous, the faculty of the aptitude which has existed by this organ, immediately ceases. This, experience teaches us. A musician of the greatest powers, if he does not cultivate music, loses the faculty of perceiving and producing tones; the painter loses his talent when he no longer exercises it. This is what will hold true of all the organs of the animal body. The muscles of an individual, obliged by disease to remain a long time stretched on the bed, become atrophous, and the faculty of motion diminishes in the same proportion. The eye becomes atrophous in the darkness of the prison, and the faculty of seeing is proportionally diminished. What need we more to prove, that without a manifestation of the faculty, no new organ is produced or exists, and that the diminution and cessation of activity, involve the wasting and gradual disappearance of the organ?"

ANSWER.

I have several times repeated my confession of faith; it is, that the want of exercise may retard the activity and the development of an organ. It is on this that I found the advice to control as much as possible, in children, the exercise of organs which may become dangerous; to prevent, by this means, the facility of action which would be the consequence, and to favor, on the contrary, the action of organs whose tendency is advantageous; but I have never inferred from this, that without some manifestation of the faculty, any organ can be produced, or can exist. Men and animals bring with them, in coming into the world, all the organs of the functions of the senses, and even the internal organs which Ackermann supposes, such as the organ of will, of comparison, of abstraction. It would be difficult for him to call in question that we are born with eyes and their nerves, with the tongue, nose, ears, hands, and with the nerves of all these parts, with the great cerebral ganglion, heretofore called the *thalami*; in fine, with the two hemis-

pheres of the brain. These parts, therefore, exist, and are born previous to all exercise, before any manifestation of faculty; and though so many animals remain deaf and blind for several days, and new-born infants can neither compare nor abstract, yet all their parts tend, by degrees, to their perfection, and become successively capable of exercising their functions. For the rest, one hardly knows how to answer the metaphysics of Professor Ackermann. It would follow, by taking his opinions literally, that the atrophy of organs is impossible; for if it be true, as he often repeats, that the existence of the organ coincides necessarily with the manifestation of the faculty, it ought to result that the organs, so long as they are not violently destroyed by death, are continually exercised, and thus preserve their existence and integrity.

OBJECTION.

§ 78. "The beautiful hypothesis by which Dr. Gall, in the exposition of his doctrine, thinks to secure the freedom of man, falls of itself; for, as soon as he shows an organ of theft, the being in whom he observes it, must be a robber; and not only has an assassin the organ of murder, but whosoever has on his cranium the organ of murder, must be an assassin. If he says that one may have the organ of murder without being an assassin, I deny this proposition, because no organ can exist without its faculty being manifested; if he objects that the manifestation of the faculty may be arrested by other organs and other actions, I say that in this case the organ ought also to waste, and that, consequently, the organ of murder should be wanting in him who in fact is no assassin."

§ 79. "It must be confessed that the idea of admitting organs without the presence of the faculties which they ought to represent, is an excellent subterfuge, to escape and to answer all the reproaches and all the objections which can be made to organology. For, if any one whose skull is examined, has the organ of theft, and yet is not a robber, it will be said that the organ only indicates the disposition, and that the man, in not robbing, proves that he has had a good education, which has given him the means of resisting a violent propensity. If an arrant knave has not the organ of theft, the difficulty will be got rid of by showing, that respect for another's property has been somewhat set aside by the preponderating action of the other organs, but that one cannot impute this act to the organ of theft, which is entirely wanting."

§ 80. "Dr. Gall has a vast field open before him; he may traverse it with short-sighted people, and set aside their objections with extreme facility. But he is overpowered in presence of the true observer of nature, whom he resembles only by his mask. He must of necessity confess that, if there were organs such as he imagines, these organs could not exist without a manifestation of the faculties; and that whoever has the organ of murder must be an assassin, in the same way as whoever never has committed murder, cannot have this organ. He must confess, that such a doctrine, if it could subsist, annihilates the freedom of man, and that then human society could only be governed by the

laws of a blind necessity, and not by those of reason. But, fortunately, Dr. Gall's doctrine of organs is worth no more than his logic, and his observations of nature taken in a mass. It is evident, that there are not, and cannot be any organs like those which Dr. Gall has invented."

ANSWER.

I have combined these three paragraphs, in order to comprehend them in a single answer. Why do my adversaries, when they pretend that I teach the uncontrollable character of actions, always speak of the propensity to theft and the propensity to murder? They know, in the first place, that by the expression, propensity to murder, I by no means design an organ which leads immediately to homicide, but simply the natural propensity to killing other animals, a propensity which belongs to every carnivorous animal, and, consequently, to man; they know that it is only the degeneration and abuse of this propensity which lead to homicide; they know, also, that we admit organs of goodness, as well as moral and religious sentiments; why, then, do they not say that men are irresistibly led to commit good, moral, and religious acts?

Professor Ackermann cannot admit what I have always publicly professed, and what I have now established in this treatise, on the free use of innate qualities, because then, his objections would reduce themselves to nothing. I am, therefore, going to prove to him, by arguments drawn from his own principles of physiology, the truth of what I have advanced above. Though the will has no immediate influence on the vegetable or automatic life, or on the organs of this life, such as the heart, liver, kidneys—still Professor Ackermann acknowledges, with all physiologists, that animal life, and the action of its organs in a state of health, are almost entirely subject to the will. Now, as he establishes the principle, that there exists an organ of will in the brain, it would result from his own avowal, not only that all the actions of animal life ought to take place necessarily and always, but also, that by a singular contradiction, will and irresistibility would exist together!

As Professor Ackermann always continues to repeat these same objections, I am obliged to hold to the same answers. All his arguments have no other basis than this false definition: *the organ is the true representative of the faculty*. If the organ and the manifestation of its faculty were the same thing, and their co-existence were necessary, all the organs of animals and of man, those of automatic as well as those of animal life, would have to be continually and simultaneously in action, or an instant of cessation of the action would cause them to disappear. Where do we see any example of this in nature? Does a muscle disappear because it is inactive? Ackermann answers, that a muscle in motion is quite another muscle from that at rest. It would result from this reasoning that the same foot, according as it walks or remains immovable, would be quite a different foot.

Let us again reason on the other avowals which Ackermann makes. He admits the brain as the organ of the soul in general; he establishes, besides this, some peculiar organs in the

brain, for comparison, judgment, and will; he regards the combination of solid and liquid parts, the nervous plexuses and the ganglions of the chest and abdomen, as being the organs of the affections and passions. Now, if the objections which he makes to me had any foundation, would not these objections be common to his system with mine? Would it not follow, from his own confessions, that man ought without ceasing to compare and judge, to wish, without cessation, good and evil, truth and falsehood; to be unceasingly a prey to all affections, and to all passions; and that, when in sleep, in fainting, in apparent death, these organs cease to act, all should immediately disappear?

The idea which Ackermann conceives of an organ, is so contrary to good sense, that he has not been able to keep himself invariably to the same language. He says expressly, in parag. 77: "The organ and the manifestation of the faculty belonging to it, are the same thing; without exercise, no organ can exist, or be produced; the cessation of action of an organ involves its diminution, and finally its disappearance." He also says, in parag. 78, that no organ can exist without manifesting its faculty; that the man who has the organ of murder must be a murderer, as he who has never killed cannot have this organ. Now, what I am going to cite, is in direct contradiction with what precedes. Professor Ackermann says, in parag. 73: "The manifestation of the faculties depends solely, or in a great degree, on perfectly developed organs: when the manifestation of the faculties does not take place for a long time, the organs or the dispositions must successively diminish, and in fine, disappear altogether." He admits then here, that the birth of organs, their existence, and their perfection, are anterior to the manifestation of their faculties. He does not, then, regard the organ and the manifestation of the faculty as being the same thing. It is no longer on single organs that he makes the faculties to depend—he makes them thus dependent only in a great degree; and in order that the action may be effected, he admits likewise, other conditions. In fine, he confesses that the organs diminish gradually, only when they have been a long time inactive.

Ackermann does not content himself with confounding every moment, the total disappearance of organs with this diminution; he also regards simple alterations and maladies of organs, such as hardening, and paralysis, as being the same thing with the complete annihilation of an organ, and takes the effect for the cause; for in these cases the cessation of the functions is a consequence, and not the cause of the malady.

In fine, all the statements given by Ackermann are false. Without exercise, says he, no organ could exist or be produced; although just before, he had said, that they are produced and exist a long time without exercise. Are not all animals and all children born with several organs and senses, though they may not have been able to exercise them in the womb of the mother. At all periods of life, the organs are perfected before they can fulfil their functions or be exercised. They exist, then, very well, without any exercise, and without fulfilling any

of the functions which are proper to them. The muscles of the external ear are found in almost all men; but since the creation, there have been but a small number of individuals in whom they have been exercised. It is commonly by chance, and after having lived thirty or forty years, without using this faculty, that one finds that he can move the muscles of the external ear, or the skin on the top of the head. Thus, there is nothing but error and contradiction in all the objections of Professor Ackermann and his partisans, M. Moreau de la Sarthe, M. Tupper, &c.

M. Kurt Sprengel, eminent for the services which he has rendered to science, has addressed some objections to us on the irresistibility of actions. I sincerely wish, for the honor of German literature, that so distinguished a scholar had not spoken of my doctrine, till after he had been led to understand its spirit and purport, otherwise than by rumors. That has naturally happened to M. Sprengel, which happens to every learned man, who wishes to attack a doctrine before understanding it in its whole extent. Even while urging the consequences which he thinks must flow from this doctrine, he cannot refrain from rendering homage to the truths which form its basis.

M. Sprengel makes the faculties of the soul and mind depend in part on the brain, in part on the temperament. He extols the advantages of the mind, when it inhabits a healthy body. He acknowledges, as we all do, that health is necessary, in order that the functions of the mind may be duly performed. Too great irritability, he says, has for its consequences erroneous judgments, an ardent imagination, a faithful memory, a refining spirit, irresolution, inconstancy, profound sadness, and inordinate gaiety. The voluptuous character of the fair sex depends on the delicacy of their physical constitution: the soft temperament produces a feeble but sure memory, an indolent conception for love and hatred; a dry temperament gives, on the contrary, many errors, a durable memory, attention to a single object, an imagination often overflowing, and very lively affections of the soul.

This last and ancient error has maintained itself till now, among all the physiologists: all continue to speak of the different qualities of the mind and soul which must result from such or such a temperament. The most recent physiologists have no scruples in advancing that the man endowed with a sanguine temperament may in vain wish to renounce the pleasures of the senses, to have fixed and durable tastes, to obtain by profound meditation the most abstract truths: controlled by his physical propensities, he will incessantly be brought back to the pleasures he avoids, and the inconstancy to which he is destined.

These assertions are repeated from one age to another, without ever asking or examining whether they are proved by constant experience. What is certain, is, that this doctrine establishes at once the innateness of the faculties of the soul and mind, and the dependence of their exercise on material conditions. Whether these conditions all reside in the brain, or whether they are dispersed through the whole body, in the viscera, in the nervous plexuses, in the blood, or in a nervous fluid,—they are, nevertheless, material conditions, which hold the manifestation of the moral qua-

lities and intellectual faculties in their dependence.

Yet, though M. Sprengel regards the properties of the soul and mind, as consequences of the harmony of the solids, and the combination of the fluids, he nevertheless accords to man a free will, and says expressly that one need only blame himself, if he be led away by his temperament. Why, then, not be satisfied with my asserting also, that man has only himself to blame if he follows the impulse of his organs; and that I believe with St. Augustin, that God, in giving the power, does not impose any necessity.*

* It is a scriptural as well as a philosophical doctrine, that man possesses no power of his own creation; that he is dependent for all power upon the Deity. If man received from the Deity only the power to act, and not the power to *will*, the power of divine origin is made subservient to the human power. Infinite wisdom and power are absolute causes; and we can as readily conceive of an effect without a cause, as we can understand a cause as not necessarily producing its legitimate effect.—ED. K. J.

TO MY SOUL'S IDOL.

I need not token-flowers to tell
 How deeply dear thou art;
 Still on mine ear thine accents dwell,
 Thy virtues in my heart;
 Thy beauty floats before mine eyes,
 In soft, celestial light;
 Alike at orient day's uprise
 And pensive shut of night.

'Twas autumn—and the redbreast lulled
 With song the fading bowers,
 When for my hand thy fingers culled
 These wan and withered flowers.
 Fresh were they then; but, as I gaze
 The shrivelled blossom's o'er,
 The mountain peaks are grey with haze,
 And gleams the snowy moor.

The clouds of doubt between us rolled,
 In shadows passed the day;
 But, like a star, thy love consoled
 My spirit with its ray;
 For through the tempest and the night
 That beam was duly shed,
 To cherish with its steadfast light
 The hope which else had fled.

Oh! hallowed, Heavenly to my view
 Is every gentle scene
 Where thy fair foot hath brushed the dew
 From off the daisied green!
 Thy love, thy loveliness, thy worth,
 To me seem blessings given,
 To show my soul how things of earth
 Can raise its thoughts to Heaven!

Farewell! thou shalt not be forgot,
 My beautiful, MINE OWN!
 Oh! may the sorrows of our lot
 Bow down my head alone!
 And these dried flowers, which, given to me,
 Were moist with morning rain,
 Shall bloom of thee, and breathe of thee,
 UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN!

AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF A DOG.—No. XVII.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

(Continued from Page 109.)

LET me begin to-day, my good friend, by asking you, confidentially—"Do you love roast pork?" [Alas, no! or rather, good Fino, it liketh not us. We never eat it.] If you don't, don't I! "I believe you, my boy!" It is a delicious luxury either for dog or man. A boiled leg of pork and pease-pudding, too—that is not to be sneezed at, at least not by *me*.

But I am not at all particular; and as for vegetables, I like *them* passingly well. I should not object to dine any day upon a neat little bit of streaky bacon and some tender Windsor beans; nor have I any disrelish for a little *morceau* of fat, more or less. Indeed, I think every part of the flesh of that very improperly despised animal—a pig, is delicious.

In my country, Mr. Editor, we call this animal a "Cayon;" and what better sport than hunting a pig? especially if you meet with a long, lanky animal that can run *well*. How many have I chased in my time! Sometimes I have really mistaken them for a "gazelle;" so sleek and graceful are they! We do not, in my country, admire the fat, round, plump, comfortable-looking Chinese breed, but we prize those most which nearest approach the *townure* of a greyhound (mind, I speak generally, Mr. Editor). I grant the Chinese breed is occasionally met with, and that it is also much valued by its owner; but our *bon paysan* prefers his "Cayon" of the lanky breed. I don't refuse a bit of pork, even though it has never been cooked at all. I think it excellent when raw. It was my greedy brother Carlo who first gave me this taste. He had a wonderful fancy for uncooked pork, and he did not care *how* he got it. *Entre nous*, he was a sad thief; and at the risk of my life I was obliged to accompany him on his foraging expeditions. I blush to say it, but having once yielded to temptation, I soon became as great an adept as himself!

But these are sins of my youth, Mr. Editor; and therefore must not be handled with too much severity—especially as I am now an old dog, and could look at a leg of pork with the greatest complacency. It would be unwise, however, to tempt *any other dog but myself* too much. But now to my story. I forget now what brought it back to my memory; but it made me laugh so much, that I determined to brush up my memory and send it to OUR JOURNAL.

You must know that my brother was never happy unless he was in mischief. The scrapes he sometimes got me into are quite shameful to think of. I have often thought, if it had not been for his bad example, and his irresistible comic ways in persuading me to join him in all his mad pranks (to say nothing of his catching me by the ear, and making his teeth gradually meet, in case I took too long a time to deliberate before deciding), that I should have been a perfect model of *politesse* and elegance. However, I am again digressing; and that will not do. It so chanced that there was a worthy "Vaudois" wine-merchant, by name G. His vaults and offices were on the *Place St. François*. He had travelled a great deal over Europe; and he had also visited Egypt, Syria, &c.

He had been at Jerusalem as well as London. He was also a very kind-hearted, liberal man; indeed such a man as you seldom meet with. He was, however, rather too fond of testing the quality of his own merchandise. He was married to an English lady, now living; and having amassed a considerable property (more than he required in his business), he purchased, many years ago, an extensive country-house and farm at "Cour," close by where my old master lived. This he named after his "little wife," as he used (and certainly very correctly) to call her. She was indeed a little body!

There were extensive fields, vineyard, gardens, farm-yard, every description of stabling and out-houses, greenhouse, &c. Also two large dwelling-houses, one of which he occupied himself, and the other he used to let furnished, whenever he had the opportunity. Among the sundry appurtenances to this estate, was a capital range of pigsties, occupied by sundry fine porkers. I should say that, properly managed, the farming would have been as profitable as the wine department; but my friend was too liberal, and perhaps the wine trade was too alluring. He also had it all his own way; there being no rival nearer than Geneva, where resided a certain Mr. A. Now there was a certain tacit understanding between them that they should not poach upon each other's grounds. Moreover, Mr. G. could "spek won leetle bit English;" and his favorite expression was "Hang it, Sare!" Indeed he could scarcely utter a dozen words in English without the favorite "Hang it, Sare!"

At his well-stocked cellar at St. François, you might procure every sort of wine; including some capital port, sherry, and Madeira (at least, so I have heard old Bombyx say); also Barclay's and Guinness's stout, Scotch ale, &c. &c. Many a time I have been up into the little *bureau* at St. François, with my master, to order some stout and wine; but Mr. G. would never let you go till you had taken two or three glasses of sherry, or else a refreshing glass of porter, which, to an Englishman abroad, is really a treat. He had also a supply of Cheshire and North Wiltshire cheeses; and in the winter, once a week, he received a supply of soles and oysters. So you may imagine he was greatly patronised by the English.

If you said to this worthy on leaving his *bureau*, "Don't forget my stout, G.," he would reply,—

"No, Sare! Hang me, Sare, you shan't have any, Sare. Hang it, Sare,—you shan't have it, Sare, before you get home. I shan't send it, Sare, directly. No, Sare."

"Bon jour, G."

"Bon jour, Sare. Let me give you one, two glass more ale, Sare; this warm weather, Sare. Hang me, Sare,—it do you very much good, Sare!"

However, it was at his country-house that I was most familiar, and, as G. had a beautiful little spaniel, called "Jack," given to him by an English nobleman who once occupied his country house (Lord D., now no more), and a large sporting dog, named "Nero," I and my brother were excellent friends there. Besides, the farm-yard and out-buildings were excellent places for sport, and we were there quite "at home." Moreover, do what we would there was never a cross word; it was only:—"Hang me, Sare! if you

are not the funniest dog I ever saw, Sare!" Sometimes we invited ourselves to breakfast with him and his two dogs, and about fifteen cats.

"Yes, Sare. Hang me, Sare! I am very fond of cats, Sare!" One cat would jump on his shoulder, another on his knee, and another on the table, with her pretty head in the milk-pot. Presently Mrs. G. would come in, with a nice little bit of cold pork; and while G. was playing with the cats, and his *cara sposa* was gone to fetch the mustard, "Carlo" slipped off with the pork, and we would quietly enjoy it under a fine pomegranate tree in the garden.

On Mrs. G.'s return—"Well, where's the pork?" "I have no seen no pork, my dear;" and then, suspecting all was not right, he would look about, and find myself and my brother, with scarcely anything but the bone remaining. Instead of a good sound thrashing, it was only, "Hang me, Sare, you are two impudent dogs. What you mean, Sare, to come and eat my *déjeuné*? I shan't stand it, Sare."

Another bit of pork was produced, and G. went back to his breakfast, as usual, full of good humor. One day we played him a shameful trick; but nothing put him out of his way. He had just been killing a couple of fine porkers, and "Carlo" had seen them—so plump, and white, and tempting, there was no resisting it; and so we determined to have our share. Now this was an abominable shame on our part; for G. was a most excellent neighbor, and never killed a pig without bringing a small joint as a present to Bombyx, and some sausages that Mrs. G. had made herself. But "Carlo" had resolved to have a bit of this pork, and that *coûte qu'il coûte*. I demurred, and refused to join in such a rascally adventure, whereupon he gave me a savage gripe on the hind leg; but I was as quick as he was, and catching him by his stump (I can scarcely call it his tail, for from his battles and squabbles with other dogs, his caudal appendage was anything but a gentlemanly one, and I should have been ashamed to own such a thing) I soon made him loose his hold. After having allowed myself to be persuaded to "let go," off we sallied; and having inspected the pork, decided upon a prime side which was evidently intended to appear at G.'s breakfast-table, (during the winter) in the shape of nice grilled bacon. So Carlo, seizing it by one corner, and I by the other, we watched our opportunity; and dragging it unnoticed through the farm-yard, got safely into the field. Here we rested awhile, and seeing the coast clear, we started again and got it safely across two large fields, close up to the road. Here a very high close-set hedge stopped our further progress.

"Bother it!" said Carlo, "I think we must take it through Père H.'s field. His gate is usually open, and then we can get out. This was luckily accomplished without a very great loss of time, and we now had only to drag it along the side of the hedge till we got opposite Bombyx's residence. Here we also arrived safe and sound. Now came the difficult part—to land it safely inside. To ring at the bell and get the gate opened, we dare not.

"I have it!" said Carlo. "We can't leap up the wall with it, but I see how it is to be done."

It so happened, there was a very large stone against an old willow tree close to the wall. We placed the pork straight against the stone. Carlo sprung on the wall. I got on the stone, and raised the pork as well as I could with my jaws till Carlo clutched it, first with his paws and then with his teeth. I was on the wall in a moment, and we lugged it to the top in safety.

Here our further progress was once more arrested by a loud laugh. We had not been aware that Bombyx was at the drawing-room window, watching our proceedings at the top of the wall, and wondering what we were about. Just at this moment too, Mr. G. made his appearance at the gate, with a nice little basket of sausages as a present for Bombyx. Our ludicrous appearance forced a laugh.

"Well, hang it, Sare," said G. to Bombyx, "you *have* two funny dogs!" Bombyx was vexed, and he was about applying a cane to our backs. I was for making a bolt of it; but Carlo stopped on the top of the wall, making the most irresistibly comic face.

"Well, Sare," said G., "pray don't disturb them. There is plenty more for us all. They take the 'peine' to bring it all this way, Sare, they deserve it for their impertinence. My men ought to be caned, for not looking sharper; pray let them enjoy it, Sare. They are very queer dogs, Sare, to come and run away with a grand councillor's (G. was a grand councillor and a magistrate) bit of bacon. Very funny dog, Sare; very funny dog! My little wife beg me say, she have one very particular good little plate of pork for supper, Sare; and some roast *pommes-de-terre*, and she hope you come and eat it. I have some capital 1811, and a little old whiskey—*pour faire la digestion*.

About half-past eight o'clock, when we knew they would be at supper, Carlo said to me—"Suppose we go as far as Mr. G.'s, and just see what they really have got for supper. We can observe all that goes on through the glass door." "Well," said I, "I have no objection, provided you mean to conduct yourself like a gentleman; for I will not be a party to your rascality any longer. I have nearly lost my character through your shameful conduct."

A sulky growl warned me I had better say no more. So off we started, and there we found Mr. and Mrs. G., and Bombyx. Little "Jack" lay by the fire, and half-a-dozen cats were scattered in different directions. The supper smelt prime, and Mr. G. every now and then held a tempting *morceau* between his thumb and finger, which little Jack most gracefully disposed of. "Shoot that Jack," grumbled Carlo, "I really can't stand it. He's too bad."—"What," said I, "have you not had enough to-day?"—"Hold your noise, you stupid fellow, and just go round and see if Sophy's at the back-door. We may then perhaps squeeze in."

Glad enough to get away, I slipped quickly round. But, bless me! on my return what do you think had happened? Why, another little tempting *morceau* was held up to "Jacky." Carlo could resist no longer; and with one spring went right through the glass door, shivering two large panes to atoms, and alighting at the feet of Mr. G., who simply exclaimed—"Hang it, Sare, I never see such funny dog!"

The cats were flying about the room, and little "Jack" seemed to think the Prince of Darkness himself was there, so he hid himself behind a basket of wood. "Oh, my dear Coco!" cried Mr. G.; "come here, Captain." (He was standing at the top of the curtain.)

"Very funny dog indeed, Sare," quoth G.

Just at this juncture I arrived; and perceiving the hubbub, and my stupid brother grinning in the middle of it, I must needs follow through the aperture he had already made.

"Upon my waird, Sare, I never see such impudent dog. However, Sare, they shall not spoil our glass of whiskey;" and so saying, he stopped out the cold by applying the sliding shutter to the glass door, and then mixed some capital whiskey and water.

"Eh mon père; qu'y a t-il donc!" screamed Sophy, who had just been attracted by the unusual noise. "Eh les vilains chiens! Viens, ma jolie Co-colette; qu'est ce que ca veut dire?"

"Oh, ce n'est rien ma Bonne; c'est que le *petit* chien a sauté par la fenêtre. C'est tout. Apportez nous encore un peu d'eau bouillante, s'il vous plait."

The time however for parting arrived; and G. accompanied us to the gate of his country-house, exclaiming, as he wished us good night, "Very funny dog, Sare; very funny dog, indeed!"

Poor G. has been dead some time, to the unfeigned sorrow of all the poor in his neighborhood, to whom he was indeed a friend—a noble friend. My old master followed his remains to their last home; and surely, if "charity covereth a multitude of sins," poor G. will receive his reward. Adieu. Your very jolly old friend,

Tottenham, September 15.

FINO.

MAIDENS! TAKE HEED!

(ANACREONTIC.)

As Chloe tripp'd along the grass—
A pretty laughter-loving lass,
Love, flying by, her form did see,
And changed himself into a bee.
He hover'd fast from flower to flower,
And into every shady bower,
And all his little arts did try
To catch poor Chloe's wand'ring eye.

Alas! too soon he did succeed,
And Chloe ran fast o'er the mead
To catch the little fluttering thing.
But, quite regardless of its sting,
Within her hand she clasp'd it tight,
And soon began to scream with fright.
She'd felt the dreadful, cruel smart,
By being wounded with its dart.

She oped her hand—away it went,
Some other mischief to invent.
But though the insect flew away,
The sting remain'd for many a day.
The moral of our tale is this:
That though love may at first seem bliss,
Whatever joy it doth impart,
IT NEVER COMES WITHOUT A SMART.

OUR MIRROR OF THE MONTHS.

OCTOBER.

THE sere leaf, flitting on the blast,
The hips and haws on ev'ry hedge,
Bespeak OCTOBER come! At last
We stand on Winter's crumbling edge.
Like Nature's op'ning grave, we eye
The two brief months not yet gone by.

AT A TIME when all the world are poured out to behold the glories of the year, now apparently stationary, and reluctant to bid us adieu,—it seems almost superfluous for a pen like ours to attempt to sing of the season. We can *say* nothing worth listening to; though we *feel* transports unutterable. Therefore will our song, we fear, not be a very sweet one.

September has passed. It brought with it an agreeable change. For rain, we had sunshine; for chilling winds, we had a genial atmosphere. The wailings at the close of August were exchanged for renewed hope. The golden grain shook its dewy locks, and blushed with its honors thick upon it. A glorious sight has it been, to notice its dying moments; as, looking the sun full in the face, it fell laughing beneath the sickle. The farmer, whilst we now write, has overflowing barns; and though he *tries* to grumble, he finds it hard work.

That the price of "the staff of life" is excessive, is, alas! but too true. Yet is this not caused by a scanty harvest. There are other reasons for it, which lie beyond the scope of our inquiry. In all our rambles hither and thither,—we repeat it,—we have seen an abundance of everything; food ample both for man and for beast.

If we were to enter in detail upon our enjoyments of the month of August and a portion of September,—we should only be relating what must be fresh in the feelings of most of our readers. The charms of September are as unutterable in words, as they are delightful to experience. The year now concentrates *all* its beauties. Nature loves to behold, in one grand view, the past works of her delicate hands. Unwilling to let them depart, she waits till the very last moment ere she lets down the curtain which is to hide them for ever from our sight. Nor does this curtain drop suddenly. Surely not. The descent is gradual; and as the year decays, a million of fond objects linger with us to the last.

Summer still lingers, though its glories fade,
Still soft and fragrant are the gales that blow;
The yellow foliage now adorns the glade,
And paler skies succeed the summer's glow.

The drooping flowers fade, and all around
Their scatter'd blossoms wither and decay;
But still bright verdure decorates the ground,
And the sun sheds a soft and silver ray.

One great drawback to our enjoyment of Autumn, is, the oft-repeated sound proceeding from the murderous gun. In our late walks, we have seen many acts of savage butchery dealt out upon the unoffending partridge. Hunted from morning to night, wounded first by one and then by another,—again "flushed," and again wounded—this is his fate daily. What a day's "sport" for a civilised man to boast of! We carefully note the countenances of these butchers as we pass, and we blush to think that we are of the same race.

This very day, commences *another* "battue" on the pheasants. We shall now daily see registered in the papers, flaming accounts of the grand total of slaughtered victims which "fell to the gun" of the Hon. Mr. Fi, my Lord Fo, and the Marquis of Fum. These will be gloated over by the whole race of bird-butchers; and each will strive daily (rising early and slaughtering late) to surpass his fellow in acts of cruelty. But let us leave these blood-thirsty savages, whose sole joy seems to consist in the wanton destruction of life.

This is just the very time of year for us all to be vigorous. The sun shines, gentle gales rustle in the branches, the birds in their new livery come forth and sing; the air is bracing, and all Nature rejoices. The open fields, though bereaved of much of their former beauty, yet present sights that are agreeable to the eye, and stirring to the imagination. The husbandman is already at work, preparing for the coming year; and all is bustle and activity around us.

Nor are the hedge-rows devoid of interest. The luxuriant blackberry is now seen in boundless profusion; and many are the lads and lasses who go forth to gather them. The blue sloe, too, is now gracing the hedges with its soft tempting-looking bloom, and we see the dull bunches of the woodbine, and the sparkling holly-berry. The wild flowers are departing. A few only remain,—but those few, peeping up from beneath the newly-fallen leaves, seem to smile at us ere they bid us adieu. They are beautiful even in their death.

We still behold the butterfly hovering over the flowers in the garden, when the sun shines; or basking on the warm wall. He is happy to the last. Free from all care, he suns his wings, sips his nectar, and is "jolly" to the end. No wonder the poet sang,—

"I'd be a butterfly!"

The butterfly however, be it said, is rather ornamental than useful. We have amongst us far too many butterflies! A-hem!

We hardly need remind our friends to make the most of this month; for when it has closed upon us, the ensuing prospect

will be a dreary one. It is now the season for walking, rambling, nutting, gipsying, frolicking, and universal enjoyment. All now must be *al fresco*. Fires are, as yet, in the remote distance. Court Nature in the fields and the forests; and there you will be both happy and well.

The "fall of the leaf" is a season which, for us, has charms unutterable. We wander abroad with an ecstasy of feeling, of which we can give no idea. The gradual decay of nature is a sight we revel in. We listen to the sighs in the trees, we note the murmur of the breeze dancing among the leaves. We watch the flitting clouds, with a child-like fondness; and we dream pleasingly as we behold the rapidly flying panorama of nature's painting. At this season, the sun and the clouds cause a change of landscape every two or three minutes.

Autumn is the time when, if ever, we mortals are given to thought. There is a beauty peculiar to the season that steals upon the mind. It invests it with a tenderness and a permanency of impression which had not otherwise belonged to it. Our autumnal evenings are, in their grey and sober tinting, beautiful. In the many-colored hues of the trembling foliage, in the fitful sighing of the breeze, in the mournful call of the wounded partridge or ill-starred pheasant, in the soft low piping of our friend the robin; and, above all, in the sweetly plaintive warbling of the young thrush, the blackbird, and the wood-lark—in all these there is a union of sight and sound, which can scarcely fail to touch the heart with a corresponding sense of pensive pleasure. To enjoy this we should, whilst contemplating the passing scene, behold the setting sun (hitherto shrouded in the gathering gloom) gleam a farewell lustre on the fields. It is then, perhaps, that our emotions harmonise most completely with external nature.

We must now reluctantly take our leave. Ere we again meet our readers, the month of November will have come in—ragged in its garb, and comparatively barren. But October, of which a whole month remains to be enjoyed, will have gone out with a pageant and a feast.

The woods will have been hung with tapestry of all-glorious colors. The dark and glossy acorns will have been scattered in profusion on the ground. The richly-tinted and veined horse-chestnuts will have glowed in the midst of their rugged and spiny shells, which burst open in their fall; and birds will have been enjoying a plentiful feast of beech-nuts in the tree-tops.

All this yet awaits us; besides lots of rambles by sea and land. And then there is "nutting" in the leafy woods, accompanied by the girl of our heart; "blackberry-ing" in

the same sweet company; and there are certain little autumnal visits to pay—all most truly delightful. May we, one and all, be able to enjoy the bright prospect, and—

While Autumn strews on every plant
His mellow fruits and fertile grain;
And laughing Plenty, crowned with sheaves,
With purple grapes, and spreading leaves,
In rich profusion pours around,
Her flowing treasures on the ground,—
WE'LL mark the great, the liberal hand,
That scatters blessings o'er the land,
And to the God of Nature raise
THE GRATEFUL SONG—THE HYMN OF PRAISE.

May we all be in fine voice—and may the echo extend to the ends of the earth!

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A DOG—No. II.

BY ONE OF THAT SUFFERING RACE.

(Continued from Page 110.)

I AM GLAD TO HEAR, my dear Mr. Editor, from a multitude of quarters, that I "barked" in my last to some good purpose. I agree with you that Truth will ever carry all before it.

Some persons tell me, that I was too free in speaking my mind. Do *you* think so? [Quite the contrary, "Charlie." When we want to *cure* a wound, we must cut deep. Then shall we succeed bravely. Go on, by all means.] I confess I have had my cogitations about it. However, your favorite, Shakspeare, has decided the point. Turning over a page or two in his charming book, yesterday, I read as follows:—

To be—or *not* to be? That is the question,
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
OR—to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, END them?

END them, of course! barked I, with all the enthusiasm of an ill-used dog; and when I die, I shall stand enrolled in history as a canine benefactor to my race. Thus much prefatory—now to my narrative.

Let me see. In my last I told you all about the cage in which we were confined. In this cage we lived for about three months. Hosts of people came to see us, and we were much admired. But, *malheureusement*, not being "fashionable dogs" we were not soon disposed of. One day, however, a lady (the wife of one of London's merchant princes) came into the shop to buy a dog, and the lot fell on *me*. The lady pronounced me to be affectionate and intelligent. My eyes, I at once saw, had won her favor. Beautiful they were, of course, and expressive; for I was a "true breed" from the fountain-head.

Whilst wondering "what next?" and scanning my new mistress's countenance, I heard the money rattle in her hand. I was

handsomely paid for; and gently put into the carriage, which, at that time, seemed to me a paradise, and its inmates angels.

All in this equipage was so luxurious! The first thing I did was to frisk and jump about in an ecstasy of joy. It was such a change for me, that I felt half mad with delight. And then what a seat had I! A rich velvet cushion was provided for me, and I found myself side by side with my lovely mistress. Oh! how endearingly she patted my head, as she called me "her own pretty boy," and lavished on me some thousands of caresses!

Then her daughter! What a most charming girl she was! Oh, my dear Mr. Editor, how *you* would have loved her! She could not have numbered more than sixteen summers; and what an affectionate soul she was! Heigh-o! Well; I will not dwell on the subject—but was not I a happy dog? [You ought to have been happy, "Charlie." We have often envied your race, in days gone by, under such circumstances.] This enchanting girl did make so much of me, and fondled me so nicely, that I imagined myself in Elysium. Only fancy! one day I was in an iron-bound prison-house, almost unable to turn myself round. The next, I was in a flying palace on wheels; basking in the sunshine of angelic smiles and caresses.

If my astonishment was great on entering the carriage, guess, my dear Sir, with what amazement I stared about me on our arrival at ——— Terrace, when carried by Miss Emily into the drawing-room of that noble mansion! I was now handed over to Rosa, the nursery governess, who took me to the sanctum of dolls and rocking-horses, at the top of the house. Here, after having been held up by one ear, by the tail, by one leg, and sundry other torments—which I took all in good part, I was so delighted with the frank countenance of Master Albert, and the pretty face of Miss Victoria (the two children) that, although I suffered much pain at their hands, I scarcely cried.

In this room, however, my first real trouble commenced. I barked to be let out; but Rosa was dressing Miss Victoria, who was to appear after dinner in the drawing-room, and Master Albert was busy (philosopher-like) trying to discover the cause of motion in the eyes of a new doll that came home in the carriage with me, and which I nearly had the misfortune to break, by knocking it off the seat during my first burst of joy. For this I suffered mentally and bodily. I was called "dirty dog!" Miss Emily heard this. As she came up stairs I knew her sweet voice, and ran to meet her; hoping again to receive a fond caress, such as she gave me in the morning. But well I remember, and even at this distance of time I can

feel, the cruel "Go along, nasty dog!" and the lash of the whip, another of that day's purchases. My head seemed in a whirl, my heart beat almost to bursting. I could not cry, but slunk away into one corner of the room. There did I reflect, and marvel to think how kind and yet how cruel even well-intentioned people may be, when the head alone is furnished, and the warm impulses of Nature are scoffed at.

Even if I had been to blame (I was not), the cruel words from those who had been kind to me, and whom I already loved, would have been sufficient. There needed not the cruel whip, and the knowledge *that it was bought with, and for me.* What an idea! To buy an innocent creature on whom to lavish kind words and caresses, and to procure, at the same time, an instrument of torture for it! As if our senses were like the vitals of a Rhinoceros, only to be reached through the "cracks" on our hides!

After dinner, Miss Victoria and I were taken down to be shown to the company. You must excuse me coupling myself with this pretty child; but it is a fact she was as much for show as I was, except that *my* appearance was natural, hers doubtful. Between ourselves, her head and feet were all that could be distinguished as human. The residue was a mass of muslin, lace, and ribbons.*

When she had been examined and admired by the ladies (who complimented her maid, and her milliner), and the gentlemen (who considered "her eyes were beautiful, just like mamma's"), then came my turn. I was handed from one to another—first put on the floor, then taken up and placed on the table (for a better view I suppose). But, having no valves (*à la* Mr. Sands) on my feet, I slipped; and upset a glass of wine over one of the ladies' dresses. You may guess the consequences of this accident. The whip immediately presented itself to my mind; and so frightened was I that I screamed, became giddy, and fell on the floor. When picked up I was insensible.

* We are pleased, "Charlie," to note your minute exactness as you go on. Children now-a-days, are systematically deformed. If parents wish their children to be hated by their servants, their nurses, and by all who see them beyond the precincts of the nursery,—they are taking the most direct means of bringing about that result. As we walk abroad at this lovely season (either in London, in the country, or by the sea-side) we see everywhere the most disgusting exhibitions of these hideous-looking dwarfs. Naturally fond as we are of children, yet cannot we look at the modern deformities "called" children, with anything but unqualified abhorrence. They are all "outsides,"—an army of elaborately tricked-out "puppets."—ED. K. J.

My head had struck against a chair in the fall, with such force as to stun me. How long I remained unconscious, I know not; but I can well remember, on recovering my senses, the kind anxiety evinced by some one who knelt over me with a sponge and cold water, &c., by his side. Nor shall I ever forget his mild yet hearty "Cheer up, 'Charlie,' my man!"

I *did* cheer up, and tried to stand, but could not. My leg was broken. It was indeed fortunate for me that *you* had been sent for to give your opinion on my constitution and qualities.* You had arrived just previous to my fall, and had applied the means to restore me to consciousness. When you pronounced my leg to be broken, every one crowded round to pity me, and several hands were put out towards me; but the pain was so intense, from the broken bone, and the fear of punishment so fresh in my mind, that, in self-defence, I snapped at them, and I believe, really did bite you; but you took me in your arms, seemingly regardless of my anger.

Here, Mr. Editor, I shall wait a little month. You shall have the *resumé* in your next.

Yours, faithfully,

Sept, 20, 1853.

CHARLIE.

* It must be borne in mind, that "Charlie" is here addressing his doctor, Mr. KENT, the Veterinary Surgeon, who takes down the narrative from "Charlie's" dictation.

HINTS TO AMATEUR GARDENERS.

THE CALENDAR FOR OCTOBER.

The fall of the leaf, cold mornings, bright days, and "crisp" evenings, tell us plainly that we must prepare for coming winter. Nature has been very lavish this year in supplying us with an abundance of fruit. We must now proceed to take care of it.

The principal operations of this month consist in storing Apples and Pears, and various vegetable roots; planting bulbs, and sheltering tender plants. The best criterion for gathering late fruit is, the ease with which they leave the tree. In gathering, keep each kind separate; and handle them with the greatest care, as upon this their keeping very much depends. Codlins and other kitchen sorts liable to shrivel had better be laid carefully in small heaps and covered with straw. They will thus keep longer and plumper, retaining their weight. The best material to lay Apples or Pears upon is Fern, or Straw perfectly dry and free from mouldiness. A dry room, a cellar, or any other place if it can be found less influenced by the weather, is the best situation to keep them in; but for the most valuable late-

keeping Apples or Pears, the following plan cannot be too strongly recommended:—Get some fine pit-sand; and heat it hot, to dry it and destroy any vegetable remains it contains. Then procure some large jars or garden-pots; put a little sand when cool in the bottom, and then a layer of fruit,—barely touching each other. Then fill up between them with the sand until the vessels are full. They may now be placed in the bottom of a cupboard, or any other place where they will be safe from frost and kept dry. The best and most perfect fruit should be selected for this purpose, which may be ascertained after they have been gathered a short time.

FRUIT.

Commence pruning Gooseberry and Currant bushes. Towards the end of the month, they may also be transplanted. The best soil for them is a rich deep loam, on a dry bottom, although they will grow in any soil. They should have some well-rotted manure dug in about them, every second or third year. In pruning Gooseberries, those intended to produce large fruit for exhibition must have their young wood cut out very thin, and be shortened back about half its length; but others intended to produce heavy crops should have the young wood left its whole length, only thinning out the middle of the tree, and removing any branches that cross close to each other.

Few private growers produce such fine Currants as market-gardeners; which is attributable, in a great measure, to the inferior methods of pruning pursued. The best plan is, after the head of the bush is formed (by allowing several main branches to rise at regular distances of six or eight inches from each other), to prune the laterals or side branches, produced every year, back to one or two eyes. The spurs, if they become very thick, should be thinned out, and the leaders shortened about half their length, first observing the direction of the bud you intend to cut to, which should point outwards. This is of consequence; as it will keep the heart of the bushes open, and must be attended to when shortening back Gooseberries. Those of a pendulous habit must be cut to a bud on the upper side of the branch; and, indeed, in every kind of pruning, the direction of the terminal eye is of great importance.

Currants can scarcely be pruned too close. As soon as the prunings are collected, burn them, and spread the ashes beneath the bushes. A thin coating of hot lime dug in about the stems is of service against the caterpillars. The branches of Black Currants may be thinned out, but not shortened. Lay in by the heels some of the strongest shoots, if required, for propagating. Top-dress Strawberry-beds with well-rotted dung.

FLOWER GARDEN.

Alterations.—Determine on, and get carried out at every opportunity.

Antirrhinums.—A few of the first struck cuttings may be potted off into thumbs.

Auriculas.—Now make ready your winter quarters. See that your frames are in good order, that

your foundation be high and dry, and have all in readiness for your stock to take possession, so soon as by stress of weather out-of-door homes seem uncomfortable. In the meantime prosecute the destruction of all insects, and make all clean, and be ready at a moment's notice to remove all.

Bedding Plants.—Cut down or pull up as they decay.

Borders.—Clean and prepare for bulbs.

Box-edgings.—Make, clip.

Bulbs, may still be planted in beds or borders, and if not done last month, may now be potted.

Calceolarias, well-rooted, may be shifted. Look to seedlings; keep clean.

Camellias.—Keep watered, and occasionally draw the syringe over them towards the end of the month.

Carnations.—Keep clear from decaying foliage, and grow hardy as possible. Confinement is the origin of spot, mildew, &c.

Chrysanthemums.—Continue treatment recommended last month. Toward the middle of the month remove the plants under glass, giving as much air as possible, guarding against rot.

Cinerarias.—Continue to pot them as required, and let the plants be removed into their winter quarters. There should be a dry pit or frame, banked up at the sides, to keep out frost. Also have mats or straw in readiness, in case of frost. Prepare compost; equal parts of rich loam, old cow-dung, and leaf mould, and one-tenth sand, except at the final potting, when a larger proportion of loam would be beneficial.

Collect Soils, composts, leaves, &c.

Crocuses, and similar bulbs, plant.

Cuttings, store pots of, keep clean and grow hardy; take more if quantity be needed.

Daffodils.—Plant in the same manner as all similar spring flowering bulbs.

Dahlias.—Take up, dry and store away from all chances of frost.

Ericas.—It is desirable to discourage further growth, ripen new wood, and expel mildew. Keep tolerably dry; admit all the sun and air possible.

Evergreens may now be generally planted.

Forcing, such as bulbs, &c., may be commenced, if flowers of the same be wanted about Christmas.

Frames, look to protection, if frosts thus early set in.

Fuchsias still quiet. Those started for early flowering should be cut in and potted into smaller pots.

Green fly, look for amongst store pots of cuttings.

Greenhouses, admit the utmost circulation of air to, expel damps by lighting fires, but do not shut up at the same time. Open at the top.

Herbaceous-borders, clean as the plants in them decline.

Herbaceous Plants, cut down as they go out of flower.

Hollyhocks, in pots, require the full influence of air and light.

Hyacinths, continue to pot and plant. Those first potted will now be in a condition to be brought forward by increased heat. Keep order and arrange all plants in houses, frames, &c.

Liliums.—When the mould in the pots becomes dry, take up the bulbs, removing all the mould. Carefully twist the dead flower stem out, cut away old roots, divide the main and take care of the young offset bulbs. Plant the blooming bulbs, using compost before mentioned, into as small pots as you can conveniently get them in, one in a pot. The off-sets, plant round the sides of pots. Label and plunge the whole from two to three inches below the surface of the ground under a south wall.

Manures.—Obtain, stack, and protect from wet. Expose to all frosts, and turn as often as frozen.

Open frames, pits, &c., on every favorable opportunity.

Pansies, plant out for early spring blooming, without loss of time, that they may be established.

Pelargoniums.—Shift all young plants that require it. Re-pot the specimen bottoms that have been disrooted, and have by this time got well-established; putting them in the pots required for blooming in. This applies to plants for May. Water sparingly, and in the morning. If the weather is damp and cold, light a fire to get the heating apparatus in order, in case it should be wanted in a hurry. The soil for potting them is the same as before recommended.

Perennials should all be in their places from the seed or nursery beds.

Phloxes.—Cut down as the flowers fade.

Picotees.—When it is necessary to water, avoid wetting the foliage unnecessarily. At this season it is uncertain how soon they may be again got dry.

Pinks, if long, need twigs, or other support, so as to secure against strong winds.

Pits generally require to have the lights drawn off at every favorable chance. In wet weather tilt both at top and bottom. In bleak windy times open only on the quiet side. In frosts, cover up; if containing tender subjects, with mats, &c.

Polyanthuses.—Draw earth up to the stems; or do so by adding fresh. Look for, and destroy slugs.

Pots of plants should now be generally housed or otherwise protected.

Primulas.—Pot on, as they fill with roots, the pots they may be in. By this, finer specimens will be obtained, without potting on early bloom is secured.

Protect by mulching, ashes, fern, &c., all half hardy plants out of doors that have done flowering, and have been cut down.

Ranunculuses.—Turn over the soil of beds in dry weather. Plant the early spring flowering sorts.

Roses.—Plant.

Roses in pots that require shifting may now be shifted. Cut the old roots back, and give fresh rich maiden soil.

Store pots of cuttings, and see that they want not for water.

Trenching.—Proceed with, as crops be removed from quarters, beds, borders, &c.

Tulips.—Towards the end of this month is generally considered to be the best time for planting; inasmuch that a few fine days are more likely

to occur than later. Nevertheless, there is but little to fear if the operation be taken into November, provided the green spear be not too elongated. The task of planting is one of no difficulty, providing due attention has been paid to the previous simple and progressive instructions, the bed marked out, the soil after repeated turnings, refreshings and additions, replaced and well settled. Proceed to place the bulbs in the bed in the order as noted down in your book, bulb by bulb, and row by row. There are several methods adopted by growers; an easy and effective one is, that your side-boards being six inches high above the surrounding paths, may be filled up to their upper edges, and the soil made smooth and even. Then, by marking the entire bed with the places for the bulbs, deposit the same on the surface, and cover each with a silver sand. This done, it is necessary to have boards three inches broad to place on those already fixed, and then fill up with soil to their upper edge—elevating the centre of the bed at least one inch above the sides. Another method is to plant with a trowel, the bed being first made its proper depth. Regularity is scarcely so readily secured by this method.

Verbenas.—Gradually reduce the quantity of water to all the stock. Place them in winter quarters, close to the glass; giving air on all occasions, except in frost. Fumigate to prevent green-fly, and dust the foliage with powdered sulphur to prevent mildew. Collect seed.

WINTER FOOD FOR POULTRY.

WE have let our own pen be so eloquent on the subject of the hideous unsightly Cochinchina fowl; and we have pointed out so frequently the rabid insanity that rules the worshippers of their race—that we are glad to register the opinions of another laborer in the same field.

It is said, remarks the Editor of the "Gardeners' Journal," and we think with some truth, that John Bull cannot get on without his hobby; and this hobby seems for the present to be the multiplication, feeding, and rearing of Cochinchina fowls. This mania has seized upon and as it were carried off by main force some of our leading patrons of horticulture, and made them in spite of themselves patrons and purchasers of these ignoble bipeds. At such prices, too, have many of these purchases been made, as would have bought up the entire stock-in-trade of some of the metropolitan fancy who dub themselves "nurserymen and fowlists." Seeing, therefore, that the current of public opinion has set in in this direction, and that the stream is at present so irresistible, no folly could well surpass that which, under present circumstances, should venture to oppose itself to such a headlong torrent. We therefore conform for the present; and make space for the following communication, in the hope of guiding, to some extent at least, the impetuous course of those whose enthusiasm has forced them into the middle of the torrent, where, it would seem, anything like calm reflection and calculation becomes *an impossi-*

bility. The article is from the pen of a gentleman who, from experience, is fully able to speak upon the subject, and whose opinions and remarks are worthy of every attention:—

The extraordinary influx of fowls into yards, pens, gardens, and fields—in short, into every unoccupied spot about everybody's premises—begins to wear a serious aspect, now that corn is dear and potatoes failing. "Pets are never in the way," "never give any trouble," "make no mess," "cost little or nothing to keep;" in short, are quite economical, picking up what would otherwise be wasted. There is, indeed, a time for all things; and this state of things may exist in summer, when insects abound in every rubbish-heap, and large corn-fields are as yet uncleaned.

But there is an evil day not far off, and we may as well warn the inexperienced poultry-keeper in time, that he may lay up such store as may stand him in good stead when his pet fowls have to seek their food from frozen clods (where all the grubs and earth-worms are safely entrenched, beyond the powers of beak or spur to reach them,) and the field has become strawless that erewhile seemed a sea of standing corn. Now, there is a class of very ornamental birds, named wild-fowl, that are daily fed by Nature, and thrive very well on their fare; and it is to their exchequer that we must now turn for a supply, before our ways and means get exhausted. We read of certain miners that had a dozen figs doled out to each man for his breakfast (not a word about the coffee and the bacon); and, owing to the climate (South America), they did heavy work on this light fare. We eat fruits for luxury, but we seldom think of making a meal from the gooseberry-bush or the apple tree; although dried apples formerly were important articles of food in monasteries and religious houses, and Norfolk is famous for them still.

As we do not eat fruit ourselves, to any extent, we do not appreciate its importance to domestic animals, and consequently amazing quantities of the very healthiest food for fowls are annually wasted. The mountain-ash produces a berry which, when preserved like currant-jelly, is eaten with venison at the tables of the rich. Birds are very fond of these berries, and they are easily preserved all the winter by gathering them when ripe, and building them up into a stack with straw; or rather, I should say, by putting them into a corn-stack or straw-rick, as the building goes on, which I have done often, and found the bunches rosy red, and quite fresh, at Candlemas, when the rick was taken in to be threshed.

Here, then, is one of the ways and means of getting a treat for your pets, on a frosty morning, at no great expense; and as shell snails abound in many localities, and are easily kept through the winter in a few faggots, a good stock can now be laid in, thus securing another article of food at a cheap rate, and these, to fowls, are the greatest luxuries you can give them—shells and all.

Disease among fowls would be almost unknown, if such natural articles of food were given them as fruits and insects; but heaps of grain, hard-boiled eggs, and fermented flour-bread soaked in strong ale, are articles that strongly savor of "jockeyism" such as is practised to get horses up to the selling point.

A. F.

FASHIONABLE SECRETS.

THE HONEYMOON.



PICTURES OF EVERY-DAY LIFE IN FASHIONABLE SOCIETY, when painted on canvass and brought prominently before the eye, are curiosities in their way. The more closely we examine them in detail, the greater is the amusement they afford. Who would not be a candidate for fashionable life? Laziness and independence are such luxuries!

"It is delightful to submit implicitly to the will and dictates of a wife for the first week, or so, after marriage—*then* it has something of a charm in it, a gentle reliance that tells of love, devotion, and a great many fine things in the catalogue of conjugal duties—but really, *after one has been married almost a month*, it is high time to shake it off, for then it becomes a positive 'calamity;' and, like all other calamities, it is sure to increase."

Such were the reflections of the Hon. Henry Manners, as he sat one morning in his easy chair, listlessly admiring his nails; in presence of his young and beautiful wife, who was quietly sipping her coffee, and trying to look as prettily calm and domestic as any married beauty in the British Isles.

"John, bring me that book," said she, pointing to a handsomely-bound volume on a table at the other end of the room. "Henry," she continued, after the servant had withdrawn, turning over the leaves with her elegant little hand, "see if you can guess its name."

"KIDD'S OWN JOURNAL—no doubt," observed her husband, carelessly.

"No, it is not; though I bought that delightful book yesterday—try again."

"A Treatise on the Cure of Smoke: or Treatment of *Children*;" replied Manners, yawning slightly, and grinning pointedly.

"Nay, Henry," replied his wife, with a slight pout and blush; "you are determined *not* to try."

"It is quite impossible for any one to guess," replied the other, industriously biting a rag nail.

"How very tiresome you are, Henry!" said the lady, throwing the book on a sofa in a pet.

"How very unreasonable you are, my dear," said the other, looking at the action with great equanimity.

"I hate morose people—I always did."

"My dear Mary, how is it possible I should *know* what book you may have happened to purchase?"

"Nay, it is not *that*, but—but—you are quite changed, Henry."

"In some respects, certainly; for now I am married, formerly I was not," replied the other, with the air of a Locke. "But I am not aware that in any respect I——"

"Oh! pray do not talk thus—I hate sententious people."

"I see it is quite impossible to please you, my dear," replied the other, consigning himself, with an air of ill-assumed resignation, to the back of his cushioned chair.

"You were not used to be so morose, Henry," observed his wife, reproachfully; but in a tone that indicated a wish to put an end to hostilities.

"You were not used to ask such exceedingly unreasonable questions, and then fly in a passion if they were not answered," replied her husband, turning himself in his chair.

"Ah! but *then* you did not think them unreasonable; you would join in any pleasantries with delight; for *then*"—she was going to add, "you loved me,"—but her tongue refused to utter it; for it was too dreadful to think that he loved her not still.

"Well, well," replied her husband, "this has been our first quarrel, and I hope it may be the last. You *are* a dear, good wife, Mary; and if you are occasionally a little unreasonable, why——"

"Nay, Henry, it really was not I. Confess, now, were you not a *little* morose? But come, you must put on all your smiles, for I have set apart this forenoon for our making a few more calls together."

"Calls! Mary," said her husband, starting up; "I thought they were now all over; and in honest truth, I'm heartily sick of lack-a-daisying it, and leaving cards tacked together by silver wire; and I am sure, my dear, we spent two mortal days in doing little else."

"Nay, love, but you know there are still the Countess of Casquetville, Sir John and Lady Ringdove, and my old friend Mrs. Percy."

"I have an engagement at the Carlton at one."

"Engagement! Henry. You forget it is still our honeymoon; and will be for two days yet."

"Reckoning *by time*, my dear," replied the other, drily; "but now having returned to town, you know——"

"Pshaw, no! you *must* consent this one day."

"Can't; upon my honor. Besides, I don't see any earthly occasion for it."

"To oblige *me*, Henry."

"I would do anything but break my word; and *that* you know you should not ask me to do."

"When do you return?"

"In time to dress. We go to Lord

Dorrington's at seven. And now, Mary, dear, good-bye," said her husband, approaching and kissing her cheek with the air of one who confers a favor.

"In time to dress," repeated his wife, after he had quitted the room; "that will be full six hours—and this is still our honeymoon!" * * * * *

"How much more pleasant it is to dine thus alone, than with the crowd of people we met yesterday at Lord Dorrington's," observed the Hon. Mrs. Henry Manners to her husband, the following day, as he sat sipping his wine. "This, Henry, is the first quiet dinner we have had together since our return to town."

"We had plenty of them at Broadland Park, my dear," replied her husband, looking contemplatively at his wine-glass.

"And were they not delightful? And then those sweet evening walks!"

"Yes, and your bickerings with the gardener," suggested the other.

"Oh! that obstinate old man; what a paradise the garden might be made if he would only—"

"Nay, my dear, pray don't renew the discussion. But how do you propose spending the evening, Mary? we shall be killed with *ennui* if we sit here alone."

"Henry!" said his wife, reproachfully.

"Nay, love, I did not mean that *I* should be killed, but I thought perhaps *you* might."

"Fear not—here is my work-box. Do you remember the sad havoc you once made with my reels of silk?" said the lady, looking archly.

But she might as well have looked archly at the Duke of York's monument—for Manners was fast becoming weary, in spite of himself.

"I promised to meet Lord Sweepstakes at Richmond to-night," he observed, musingly.

His wife was piqued; for although no nation in the world can endure *ennui* like the English, there is certainly none at less pains to conceal it—and Manners at length was only kept from downright petulance by the appearance of an evening paper.

This he listlessly took up, and placing the lights in the most convenient way for himself—to the total disregard of his companion—he began to pore over the columns in the desperate hope of finding some amusement.

But it were tedious to tell how a dull evening was spent; and we fear our readers would hardly thank us for such a narration. "Suffice it to say," as the journals have it, that Henry Manners sat it out; not however without making the secret resolution, that so long as the gift of reason was continued to him, he would never submit to such an ordeal again.

"Did I hear you order your cab at one?" said Mrs. Manners to her husband, as she entered the breakfast-parlor on the following morning.

"Yes, my dear," replied the other, pouring out a cup of coffee.

"Where do you go to-day?"

"Really, my dear, that depends altogether upon circumstances."

"But Henry, I had arranged that you and I were to accompany my sister, Lady Powderflask, to Squeelini's morning concert."

"Knowing how particularly fond I am of music," replied her husband.

"Nay, but then to accompany me. You know I cannot yet be seen in public without you."

"I declare, Mary, you are as full of whims as a superannuated Lady Patroness. What earthly harm can there be in your going to a morning concert without dragging *me* there, when you know my detestation of all concerts, and morning concerts in particular?"

"Dragging *you!*" cried his wife, thoroughly piqued. "I am astonished to hear you use a word like *that*."

"I know none more applicable," replied her husband, quietly; "seeing that you are not content with my having remained at home *all* yesterday evening to *oblige you*."

"To oblige me!" cried the beautiful and once fascinating Mary Dudley, in unfeigned astonishment; and putting back her chair with a domestic tragedy start—"Oh! this is past all enduring—it is mere wanton—"

"My dear Mary, let us have no 'scenes' for goodness sake! Just employ your own excellent judgment (h-e-m!) for one moment, and you will see that it cannot be expected that *I* should continue every day, hour, and minute of my existence, in attendance on my wife! Much as I love you, Mary," continued he, with his mouth full of buttered toast, "*that*, you know, is quite impossible."

A considerable pause succeeded; and Manners was beginning to congratulate himself upon the success of what he flattered himself was "firmness," when, to his utter amazement, his wife, towards whom he had not once ventured to look, now burst into a flood of tears!

Starting up, he rushed to her side, and made use of all his former terms of endearment, which were yet fresh in his memory; repeating them almost mechanically. But his wife's agitation only continued to increase; and dreading the usual *finale* of a fainting fit, he pulled the bell violently, and summoned her attendant, who instantly—as they always do—made matters worse, by exhibiting a little agitation of her own, out of sympathy to the "dreadful way" of her "dear mistress."

Rap, rap, rap—rap, rap, rap!

"Why, zounds!" cried Manners, going to the window, "here is Lady Powderflask. Oh! we shall have the whole family here by-and-by."

In bounced her ladyship, who instantly enlivened the scene by a new burst of sympathy. Fragrant essences, soothing expressions on all sides, and a great deal of whispering on one, were put in requisition to restore tranquillity; and in a short time, Mrs. Manners permitted herself to be led to her own room—in a state, however, of extreme "nervous agitation."

Manners was left alone. *Now*, to go out was impossible, it would have been barbarous to have done so. The day, as if to add to his gloom, set in dull and drizzly; and taking up the newspaper, he threw himself into his chair, and began with a melancholy interest, to read the "Coroner's Inquests," and list of "Suicides."

"Ah, Manners!" cried Lord Sweepstakes, entering the room about an hour after the events above mentioned. "What! still in your dressing-gown! Why, we shall be late."

"My dear fellow, I re-al-ly can-not accom-pa-ny you to-day."

"Why not; what's the matter?"

"Oh, no-thing—but the fact is—you know—we are old friends; you must pardon a little weakness, eh?—but the fact is, thank God! THIS IS THE LAST DAY OF OUR 'HONEY-MOON!'"

Such are the every-day pictures of Fashionable Life. The actors marry, as a matter of course; and, as a matter of course, —repent at leisure.

What a droll world is ours!

TRAVELLING—AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THERE ARE MANY ANOMALIES connected with the habits, usages, and customs of mankind. The very thing which appears only rational, as well as natural for them to do, *that*, by a strange and unaccountable perverseness, they studiously avoid; taking infinite trouble to procure amusement and delight in foreign countries, when they might find it readily at home! But there *are* also other reasons.

Our contemporary, the *Times*, has recently dwelt upon this, and exposed the fallacy; but he cannot hope, more than ourself, to alter an established custom. He asks—How is it that Englishmen—with the exception of commercial travellers—see but little of their own country? and then adds—We are the most migratory people in Europe, and yet are not acquainted with the beautiful scenery and more interesting towns of the island in which our lot is cast! In the

green uplands and sparkling streams of Devon—in the picturesque valleys of North and South Wales—in the lake scenery of the North of England and the west coast of Ireland—and, above all, in the Scottish Highlands, there is surely enough to attract the tourist; but, for some reason or another, he directs his wandering steps elsewhere!

No doubt, this in a certain degree depends upon that mysterious principle in human nature which drives sight-seers far away from their own homes, for the purpose of visiting sights which they would have passed over with indifference had they been situated at their own doors. How often, in the course of his life, does a Londoner visit Westminster Abbey, or St. Paul's, except as escort to a country cousin? We fear the Parisians display the same apathy as to the attractions of Notre Dame, and that the Viennese do not throw away much time upon St. Stephen's. This principle is no doubt operative to a certain extent; but it is insufficient to account for the fact of the reluctance of English people to travel in their own country.

There is surely enough in the historical traditions of the English soil, and in the absolute beauty of its surface, to attract us in youth or in old age to every corner of our islands. We are, in point of fact, deterred from making the tour by the execrable character of our hotels, and the extortionate charges exacted for insufficient accommodation. It is somewhat startling but true, that a tourist could spend a couple of months upon the double journey between the United States and England, visit every State of the Union, from the Falls of Niagara to New Orleans, and live in comfort during his whole trip, for a less sum of money than it would cost him to "aim at," we do not say to "attain," the same amount of comfort during a two months' journey in the British Isles.—*Ex. gr.*—

Let us imagine the English traveller during the period of his tour, to visit North and South Wales, the English Lakes, the Scottish Highlands, and to return to his starting-point, London, through York and the midland counties. He is in his own country—he has no trouble with language, currencies, or customs; but, although the fare for the steamer backwards and forwards between England and the States is £30 either way, the whole Transatlantic trip will cost the tourist considerably less than if he had confined his wanderings to his own little island. As to the amount of comfort to be met with on either route, it would be idle to institute a comparison—so greatly is the result in favor of the more distant trip!

Here let us pause awhile, and consider, first, the character of hotel accommodation

in England. This is entirely mismanaged from beginning to end. That which the traveller does not want he can meet with—that which he absolutely requires for his comfort and refreshment, is not forthcoming. There is not the slightest occasion for red cotton velvet sofas, four-post bedsteads with faded brocade, or piles of useless furniture either in sitting-room or bed-room. No traveller cares to see his mutton chops set before him in a dingy kind of imitation of a silver dish. These displays are unnecessary, or simply annoying. A traveller would rather pay for their absence than their presence. That which is wanted, however, is an establishment in which the passing guest can obtain clean and wholesome food at a moderate cost—something less than twenty times more than he would have paid for it in his own home.

Then, again, can there be a more inconvenient arrangement than that which seals the public-entry room to ladies when in the company of a father, husband, or any male relative? Any one who is unfortunate enough to have had experience of English travelling, must be well aware that the presence of a lady well nigh quadruples hotel charges. A private sitting-room is absolutely necessary; and then the bill is calculated upon the private-room scale, with the usual accompaniments of "wax lights," and other abominations of the same description. In England, in almost every case, the coffee-room is "a den," partitioned off into little pens; over each of which, a gas-burner is set blazing at night, to the discomfiture of the dismal occupant who may be confined within its narrow limits.

Compare this for a moment with the "public room" in the foreign hotels. In this, breakfast is served as at our own clubs; and later in the day, dinner—either in common at the *table-d'hôte*, or separately if desired, without the expense of a private sitting-room. The bed-rooms, too, in the hotels on the principal Continental lines, are infinitely superior to our own. In them at least, there are air and space—no filthy carpet there, reeking with the pollution of a thousand feet; and no evidences are there of a winter's soot. There is a bed without curtains—and consequently without saved-up dirt—a table, a sofa, a few chairs, and a little bureau, and the usual apparatus for washing. That is all there is; indeed all that is required.

Even under the head of "ablutions," the Continental hotels are better provided than our own. There are either hot and cold baths in the house, or they are to be met with at a bath establishment a few minutes' distance from the hotel. In France and Germany this is invariably the case; and how much

the arrangement promotes the comfort of the traveller they only can tell who, after a hard day's travel, have not been able to procure the refreshment and comfort of a bath. There are, we admit, hotels in England where such things are to be procured; *but they must be paid for at a rate far beyond the means of ordinary travellers.* It is simply ridiculous to point to such an establishment as the "Bedford Hotel" at Brighton, and to cite it as an example of the comfort of British hotels. To frequent or to use such a house, a man must either be a millionaire or under the reckless influence of approaching bankruptcy.

Bad as the character of English hotels must be considered, with reference to the accommodation they afford, they appear still more discreditable when their charges are called in question. Perhaps the shortest manner of testing the comparative merit of the two systems as to price, will be to reprint an extract from the letter of a correspondent which appeared recently in the *Times* (see that paper, bearing date September 8th). This gives the relative cost of two autumn trips made respectively in the years 1851-52 by the writer, in company with his wife and daughter. The first tour extended through a portion of Switzerland:—

1851.—Cost of railway travelling for three persons, for a period of seven weeks, through Belgium, France, &c., with fare by diligence occasionally	1,200f.
Cost of hotel expenses, ditto	1,300f.

Total 2,500f.=£100

1852.—Cost of railway travelling for three persons during a period of six weeks and three days, through the south, south-west, and west of England, by North and South Wales, towards Liverpool, through Scotland, and back to London, <i>via</i> Newcastle, Durham, York, Leeds, Nottingham, Leicester, Leamington, and Oxford	£115
Cost of hotel expenses, ditto	£245

Total £360

Now, sir, I give you my word of honor that I was not only better lodged and fed during my Continental tour for £100, than during my home tour for £360, but was, moreover, treated with very much greater consideration and respect.

Such a calculation may, perhaps, sufficiently indicate the reason "why" Englishmen are shy of travelling in their own country. An English tourist, of moderate means, naturally declines the Scotch Highlands, and flies to Constantinople and Asia Minor. He cannot afford to travel in England—that is the simple reason "why" he remains ignorant of the scenery of his own country.

The cost of railway travelling, although this is far higher with us than on the Continent, and far higher than it should be, can-

not account for the result. It is at the hotels the difference is felt; and, when we say hotels, we are not speaking of such a den of thieves as Dover, but of the ordinary English hotel. We find precisely the same kind of result if we go into an hotel in the neighborhood of town, at Greenwich or at Richmond—say at the “Crown and Sceptre,” or at the “Star and Garter.” Excellent dinners at a high rate *can*, no doubt, be served at either of these establishments; but let a party of three or four, who require a quiet meal, “think twice” of *the cost* before they venture in! They will find themselves mulcted in the sum of six shillings for little more than a pint of most indifferent wine, and other charges in proportion. Compare this system with that of foreign *restaurants* and *tables d'hôte*, and is it a matter for great wonder that Englishmen avoid the hotels of their own country?

We fear it is too late now for our English hotel-keepers to reform. People avoid them as they would avoid a precipice, and it will be long indeed ere they recover the position they have lost.

An Englishman's hand is, at this season, never out of his pocket. Pay, pay, pay! rings in his ears, wherever he goes, either by steamboat or rail. If he enter a watering-place, he is fleeced; if he go to “a quiet spot in the country,” it is simply *ditto*.

In short, extortion and roguery seem to rule our land, from east to west, from north to south. All we can say is,—“We are used to it.”

What a consolation under suffering!

THE NEW CRYSTAL PALACE.

WE HARDLY NEED SAY, that the workmen at Sydenham are busily employed; for time now admits of no delay. However, although some portions of the extensive operations in the park connected with this great undertaking are progressing rapidly towards completion, yet a very great deal has still to be effected before the whole of the ground-work is finished.

The two terrace walls, which are of Bath stone, with circular niches in front and handsome balustradings on the top, are both built, and some of the statues which are to ornament the corners of the bastions have been procured and are ready for setting up. The narrow grass slope, between the basement of the palace and the level of the first terrace, is completed, and the terrace itself might soon be made ready for gravelling.

The second terrace, which is to be laid out in beds on grass, intersected in various directions by gravel walks, has been put into form. The basins for the fountains, with which it is to be ornamented, are being excavated, and the pipes laid for supplying them with water. The main central walk, leading from the principal transept through the two terraces, has been put into shape as far as where the first great fountain in the park is to play; and

the balustrading along the top of the lower terrace wall has been continued down the sides of this walk as far as it is raised, and round the fountain; till it terminates in two neat piers a little below the latter. The slopes too, from the base of the stonework down to the level of the surrounding ground, have been turfed. This has the effect of setting off the white stone with which the terrace walls are formed, to great advantage.

All along the terrace walls the little piers, which are 24 feet apart, are to be surmounted by vases filled with flowering plants; and beds of mignonette and other sweet-smelling flowers are to be scattered plentifully along the grassy bank below the first terrace, so as to yield an agreeable perfume to visitors looking over the wall on the magnificent gardens below, with their delightful groups of ornamental shrubs, flowers, and fountains. A large tract of ground lying between a natural knoll, or little hill, on the west side of the first great fountain in the park, and the front of the terrace gardens, has been laid down in turf or sown with grass seeds, and completed. Several of the broad walks too, in this part of the grounds, have been made, and rough gravelled.

Various well-arranged clumps have also been formed and planted, chiefly with shrubs bought in at Messrs. Loddiges' sale; and altogether this side of the park, with its finely undulating surface and broad glades of grass, begins to assume an interesting and finished appearance. On the top of the eminence, or little knoll, just mentioned, some sort of colonnade is to be raised; from which views of the grounds can be obtained. But by far the best view, both of the park and the extensive and beautiful valley beyond it, will be that from an open colonnade which is to be formed round the front of the palace itself.

A few circular beds have been made round some of the pieces of lawn which have been finished; but they have not been planted. A large quantity of bedding plants have, however, been bought in, and are planted out in nursery “lines” merely to forward their growth a little preparatory to their being housed for the winter.

Before leaving this part of the grounds, we may just mention that the palace station, into which not only the West-End railway but also that from London Bridge is to run, is being formed close on the western boundary of the park, at a little distance from the palace; between which and the station, there is to be a glass covered-way; so that the contents of the building may be inspected without inconvenience, during all kinds of weather. If we pass down the line of the great central walk which is to lead to the bottom of the park, decorated as it is intended to be on either side with flowers and shrubs, and alive with fountains and waterfalls, we find great operations going on; but nothing is as yet so far advanced as to convey any correct idea of what it is ultimately intended to become.

It is intended that the main walk, after passing round the first basin and fountain, shall proceed in the direction of Penge Church, till it terminates in another circular basin and series of fountains, whose equals will only be found at Chatsworth itself. To give some idea of the magnificence of the display that may be expected to be found here, we may mention that the centre column of

water will rise 230 feet in height. Around that, will be four fountains, each 120 feet in height; and these again will be surrounded by 16 others, each 72 in height. Nor is this all; there are other groups as grand, besides multitudes of smaller decorations of a similar character, which in themselves will doubtless be worthy of Sir Joseph Paxton's experience in such matters.

On the south-east side of the great fountain just described, will be a lake covering 5 acres of ground. Other ornamental water will chiefly consist of two strips on either side of the principal walk, just below the first fountain. These are to be each 450 feet in length, and will be fashioned into cascades, which will fall into broader pieces of water on the right and left of the walk, and lying at right angles to it, each 1,000 feet long. These two latter pieces will each contain fountains of great power and beauty; so that there will certainly be no want of decorations of this kind, which tend so much to set off pleasure-grounds to advantage.

The towers from which the fall for the fountains is to be obtained are nearly erected. They stand at each end of the building, which they equal in height; and the water is to be forced up them by means of steam-power from a reservoir, which covers more than 2 acres of ground and is 12 feet deep. It will thus be seen that the gardening operations connected with this great undertaking are yet very far from being finished; and that the directors have much yet to do before all that we have mentioned shall have been completed.

Beyond the dress ground will be the open park; the Anerley side of which, where there is a considerable extent of thicket, will probably be converted into a kind of gipsy-ground, by forming walks through the wood; but not otherwise materially altering its natural character. This will afford an agreeable and cool retreat from the heat of a summer's sun.

THE ARTIFICIAL PRODUCTION OF FISH.

IT IS A FACT, now well established both in France and England, that FISH can, by artificial means, be reared in any quantity, and with the certainty of success.

We have, on a number of occasions, drawn attention to the process, and expressed the hope that it would be prosecuted with unremitting exertions. Our hopes have been realised.

To speak of experiments in our own country, we may refer to the recent investigations of Mr. Samuel Gurney, Jun., of Carshalton. That gentleman has for some years occupied himself in experimenting, early and late, with the artificial breeding of fish; and for this purpose he has constructed small lateral rivulets, in which the eggs of the trout, when collected, are deposited, and kept till they are hatched, and the young fish have attained such a size as experience has shown to be proper and safe for them to be exposed in the ordinary stream. (He has, be it said, a considerable stream of the purest water, and abounding with trout, passing through his grounds.)

Our contemporary, the "Gardeners' Journal," remarks, in a recent number—"We have *seen* these operations, and can confirm, *from observation*, what we have been told by the persons who make it their business to attend to them—that it would be difficult to set a limit to the myriads of trout which might be raised in this manner; and no doubt other kinds of fish may be managed in the same way." There can be no doubt whatever about this, as the "principle" holds good. And as to causing an excess in the number of fish, *this* can be regulated at any time, and very easily.

It is well known to persons who have paid any attention to this branch of natural history, that ninety-nine in every hundred eggs of the trout are destroyed by the adult trout themselves, by water-fowl, and the different kinds of fish which may happen to be in the water—all which greedily devour the spawn of one another. Nature seems to have wisely provided this check to prevent undue increase, from the great fecundity of this class of animals; hence the field which is open to all but illimitable increase by artificial means, whenever this may be deemed desirable.

The investigation of this question is, very properly, deemed important enough to have led to the holding of a recent meeting in Scotland, of the owners of some of the great fisheries there; in order to devise means by which to take advantage of the discovery in question. In France the subject is looked upon as deserving the countenance and support of the Government, as will be seen from the extracts below, which we make from a paper read by M. Coste, before the Academy of Sciences of Paris, on the 7th of February last.

Such being now established facts, a very large number of the country mansions of the nobility and gentry of the United Kingdom, the parks and pleasure-grounds of which are bounded or intersected by rivers and lakes, present opportunities more or less favorable to the introduction of this new branch of rural economy. New ideas and new discoveries have, in times gone by, had to struggle against the all-but impregnable walls of prejudice. We venture to hope that horticulturists, at least, will lend their aid to further and extend the necessary knowledge by which this discovery may not only add to the luxuries of isolated country mansions, but give additional value to the streams and rivulets which greatly abound in remote parts of the country—especially Scotland and Ireland, by rendering these streams productive of human food.

The following extracts will convey some idea of the plan pursued:—

All the springs descending from the mountains

near the establishment have been formed into a stream of 1,300 yards long, which carries them to the upper end of a storehouse destined for the breeding of the fish. It receives the water of the stream by means of a tunnel, made of bricks, provided with a flood-gate. As soon as the water has entered by the tunnel, it is stopped by a transverse ditch, provided with seven turning shutters, which correspond with as many equally distant rivulets, each 3 feet 3 inches broad, and 45 yards long, which are continued to the opposite end of the storehouse, and leave it under separate arcades; thence they each empty themselves into a separate basin, into which they are destined to carry the fish as soon as they are hatched.

Those artificial rivulets, whose banks are only three inches thick, are separated during the whole space which is covered by the storehouse, by deep pathways for the use of the keepers; in order to enable them to watch without fatigue the water and its contents. The surface of the water is about breast-high. By means of the above said turning shutters, the current of the water can be slackened or quickened, according to convenience. From the moment the artificial fecundation has communicated to the eggs the power of developing themselves, till the moment when the young fish are hatched, and carried by the rivulets into the basins, the condition in which the eggs are placed must be changed as many times as is required by circumstances.

The method of procedure is thus further stated:—

A vase of iron, china, wood, or tin is taken, whose bottom is to be level, and of the same dimensions as the aperture, in order that the eggs may be easily spread over the surface, and not heaped up, into which one or two quarts of water are poured; a female is then taken with the left hand, seizing it by the head and thorax, and at the same time putting the thumb of the right hand against the belly of the animal, while the other fingers are moved over the back from the head to the tail, pushing the eggs softly towards the aperture. If the eggs are mature and already loose from the ovary, the slightest pressure will suffice to expel them; the abdomen becomes empty without occasioning the least damage to the female, and in the following year she will be as prolific as a female whose eggs have been laid in a natural way. If, on the contrary, a certain degree of violence should be required for obtaining this result, the female is replaced in the fish-pond; for in that case, maturity is to be considered as not yet attained.

The facility with which the eggs may be detached from the ovary proves their maturity, but not always their aptitude for fecundation; for there are cases where the females are unable to deliver themselves, and the eggs lose the qualities they would have possessed if the operation had taken place sooner. Persons who have acquired some practice, discover this alteration by two symptoms—the flowing of a purulent matter, which does not exist when the female is in a sound state, and which disturbs the water; and the white color the eggs assume as soon as they fall in the water. When neither

of these two symptoms is present, the operation is to be considered as having succeeded.

The water in the vase must now be quickly changed, to clear it from the mucous matter derived from the friction of the skin of the female; a male is then to be taken, and the milt pressed out, in the same way as it has been effected with the females. The mixture is complete as soon as it has assumed the color of posset; and it is to be softly moved, in order that the fecundating molecules may spread themselves with regularity over the whole; the eggs are to be softly moved with the end of a long pencil, or with the hand, for it is necessary that there remain not a single portion of them not in contact with the matter destined to fecund them; after two or three minutes, those eggs are placed in the hatching rivulets.

We are told that one method which has been tried for the hatching of these fertilised eggs, is to place them in long wooden cases, with gratings at each end, upon a layer of pebbles. This method, it seems, is found to occasion a great destruction of eggs and young fish, by their getting heaped together in the interstices of the pebbles. A different plan is therefore made use of at Huahingue.

We place the fecundated eggs upon hurdles or flat baskets of osier, and put them at the surface of the rivulets; the settling contained in the water passes through the meshes. As the baskets are placed on the surface, a man is able to survey them with great facility; he moderates the running of the water, if it is too strong, and heaps the eggs; he takes the moss away with a pencil; and when after a too long sojourn in the water, the baskets are encumbered with noxious matters, he pours the contents of the dirty baskets into fresh ones, which proceeding secures the necessary cleanliness, without hurting in the least the young fishes.

When the eggs are hatched, the baskets in which they are contained are incased in a floating frame, and carried down the current to the basins or ponds in which the fish are to live till fit for use. The manner of taking them is next described:—

For this purpose, harbours are introduced along the banks, like those used by Lucullus and Pollion, with the fish-ponds of the Mount Pausilippi. But instead of being holes, these harbours contain wooden boxes, capable of being drawn out; they have an aperture similar to that of a dog-kennel. By means of a shutter, the end of which rises above the water, these apertures can be shut, and all the young fish which have taken a refuge in those treacherous harbours made prisoners. It is indeed known by experience that the salmon and trout, as soon as they are at liberty in a fish-pond, immediately assemble in the boxes which are placed along the banks. In case some of those animals should remain aside, it is only necessary to move the water, and they will immediately take a refuge in the harbour. These boxes, which can be constructed like boats, are then drawn out from their holes and towed over the Rhone Channel to the Rhine, whence they are prepared to be sent to all the rivers of France.

Within four months, MM. Berthot and Detzem will be able to effect their first despatch of fish, in order to try an experiment on a large scale. They will send 600,000 salmon and trout, which will be sufficiently developed to be able to people our rivers. The beginning will be made with the Rhone, a river which does not contain salmon; and, if we succeed, will give a most striking example of the riches which are to be expected of this new and rising discovery.

The necessity for propagating salmon and trout artificially, is shown by statistics. These evidence *such a rapid decrease in their numbers* as to lead to the belief that, without some such means, they must before long be annihilated. This is particularly the case in Scotland. On this point, M. Coste gives the following statement furnished by Earl Grey:—

The river Tay, near Perth, a place which has been rendered celebrated by Sir Walter Scott, produced to Lord Grey, in 1830, a revenue of 100,000 francs (£4,000); in 1840, it produced no more than 75,000 francs (£3,000); and it has now decreased to 45,000 francs (£1,800). This decrease proves that the produce must cease entirely, if its causes cannot be counteracted. The fisheries which produced 100,000 francs consisted of 5,000 or 6,000 salmon of a large size, and of 8,000 of a smaller size. Those quantities, compared to those we shall throw in the rivers of France, give a notion of the immense riches they will produce, for we shall not deal with six, eight, or even fifteen thousand, but with hundreds of thousands and millions.

M. Coste thus speaks of the future prospects of his establishment, and its probable results:—

There is no doubt that this new branch of industry is destined to receive constantly a more powerful influence as soon as it shall be proved that it will contribute to the sustentation of nations by re-stocking the seas. The sturgeon and the sterlet are two precious sorts of fishes. As well as the shad-fish and the salmon, they reside alternately in the seas and in the great rivers, and are now become very scarce. They are susceptible of a considerable size, and their eggs are so abundant that, in some countries, they are gathered in the months of March and April, and sold under the name of *Cavier*. At Astranham, more than a hundred tons of this are exported annually. This produce will suffice to stock the Mediterranean Sea by means of our establishment.

The fishery legislation, which now prohibits fishing during the period of the laying of eggs, will be completely inverted as soon as the new system of hatching shall be generally introduced, and fishing will be allowed precisely at the time of laying of eggs. If, as I hope, the Government will continue to favor us with its patronage, I shall organise upon the coast of Provence an establishment for the propagation of sea-fish. M. Gerbe, a distinguished naturalist, who revises all the processes as they are practised in Italy, will superintend that establishment; and, in the meanwhile I will betake myself to the Wolga, with M. Detzen, and fetch there the sturgeons and sterlets, as well

as their eggs, which we shall transport to our establishment.

The problem we are about to solve is one of the most important of public economy. It opens to production a new domain, the more precious that its fruits do not require the labor necessary for the cultivation of the ground. It is a new boon conferred by science upon the working classes, and will prove to them that those who work and those who think are united by indissoluble ties.

We do not attempt to apologise for the length to which this paper has extended. The subject is one of universal interest, and cannot fail to excite marked attention. It will be seen by the subjoined extract from a Perth paper, that in Scotland the subject is an all-engrossing topic:—

We noticed pretty fully last week the proceedings of a meeting of the salmon-fishing proprietors in the river Tay, regarding the artificial propagation of salmon. The resolution adopted by the meeting has been quickly followed up, and on Saturday week Mr. T. Ashworth, Dr. Esdaile, and Mr. R. Buist, made a survey of the Tay, between Perth and the bridge of Stanley. They, we understand, fixed on a site for a pond at Stamantfiel, on ground held by D. Spottiswoode, Esq., bleacher, there. A report was drawn up by Mr. Ashworth, and a plan of the pond has been prepared. We understand that the latter is in course of being lithographed for the purpose of being circulated among the proprietors in the Tay. The committee, we understand, are most anxious the experiment should be tried in the Tay for the propagation of salmon, which appears to have been so successfully conducted in the Solway.

Who shall say that we are not a progressive people? Every day brings with it abundant proofs that Nature *cannot* remain inactive.

May we make good use of all these gifts, and not be unmindful of the source whence they flow!

PERILOUS ENCOUNTER WITH A SHARK.

ON THE 20th OF APRIL LAST, says a correspondent, whilst five young soldiers stationed at Corfu were sailing along at a rapid rate, the boat in which they were received a sudden shock, as if it had run upon a rock, which nearly capsized her. One of the soldiers, having looked over the side, perceived a large shark swimming close to the boat, but it disappeared on his throwing a bottle at it. A number of porpoises were also about, and one of these was harpooned by a soldier named Flowers, son of Mr. Flowers, chimney-sweeper, Theatre Street, Warwick.

On being struck, the porpoise immediately dived; and the line being entangled round the arm of a soldier, named Hanson, he was dragged into the water. Flowers seeing Hanson about thirty yards from the boat making for a rock, turned the boat in that direction and nearly overtook him; but when within about six yards of him, one of his companions cried out that there was a shark going towards Hanson. Flowers seized a knife which stuck in the side of the boat, plunged head first

into the water, and diving underneath the shark, turned himself on his back, and thrust the knife into the belly of the monster in several places; but it was of little use, the shark having seized upon Hanson, and taken his leg off near the knee.

Flowers then endeavored to get his comrade on his back; but both of them were nearly exhausted. He succeeded, however, in getting him into the boat, and bound up the wound with his shirt. When they reached the hospital, their unfortunate comrade was nearly dead from exhaustion, but after a short time recovered. While on their way, they captured the wounded shark, and towed it on shore. It weighed 234 lbs., and when opened the leg was found in its throat, the bone mangled to bits. The body of the shark has been placed in the Sailors' Home at Corfu.

THE BLESSINGS OF PURE WATER.

Wine, wine! thy power and praise
Have ever been echoed in minstrel lays;
But WATER, I deem, hath a mightier claim
To fill up a niche in the temple of Fame.

ALL WHO ARE well versed in the contents of OUR JOURNAL, can testify to our unflinching advocacy of *aqua pura*—WATER, the very fountain of life. We have not blindly spoken in its praise, nor sung of its many virtues without giving reasons out of number for our first love—first and last with us, good people; for we know its inestimable value.

Some may say, "It is all very well for you, Mr. Editor, who live in the country, to talk about rivulets of water, pellucid streams, crystal fountains, babbling brooks, &c.; but how can we, who live in London, ever become water-drinkers? The sources from whence it flows are so filthily impure—even the best of them, that we verily believe many are quite, and others more than half poisoned by taking it in combination with beer, tea, and other beverages. If we deliberately ask for a glass of cold spring water, and drink it off (believing it to be such), our stomach soon sets us right as to our 'great mistake.' We pay a penalty for our credulity, that makes us hate cold water ever afterwards."

This is good argument, we admit; and we as freely confess that we seldom ourselves venture on a draught of cold water in London, for the reason above assigned. There can be no doubt whatever that the flavor of dogs, cats, rats, &c. (so peculiar to, and so inseparable from, all river waters—our own Thames, *par excellence*) is not an amiable one, and the sooner it is got rid of the better.

The object of this article is to point out a remedy for so great an evil; not a partial remedy, but an effectual one. We mentioned in our last, that we had received a new patent Filter; and we promised to test its powers. We have done so. Now, we are well aware of the great prejudice existing with the public against the use of filters generally. OUR

dislike to them is as great; but we are not obstinate in our dislikes; and we like to try *everything*. It is well for us that we are thus pliable.

RANSOME'S PATENT FILTER came direct to us from the Dépôt, 71, Baker Street. We examined it carefully, and were surprised to find *no sponge* attached to it—as is usual with the common filters hitherto in use; and *the filth* necessarily collected in which is too horrible to be dwelt upon. This gave us *hope*. Nor was our hope doomed to be disappointed. We found the filter to be (what *all good inventions* invariably are) perfectly simple. The water is filtered through stone *only*. There is no sponge whatever required. A small quantity of river shingle (first carefully washed) is placed in the filter. On this the water is poured; and by it, nearly all impurity is annihilated ere it reaches the stone diaphragm of the filter below.*

Here it distils itself, like nectar, into the reservoir beneath; and by simply turning a neat little tap, you have a nectareous draught, whose purity can never be over-valued. Early and late are we at this running stream; and to its influence do we mainly attribute the fact of our brain being unusually bright.

Some affect to despise cold water. The Goths! We wish such people could see us at 6 a.m., taking our matutinal draught at the pellucid stream flowing from Ransome's Filter. They would envy us our treat.

Talk of Mount Helicon, indeed! Why go noodling so far a-head, when a Hippocrene can be found bubbling up in one's own garden—aye, and attached (at a very cheap cost) to every cistern in every house in the kingdom, where water has access?

How beautiful cold water is!

Oh, is't not wondrous fair?

No spot can ever lonely be

If WATER *sparkle* there!

It hath a thousand tongues of mirth,

Of grandeur, or delight;

And every heart is gladder made

When WATER is in sight.

These sweet lines are by a lady. We love to let the ladies have "the last word"—when they speak so much to the purpose!

* This shingle can be lifted out every now and then, carefully washed, and then replaced. It will last, we are told, for a considerable time; and nothing can be more cleanly, sweet, and wholesome.

WHO SHALL DECIDE?

It is with our judgments as with our watches, none go just alike, yet each believes his own.—POPE.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

How to cure a Parrot that disfigures itself by biting off its Feathers.—Some time since, I sent you a communication on this subject (inserted at p. 64, Vol. III.); and just at that period I was consulted by a correspondent with reference to a cockatoo who had acquired a similar disfiguring habit. I told him my ideas on the matter, and recommended that the bird should be washed with whiskey. More recently, a second communication reached me from the same gentleman. In this he says—"I have followed your advice respecting my cockatoo, and have had him washed several times in whiskey. You said use whiskey; but I can see no reason why any other spirit should not do equally well. The result is in accordance with your prediction—the feathers are all coming on again beautifully." This is very satisfactory so far as it goes, and proves that whiskey (or, perhaps, as my correspondent remarks, any other spirit) will cure the disease. But I should much like to have my supposition that it is caused by some insect, such as an *acarus*, either confirmed or set aside. Will any of your correspondents, who may have birds suffering in this way, examine the skin carefully as suggested, and make known the result in your pages?—BEVERLEY R. MORRIS, M.D., *Driffield, Sept. 10.*

The Rose of Jericho.—There is a very interesting article, my dear Sir, from the pen of Professor Goppert (in the *Allgemeine Gartenzeitung*) on the Rose of Jericho. I have transcribed it for insertion in OUR OWN JOURNAL, where it deserves to be registered. "In several districts of Germany, and also in the Silesian provinces, there is preserved, under the name of 'Rose of Jericho,' a vegetable production which here and there is employed by its avaricious possessors for various fraudulent and superstitious purposes. This relic of vegetation, which in ordinary circumstances is found quite dry, and rolled up into a ball about as large as the fist, unrolls itself, it is pretended, only once in the year—namely, at Christmas. This pretended miracle actually occurs. The plant unrolls itself; its branches forming curious figures, which may be compared to Turks' caps; and it contracts again before the eyes of the spectator. Although no one at the present day would believe in the supernatural causes assigned for this phenomenon, yet the true cause may not be universally known. It will not, therefore, be out of place to make a few remarks upon this. The plant was named by Linnæus, *Anastatica Hierochuntina*. It is first mentioned by Peter Belon, who travelled in the east from 1546 to 1549; though it appears to have been known in Italy before this time. Belon maintains that the name was given to the plant—which has no resemblance to the rose, and is not grown at all near Jericho—by the monks, in order that they might have something to answer to the 'roses of Jericho,' spoken of by Jesus the son of Sirach. Leonard Rauwolf, of Augsburg, who spent three years in the east, from 1573 to 1576, appears to have brought it from Syria to Germany. It was cultivated by C. Bauhin in his garden. It has been figured by Camerarius and others: but the best representation in modern times is given by Schkuhr,

in his excellent 'Hand-book of Botany' (1760). In addition to the above-named habitats, it has been since found by Delile in Egypt; namely, at Cairo, in Barbary, and also in Palestine. It belongs to the fifteenth class in the Linnæan arrangement, and to the order Cruciferae, in the natural system, and is an annual plant with oval leaves. The stem, branched and almost woody even from the ground, grows from five to eight inches high; and it throws out from the axils of the leaves small white flowers borne upon short stalks. These are succeeded later in the season by small oval, two-valved pods, on which the style remains, and which are also furnished on both sides with an ear-shaped appendage, wherein an active imagination might trace a resemblance to a turban. These pods are two-celled, and contain in each cell two small oval seeds. The plant is easily cultivated, and grows readily if the seeds are sown in a dung-bed in the spring; and the plants, after being potted, again placed in a dung-bed to accelerate their growth. It blooms in June, and the seed ripens in September. During the autumn, the leaves fall off entirely; the woody branches approach each other and contract into the shape of a ball, so as to form a hollow within, and present a convex surface without. The external convex surface of these branches is quite naked; as are also the fruits within. In this condition, it was first brought by the pilgrims from Syria and Palestine to Europe. As soon as this dried-up plant is brought into contact with water, the leaves unroll and expand themselves, and part from each other; so that the form of the pods can be clearly seen. Immediately on being dried, they contract again. This is an experiment which may be performed at all seasons of the year, nothing being essential to it but the property of vegetable fibre to expand under influence of moisture, and contract under that of drought; a quality which, as is well known, is made use of for the construction of hygrometers, but which, there is no doubt, the plant in question possesses to a greater extent than most others. On this account it received from Linnæus, as already mentioned, the name *Anastatica*, from *anastasis*—resurrection. It is called by the French, without any mystical allusion, simply, but very appropriately, *La Rose Hygrometrique*. As the quantity of water which the plant needs for its apparent resurrection is constantly the same, it can be exactly ascertained by experiment, how long it must be immersed in order to absorb a sufficient quantity; and on the other hand, how long it requires for the moisture to evaporate, so that the plant may again contract. This quality is now skilfully made use of in many places by impostors. The plant is soaked at the time at which it is pretended it will alone unroll, namely, as before remarked, at Christmas. It is afterwards taken out of the water, as it is by no means necessary that it should remain immersed up to the moment of unrolling, and the gradual unfolding of the branches is exhibited." By degrees the moisture evaporates, and they contract again; an experiment which at any time of the year may be repeated with equal success.—HEARTSEASE, *Hants.*

[Some seeds of the *Anastatica* were imported from Portugal in 1852, by the Royal Botanic Society. These were sown in the early part of

March last, and they came up freely without heat. Plants are at the present time growing in the Regent's Park; but hitherto they have not given any indications of flowering.]

Pleasing Optical Appearance.—Let a soap-bubble be blown up, and set under a glass, so that the motion of the air may not affect it. As the water glides down the sides, and the top grows thinner, several colors will successively appear at the top, and spread themselves from thence in rings down the sides of the bubble, till they vanish in the same order in which they appeared. At length a black spot appears at the top, and spreads till the bubble bursts. The thinnest substance ever observed, is the aqueous film of the soap-bubble previous to bursting; yet it is capable of reflecting a faint image of a candle or the sun. Hence its thickness must correspond with what Sir Isaac Newton calls the *beginning of black*, which appears in water at the thickness of the seven hundred and fifty thousandth part of an inch.—ANGELINA.

Bees on Laurels.—In the last number of our JOURNAL, I observed some remarks by a "Constant Reader" on the reason why bees frequent the leaves of the laurel. The writer states that they fix on the glands at the base of the leaf, and extract from them *something*, but he is unable to tell what, or what is the purpose of the glands. My own attention, as well as that of some other persons, has been since drawn to the subject; and I think I am able to throw a very little light upon it. The product which exudes from the leaves, and which the bees frequent them to obtain, is *honey*, neither more nor less—at least, as far as can be ascertained by the taste. I have further noticed, too, that it is not always to be found, and I am inclined to think only on warm bright days. There still remains, however, much to be cleared up, in order to satisfy my own mind. In the first place, I would like to know, with your former correspondent, what is the use and end of these glands. (Has a "Constant Reader" observed that they are generally, though not invariably, four in number?) Then, are there any other leaves on which they are found, beside those of the laurel? Lastly, is the product spoken of really honey? I have before mentioned that it is, so far as taste can determine; but is that sense alone a safe guide in the matter? If any one can further enlighten me on this subject, I shall be greatly obliged.—E. H. C.

Roses from Cuttings.—Propagation by cuttings may be performed with success all through the growing season. As soon as the forced plants have bloomed, the shoots taken off (when pruning for a second bloom) may be cut to a joint with two or three eyes, allowing the leaves to remain on all excepting the bottom eye intended to be inserted in the soil. About six of these cuttings placed round a four-inch pot, in equal parts of loam, leaf-mould, and sand, will be sufficient. They should be placed firmly in the pots, and afterwards well watered through a fine rose, then plunged where they will have a moderate bottom heat, and be shaded from the mid-day sun. In a few weeks, when rooted, they may be potted separately into

three-inch pots, and gradually hardened off. The same soil may be used as before, but broken up fine, or sifted, with the addition of a little sand. Cuttings will strike through the summer, and at any period when the young wood can be obtained well ripened. They may be taken as late as September, but must then remain in the cutting-pots during winter, and be potted off early in spring.—VIOLET, Worcester.

Putrefaction.—The question has been often mooted, whether putrefaction can take place in a living animal body. Liebig answers in the affirmative:—"It is a fact that the dead body often passes into such a state of decomposition, while in the anatomical theatre, that the blood of the living body is affected by it. The slightest puncture with a knife that has been used in dissection, induces a dangerous or even fatal termination." The facts observed by Magendie, that vomiting, lassitude, and even, after a prolonged period, death, have been induced, by applying blood that is in a state of putrefaction, cerebral substance, bile, and putrefying pus to fresh wounds—have never yet been contradicted. It is a fact that the use of many articles of food, as ham, sausages, &c, in certain stages of their decomposition, induce the most dangerous conditions of disease in the healthy body, and not unfrequently are the cause of death.—W. T.

The Toad-Fish.—I have just been reading Mrs. Meredith's "New South Wales," and finding in it some interesting particulars of the toad-fish, I have copied them for the PUBLIC'S OWN JOURNAL. "A disgusting tenant of most of the shores around Sydney, and of ours in particular, is the toad-fish—most admirably named. It looks precisely like a toad elongated into a fish, with a tough, leathery, scaleless skin, and a bloated body; dark, mottled brown above, and white beneath. It is usually about five inches long, and disproportionately broad; but it swims very swiftly, and is, for its size, as bold and voracious as the shark. When I said that Mr. Meredith *did* not fish with a line and rod, I might have added that he *could* not; for the toad-fish, which swarm everywhere, no sooner see anything dropped in the water, than they dart towards it by dozens, and fight among themselves for the honor of swallowing your hook; generally taking the precaution to bite off the line at the same time. This extreme anxiety to be caught might perhaps be pardoned, were the greedy little wretches fit to eat; but they are highly poisonous; and although I should have thought their disgusting appearance sufficient to prevent their being tried, I know one instance, at least, of their fatal effects. A lady with whose family I am intimate, *died* in consequence of eating them. As they thus effectually put a stop to our angling, by biting off every hook dropped in the water before any other fish had time to look at it, they especially enjoyed the benefit of the fishing spear. Upon this many hundreds, if not thousands, must have been impaled in succession. This sounds very wantonly cruel, I doubt not; but let no one pronounce it so who is not well acquainted with toad-fish; from those who are, I fear no reproof. When speared, they directly inflate their leathery skins to the shape of a balloon, and eject a stream of

liquid from their mouths, with a report as if they had burst. If flung again into the water, however wounded, they instantly swim about and begin eating; and should one be a little less active than his fellows, they forthwith attack and eat him up. Even my poor little harmless friends, the crabs, become their victims; when these usually well armed troops have just got their soft new coats on, and are almost defenceless, then come the cowardly, ravenous toad-fish, and make terrible onslaughts among them—an attention, which I believe, the crabs eventually repay with interest.”—Puss.

Cure for Tender Feet.—As you appear, my dear Sir, to know everything, do tell me (if you can) how I shall get relief for tender feet. I cannot walk out without unceasing pain; and a leather shoe, or boot, is insupportable, if I have to walk any distance. The pain extends along one side of my foot; and any undue pressure causes me great agony.—R. T.

[You have been suffering the penalty, Miss Rebecca, inflicted on the wearers of tight boots and shoes—hoping, perhaps, to secure thereby a pretty foot. Renounce this “great mistake,” mademoiselle; and pay a visit to Mr. Hall, 97A, Regent’s Quadrant. Tell *him* what you have told us, and he will give you speedy relief. The newly-invented cloth for tender feet ought to be better known than it is.]

Variiegated Leaves.—It is generally admitted, and physiologists have contributed to strengthen the opinion, that the variegation of leaves is the result of some disease in the plant, which presents that modification. It is not our intention, says Mr. Carrière in the *Revue Horticole*, to investigate whether the above opinion is well-founded or not; but as some plants are all constantly variegated, and as others have on the same bough some leaves variegated and others not at all, we think the question naturally arises what conditions are necessary in order that the variegation of a plant may become permanent. Now, observations up to the present time have shown, that when the edges of the leaves are variegated, or in other words, when the variegation is marginal, it is usually permanent, but when it is spread over the surface of the leaf, or if it takes the form of blotches, it is nearly always variable. The blotches may cover nearly the whole of the leaf, but they may likewise entirely disappear, as is the case with the Holly, Ivy, and Euonymus when they grow luxuriantly. Only one plant, the *Aucuba japonica*, appears to be an exception to this general rule, and up to the present time the reason of this exception has not been discovered. If, on the other hand, we examine plants with marginal variegation, the law changes, and, under whatever condition they are, the variegation is permanent; for instance, to return to the Holly and Euonymus, of which we have just spoken—the *Euonymus japonicus*, var. *argenteus*, which has its leaves bordered with white, never varies—all its leaves remain variegated. In the variety of the same tree, the leaves of which, instead of being bordered, are blotched with white, the variation is considerable. The same holds true with regard to the common Holly. In the variety the leaves of which are bordered with white, we find very

vigorous plants regularly variegated; in the blotched-leaved variety we meet with leaves the whole surface of which is yellow, others only partially marked with that color; and lastly, whole branches may be seen on which not the slightest trace of variegation can be found. These variations must have a cause; but that cause is unknown; and it is to induce physiologists to endeavor to trace it out that I have written the above. If it be discovered, we may, perhaps, at the same time, find the means of fixing the variegations; and the importance of this discovery to the decoration of gardens would be sufficient to induce some experiments being made with a view to the solution of the problem.—HEARTSEASE, *Hants.*

Bees Swarming.—Our bees have, this season, increased more than I have known any to do under my career, for many years past. In short, I have never seen any thrive better, since I used to watch them, in the bright summer days, about the period of my entering upon my teens. For many years past (I believe fully equal to the length of time that the potatoes have been diseased) have we been hearing from nearly all parts of the country respecting the ill success of bees. A few years ago, in this neighborhood, many persons had their bees die in the middle of summer (such was the case here), and leaving honey in their hives. I managed to carry two stocks through the past winter, and such as I thought by no means strong, especially bearing in mind the unaccountable losses of some former years, and the very cold late spring, which literally fulfilled—“Winter lying in the lap of May;” but here, as I believe was general in England, May began with fine, dry, warm, and genial weather. This set them all at once at full liberty and action, and of this they evidently took good advantage. First swarm, May 17th, very large; second hive swarmed on the 20th ditto. And they both swarmed a second time by nine days after the above date, and the two first swarms gave off one each; one by the 15th, and the other by the end of June. These are now all busy in the garden here, excepting one that thought proper to start off and away, over a neighboring plantation and wood. From the beginning of May up to about the 18th of June we had beautiful and dry weather here; after this, we experienced about six weeks of remarkably dull and sunless weather, very bad for bees; so much so, that young swarms had enough to do to keep themselves alive during May and June. I was looking forward, expecting to see them able to gather a good stock of honey during summer. For their having swarmed at so early a period showed evident signs of their being in a strong and healthy condition; but as the season has progressed, they have been so very much kept back, that, with all their increase in numbers, I am much afraid, from the dull and cloudy character of the season, they will not be able to collect sufficient to carry them over the ensuing winter.—G. DAWSON, *Cornwall, Aug. 26.*

The Mulberry Tree.—Is it not surprising that a tree so intimately associated with the production of silk should be so neglected in this great manufacturing country? It is true that, on the estates

of our noble aristocracy, some ancient trees may be found, and here and there some old trees in places of less note; but who, now-a-days, thinks of planting the mulberry tree? It is nearly fifty years since I first handled a spade in gardening operations, and during that period I have only been required to plant one solitary mulberry tree. I suspect that the demand is so limited for them that but few are grown in the nursery; but let it be once understood that it is important that a large supply should be obtained, and they will soon be produced to any extent. And although some of the other varieties of mulberry may be thought to give a better quality to the silk, yet we have ample proof that the leaf of the common kind will sustain the silkworm sufficiently to enable it to produce silk of very good quality.—T.

Deilephila Elpenor.—In reply to the query of Bombyx Atlas, I beg to remark that *Elpenor* used to be plentiful round Hackney Marshes. It is not a scarce insect. I saw two male larvæ a few days since. They were taken from a fuchsia in a garden at Darent. I cannot say whether they had strayed, or were feeding on this plant.—C. MILLER, Hackney.

How to destroy Ants and Earwigs.—Procure a number of phials. Put a small quantity of brown sugar in one, and smear the inside of others with a little treacle or honey, with crumbs of bread; then lay them down in the haunts of the ants. They will congregate in the phials, and when the number is great, cork up the phials and dip them in very hot water, and the ants will soon die, after which take out the corks, and replace the traps. The dead ants will not prevent others from entering. Earwigs are trapped by placing dry moss in the bottom of small garden pots supported on sticks. Or by laying about joints of withered hemlock, or bean stalks, into which they will creep. The traps should be daily examined, and their contents destroyed. Hereby, these pests may be thinned very much. Lime-water will kill slugs and snails.—ROSA B.

Nothing made in vain.—*The Sea Worm.*—Sea worms, which are so pernicious to our shipping, appear to have the same office allotted to them in the waters, which the termites or white ants have on the land. Were it not for their rapacity, many rivers, and parts of the ocean itself, would be choked with the bodies of trees which are annually carried down by the rapid torrents, and many of them would last for ages, and probably be productive of evils, of which we cannot in the present harmonious state of things form any idea; whereas now, being consumed by these animals, they are easily broken to pieces by the waves, and their entire dissolution is afterwards rapidly effected by a variety of causes.—C. A. T.

The House Cricket.—This little inmate of our dwelling is well-known for its habit of picking out the mortar of ovens and kitchen fire-places, where it not only enjoys warmth, but can procure abundance of food. It is usually supposed that it feeds on bread. M. Latreille says it only eats insects, and it certainly thrives well in houses infested by the cockroach; but it has been known

to eat and destroy lamb's-wool stockings, and other woollen stuffs hung near a fire to dry. It is evidently not fond of hard labor, but prefers those places where the mortar is already loosened; or at least is new, soft, and easily scooped out; and in this way it will dig covert ways from room to room. In summer, crickets often make excursions from the house to the neighboring fields, and dwell in the crevices of rubbish; or the cracks made in the ground by dry weather, where they chirp as merrily as in the snugest chimney corner. Whether they ever dig retreats in such circumstances, is not ascertained: though it is not improbable they may do so for the purpose of making nests. The Spaniards are so fond of crickets that they keep them in cages like singing birds.—ANGELINA.

Taking Impressions of Leaves.—Having seen in your valuable JOURNAL a recipe for taking impressions of leaves, allow me to forward you the following, which may be new to some, and which I have found to answer very well:—Take half a sheet of fine-wove paper, and cover the surface with sweet oil; after it has stood a minute or two, rub off the superficial oil, and hang the paper in the air to dry. When sufficiently dry, move the paper slowly over the flame of a candle or lamp till it is perfectly black. Lay the leaf on it, place a piece of clean paper over it, and rub it equally with the finger for about half a minute. Then take up the leaf, and lay it on the paper or scrap-book where it is desired to have the impression. Cover it with a piece of blotting-paper; and, on repeating the rubbing, the representation of the plant will appear about equal to an engraving. The same piece of black paper will serve for a great number of impressions. A small piece of the *Davallia Canariense* looks beautiful when done in this way.—G.

Wasps as Paper Manufacturers.—The Wasp I have heard described as being "a paper manufacturer." Can you explain this?—G. B.
[See our "Notice to Correspondents."]

The Botanical Gardens of Manchester.—This good city is ever alive to progress. Only let them see their way clear, and go a-head is the word. Somebody has been spurring them up, and hinting that their Botanical Gardens ought to be more worthy of them. The reply was,—“they shall be so.” Accordingly, we find that a new conservatory, and on a splendid scale, has been proposed; the plans approved; and estimates for its erection invited and received. The building is to be commenced directly. The gardens are in excellent order; but there is great room for improvement in the collection of plants, of which there are but few of recent introduction, and too many of the old, and disregarded subjects. Like those at the gardens at Kew, they have been starved for want of means; but they have been wonderfully changed through the activity and liberality of a few proprietors, and the indefatigable curator. As the main object is to increase their popularity, the proprietors will hold “shows” a few times every year about the periods when florists' flowers are in their prime. It is under consideration (if not actually decided), whether an exhibition

may not be held the last week in April, when Auriculas, Polyanthuses, early Tulips, Hyacinths, Narcissus, and other spring bulbs may be shown to advantage. Acacias, Hoveas, Chinese Primroses, Cinerarias, and many other greenhouse plants, can be seen in the greatest perfection about the same time; and the superb *Camellia Japonica* will be in its best season of bloom. There is no month in the year when such a gorgeous display can be made—to say nothing of forced Roses, Azaleas, and other plants.—PEREGRINATOR.

[Thank you, sir, for this bit of way-side news. The Manchester boys are indeed good fellows! WE ought to say this, emphatically; for OUR JOURNAL is their idol. Let them send us further particulars, and we will gladly report progress.]

"*Spinster*,"—*Whence its Origin?*—Amongst our industrious and frugal forefathers, it was a maxim, that a young woman should never be married until she had *spun* herself a set of body, table, and bed linen. From this custom, all unmarried women were termed spinsters, as is still the appellation in law proceedings.—ANGELINA.

A "*Trio*" on *Modern Deformity and Modern Education*.—Your own pen, and that of your slashing correspondent "Walter," are setting our good city half crazy. You take such *striking* likenesses, that however deformed the general picture, its correctness in details is undeniable. We are all in one roar of laughter. You are a brave man, thus to open a running fire upon fashionable mammas and their "expanding" offspring (see the round-about drapery referred to by "Walter" at p. 254, Vol. III., as filling up the window of Sykes and Co., 280, Regent Street.*) However, go on, my dear sir; go on, I say. Your remarks are not only facetious, but they tell with terrific force, inasmuch as they are simply true. Our women ARE beautiful, as you say; but their fitting-up is monstrous indeed! They try their utmost, to "prove" to us that they have no minds; and seem to *glory* in that fact, if one may judge by their conversation. That article on a Modern Lady's Head-dress (p. 68) will immortalise OUR JOURNAL. I believe it speaks the honest sentiments of every real gentleman in the kingdom. You once remarked, very naively, that God created women exquisitely beautiful,—perfect; and you as naively added,—"Why then does she take such unceasing pains to annihilate *all traces* of that beauty?" I quite agree with you, that the way in which women now plaster their faces over with whisps of hair (more like straw), drawn down by "high art" from the seat of knowledge, is abominably disgusting. If men will *ape* the monkey, be it so.

* We passed this house a very few days since; and saw the enormities referred to, in the window. It is a large window, and will hold just *three* of them! They are gigantic, stiff gauze "casings," extending laterally in most fearful shoots,—the hole for the stem—the waist of a lady—being get-at-able by some mechanical *hocus-pocus* impalpable to a man's perception. This is the *base* of the fabric. Over it is to come the building! We have "heard" of petticoat government. Here we see it! And "these are the gods we worship!"—ED. K. J.

We simply say, "*Et tu brute!*" and pass on; but our women,—our idols,—our "domestic gods,"—for *them* to be assimilated with monkeys,—it is a barbarous "fashion" indeed! You have said, in a former number, that when at the Zoological Gardens you always found the "monkey-house" full of women—juveniles, adults, and grey-headed. I have noticed the same to be true; and the keepers fully confirm it. They say, the women had better "*live* with the monkeys." *Entre nous*, they must have been "adopting" the "fashions" from these prototypes; and hence our domestic misfortunes! What, I wonder, will be the next achievement towards effacing the image of the Creator from his creature!—ARGUS, *Oxford*.

[Alas! good Argus, although so nobly supported by yourself and "Walter," our task is endless. Our modern ladies wear coats of *male*. They are impenetrable. We fire at them, but our shots take no effect. We ask them "who can paint like Nature?" They answer,—"Rowland and Son." We tell them we love a *petite* figure; and when they have made their toilette, to "astonish" us they come forth somewhat less in girth than the far-famed Norfolk Giant; and with faces like Pæonies. We have turned to our Modern Dictionary in disgust; and therein have we marked against the words beauty, modesty, nature, symmetry,—"obsolete." A correspondent writes us privately, that he attributes all these deformities in the minds of females to "their perusal of novels and tales of fiction,—at once demoralising and subversive of all that is good and natural." Young ladies certainly *do* pick up some very strange notions at the circulating libraries, and we feel no hesitation in saying that our correspondent's remarks are correct. We are often thunderstruck, when we reflect on the indiscriminate permission granted to our young ladies to select and read just what they will. Their minds are thereby corrupted at a very tender age. Our correspondent, commenting on this, says—A parent would rush, in the greatest agony of alarm, after a child that was indiscriminately eating wild-fruit and berries in the fields. He would do this, lest his child should be *poisoned*. Yet will he let this same child's *mind* be poisoned by the indiscriminate use of books; thus laying the foundation for incalculable evil in later life. There needs no dwelling upon this. The practice has existed so long, that we imagine WE shall never live to see it alter. It is a "fashion" so universally popular (and so universally bad), that we indeed despair of ever seeing it out of date. But what has moral reasoning to do with that which is "pleasing, needful, and fashionable?" Just nothing at all. Therefore, we will bring up *our* children as *we* like best; and leave others the same privilege. We wish however that our sentiments should be known; and here they stand recorded, *quantum valeant*.]

The Study of Photography.—I have read with much pleasure the various articles you have written on this subject, and I have resolved to render them available in my studies, which I purpose commencing forthwith. I dare say I shall have to ask you many questions as I proceed; and I too well know your delight in being able to please and instruct others, to attempt to offer any apology for being troublesome. "Our Editor" is distinguished

for his love of nature,—and for his *good-nature* in particular.—EMILY P., *Carshalton*.

[Oh, Emily! you are a little flatterer. However, we never contradict a young lady; so e'en let it be as you say. You ask us, in a postscript to your note,—whether you should apply to Mr. BOLTON for the requisite apparatus, &c., to commence operations. Do so by all means. He is a photographic chemist; and keeps everything connected with the study,—cameras, plates, lenses, &c. His address is 146, Holborn Bars. You can get the gallic and pyrogallic acid there also. Let us hear how you progress.]

More about the Domestic Cat.—I thank you much,—and your good, kind correspondent, Bombyx Atlas also—for bringing under my notice that article on the Cat. It is indeed prettily and faithfully given to the public; and will I hope, obtain for our feline friends generally more humane consideration than they now receive. They are, as you say, for the most part half starved. My object in writing to you is, to ask you to give in your forthcoming number the "introduction" to that article on the Cat. There are points in it which I have Italicised, that deserve marked attention. I could write a volume about them, and "illustrate" it too; but knowing how valuable your space is, I merely ask a little corner in which I may "hint," without amplifying. "The 'common domestic cat'—as elementary books of natural history call our fireside-sitting, garden-haunting, and roof-frequenting puss—is a creature to whose qualities and true characteristics I hardly think the world does justice. Forlorn old women, who wanted something to love—and, for that matter, prim old maids, who experienced in a less elevated degree the same sensation—were bad patrons for raising Puss in the scale of popular favor; and, although great philosophers and great writers—for example, Montaigne, Johnson, Scott, Joanna Baillie—had favorites of the feline race, and left their names to posterity, yet the great majority of men pin their quadrupedal affections upon dogs instead. *The quiet characteristics and unobtrusive traits of character of poor Puss* are passed over unnoticed and unknown. The dog, with moral and instinctive lineaments more *prononcés*—and, I do not deny it, more elevated in their nature, than are Pussy's humbler gifts—has become the universal favorite. You hear the dog's clatter on the stair—never the velvet foot-fall of the cat: the one rouses you, the other produces no effect. *Yet the paw of the cat is a thousand times more artistic and curious than that of the dog.* One of the results of the careless estimate of cats—as a species of all but worthless animals, destitute of the fine affection and noble instinct of the dog, and fit only for watching at a mouse-hole—has been to foster, if not to create, among boys a degree of habitual cruelty to the creature, which is anything but creditable to those who allow its practical development. 'A good dog for cats,' meaning a ferocious bull-terrier which can worry poor Puss in a couple of shakes, is a common expression among precocious juveniles; and, unhappily, it sticks to them as they grow. *Shooting cats*, when they can be conveniently put an end to, is not unfrequently a boy's passion; and in most acts of wanton cruelty—which from time to time we find

recorded in print—an unfortunate Tabby is pretty sure to have been the victim. Unhappily, Puss has got credit for nine lives, and *she has frequently full occasion for them ALL*. She also possesses the wretched reputation of *always falling upon her feet*, from whatever height she may be thrown; and many a cruel experiment has been made to ascertain the fact. We repeat, that people having a taste for dogs are seldom catholic enough in their animal fondness to extend it to cats. You never hear of drowning dogs, or pelting dogs, or having dogs worried, for mere amusement. The creature's more conspicuous gifts are appreciated by those rougher judging estimates, which are unable to make out the subtler delicacies of the cat organisation. The man with a prime terrier for rats—or a mastiff which can throttle a bull-dog—or a hound which can pull down a red deer—or even a poodle which can sit upon its hind legs and yelp at the word of command—not one of these amateurs but will discover and admire the points and motions of the creatures while performing these achievements; but it is twenty to one that they never studied, or never thought it worth while studying, *one of the most perfectly graceful things beneath the sun—a cat curving herself for a spring*; or one of the most dexterous performances which animal nature is capable of—*a cat picking her way among a series either of moveable or hurtful petty articles, without touching a single one*. I myself have a cat which deftly walks from end to end of a chimney-piece, so crowded with the tiny ornaments that there is hardly a square inch of space unoccupied; and which promenades upon a glass-protected wall as on a Turkey carpet. Place a dog on the chimney-piece, and vast will be the clatter of destruction—on the wall, and sore and bleeding will be the paws with which he will howlingly precipitate himself to mother earth."—This last observation is so true! As for the care shown by a *cat*, whilst threading her way through hosts of curiosities—valuable or otherwise, it is truly marvellous. How I could enlarge on this! But for reasons already given, I forbear.—Puss.

[Thank you, Puss-y. We gladly make room for your kind communication, knowing well the affection of the heart that caused its owner to transcribe it. To assist you still further, we will append the *finale* to the article of A. B. R.; and henceforward let us stand acquitted of the charge of being *cruel* persecutors of the cat. We love "domestic" cats. It is the half-starved race of freebooters (who gobble up our birds, disappear with our choice chickens, and occasionally walk off with "a perfect picture" of a shoulder of lamb) that we wage war upon. Their masters and mistresses are to blame, we grant, for starving them; but the law does not reach *them*. It falls heavily on the innocent. But here is the summing-up of the argument:—"Let me hope," says A. B. R., "that the reader, if he be one of that numerous class who 'hate cats;' if he perchance have imbibed the groundless antipathy which Shylock speaks of to the 'harmless, necessary cat,' will pause and look a little more closely into the delicate and dainty nature of the creature which purrs before him—will try to puzzle out some meaning in a face pronounced only by those who have never studied its phases and its shades to be un-

meaning; and will ascertain whether a caressing hand and a soothing voice do not forthwith evoke corresponding demonstrations; just as sincere as those of the most petted spaniel, or the most favored terrier. *Let no one deem it unmanly to be fond of a cat.* Two of the manliest men the world ever saw—we have mentioned their names—loved their feline dependants; and of one of these this curious anecdote is recorded.—Dr. Johnson, sitting in Bolt Court, by the fireside, with Bozzy on the one hand, Mrs. Williams on the other, and ‘Hodge’ the cat, for which he used to bring home oysters in his pocket, probably ensconced upon the rug. The great old pundit, after hearing his pet somewhat depreciated, did agree that he had seen cleverer cats than ‘Hodge,’ but suddenly correcting himself, as if (notes Bozzy) he experienced a kind of instinctive idea that the dumb creature at his feet had a notion of the depreciatory nature of his sentence, he made haste to relieve poor Pussy’s feelings by adding, ‘But Hodge is a fine cat, Sir—a very fine cat, indeed.’—Having thus done ample justice to the race of Tabbies, we have henceforth no dread of dying from—Cat-alepsy!]

A Private Consultation.—I am most anxious, my dear Sir, to make a present of a really pretty song, to “one” in whom I feel greatly “interested.” In this matter, to whom could I apply so well as to OUR OWN EDITOR? I know his taste well enough to rely implicitly on his judgment and impartiality.—FRANK H.

[Well said, FRANK. We know your tack. We have sailed on the same gentle waters ourself, ere now. Take, on our cordial recommendation, to the girl of your heart, the new song called “Sailing on the Summer Sea.” It is, we believe, published in New Burlington Street; but every Music Seller has it. It is sweetly pretty, and it cannot fail to win for you the ineffable smiles of her whom you so much delight to honor. When she has played it over some half-dozen times, you will assuredly hear her warbling it “from morn till dewy eve.”]

Delicacy refined in a Crucible, and passed through a Hair Sieve.—The matchless commentary of “Walter” on the pseudo-delicacy of the American natives (see p. 124) can never be over-rated. It is thus that all our exuberances, as a nation, should be lopped off. Ridicule is a fine weapon, provided it be well wielded. Let me now tell you of something hardly inferior in point of zest to the American ladies’ horror of seeing the Greek Slave, Venus, Eve, Cupid, &c., out of drapery. Not long since, a lady moving in good society, went to call upon a friend of mine, to whom she had a letter of introduction on behalf of a nephew. She was shown into the drawing-room. A few moments only elapsed before the *major-domo* entered. He then found his lady visitor in a state of fainting. She was seated on a chair immediately opposite the door. For some minutes she was speechless; but cold water and other restoratives being applied, she recovered. I will not encroach on your space, by going into details as to the cause of that fainting fit; but my lady had seen on a side table (under a glass shade) a marble group of “The Graces,” attired in Nature’s simple dress. This had given her

chastity such a shock, that she positively refused to explain the object of her application *until the figures had a cloth thrown over them.* “To be in a room with a gentleman—and *that* group exposed to the sight of *both*, was,” she remarked, “an act of the grossest indelicacy. *She* would never sanction it.” This is rich,—is it not? Sly people, demure people, mealy-mouthed people, and your people of “high virtue,” are the very worst of hypocrites. The moment a man begins to *talk* to me of his honesty, I button up every pocket I have; and immediately place some article of furniture between us, to keep us separate.—ARCHER, *Dublin.*

[Your remarks, sir, are really called for. There is far too much of this prudery, and this morbid mock-modesty abroad. By-and-by all our little children will be washed in a suit of opaque oil-silk; and we shall have the windows closed to prevent the sun beholding us rise from the bed of sleep. Gloves, too, will perhaps be worn at meal times; and as the human face in man is about to be given up to “free trade in hair” (the face of woman is so already), “naked facts” will soon be words unknown amongst us. Oh! woman, woman! Formerly, thou wert the very idol of our heart,—feminine, as thou oughtest to be. But now,—*Eheu! quam dispar tibi!* PUNCH has well said, that by looking at all the clothes thou hast ever worn, he could write “a correct history of thy life!”]

Tenacity of Life in a Dorking Hen.—Some short time since, my dear sir, a cat (which appeared to us to be of Persian origin) strayed on our grounds. We succeeded in catching it; and intending to return it to its owner, if discoverable, we placed it, for safety, in a large wooden enclosure (a kind of hutch) until the following morning. We then found it sitting on the top (or rather the side), of an old beehive, which was in the hutch; and whilst removing it, we turned the beehive round, with its open part against the wall. This last formed the back of the hutch. Of course the *beehive* occupied no more of our thoughts; but on taking it up, a *fortnight* subsequently, what, think you, was our horror to find in it (*alive*) a Dorking hen! The poor animal must have been just beginning to “sit,” when we first so innocently imprisoned her. How she existed so long we know not,—neither can we say how many eggs were originally in the hive. Her feet were stained with the yolk of egg, and she was sadly emaciated. You may imagine how tenderly we nursed her afterwards; and our anxiety to restore her to health. She was truly sensible of this; and I rejoice to tell you she is perfectly recovered. How I loved *that* hen ever after, I need not tell you.—HEARTSEASE, *Hants.*

[No indeed, HEARTSEASE. There need no words to express the feelings of a heart tender as thine.]

The Soap Plant.—The Vienna journals announce that a firm of California has sent home to that city some seeds of the soap plant. It grows wild in California, rising to the height of about a foot. The plant fades away in the month of May, and inside each is a ball of natural soap, superior, it is asserted, to any that can be manufactured.—D.H.

THE HUMAN HEART,—

A CURIOUS STRUCTURE.

A man's heart can never be truly "happy," unless it be fully and constantly exercised in the discharge of its social duties.—RICHARD CECIL.



NOT MANY WEEKS SINCE, a highly-valued correspondent expressed certain fears lest her favorite JOURNAL should droop for the want of subjects. "How can you, my dear Sir," added she, "ever keep up a succession of exciting topics, sufficient to satisfy the cravings of an English public?" Let us here repeat to this kind soul in public, what has been conveyed to her ear in private,—NATURE is our "study." We walk in a field of inexhaustible beauty; each day producing something still more beautiful than the last. Our subjects exhausted!—Never!

It has occurred to us more than once or twice of late, that we are a marked favorite of Fortune. We have accomplished, unaided, what many we could name would have given thousands of pounds to have carried out. Money, however, cannot purchase what we hint at. "*Non cuius homini contingit adire Corinthum.*" We have aimed high, and reached the very summit of our fondest hopes. We have the evidence within.

It is a strange fact that we are not allowed to choose our own subjects month after month. Bent on some grand idea, and determined upon shining in our rhetorical powers of speech, we always find ourself forestalled by some kind correspondent, who suggests to us a topic on which we are invited to descant *pro bono*. That is the case on the present occasion.

We were hardly prepared, at the "eleventh hour," to write on such a subject as the "Human Heart;" but *that*, it seems, must be our theme. A fair correspondent says—"I want you, my dear Sir, to explain for the public benefit, by what spell you contrive to hold the minds of your readers captive. I have taken in your Periodical from its very commencement, and narrowly watched the one prevailing principle that animates all its pages. I commend you highly for your consistency, and love you for your principles. I did *not* do so at first. Your opinions were so at variance with the received notions of the world at large; and your doctrines were so truly different from those I had been accustomed to hear, that I marvelled whilst I read. Week after week, you pursued the same strain. Month after month you kept on abusing the follies of the day; till reflection was forced upon me. I then began to follow you step by step, and marked the justice of what you said.

As you took the side of truth, and evidently prejudiced your own interests by so doing, I fell before the influence; and am now—why should I hesitate to say it?—never so happy as when I am perusing your volumes. I read them over and over, and over again—each time with an increase of delight. The world we live in is, as you say, an odd world. You have spoiled me entirely. My old fancies are annihilated; my former pleasures are pleasures no longer. The company I once kept is 'flat, stale, and unprofitable.' I am unsettled, and that is the simple truth; yet, whenever I take up OUR JOURNAL, I feel happy,—cheerful as a lark bounding from the earth, and rising on the wing towards Heaven's gate. * * * You certainly have the key to unlock the recesses of the human heart; and I *do* wish you would say a few words about this curious structure. Mine was injured by education, I fear, and habit. However, when it was transplanted into healthy soil, it gave evidence of new life, and I shall die your grateful debtor. * * * P."

The above extracts form part of an interesting letter received from a lady residing at Brighton, whom as yet we have not seen,—although we are honored, in confidence, with her name and address. We *shall* see her, most assuredly, for she lives already in our heart. The contents of this letter form an article of themselves. In the simple confession made by the writer, we read what is now (we rejoice to say) going on gradually in many other parts of the country. We have, by our perseverance and constant "hammering," broken many a heart. It shall be ours to heal those hearts.

Our correspondent has herself explained the riddle which she wants us to solve. It *is* education and habit that "kill" all the finer feelings of the heart. Honesty and sincerity are not recognised amongst us. We all wear a mask,—a hideous mask, the mask of hypocrisy. It rules every action of our life. Morning, noon, or night, we are *never* "what we seem." We invite people to our houses,—because it is "polite" to do so, or it is "expedient" to do so. We pay visits, and receive visits,—because it is "fashionable" to do so. We honor custom in all its vagaries. We sacrifice comfort, ease, and happiness, to the giant—Habit!

From the earliest infancy,—ere the cradle has ceased to give us its discharge, duplicity commences. We are nurtured in it,—it grows up with us. We are "made" sly; "educated" to keep up appearances, and preserve caste; and taught lessons of prudence and circumspection that freeze every avenue to the naturally warm heart. Hence the fountain becomes sealed, until the genial influences of some "happier planet" in after life, shine on

the chilled heart, and revive in it the warmth of nature. Half—aye, three-fifths of the world *at least*, live cold-hearted, die cold-hearted,—wholly destitute of those loveable, enchanting, enchaining, innocent joys, which flow from a union between kindred spirits. To differ from the world, is to become heterodox. To publicly express the strange doctrines WE do, calls down upon us maledictions innumerable.

During the past two years, we have had, as our noble-hearted correspondent "WALTER" words it, "all up-hill work to do." We have told mammas the truth, and they have hated us. We have alarmed some of their tricked-out daughters, whilst depicting their moral and physical deformities, and they have cried shame upon us. Let us be honest, however, and say that there have been many exceptions. With some mammas, we are an object of special regard; and by some of their daughters we are held in the very highest reverence and esteem. They know we labor for their good; and they see we go to work with an amiable, not a presumptuous spirit. We want them to be "natural."

Contact with the world is a serious drawback to good feeling. Impressions wrought to-day, are as easily effaced to-morrow. Ridicule is a sad enemy to benevolence and Christian charity. Few can resist its influence. The state of modern society reduces everything to external appearance. Accomplishments must be had, whatever the cost; and the mind must go to waste. So says Fashion; so says Habit; so say their votaries.

For ourself,—we love to be exercised in the opposites of what we are tilting at. We love virtue for itself; innocence for itself; purity for itself. Let us share the *heart* of those we love, and take possession of its affections. Moonshine and hypocrisy suit us not. We claim no merit for this. It is natural to us.

And here let us put in a good word for those to whose care we were confided in early life. To their unwearied kindness, careful watchings, maternal solicitude, and bright example, do we owe all our happiness. They trained us in the path of rectitude, and made us love it. They told us what was good, and we found they were right. We will not say that we never wandered out of the straight path;—but how glad were we to return to it! We love to breathe in a wholesome atmosphere, and we can feel happy in no other.

The Human Heart is indeed "a curiosity,"—we freely admit it. Yet is it an object of our special regard. Had we possessed ten thousand pounds; had we invested the whole amount in the conduct of this JOURNAL; had we lost every penny of it,—even then we

should not grumble. We have not labored in vain.

Two years have now nearly passed away. During that period, we have received we know not how many *thousands* of letters. These have presented the world to us in *all* its varied aspects. We have had to do with pride, insolence, arrogance, presumption, ignorance, folly, bigotry, intolerance. OUR JOURNAL has not been stained by any extracts from *these* records. But what have we not had by way of recompense? If abuse has abounded, praise of no common kind has more than atoned for all.

How many are the timid, modest, retiring, confiding, amiable, loving spirits that have sought refuge under our wing! Does not *this* repay us? Oh, yes!—Ten thousand pounds! What a consideration were that, in comparison with the living jewels that now lie buried in our heart of hearts! Is there yet room for more guests? Most assuredly.

The Human Heart,—yes, Phoebe, it *is* "a curious structure." It will be the theme of many an article from our pen. Fortunately for the public, our life has been singularly varied; and the heart of man and woman a favorite study with us from boy-hood.

THE FATE OF THE OAK.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

The owl to his mate is calling;
The river his hoarse song sings;
But the Oak is marked for falling,
That has stood for a hundred Springs.
Hark!—a blow, and a dull sound follows;
A second,—he bows his head;
A third,—and the wood's dark hollows
Now know that their king is dead.

His arms from their trunk are riven;
His body all barked and squared;
And he's now, like a felon, driven
In chains to the strong dock-yard;
He's sawn through the middle and turned,
For the ribs of a frigate free;
And he's caulked, and pitched, and burned;
And now—he is fit for sea!

Oh! now,—with his wings outspread,
Like a ghost (if a ghost may be),
He will triumph again, though dead,
And be dreaded in every sea.
The lightning will blaze about,
And wrap him in flaming pride;
And the thunder-loud cannon will shout,
In the fight, from his bold broad-side.

And when he has fought, and won,
And been honored from shore to shore;
And his journey on earth is done,—
Why, what can he ask for more?
There is naught that a king can claim,
Or a poet, or warrior bold,
Save a rhyme, and a short-lived name,
And to mix with the common mould!

POPULAR SCIENCE.

VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY.—No. IV.

THE REPRODUCTION OF PLANTS.

(Continued from Page 71.)

WHEN WINTER'S KEEN FROSTS lay waste the verdure lately spread out on bank and brae,—when the cold north wind robs the green trees of foliage, and the wood of its humbler inhabitants,—and when death seems to reign with an icy sceptre over all the vegetable kingdom,—we sigh for the green fields and pleasant lanes of summer, and ask, half doubtingly,—will next May have as many flowers as last?

In such a mood, we sometimes go so far as to ask ourselves how it is that all this grandeur is, year after year, replenished. To answer such inquiries is the object of the present paper.

It is well known that many plants,—and among them not a mean share of our choicest garden beauties,—are annual; that is, grow up, from few know where, in the spring; put out leaves and richly-colored flowers, during summer; and then with old autumn grow sallow, and gradually sicken and die,—to have their withered corpses covered in winter's cold winding-sheet. These plants, then, last only for a year; and it consequently follows that they must be produced anew every Spring. Others have longer lives; some growing up one year with leaves in luxuriance, and next year flowering to die with the season. Such are biennial.

Trees and shrubs, however, as well as those plants which leave a living stem,—commonly called a root or bulb,—in the earth, over winter, live for a longer period of years, some even attaining the age of five thousand years. Yet all must die. Stout though the heart, and strong though the limb, they must yield to death's greater power. It is self-evident, then, to the most careless reader, that unless there existed a means of reproducing individuals, the earth would soon be without a floral population. This means is well known to exist in seeds. A few remarks on flowers, and the production and germination of seeds, will take up the bulk of our present communication.

Flowers, the crown of beauty on the forehead of nature, are no exceptions to the Platonian doctrine of "*unity or identity, and variety.*" *Diverse* in form and color as it is possible for objects to be, they have all *one character*,—they contain (or are the means employed for the formation of) the seed. Take a simple flower, as a rose or the king-cup, and you find on the outside of the flower, five pointed, greenish segments, termed the calyx; and inside of these, in the former example, five pink-colored pieces, generally termed rose

leaves, and, in the latter case, five of a bright yellow hue. This inner whorl is called the corolla (the portions of it being the petals), and, with the calyx, it serves to shelter the organs within it. The forms assumed by these organs are at present immaterial; their existence under any shape whatever, is all with which we have to do. The separate segments may be united in a bell, or cup, as in the Canterbury-bell and primrose, or the calyx and corolla may be of one color and inseparable, as in the lily and tulip; or both may be wanting, as in the pines and wake-robin.

Internal to these coverings, exist a series of little organs, which, owing to their being conspicuous in such plants, had better be examined first in the rose or king-cup already referred to. But do not look for them in double flowers,—those lovely monsters. In the double flower, a number of these very organs have been transformed into petals; and in *perfect* flowers of this kind, not a vestige of one is to be seen in its natural shape. Roses, then, with more than five colored portions, or petals, are monsters! Inside then of the corolla is noticeable a cluster of yellow thread-like bodies, bearing on their superior extremities little thickened masses, which are boxes containing a powdery matter. These are the stamens, and vary in number in different plants, from one to upwards of a hundred. Linnæus founded the classes of his arrangement on the number of these organs; a system of classification now totally rejected, on account of its artificial nature.

In the very centre of the flower, other organs exist, resembling the stamens, but without the box at the summit, and either ending in a pointed extremity, or in a thickened and viscous mass. These interior portions are called pistils, and may either be solitary, or in considerable numbers. In the rose we find a whole cluster of them, and in the lily only one. The orders of the Linnæan system are derived from these internal organs. The stamens, then, and the pistils, or central organs, are the only portions concerned in the production of the seed. The process is, as nearly as may be, this:—

The powder in the stamens, after being ripened, falls on the viscous point or summit of the pistil. There, through the action of certain vital laws, it bursts its outer coat, sends a long tube down the stalk of the pistil—called the style—into the thickened cavity at its base, where it joins the young seeds, or ovals, and there, under the influence of vital laws, assists in the perfection of the already partially-formed seed. The box, or cavity, at the base of the pistil, is called the ovary; and, in the perfected state, becomes the seed-vessel. The fruit or seed-vessel is of various forms; indeed, so Protean in character is this

organ, that it is difficult to recognise the relationship through its various forms. Whatever contains the seeds—whether it be a large husk, like the cocoa-nut, with only one in its interior, the dry poppy-head, or the succulent apple with a multitude of seeds—that is the seed-vessel.

Like all other functions of the plant, it is necessary that heat, light, and air should be present, in order to the full development of the seed. On no point in vegetable physiology are scientific men more divided in opinion than on the formation of the seed, from its first appearance as a little ovale, to its full development as a perfected seed. The seed is the portion of the plant which contains the largest proportion of nitrogen; and, on this account, is the most nutritive as an article of diet. Beans, peas, wheat, and oats, are familiar examples of seeds turned to account in dietetics. It was estimated by Professor Johnston, that out of one thousand parts of each of the following seeds:—wheat had thirty-five of nitrogen; oats, twenty-two; peas, forty-two; hay, fifteen; turnips, seventeen; and potatoes, twelve; thus shewing a large balance in favor of the nutritive qualities of seeds over leaves, stems, or roots. The remaining bulk was made up principally by water, starch, sugar, and a few other compounds.

The seed is an epitome of the plant. It consists of a quantity of starchy or albuminous matter, containing a little bud-like body, which, under favorable circumstances, will be developed as a plant, but which, so long as its torpidity can be retained, will preserve its latent powers intact. Well authenticated instances of seeds having been kept for a great number of years are on record. Without instancing the dubious cases of wheat from Egyptian sarcophagi, and other seeds from Roman tombs, we are assured that a bag of seeds of the sensitive plant served the Paris Botanic Garden for sixty years. That the dormant vitality may be retained for a much longer period is not to be doubted. It is not an unusual occurrence on ploughing up a piece of waste land, for the first time, to have it soon after covered with plants hitherto almost unknown in the district, the seeds of which had undoubtedly lain dormant in the soil, beyond the reach of moisture, heat, and air, for centuries.

In order that the seed may grow, a certain amount of moisture in the soil is necessary. Some seeds absorb more than their own weight of water during the change of germination. This is especially the case in beans, peas, and kidney-beans. A certain state of temperature is also required, varying in different cases from 60 to 80 degrees Fahrenheit. Besides these, air is wanted; otherwise certain chemical changes will not take place. For this purpose, seeds should never be sown to a

great depth. From numerous experiments, performed by Petri and others, it has been decided that an inch of depth is sufficient for most seeds. If sown to a greater depth, they will not all germinate, and those which do will be later.

Thus we find that a little seed, the produce of a tiny little blossom, is the parent of the mightiest tree; and that those lovely flowers which delight our senses are not only interesting on account of their bright hues and sweet odors, but because they may be parents to thousands as lovely as themselves.—D.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

The summer flowers are gone!
And o'er the melancholy lea
The thistle-down is strown:
The brown leaf drops, drops from the tree,
And on the spated water floats,
That with a sullen spirit flows,
Like lurid dream of troubled thoughts;
While mournfully, all mournfully,
The rain-wind blows.

The summer birds are mute,
And cheerless is the unsung grove;
Silent the rural flute,
Whose Doric stop was touched to love,
By hedgerow-stile, at gloaming grey;
Nor heard the milkmaid's melody,
To fountain, wending blithe as gay;
In wain-shed stand, all pensively,
The hamlet fowls—the cock not crows;
While mournfully, all mournfully,
The rain-wind blows.

Nor heard the pastoral bleat
Of flocks, that whitened many hills;
Vacant the plaided shepherd's seat
Far up above the boulder-leaping rills:
Young Winter o'er the mountains scowls,
His blasts and snow-clouds marshalling;
Beasts of the field, and forest fowls,
Instinctive, see the growing wing
Of storm, dark-coming o'er their social haunts;
Yet fear not they, for Heaven provides
For them—the wild bird never wants;
Want still with luxury resides!
Prophetic o'er the rushy lea
Stalk the dull choughs and crows;
While, mournfully and drearily,
The rain-wind blows.

Browse not the kine and horse;
Rusted the harrow and the plough;
And all day long upon the gorse,
Brown-blighted on the brae's rough brow,
The night-dew, and thin gossamer,
Hang chilly; and the weary sun
Seems tired amid the troubled air,
And long ere his full course be run,
Besouth the Sidlaws wild, sinks down;
Night gathers fast o'er cot and town;
Around, and far as eye can see,
Day has a dreary death-like close;
While mournfully, all mournfully,
THE RAIN-WIND BLOWS!

Edinburgh.

J. NEVAY.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.
AN EPISODE IN HUMAN LIFE.

Gather the rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying ;
The self-same flower that blooms to-day,
To-morrow shall be dying.

WHAT IS LIFE? What, indeed! Its enemy, Death, pursues it with relentless fury. Hand-in-hand, they walk together. One rears a blossom, and the other cuts it down. My watchful eye takes notes of this, and my pen will have much to say at a future time. Meantime, let me dot down a scene I shall never forget.

In my daily walks into the country, I was accustomed to pass a certain cottage. It was no cottage *ornée*. It was no cottage of romance. It had nothing particularly picturesque about it. It had its little garden, and its vine spreading over its front; but beyond these it possessed no feature likely to fix it in the mind of a poet, or a novel writer, and which might induce him to people it with beings of his own fancy. In fact, it appeared to be inhabited by persons as little extraordinary as itself. A good man of the house it might possess—but he was never visible. The only inmates I ever saw were—a young woman, and another female in the wane of life, no doubt the mother.

The damsel was a comely, fresh, mild-looking cottage girl enough; always seated in one spot, near the window, intent on her needle. The old home was as regularly busied, to and fro, in household affairs. She appeared one of those good housewives who never dream of rest, except in sleep. The cottage stood so near the road, that the fire at the farther end of the room showed you, without being rudely inquisitive, the whole interior, in the single moment of passing. A clean hearth and a cheerful fire, shining upon homely, but neat and orderly furniture, spoke of comfort; but whether the dame enjoyed, or merely diffused that comfort, was a problem.

I passed the house many successive days. It was always alike—the fire shining brightly and peacefully—the girl seated at her post by the window—the housewife going to and fro, catering and contriving, dusting and managing. One morning, as I went by, there was a change. The dame was seated near her daughter; her arms laid upon the table, and her head reclining upon her arms. I was sure that it was sickness which had compelled her to that attitude of repose—nothing less could have done it. I felt that I knew exactly the poor woman's feelings. She had felt a weariness stealing upon her; she had wondered at it, and struggled against it, and borne up, hoping it would pass by, till, loth as she was to yield, it had forced submission.

The next day, when I passed, the room appeared as usual; the fire burning, the girl at her needle. But her mother was not to be seen; and glancing my eye upwards, I perceived the blind close-drawn in the window above. It is so, I said to myself: disease is in its progress. Perhaps it occasions no gloomy fears of consequences, no extreme concern; and yet who knows how it may end? It is this that begins these changes, that draws out the central bolt which holds together families—

which steals away our fireside faces, and lays waste our dearest affections.

I passed by, day after day. The scene was the same. The fire was burning, the hearth beaming clean and cheerful. But the mother was not to be seen. The blind was still drawn above. At length I missed the girl, and in her place appeared another woman, bearing considerable resemblance to the mother, but of a quieter habit. It was easy to interpret *this* change. Disease had assumed an alarming aspect; the daughter was occupied in intense watching, and caring for the suffering mother, and the good woman's sister had been summoned to her bed-side—perhaps from a distant spot, and perhaps from her family cares, which no less important an event could have induced her to elude.

Thus appearances continued some days. There was a silence around the house, and an air of neglect within it. One morning I beheld the blind drawn in the room *below*, and the window thrown open *above*. The scene was over; the mother was removed from her family; and one of those great alterations effected in human life, which commence with so little observation but which leave behind them such lasting effects.

Q.

A PARTING SONG.

BY ELIZA COOK.

COME, let us part with lightsome heart,
Nor breathe one chiding sigh,
To think that wings of rainbow plume
So soon should learn to fly.
We scarcely like the climes to strike
That tell of Pleasure's flight,
But Friendship's chain, when severed thus,
Is sure to re-unite.
Then why not let us merry be,
Though this song be the last,
Believing other hours will come
As bright as those just past?

The wild-bird's song is loud and long;
But the sweetest and the best,
Is whistled as he leaves the bough
To seek his lonely nest.
The sun's rich beam shines through the day,
But flashes deeper still
While darting forth his farewell ray
Behind the western hill.
Then why not we as merry be,
In this our parting strain?
For, like the bird and sun, we'll come
With joy and warmth again.

The moments fled, like violets dead,
Shall never lose their power;
For grateful perfume ever marks
The memory's withered flower.
The sailor's lay, in peaceful bay,
With gladsome mirth rings out;
But when the heavy anchor's weighed,
He gives as blithe a shout.
Then why not we as merry be,
In this our parting strain,
And trust, as gallant sailors do,
To MAKE THE PORT AGAIN?

THE GOLDEN RULES OF LIFE.

If thou well observe
The rule of "not too much," by Temperance taught,
In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from thence
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,
Till many years over thy head return,—
Then may'st thou live, till, like ripe fruit, thou drop
Into thy mother's lap; or be with ease
Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd, in death mature.

MILTON.

EXCESS IN ANY SHAPE is bad, but in eating and drinking it is dangerous. It exhausts the body, and destroys the soul. We would speak here more particularly of drinking, a practice even yet far too prevalent in this country.*

Of all the illusions by which man has allowed himself to be led astray from the path of common sense, there is none more absurd in its nature and mournful in its effects (says a popular writer), than that which induces him to believe that ardent spirits are conducive either to health or happiness. Engendering an appetite which grows with what it feeds on, they acquire by degrees an unbounded dominion over the individual, whom they at last reduce to a melancholy state of physical imbecility and moral degradation. Peevishness takes the place of equanimity; and he who commenced the habit of drinking, that, like "a good fellow," he might minister to the happiness of others, ends by destroying his own.

"Living fast" is a metaphorical phrase which, more accurately than is generally imagined, expresses a literal fact! Whatever hurries the action of the corporeal functions, must tend to abridge the period of their probable duration. As the wheel of a carriage performs a certain number of rotations before it arrives at the destined goal, so to the arteries of the human frame we may conceive that there is allotted only a certain number of pulsations before their vital energy is entirely exhausted. Extraordinary longevity has seldom been known to occur, except in persons of a remarkably tranquil and slow-paced circulation.

If intemperance curtailed merely the number of our days, we should have but little reason to find fault with its effects. The idea of a short life and a merry one is plausible enough if it could be realised. But unfortunately, what shortens existence is calculated also to make it melancholy. There

* The advent of our mortal enemy, Cholera, whose gaunt strides amongst us have told fearfully of his great power—induce us once more to raise a warning voice against an indulgence in ardent spirits. We know many who persist in their use, despite all remonstrance. Let them beware, ere it be too late. Taken medicinally, spirits have their good use; but indulged in as a "pleasure," they become a curse.

is no process by which we can *distil* life, so as to separate from it all foul and heterogeneous matter, and leave nothing behind but drops of pure defecated happiness. If there were, we should scarcely blame the vicious extravagance of the voluptuary, who, provided that his sun shine brilliantly, while above his head, cares not though that sun should set at an earlier hour.

It is seldom that debauchery breaks at once the thread of vitality. There occurs, for the most part, a wearisome and painful interval between the first loss of a capacity for enjoying life and the period of its ultimate and entire extinction. This circumstance, it is to be presumed, is out of the consideration of those persons who, with a prodigality more extravagant than that of Cleopatra, dissolve the pearl of health in the goblet of intemperance. The slope towards the grave these victims of indiscretion find to be no easy descent. The scene is darkened long before the curtain falls, and discloses the horrors of an hereafter. Having exhausted prematurely all that is pure and delicious in the cup of life, they are obliged to swallow afterwards the bitter dregs. Death is the last, but not the worst result of intemperance. There is more to follow!

Punishment, in some instances, treads almost instantly upon the heels of transgression; at others, with a more tardy, but equally certain step, it follows the commission of moral irregularity. During the course of a long-protracted career of excess, the malignant power of alcohol, slow and insidious in its operation, is gnawing incessantly at the root; and often without spoiling the bloom, or seeming to impair the vigor of the frame, is clandestinely hastening the period of its destruction. There is no imprudence, with regard to health, that does not *tell*; and those are not unfrequently found to suffer in the event most essentially, who do not appear to suffer immediately from every individual act of indiscretion. The work of decay is, in such instances, constantly going on, although it never loudly indicates its advance, by any forcible impression upon the senses.

A feeble constitution is, in general, more flexible than a vigorous one. From yielding more readily, it is not so soon broken by the assaults of indiscretion. A disorder is for the most part violent in proportion to the stamina of the subject which it attacks. Strong men have energetic diseases. The puny valetudinarian seems to suffer less injury from indisposition, in consequence of being more familiar with its effects. His lingering and scarcely more than semi-vital existence is often protracted beyond that of the more active, vivacious, and robust.

But it ought to be in the knowledge of the *debauchee* that each attack of casual, or return

of periodical, distemper, deducts something from the strength and structure of his frame. Some leaves fall from the tree of life every time that its trunk is shaken. It may thus be disrobed of its beauty, and made to betray the dreary nakedness of a far advanced autumn, long before, in the regular course of nature, that season could even have commenced. The distinction, though incalculably important, is not sufficiently recognised, between stimulation and nutrition; between repairing the expenditure of the fuel by a supply of substantial matter, and urging unseasonably, or to an inordinate degree, the violence of the heat and the brilliancy of the flame.

The strongest liquors are the most weakening. In proportion to the power which the draught itself possesses, is that which it ultimately deducts from the person into whose stomach it is habitually received. In a state of ordinary health, and in many cases of disease, a generous diet may be safely and even advantageously recommended. But in diet, the generous ought to be distinguished from the stimulating. This latter is almost exclusively, but, on account of its evil operations upon the frame, very improperly, called *good living*. The indigent wretch whose scanty fare is scarcely sufficient to supply the materials of existence, and the no less wretched *debauchee*, whose luxurious indulgence daily accelerates the period of its destruction, may both be said to *live hard*. Hilarity is not health; more especially when it has been aroused by artificial means. The fire of intemperance often illuminates, at the very moment that it is consuming its victim. It is not until after the blaze of an electric coruscation that its depredations are exposed.

Stimuli somerimes produce a kind of artificial genius as well as vivacity. They lift a man's intellectual faculties, as well as his feelings of enjoyment, above their ordinary level; and if, by the same means, they could be kept for any length of time in that state of exaltation, it might constitute something like a specious apology for having had recourse to their assistance. Unfortunately, however, the excitement of the system can in no instance be urged above its accustomed and natural pitch, without this being succeeded by a correspondent degree of depression. Like the fabulous stone of Sisyphus, it invariably begins to fall as soon as it has reached the summit; and the rapidity of its subsequent descent is almost invariably in proportion to the degree of its previous elevation. Genius, in this manner forcibly raised, may be compared to those fireworks which after having made a brilliant figure in the sky for a short time, fall to the ground, and expose a miserable fragment as the only relic of their preceding splendor.

It is no uncommon thing in this dissipated metropolis for a woman of gaiety and fashion, previous to the reception of a party, to light up, by artificial means, her mind as well her rooms. This is done in order that both may be "shown off to the best advantage." But the mental lustre which is thus kindled goes out even sooner than that of the lamps; and the mistress of the entertainment often finds herself deserted by her spirits, long before she is deserted by her guests. In like manner, a man who is meditating a composition for the public is often tempted to rouse the torpor or to spur the inactivity of his faculties by some temporary incentive. Gay, in one of his letters, observes that "he must be a bold man who ventures to write without the help of wine." But, in general, it may be remarked that the cordials which an author on this account may be induced to take, are more likely to make himself than his readers satisfied with his productions. The good things which a person under the influence of fictitious exhilaration may be stimulated to say, are often, in their effects, the very worst things than he could possibly have uttered. From a want of sufficient steadiness or discretion, sparks sometimes fall from the torch of genius by which it is converted into a fire-brand of mischief.

We are apt to complain of the heaviness and wearisomeness of volumes, where the pains taken by the writer have not been sufficiently concealed. But the apparent result of excessive care is much to be preferred to the heedless effusion of a mind over which it is too obvious that the judgment has in a great measure suspended its control.

It is far better that a work should smell of the *lamp* than of the *cask*.

THE LONELY BIRD.

Brown Autumn is flying,
Stern Winter is nigh,
Sweet flow'rs are dying,
Half-withered they lie.

The warblers have left us,
For bright summer skies;
Cold winds have bereft us
Of Philomel's sighs.

Far wanders the swallow;
Alas! only one,
In our wooded hollow
Still lingers alone!

She tarries, a mourner,
Her offspring are gone;
Now sadder,—forlorn,—
She tarries alone!

Ye tempests, pass o'er her,
Disturb not her rest,
Till sweet-smiling FLORA
Breathes life on her nest!

MOTLEY.

ALAS, THAT HE SHOULD DIE!

I HAVE the letter yet, Minnie,
 You sent the very day
 That gave your first-born to your arms,
 And I was far away.
 I saw through every trembling line,
 How precious was the boy;
 How pleasure shook the weakened hand
 That wrote to wish me joy.

Of all thy mother's little ones,
 The plaything and the pet,
 Poor children, lovingly they come
 To rock the cradle yet;
 And, knowing not how sound his sleep,
 All arts to wake him try.
 Alas! from so much love, Minnie,
 To think that he should die!

Look at the small pure hand, Minnie,
 So motionless in mine;
 I used to let it, soft and warm,
 About my finger twine.
 And as it fastened in my heart
 That slight uncertain hold,
 Its touch will linger on my hand
 Till my hand, too, is cold.

Our bridal day; that summer day—
 Dost thou remember now?
 Joy's blossoms were unsullied then
 As those about thy brow.
 Thank God, I have my fair bride still;
 And by thy loving eye,
 Thou wouldst not give me up, Minnie,
 E'en that he might not die.

A Heaven of safety and repose;
 Ah! should we wish him back,
 From its clear lights and thornless flowers,
 To tread life's dusty track?
 Think what a radiant little one
 Shall meet us by-and-by;
 And yet, that he should die, Minnie!
 Alas, that he should die!

From "Household Words."

HUMAN LIFE, IN A NUTSHELL.

DAY dawn'd. Within a curtain'd room,
 Fill'd to faintness with perfume,
 A lady lay,—at point of doom.

Day closed. A child had seen the light;
 But for the lady, fair and bright,
 She rested in undreaming night!

Spring came. The lady's grave was green,
 And near it, oftentimes was seen
 A gentle boy, with thoughtless mien.

Years fled. He wore a manly face,
 And struggled in the world's rough race,
 And won at last a lofty place.

And then, he died!—Behold before ye,
 HUMANITY'S brief sum, and story,—
 LIFE, DEATH, and all that is of—GLORY.

BARRY CORNWALL.

DOMESTIC CURIOSITIES.**THE VINEGAR PLANT.**

SOME OF OUR READERS may have heard of, and perhaps seen, the Vinegar Plant; but we feel quite sure that many of them have *not*. We shall therefore tell them something about it.

To look at it, nothing could be more unsightly than the Vinegar Plant. It is a tough, gelatinous object, resembling a lump of boiled tripe; of a dirty-brown color, and enveloped in a succession of folds. Yet has it wonderful reproductive powers. Ere it is one day old—that is to say, disengaged from the parent stem—it commences the work of reproduction; and *in six weeks* has given birth to another progeny prolific as itself! The original parent, be it observed, never leaves off its fertility; but continues, every six weeks, to produce a new offspring.

This is quite an amusing experiment. Procure a tureen. Place in it half a pound of treacle, and half a pound of coarse brown sugar. Add to these two quarts of spring water, and stir the whole well together. Into this mixture put your Vinegar Plant. It will float on the surface for six weeks; it will then sink to the bottom. The mixture will have become very strong, very excellent vinegar; not to be surpassed in strength or flavor.

After having removed the vinegar, withdraw the plant. Adhering to it, you will find an excrescence. Separate this carefully, by gently-applied manipular force. You will then be in possession of *two* Vinegar Plants, *each one equally vigorous*.

Again make a mixture, as before, and procure *two* tureens. Fill these as already described, and put one of the plants into each tureen. From that hour, reproduction is going steadily on; and your family, in six weeks, will be quadrupled. This enables you to be generous—a principle we are ever inculcating. At the present time of writing, we are watching the progress of a mother-plant. Soon after this JOURNAL sees the light, we shall have to pay marked attention to *it* and its offspring. What "fine pickles" we shall have, for "a relish," at Christmas!

The best place in which to keep the tureen is a warm cupboard in the kitchen. The fermentation then soon commences. Whilst the change is going on, the further development of the plant proceeds. It divides into two distinct layers. These, in course of time, would again increase in size and divide; and so on, each layer being suitable for removing to a separate jar for the production of vinegar. The layers may also be cut into separate pieces for the purpose of propagating more freely. The solution necessarily causes the

vinegar to be of a sirupy nature, but not to such an extent as to communicate a flavor to it. When evaporated to dryness, a large quantity of saccharine matter is left.

When this remarkable production was first brought before the notice of scientific men, it was difficult to form an opinion respecting it. The microscope showed it to have an organised structure; but its peculiar character, and its remarkable *mode of life*, differed entirely from any other known production. It has been instrumental, however, in opening up a new field of inquiry; and recent investigations show that it is not a solitary form of organic life.

The Vinegar Plant has been assigned a place in the large and obscure order of fungi. It is, in fact, a familiar species of mould, but in a peculiar stage of development. Many botanists regard it as the *Penicillium glaucum* (Greville). To give a correct notion of the true character of this abnormal production, it is necessary to allude briefly to the mode of development in fungi.

The fungi or mushroom family form an order of the class Cryptogamia (flowerless plants), and in their structure are entirely cellular—that is, their whole substance is composed of simple cells varying in form and arrangement in the different species. In the fungus there are two distinct systems—the vegetative and reproductive. The vegetative system consists of variously modified filaments—generally concealed in the earth or other matrix on which the fungus grows; and is the *mycelium*, or spawn. This spawn is well known in horticulture, being used for the production of mushrooms. The reproductive organs consist of spores, or spherical cells, very minute, but performing the part of seeds in the higher plants. These spores are sometimes supported on simple filamentous processes; but in the common mushroom we find the gills on its under side to be the part whereon they are produced: the whole of the mushroom which we use, belonging, in fact, to the reproductive system. Now, in its perfect state, the Vinegar Plant presents all the usual appearance of common mould. But in the state in which we have it in an acetous solution, only the vegetative system, or the spawn, is developed, and developed to an extraordinary extent—consisting, when viewed under the microscope, of filamentous threads capable of producing the fructification, or perfect mould, whenever they are subjected to the proper conditions. These cellular filaments, by being so closely interlaced together, give the peculiar leathery appearance exhibited by the Vinegar Plant. Whenever the vinegar is allowed to evaporate, and the *mycelium* to become free from saturation, then the usual form of the mould is produced.

This is not the only instance of the *mycelium* of a fungus developing itself naturally in an abnormal condition without producing organs of reproduction. A modern writer says—“It is probable that the flocculent matter which forms in various infusions when they become ‘mothy,’ and which bears this name, is only the *mycelium* of *Mucor Penicillium*, and other fungals of a similar nature.” It is not only in stale vinegar, in wine-bottles, in empyreumatic succinate of ammonia, and in saccharine solutions, that such fungoid growths appear. Who is not familiar with the tough mass that is so often brought up on the point of the pen from the ink-holder? It, too, is of the same nature; and, like all similar productions, is especially rife in hot weather.

It must not be supposed that what is usually called the Vinegar Plant is always the *mycelium* of *Penicillium glaucum*. There may be many distinct species which assume the form when placed under the required conditions, and all of them may have the power of producing vinegar.

Mould of various kinds, when placed in sirup, shows the same tendency as the Vinegar Plant to form a flat, gelatinous, or leathery expansion. This is well shown by Professor Balfour, in a paper which has been laid before the Botanical Society of Edinburgh, “On the Growth of various kinds of Mould in Sirup.” The results of his experiments are as follow:—

1. Some mould that had grown on an apple was put into sirup on 5th March, 1851, and in the course of two months afterwards, there was a cellular, flat, expanded mass formed, while the sirup was converted into vinegar. Some of the original mould was still seen on the surface, retaining its usual form.

11. Mould, obtained from a pear, was treated in a similar way at the same time; the results were similar. So also with various moulds obtained from bread, tea, and other vegetable substances; the effect being in most cases to cause fermentation, which resulted in the production of vinegar.

3. On 8th November, 1850, a quantity of raw sugar, treacle, and water, was put into a jar, without any mould, or other substance, being introduced. It was left untouched till 5th March, 1851, when, on being examined, it was found that a growth like that of the vinegar-plant had formed, and vinegar was produced, as in the other experiments. The plant was removed into a jar of fresh sirup, and again the production of vinegar took place.

4. Other experiments showed that when the sirup is formed from purified white sugar alone, the vinegar is not produced so readily; the length of time required for

the changes varying from four to six months. There may possibly be something in the raw sugar and treacle which tends to promote the acetous change.

The Professor exhibited specimens of the different kinds of mould to the meeting: some in sirup of different kinds, and others in the vinegar which had been formed. Several members of the society expressed their opinions on the subject. Dr. Greville remarked, that he had no doubt of the Vinegar Plant being *an abnormal state of some fungus*. It is well known that many fungi, in peculiar circumstances, present most remarkable forms; and Dr. Greville instanced the so-called genus *Myconema* of Fries, as well as the genus *Oxonium*. Even some of the common toad-stools, or *Agarics*, present anomalous appearances, such as the absence of the pileus, &c., in certain instances. The remarkable appearances of dry-rot in different circumstances are well known.

Although sirup, when left to itself, will assume the acetous form, still there can be no doubt that the presence of the plant promotes and expedites the change. Professor Simpson observed that the changes in fungi may resemble the alternation of generations, so evident in the animal kingdom, as noticed by Steenstrup, and others. In the *Meduse* there are remarkable changes of form; and there is also the separation of buds, resembling the splitting of the Vinegar Plant. Mr. Embleton remarked that in the neighborhood of Embleton, in Northumberland, every cottager uses the plant for the purpose of making vinegar.

Thus much for the history of the plant. Our good friends must now make themselves *practically* acquainted with its curious properties.

Let us, in conclusion, observe, that the remarkable mode of propagation possessed by the Vinegar Plant—in the absence of reproductive organs—by means of dividing into laminæ, is quite in accordance with the meristematic division which many of the lower *algæ* propagate. The more we examine into its nature, the more pleased we shall be with the powers it possesses of longevity and fruitfulness.

REMEMBRANCE.

'Tis something, if in absence we can trace
The footsteps of the past; it soothes the heart
To breathe the air scented in other years
By lips beloved,—to wander through the groves
Where once we were not lonely; where the rose
Reminds us of the hair we used to wreathe
With its fresh buds,—where every hill and vale,
And wood and fountain, speaks of time gone by,
And Hope springs up in joy from Memory's
ashes!

SENSE AND NONSENSE.

Intoxicating drinks are called by total-abstinence men,—poisons. 'This is nonsense. "Poison," says Wilkinson, "is one thing, and stimulus is another."

Poisons destroy the structure, or subvert the functions of the body; stimuli kindle it into life and exhaust it into repose, or even death, if their action be excessive. The sleep of the night is Nature's recovery from the excitement of the day. The sleep of death is the spirit's recovery from the lifetime. Our machines are meant to wear out, and stimuli are the wearers. The organs of the body and mind live by stimuli, which in temperance animate, and, in excess, destroy them.

Light is the stimulus of the eye, but its intensity will extinguish sight; yet is it no poison, even when its glare is destructive. We do not "totally abstain" from light, though a part of our brethren have weak eyes, and are ordered into dark rooms. Sound, which in voice and music makes the ear alive, deadens hearing when too loud, and destroys the sense. In short, the sensible world is one great excitement to carry man beyond his first organic water.

Joy, too, the wine of the soul, will kill by its abundance and unexpectedness; and yet it is next of kin to the life that its over-muchness withers. High truth intoxicates those not fit to drink it; causing oftentimes madness from its misapprehension and abuse; causing still more frequently need of rest, to recover from its dazzling revelations. We repeat that man lives by stimuli; any of which, administered in too great a quantity, too often, or too fast, may cause destruction or suspension of life. Yet none of them is, therefore, a poison. Just as little can we so denominate alcohol, from the fact of its producing intoxication or death. For, every stimulus carried to excess has the like effects; and in all the cases, excess is reprehensible, but the stimulus natural. Our Saxon word Drunkenness bears no poisonous sense; it is merely the far-gone past participle of Drink made substantive.

In truth, poison differs from stimulus as medicine from food; for poisons in little doses are medicines, and food in its greatest concentration is stimulus. The plainest food will kill in too great quantity. And then again, medicinal substances, as coffee, tea, &c., come into dietetic use. Yet we cannot infer that food and medicine are the same thing, though they touch each other, and are not incompatible at the extremes.

The corollary that we draw, is, that total abstinence contains no universal argument; that it is an admirable strait-waistcoat for many of us; that abstinence is a needful discipline for every one at the most of times,

and then coincident with temperance: but that, moreover, wine is an indispensable gift of Heaven, and the use of it, too, an inalienable matter of private judgment; into which abstinence-leagues, though backed by medicine and chemistry, will find it impossible to intrude.

THE WORLD'S KINDNESS.

What numbers, once in Fortune's lap, high-fed,
Solicit the cold hand of Charity!
To shock us more, solicit it IN VAIN!

YOUNG.

AS WE HAVE BUT ONE GRAND END in view—the regeneration and better ordering of society, we never care how many adjutants we press into the service. Our task is to collect honey from every opening flower, whilst we live; and, when we die, to leave behind us something by which we may be pleasingly remembered. The world is a large field.

Whilst walking through this modern Babylon of ours, how often is our heart horror-stricken at the scenes of sorrow which force themselves upon our vision! This, not in the glare of open day only, but when the shades of evening are stretched out. So common are the scenes to which we allude, that although well known they excite no commiseration. When we say that the bodies and souls of many thousand unfortunates perish yearly, without one single effort being put forth to relieve them—one good Samaritan at hand to bind up their wounds, we speak but the truth. We refrain from going more into detail.

Why is it thus? In a Protestant country, boasting so much, one would surely expect something like operative Christian charity to prevail among us. But, alas! the word charity, though ever in our mouths, finds no place in our hearts. All is outside show—all vain glory.

We often ponder, thoughtfully, on certain documents recently placed in our hands by our gentle correspondent FORESTIERA; and when we read what is done by women, unostentatiously, from a sincere love to God—abroad, we blush for “the land we live in.” If Ithuriel's spear were to touch us, and test our sincerity, our devotion, our humanity, our sympathy one for the other, what a sorry rusty lot we should prove! Condemnation would sit heavily on our brow; and we should never be able to pass our examination. This thought often haunts us when we see people persuaded to do evil “because others do it.” Shall we follow in their wake? No; rather will we dare to be singular in this particular; and whilst we draw breath, be found actively engaged in labors of love. We marvel at the baseness of the human heart, which is so exclusively selfish—so formal, so

cold, so unmindful of its own present interests and its eternal welfare. Ask a man to do you an act of disinterested service, “hoping for nothing in return,” and see how he will stare at you! A madman are you in his sight.

But, we shall be asked, what means this preface? It is a simple prelude, good friends, to a little episode in real life, penned by that shrewd observer of passing events—Fanny Fern. In her portfolio are registered many dottings-down that please us amazingly. The American women have some sterling stuff about them. God has given them excellent talents, and they trade with them to good effect. Oh! that some of our women would “come out” in a similar manner, and become “useful” in their day and generation!

The object of the sketch which we subjoin is to hold the mirror up to Nature; and to cut deep at the universal practice in society of turning their backs upon innocence and true worth, for fear of “losing caste” (as an amiable correspondent observed in our last).

It appears that Mr. Grant, the father of a sweet girl, called Emma, had made too free use of another person's money. It was discovered; and the unhappy man was of course punished. Thereupon discourse was held, by two women of the world, as follows:—

“It is really very unfortunate, that affair of Mr. Grant's. I don't see what *will* become of Emma. I presume she won't think of holding up her head after it. I dare say she will ‘expect’ to be on the same terms with her friends as before, but the thing is—”

“Quite impossible!” said the gay Mrs. Blair, arranging her ringlets; “the man has dragged his family down with him, and there's no help for it that I can see.”

“He has no family but Emma,” said her friend, “and I suppose some benevolent soul will look after her; at any rate, it don't concern us.” And the so-called two friends tied on their bonnets for a promenade.

Emma Grant was, in truth, almost broken-hearted at this sad “mistake” of her father's; but, with the limited knowledge of human nature gleaned from the experience of a sunny life of eighteen happy years, she doubted not the willingness of old friends to assist her in her determination to become a teacher. To one after another of these summer friends she applied for patronage. Some “couldn't, in conscience recommend the daughter of a defaulter;” some, less free-spoken, went on the non-committal system—“would think of it and let her know”—taking very good care not to specify any particular time for this good purpose. Others who did not want their consciences troubled by the sight of her, advised her, very disinterestedly, to “go back into the country somewhere, and occupy the independent position of making herself generally useful in some farmer's family.” Others still dodged the question by humbly recommending her to apply to persons of greater influence than themselves; and one and all “wished her well, and hoped she'd succeed”

—thought it very praiseworthy that she should try to do something for herself, but seemed nervously anxious that it should be out of their latitude and longitude. And so, day after day, foot-sore and weary, Emma reached home with a discouraged heart, and a sad conviction of the selfishness and hollow-heartedness of human nature.

In one of these discouraging moods she recollected her old friend, Mr. Bliss. How strange she should not have thought of him before! She had often hospitably entertained him as she presided at her father's table; he stood very high in repute as a *pious man*, and very benevolently inclined. He surely would befriend with his influence the child of his old, though fallen friend. With renewed courage she tied on her little bonnet, and set out in search of him.

She was fortunate in finding him in; but, ah! where was the old frank smile and extended hand of friendship? Mr. Bliss might have been carved out of wood, for any demonstration of either that she could see. A very stiff bow, and a very nervous twitch of his waistband, was her only recognition. With difficulty she choked down the rebellious feelings that sent the flush to her cheek and indignant tears to her eyes, as she recalled the many evenings he had received a warm welcome to their hospitable fire-side, and timidly explained the purpose of her visit. Mr. Bliss employed himself, during this interval, in the apparent arrangement of some business papers, with an air that said, "if you were not a woman, I shouldn't hesitate to show you the door in a civil way; but, as it is, though I may listen, that's all it will amount to." Like many other persons in a like dilemma, he quietly made up his mind that if he could succeed in irritating her sufficiently to rouse her spirit, he would, in all probability, be sooner rid of her; so he remarked that it was "A very bad affair, that of her father's; there could be but one opinion about its disgraceful and dishonorable nature; that, of course, she wasn't to blame for it, but she couldn't expect to keep her old position now; and that, in short, under the circumstances, he didn't feel as if it would be well for him to interfere in her behalf at present. He had no doubt that, *in time*, she might 'live down' her father's disgrace;" and so he very comfortably seated himself in his leather-backed arm-chair, and took up a book.

A deep red spot burned on Emma Grant's cheek as she retraced her steps. Her lithe form was drawn up to its full height; there was fire in her eye, and firmness and rapidity in her step that betokened a new energy. She would not be crushed by such selfish cowardice and pusillanimity; she would succeed—and unaided too, save by her own invincible determination. It must be that she should triumph yet.

"Will it might," said Emma, as she bent all her powers to the accomplishment of her purpose. When was that motto ever known to fail, when accompanied by a spirit undiscouraged by obstacles?

Never! True, Emma rose early, and sat up late. She lived on a mere crust. She was a stranger to luxury, and many times to necessary comforts. Her pillow was often wet with tears from over-taxed spirits and failing strength.

The malicious sneer of the ill-judging, and the croaking prophecy of the ill-natured fell upon her sensitive ear. Old friends, who had eaten and drunk at her table, "passed on the other side;" and there were the usual number of good, cautious, timid souls, who stood on the fence ready to jump down when her position was certain, and she had placed herself beyond the need of their assistance! Foremost in this rank was the "correct" and "proper" Mr. Bliss, who soiled no pharisaical garment of his, by juxtaposition with any known sinner or doubtful person.

At the expiration of a year, Emma's school contained pupils from the first families in the city, with whose whole education she was intrusted; and who, making it their home with her, received, out of school-hours, the watchful care of a mother. It became increasingly popular, and Emma was able to command her own price for her services.

"Why don't you send your daughter to my friend Miss Grant?" said Mr. Bliss, to Senator Hall; "she is a little *protégée* of mine—nice young woman!—came to me at the commencement of her school for my patronage. The consequence is she has gone up like a sky-rocket. They call it the 'Model School.'"

Condescending Mr. Bliss! It was a pity to take the nonsense out of him. But you *should* have seen the crest-fallen expression of his whole outer man, as the elegant widower he addressed, turning on him a look of withering contempt, said, "The young woman of whom you speak, sir, *will be my wife before the expiration of another week*, and in her name and mine, I thank you for the very liberal patronage and the **MANLY ENCOURAGEMENT** you extended to her youth and helplessness, in the hour of need."

It is needless to add how many times in the course of the following week the inhabitants of —, who had found it "convenient" entirely to forget the existence of Miss Emma Grant, were heard to interlard their conversation with "MY FRIEND MRS. SENATOR HALL."—Alas! poor human nature!

If we be honest—a rare qualification is honesty now-a-days!—let us ask ourselves the question whether the condescending, patronising Mr. Bliss, is or is not a caricature of humanity? Is there not a Mr., Mrs., Miss, and Master Bliss, in nearly every so-called genteel (heartless) family in the kingdom?

And yet England is a Protestant country!

THE MUSIC OF FALLING WATER.

I love the sound
Of falling water. It hath something in it
Which speaks of the long past of infancy,
And the bright pearl-like days of childhood; and
I fancy that I hear it murmuring
Stories of red ripe berries; and with glee,
And with an innocent cunning, telling of
Those secret nooks where thickest hang the nuts
From their o'erladen branches:—Oh, it speaks
Of those far distant times, when all things were
Treasures and joys, not to be bought with worlds;
When a new pleasure was a pleasure, just
Because that it was new! J. S. BIGG.

THE DECAY OF NATURE.

Trip along lightly down by the dingle,
Autumn returneth all hazy and chill;
Here, with the hedgerow and forest commingle,
Soft be your footfall and silent your will.
Nature is moaning, the leaves too are falling,
Just as the tears of the sorrowful fall;
Rocking and bending as if they were calling
Unto the fallen to answer the call.

Trip along lightly, the damp air is moving
Heavy and dull, as onward it streams;
Autumnal aspects have something worth loving,
Something to linger with memory's dreams.
What though there's nothing around thee
retaining
Aught of its hue but the bright evergreen?
Trip along lightly, and mark that the waning
Still has a glory in yon golden screen.

Trip along lightly over the dying,
Clothing the earth with their beautiful hue;
Think you the leaflets so plentiful flying
Come as a warning in silence to you?
Unto thy feet the decay'd ones are clinging,
Earthy and damp is the smell which they bring;
Trip along lightly, for violets were springing
Here when, in gladness, you welcomed the
Spring.

J. E. THOMPSON.

A VISIT TO WALTON HALL.

THE NAME OF CHARLES WATERTON, inseparable as it is from his lovely palace of living animals—Walton Hall, will ever be regarded with reverence by all who love to see the "lower creation" happy. We therefore gladly give insertion to the following sketch of a visit paid to Walton Hall, in July of the present year, by MR. THOMAS LISTER, of Barnsley, and sent to us direct:

This morning, Mr. Editor (July 28, 1853), I fulfilled a long-promised visit to Walton Hall, accompanied by a few friends; ardent lovers of natural history. I took the mail, with three of the party, as far as Sandal. We walked from thence to Walton Hall, in a drizzling rain, very unpromising for our day's excursion. On our arrival, we repaired to the grotto to take our repast.

When near to the place, a cry, as of some rapacious bird, was heard from the trees overhead. It was a call not by any means familiar to us; but we made up our minds to make it out before we left the grounds. During our unceremonious meal, before a cheering fire (provided by the good owner of the domain), we were called forth by other sounds. One of these was a constant cry of "tezet, tzet, tzet!" We traced it to the beautiful gold-crested wren, which abounds about this closely-wooded place, where I had twice observed it on former visits. We had as good a view of it through

my telescope as its restless habits would permit; also of several pairs of bullfinches, revealed by their low piping note.

After dinner, I ascended the elevated terrace above the pleasure grounds; and drawn by the strange call first alluded to, I saw amongst the tall and graceful spruces, with their young green cones pendent, near the longer brown ones of last year, a bird-like figure, which on applying the Dollond, proved to be a young kestrel. My summons instantly broke up a legal discussion of my friends, seated in a niche below; and they readily availed themselves of the clearly-revealing glass to inspect the bird. This instrument is far more to be recommended to the field naturalist, than the exterminating gun.

We saw, afterwards, the old birds, both on the trees, and taking short flights to lure their young. Some had the appearance in flight, of the kestrel, others of the sparrowhawk. One, partially viewed through the telescope, by its darker brown back, proved it to belong to the latter species, rather than to the former, marked by the reddish brown tinge of its feathers. Here we were joined by a juvenile member of our party, too late for the start, having been detained by the unpropitious aspect of the morning. But the day had now cleared up; and having let him feast on our intellectual as well as physical treat, we all proceeded to the Hall.

Crossing the surrounding lake, by its guardian bridge, and the old ivied tower—now peopled by owls and starlings, we reached the entrance hall. There was the worthy master; whose white head, tall, spare, but enduring frame, and firm-stepping, upright figure, bespoke the veteran naturalist—the veritable WATERTON himself. Busied with some parting guests, he could not show us more attention than to permit us to see the house.

We were first struck with a figure of the chimpanzee, amongst many striking objects in the ante-room. He was decked out like a jolly elector, with the motto, "The Whigs and Tories have taught me to sell my vote to the highest bidder." There was a splendid glass case, containing several fine pairs of toucans, and what he calls in his works toucanets. Also the richly-tinted yellow and red casiques, with their curious pendent nests. These remarkable birds, larger than the starling, occur again on the staircase, with reference, as in other instances, to descriptions in his Wanderings and Essays; copies of which lie for the use of visitors. In addition to the splendor of their tints, they have characteristics of imitative fun equal to those of the mocking-bird of the northern division of America.

At the foot of the staircase a scarlet curlew, and a huge ant-bear, strike the eye;

but up this matchless winding staircase, where the glories of Walton,—glories that would task any pen, however eloquent, to pourtray them effectually, many birds from Italy, and his favorite Rome, adorn the collection. From Guiana, Cayenne, and other parts of South America, were cotingas and jacomars of all colors, puff-backed shrikes, and tiny humming birds, glittering like gems; with their delicate tinier nests. One great curiosity was the campanero, or bell-bird, with a dark ascending horn, tufted with small white feathers; the clear resounding bell-like note of this bird may be heard at three miles distance. Finer than all these, was the glittering crested cock of the rock.

The mirthful subjects were intermingled with the beautiful. Poor easy John Bull, for instance, with his debt of £800,000,000, was personified by a monkey figure. This same idea is illustrated by him in his writings under the figure of the hazel tree in his grounds, which, from the small beginning of a nut, actually supports a huge millstone!

In one glass case is a bed of artificial roses, beneath which are lurking various small finely marked serpents. Several handsome birds are fluttering about. One of them, venturing too near, is struggling in the fangs of one of their wily foes. This pictured allegory bears an appropriate motto, a warning against temptation, from the naturalist's pen.

Beauties! pause before ye venture,
Lest ye tread the path of woe;
Wily snakes are known to enter
Into groves where roses blow.

The most striking group which arrests the attention of the merest loungeur, may be called a great political and religious satire on the times and characters of the Reformation. In this unique case, a huge bloated toad represents the self-elected Defender of the Faith, Bluff King Hal; another grim monster personifies William III.; or, as our satirical friend likes to call him, Dutch Billy. Another frightful reptile, made more hideous by a pair of horns, typifies Queen Bess. The great Reformers, Luther, and John Knox, have each their mocking reptile substitute. The informer, Titus Oates, characteristically figures as a sprawling loathsome toad, as if crushed to the dust by a heavy stone; while mother Law-Church, as a scorpion, surrounded by her numerous dissenting spawn of beetles and lesser crawling insects, is at the foot of a rock; on the summit of which, in the shape of a splendid, crested bird, is enthroned the Catholic Church, triumphant over her enemies, with the motto in Latin, "On this rock will I build my Church!"

This ingenious piece of satire is generally taken in good part even by representatives, of the systems attacked; so much so, that

as the author of it once told me, a neighboring Vicar of the State Church requested the loan of it to amuse his visitors! Lastly, the cayman, the subject of his renowned capture, and the small serpent (that nearly cost him his life), must not be overlooked in this unrivalled collection,—a monument of abiding perseverance, artistic skill, and a thorough knowledge of his subject. The forms have none of that dead flatness, common to some collections, but are full, rounded, and life-like; without the support of wire, sawdust, or other slovenly stuffing—complete, from the adjustment of a feather to the full portraiture of the form, attitude, and characteristic expression of the being represented.

Around the sides of the staircase (in addition to the other attractions) are many fine pictures, comprising subjects of landscape and historic incident. They are principally of the class called easel paintings, a delineation of which, being essayed by me in a "Visit to Walton Hall," many years ago (inserted in the *Leeds Mercury*), and our present object being Natural History, I shall not do more than simply call attention to them. The same will be observed with regard to the scenery, then described; the principal features of which, are a fine wood-skirted valley, nearly filled by a fair lake, abounding in choice fish; and many varieties of water fowl. On the Northern extremity, is the small Island, on which the elegant mansion stands; on the site of the old residence of the Watertons, which, in days of civil dissension, has withstood hostile sieges, in defence of the principles of attachment professed by its owners to the loyalty and religion of their fathers. Further, in the same direction, are the stables and gardens; and, passing along pleasant shady ways, over a low tract formerly given up to the poor of Walton for their potato culture (until a stringent imposition of the taxing system did away with the boon), we reach the grotto and pleasure grounds, given up (under due regulations and permission granted) to the gratification of the public.

The bad usage experienced from the poachers, who some years ago disturbed the harmony of this peaceful domain, and the still worse abuse sustained in the law courts, where their violent intrusion was defended; the occasional abuse of the fishing privileges,—and a few instances of wanton damage,—have compelled a more strict regulation of the admission of parties to these grounds.

Great as our gratification in seeing the Hall had been, it was enhanced by a conversation with the worthy owner, of which only an outline of the purport can be given. We repassed the draw-bridge, near to which his only son (a fine tall young man) and

some friends were engaged fishing. Our bags had been left at the coach-house. These gentlemen pointed out to us a path leading thereto, near to which I caught a glimpse of the veteran Naturalist, mounted on some high moveable steps, shearing a thick holly hedge; thus contributing, with early rising, and water drinking, to his sound health. I requested a little information on the natural history of Walton. To this he replied,—“With the greatest pleasure. You see me occupied in preparing suitable sheltering places for my birds. I find the holly, yew, and other evergreens the best adapted for such purposes; giving not only shade and shelter, but food into the bargain. Their berries afford an admirable provision for our winter residents, when other sources fail. I always trim these hedges myself, and I am repaid for my toil, in music, the year round.”

I remarked, that one could almost fancy the birds were conscious of the food, shelter and protection afforded them; and that they evinced, in a confiding, grateful manner, their sense of security.

Before we had been many minutes in the grounds, we heard cries, evidently of the hawk and owl tribes (unusual anywhere in these slaughtering times, but especially near a gentleman's seat, and in the vicinity of game preserves). Soon afterwards, we distinguished several young hawks, and even the old birds; perched on or hovering about the tall fir-grove, close to the pleasure-grounds. Near to the same place, the handsome tiny gold crested wren, and the bullfinch abounded; and a kingfisher was seen to dart like an azure gem over the reedy stream.

Now, all these birds, rare with us, would be chased with a hue and cry to destruction. They would be snared for the cage, or shot for the museum! The bullfinch, like the nightingale and goldfinch, would be sought out for its capabilities of voice—the others, for their beauty and rarity; with the additional stimulus to destruction in the case of the hawk and owls,—the deadly prejudice of all game protectors! What kinds of the hawk family may now be met with here? Those seen by us presented a little difficulty to persons rarely accustomed to the cries, and forms, particularly of young hawks. We thought one was the sparrow hawk, and were sure of the kestrel; and, speaking of this bird, in the scrap entitled the May Snow-storm, enclosed in my letter to himself, I have given his opinion as cited in OUR OWN JOURNAL, against the charge of the kestrel destroying game.

He replied,—“What you saw would be kestrels and sparrow hawks; all that are left to us of that family. The kestrel does not destroy game; and if ever it takes small birds,

it will be driven to it by a rare necessity. It is of use in destroying mice and other vermin. We have a few owls, too, remaining. These birds, as you suppose, certainly enjoy their state of security here; but my protecting them is of little use when they get beyond the boundary wall. My neighbors' game-keepers shoot them down as fast as they come within shot.”

I observed, that it was unfortunate that his good example was not followed to a greater extent by others. The diminution of rare birds might be checked materially in any given district, by the proprietors of neighboring estates—admirers, in some degree, of the interesting objects around them, acting more in concert with each other for their preservation. It was surprising that his views were not more carried out in this part,—his late intimate neighbor being a lover of the fine arts, and the next landed proprietor being fond of natural history, as evinced by the choice specimens in his possession.

His difficulty, he remarks, is with the game-keepers, who would shoot not only hawks, but jays and magpies, for the sale of the skins. “Mine would do the same,” observed he, “if not forbidden, but no gun is heard in these grounds; and as to those in my neighbors' employ, they would stop at nothing. Some time back, I missed a fine cormorant from the lake. Soon after, I saw one of these fellows coming down, with something dangling over his shoulder. It proved to be my bird, brought me as a rare specimen! I dismissed him with a sharp rebuke, to the effect that he would shoot his nearest relative for the sale of the skin.”

I was here led to make an inquiry about the water birds; observing that the wetness of the forenoon, and lack of time, had caused us to forego the pleasure of a ramble about the lake; though tempted thereto by the views of it from the Hall, and the numerous waterfowl thereon. I also stated—that, on former visits, I had been gratified by viewing the numbers of wild ducks, coots, water hens, and many species then unknown to me—particularly in the more retired parts, where the lake winds in a narrowing course among the woods, near the old tree from which, he told me, he used to watch the kingfisher, and other aquatic visitants. I was desirous to know what other waterfowl frequented the grounds, either as residents or stragglers.

“In addition to those you have named,” said my host, “which are in great abundance, here are the heron, in such numbers as to have established a heronry in the neighboring trees; the Canada, Bernade, and wild goose, the water rail, the widgeon, the teal, the little grebe, the cormorant; and occasionally the tufted duck, the shoveller, the golden eye, and the dun diver.”

On one of these visits, I said, when he had been at the pains of showing me some of the natural and artificial nesting places of his favorites,—the holes in hollow trees for the owls, in sand banks for the bank martin, and curious turret-like structures for the starlings,—he had named the number of kestrels building one year in the crows' nests, and other parts of his grounds. What contrast is exhibited at present, and what other rapacious birds are met with?

"In that year," he replied, "there were about twenty-four pair of kestrels. Now six pair are the outside, and two pair of sparrow-hawks. It was about fourteen years since, when my boundary wall was raised, to keep out human and four-footed depredators. I had a great increase of both land and water birds. We have very rarely the hobby and merlin. The magnificent buzzards and bitterns are gone. The forked-tailed kite has not been seen on the estate since I took possession of it. The last raven in these parts was shot forty years ago. Of the many noble birds that abounded in my father's time, now not one is to be seen." I remarked that a greater enemy to rare birds than the bird-catcher, nester, or keeper, was found in the scientific collector—because *he aims at the rarest*, and sets all these emissaries at work to snare and shoot them, whenever they appear. By and bye, their trade will be gone, as far as rare birds are concerned; for even *the breeding seasons are not respected*, which it would be to their interest to regard, so as to keep up the stock. The men of science, who *know* of this constant decrease of species, will have to take up this question if they are earnest in the study of living nature. Their very periodicals are a continual record of slaughter, related with boastful satisfaction. Sometimes even editors—though some use their great influence to foster truer tastes—unthinkingly congratulate the fortunate captor; so much so, that, rather than be pained with recitals of extermination, which I could not prevent, I discontinued one such periodical some years ago.

"It is singular," he remarked, "that I gave up the same periodical for that very reason. Besides, *what is a dead specimen, compared to the living object?* Who would not study the one in preference to the other?"

This admission from the best stuffer—the most life-like preserver of animals, we consider a striking lesson against the mania of forming too many collections; there being now museums sufficient, in most large towns, for all purposes of study.

Having thanked the veteran for his kindness, and interesting communications, we now took leave of him; and made the best of our way to Roystone Station, which was thought rather nearer than the Wakefield one, two

miles off. We had miscalculated time and distance, and had to pay the penalty of performing the journey to Barnsley on foot. This we cheerfully submitted to, out of gratitude to our pleasant experience in this excursion to the "Happy Valley"—a paradise truly to the feathered race, which we cannot take leave of better than in the owner's adopted motto, from our childhood's favorite—Goldsmith—

No birds that roam this valley free
To slaughter I condemn;
Taught by that Power that pities *me*,
I learn to pity *them*.

Yours, my dear Sir, very faithfully,
Barnsley, Oct 10. THOMAS LISTER.

THE DEAD SPARROW.

There is in life no blessing like AFFECTION.
L. E. L.

Tell me not of joy! there's *none*,
Now my little sparrow's gone.
He would chirp and play with me;
He would hang his head awhile—
Till at length he saw me smile,
Oh! how sullen he would be!

He would catch a crumb; and then,
Sporting, let it go again.
He from my lip
Would moisture sip;
He would from my trencher feed;
Then would hop, and then would run,
And cry "philip" when he'd done;
Oh, whose heart can choose but bleed?
Oh, how eager would he fight,
And ne'er hurt, though he did bite!
No more did pass,
But on my glass
He would sit, and mark, and do
What *I* did. Now ruffle all
His feathers o'er; now let them fall;
And then straightway sleek them too.
But my faithful bird is gone!
Oh, let mournful turtles join
With loving redbreasts, and combine
To sing dirges o'er his stone!

[The above touching lines have been kindly sent us by our fair correspondent CATHARINA. They are the production of a poet named CARTWRIGHT, who died in 1643. We always give ready insertion to choice *morceaux* of this description. "The sparrow is a common,—an ugly bird." Granted. But some of *our own race* are quite as ugly, whether feminine or masculine. It is *the affection* that exists within that must be regarded. Short or tall, fair or dark, pretty or otherwise—what matters? We have before said, that we have ever found people of the commonest features and plainest *personnel* the most agreeable, the most truly amiable—the most loveable. It is just so with our dumb but mutely-eloquent pets. "The heart, the heart, the noble heart!" sing we.]

REVENGE.—He that studieth revenge, keepeth his own wounds green.—BACON.

AN AUTUMNAL RAMBLE.

BY "OUR EDITOR."

Behold! how fast advancing o'er the plain
The lavish AUTUMN comes in rosy triumph,
Waving his golden hair. Yon blooming mallow,
That opes his red lip to the kiss of day,
Just tells his coming,—then retires unseen
To join his sister tribes in Flora's bower.

KORNER.

Not Spring or Summer's beauty hath such grace
As I have seen in "one" AUTUMNAL face.

DORNE.



HERE IS NO MONTH IN THE YEAR—at least so WE think—comparable to the month of September, or October, for a run into the country. It is then that one feels naturally anxious to rub off the rust that of necessity has accumulated during the earlier months of the year; and when the heart, pent up, wants affectionately to relieve itself of a heavy load of care. We speak feelingly.

Nature cannot be outraged with impunity. Therefore was' it wisely ordained that the body should have rest one day in seven. But for this, insanity would be more common among us than it is. But we want *more* than this one day in seven. We want to be thoroughly regenerated in mind, body, and estate; and this can *only* be effected by change of air, change of scene, and an *abandon* to the society of those whom we dearly love,—this, once *at least* every year.

If ever anybody was formed for society, WE are. We are no misanthrope; albeit we *do* run a perpetual tilt at the world's insane follies. We want to love, and *be* loved. Then are we in our "natural element." The world is fair; and it holds many in whom we take great delight. It is pleasant to "think" of them at all times; but the charms of propinquity—be those our happy lot!

Behold us then, armed with a "little carpet bag,"—our especial pet, on a fine morning towards the close of September. Free from all care, and with a glorious sun above our head, we might have been seen (and *were* seen, as we afterwards heard,) tripping, at 10 a.m., into the Waterloo Station,—our face turned direct towards Southampton.

On our entrance, the "Express train" was busily being put into travelling gear. Men, women, and children; Englishmen and foreigners; good-tempered and ill-tempered,—bags and baggage; all were flying about in every direction. Wishing to do the thing comfortably, we sought entrance to a first-class carriage. It had already two female occupants, richly dressed. Desirous of seeing what we ex-

pected to see—two smiling, pretty faces, we looked archly; and, behold! our gaze encountered a pair of spectral visages, entombed in blue "shrouds," or "uglies." A single bound delivered us at once from *these* Satanic beauties; and in another carriage, we found what we were in search of,—pleasant, cheerful, travelling companions, modestly and properly attired. The bell rang—the engine whistled—and away we flew.

Glad indeed were we to turn our back upon this Modern Babylon—this city of deception, cold-heartedness, wickedness, folly, and hypocrisy. But for some few, held captive here, and whom we dearly love, never again should *our* shadow darken the guilty city. We hate it, and its inhabitants, with a hatred amounting to bitterness. The time will come, let us hope—may it not be very far distant!—when we shall be sufficiently independent to bid it adieu for ever. But the train is tearing away, and we have no more time to moralise.

Not to dwell upon some delightful conversation which passed between ourself and a numerous and very interesting family, *en route* for the Isle of Wight—bringing vividly before us our sayings and doings in that Garden of Paradise some two-and-twenty years ago,—we speedily arrived at Southampton, whose noble Docks (all new to us) caused us to stare in mute astonishment. "Twenty-two years ago!" What changes hath Time not wrought! We had reason to say so, ere our return.

Arrived at the terminus, the glorious sun shone so very brightly that we set out on foot. Every step was a puzzle to us. Our memory was indeed severely taxed! But we love to dwell upon by-gone days; and as we strove to collect our wandering ideas, a sweet feeling of pleasure stole over us, as, one by one, past images returned to our mind. We will not further particularise the impressions made upon us; but we shall not readily forget them.

Here let us remark, that pleasure and business were united in this little excursion. We received a kind hint, that we ought to "show ourself" in a neighborhood where OUR JOURNAL had so completely established itself. We felt the force of this, and *did* show ourself; deriving therefrom very considerable benefit. Wherever we went, the utmost cordiality awaited us—*with only a single exception*.

Our readers may wonder, if we do not explain, what this "single exception" was. We allude to a visit, the *very first* visit we paid, to a bookseller's establishment. (We were emerging from the railway towards the High Street.) The bookseller's name must be immortalised. We promised the good

people of the town that it *should* be so—for their sakes. Mr. GEORGE PHILLIPS is the person to whom we allude. To this individual we explained who we were,—our object in calling,—our desire that he would kindly assist us in promoting the sale of OUR JOURNAL, already so popular. We furnished him with sundry Circulars, &c., &c. He heard us out; and then sneeringly *commenced laughing at us!* From his observations, we gather that he took US for the Pope of Rome, and OUR JOURNAL for an heretical document that ought to be burnt by the common hangman. We were glad to make our escape; and as we shut the door, we told him he might burn all the circulars, &c., we had left him—a permission, we imagine, promptly acted upon. This strange man's grin was positively frightful. May we never behold it again!

Of the other booksellers in the town—gentlemen all—we cannot speak in terms of too high praise. Their kindness towards us was great. Beginning with Mr. Sharland, we visited all in turn—Messrs. Forbes and Marshall, Webb, Rayner, Bown, &c. These *all* keep OUR JOURNAL, and do everything in their power to promote its circulation. But we will now take our leave of Southampton. We have promised to return there anon, to partake of certain hospitalities in store for us. This promise, on some leisure day, it is incumbent on us to redeem; for the invitation given was the spontaneous offering of kindred spirits—one for the rest. We had never before met; and when we *do* meet, it will *not* be for that time only. The jolly face we last looked on in Southampton High Street, will answer for this (?).

Our readers will now please to picture us, with a very happy face—with a heart as happy as a heart could be, seated in an open carriage, and surrounded by some noble-hearted friends, conducting us towards their country mansion. This was situate not more than twelve miles from Southampton. How the time flew, we know not; but we were there “in no time.” We had quite a “picture” of a horse to look at; and as for his paces, up-hill or down-hill to him seemed one and the same thing. That horse is well off—and he knows it!

Arrived *chez nous*, the first welcome that awaited us was that accorded to us by three CATS—three of seven; the other four being at muster next morning, when we strolled out. Now that we are mentioning our friends the cats, let us note that *two* of them (blackies) were *minus* half a tail each. When lying in the manger, asleep, the pony had contrived, whilst munching his hay, to munch off half their tails. Ere our departure we had familiarly named them “Docket” and “Stump.” Three dogs, too, welcomed our approach; to

which were afterwards added two others, besides an in-door pet—“Tiney.”

Of the internal hospitalities practised by our most excellent host and hostesses, it would be in bad taste to speak. Suffice it, that certain fair hands had themselves made certain nice things, of which we partook with an *appetit de loup*; and that true, genuine hospitality reigned throughout the mansion. We entered it with delight—we quitted it with unfeigned regret. We had never been there before; but we should indeed be sorry were we never to revisit the scenes where we were so thoroughly welcomed, so truly happy. It will be our own fault if we do not,—for another “invite” has already reached us! It will be accepted—of course.

We have not spoken of the scenery that lay on each side of our road from Southampton; but it was richly varied, and woody; abounding in undulations of hill and valley. The autumnal tints were in their full glory; and Nature, clad in her most beautiful attire, seemed to be proudly gazing on the work of her own fair hands. We enjoyed the drive—we enjoyed the prospect—we enjoyed the day—we enjoyed the society of our dear, good friends. The evening passed delightfully. We witnessed a glorious sunset; and we beheld, in all its quiet majesty, the rising of the harvest-moon. These two sights we gazed on every evening, with feelings of intense admiration. Happy in our society, peaceful in our mind, and our brain released from labor (a rare thing, this, with us!), we looked on all around us with the placid enjoyment of earlier days. At a reasonable hour, sleep bowed down our eyelids. The excitement of the day had brought on a pleasing disposition to slumber. We retired to rest; and, in a bed that royalty itself might envy, and a room fit for a palace, we tucked our head behind our wing and were in Heaven in a moment! Thus ended our first day.

The following morning, early, found us equipped for a walk. The sun, however, rose a little earlier than we did; and prepared for us in the garden (somewhat less than two acres in extent, and beautifully laid out) a treat indeed! Our early rising had been anticipated and provided for. Our friends were all on the wing, and awaiting us. One gentle hand brought us a fine ripe green fig; another, a most luscious peach; another, a splendid pear; and a fourth, some other delicious fruit—and here let us say, that this was done every morning during our stay.

Then—there was the walk together; the friendly chat, the questions, the answers, the good wishes, &c. &c. Oh, how the time flew! And then breakfast was announced. Breakfast? “Aye, marry, sir,—breakfast.” To tell of “the” cream, “the” *entrées*, “the” delicious relishes, “the” provocatives, &c.

that graced *that* board—but no, we will not attempt it. Yet let us immortalise the cook. Never surely was there a *maitress de cuisine* more *au fait* at her duties. Everything that came from her hand was alluringly seductive; so tempting, that to say “No,” was impossible. This, as regarded the provisions for every meal. Dinner was, however, of course, her *chef d'œuvre*.

It is impossible, within our prescribed limits, to enter into many *minutiae* connected with a beautiful spot like this. Much must be left to imagination. At the extreme end of the garden, reached by walking down a very long and broad gravel walk—something “like” a promenade, this! was a detached piece of turfed ground—a kind of slip cut off from the rest, and enclosed on either side by a long hedge. This was planted out with a centre bed of choice roses, and other plants on the several sides; and was entered by a gate opening from the gravel walk.

The object of having this set apart from the garden was, to obtain an extensive view of the adjoining country. The ground, level on entering, rises gradually upwards towards the summit, where is planted a very old, large, tall, and overspreading tree. Beneath this, extending all round the trunk, is a seat; whence can be enjoyed scenes of surpassing beauty.

This little Paradise is very appropriately christened “The Mount.” We distinctly saw from it Hursley Church (where the Rev. Mr. Keble officiates), Ampfield Church, Romsey Church, Furley Church, Chilworth Church; as also the extensive and beautiful grounds of Sir William Heathcoate, Squire Chamberlayne, &c., &c.; and last (*and least*) the ancient little church of Baddesley, whose amiable minister, the Rev. James Davies, it was our good fortune to fall in with during our rambling excursion. We sincerely hope to meet him again. Standing on this mount, we saw the harvest-moon rise from her bed of sleep—a glorious sight!

We have said nothing about the sheep, cows, fowls, &c., &c., on the estate; but we paid them all a visit in turn, and admired them greatly. Such paddocks, such meadows, such pasture!—and all the live stock happy! Oh, for a country life! sighed we.

We have purposely refrained from noticing the “domestic pets” in-doors; consisting of a remarkable sky-lark, and a remarkable chaffinch. These will have honor done to them in a separate chapter. As for the birds out-of-doors, there seemed no end to them! There were starlings in great abundance, goldfinches and linnets out of number; also robins and chaffinches without end. These two last tribes come close to the house to be fed, and are singularly tame. The fair hands

which minister to them, deserve all the homage they receive.* The affection, we must say, is equally divided. “Happy families” are they all! As for the grey-wagtails, they come immediately under the window; and by their merry note and diverting activity, procure themselves many a dainty meal. They are indeed most loveable little creatures. But we are warned to be brief. We will close this account of our ramble by a description of Baddesley Church, to which we paid a visit ere our return home.

We are unable to give the date when this curious little church was built; but it is evidently very ancient. It is about seven miles distant from Southampton; and will hold, perhaps, closely packed, some hundred people. Every part of it is worm-eaten, from the pews to the altar-table. The great chest, too, containing the parish records, and other valuables—that is worm-eaten. The pulpit is worm-eaten—the clerk’s desk is worm-eaten—the singers’ table in the gallery is worm-eaten. The worms have it all their own way. The font, too, is worm-eaten. A curiosity is this font; the person who made it, was very careful *not* to infringe upon the “second commandment.”

We understand the “music” discoursed here on Sabbath days is remarkable—of its kind. The wind instruments are *sui generis*. We saw, in the “music gallery,” what the “principal instrumental performer” calls a “bassoon.” We should have called it the hindleg (dislocated) of some ancient horse past work. We imagine this and the accompaniments must awaken in a stranger “impressions” he would not readily forget. We did not pass a Sunday in the neighborhood; otherwise, our curiosity would assuredly have directed our steps thitherward.

We found out here, the meaning of the words “poor as a church mouse.” In one corner, high in air, there were the ghosts of two mutton dips.

One evening last Christmas, it appears, the “musicians” were in grand rehearsal. Two dips were, on that occasion, mounted on iron nails driven into the end of a small piece of wood. The rehearsal over, they

* Our readers will remember a very graphic account, given by “Heartsease, *Hants*,” of a pair of tame robins that had twice laid, sat, and hatched their little families in an inverted flower-pot, carelessly thrown into a hedge. This flower-pot had been allowed to remain *in statu quo*, in order that we might see it. We listened with delight to the little tale connected with this singularly-chosen cradle; nor could we but admire the tameness and affection of those birds, which permitted so many familiarities to pass while they were incubating and feeding their children. The garden is full of these, and other pets—all so tame!

were extinguished; and placed for safety in an angular recess up aloft. Some starving mouse had nosed these dips; and escaping from penance, had in some extraordinary manner let himself down, and skeletonised them. We saw their anatomies, and marvelled at the sagacity of that mouse.

There were more curiosities in the church, which we need not enter upon. Before leaving, it struck us that we would enter the pulpit and hold forth. We had a select congregation, and we wished them to know our sentiments. Being our "first appearance" *in rostro*, we took a short text, and delivered it impressively. It was this:—

"Let brotherly love continue."

Our congregation felt every word of this discourse, and responded affectionately—"Amen!" We will venture to say that thousands of sermons have been preached *much less effectively* than this. We left the church edified.

The churchyard is another curiosity, and exhibits some remarkable epitaphs. There is one tomb on which is engraven the following:—

"In memory of ELIZABETH WEBB,
Who died Dec. 8, 1840.

Then weep not; though thus she hath fled
In the blossom of beauty and prime;
The flow'r is transplanted—*not dead*,
The sunshine of Heaven is her clime.
'Twere cruel to pray for her back,
Since her glorified soul is at rest;
Then weep not, but follow her track,
She is gone to the land of the blest!"

This eulogium, pronounced by the surviving husband, is racy of its class. The man, Webb, hated his wife whilst living, and beat her black, blue, green, and mahogany—all colors. We agree with him, "'twere *cruel* to pray for her back;" so far as *she* would be concerned. The wretched man has married again. His present wife drinks hard, and *he* does the same. And as for cuffs and blows, they are "at it" together from morning till night—swearing, drinking, fighting!

Another curious document is the inscription on the tomb of a poacher, executed at Winchester, March 23, 1822, and buried in this "consecrated ground." His name was Charles Smith. The stone records that "he was executed for resisting by fire-arms his apprehension by the gamekeeper of Lord Viscount Palmerston, when found in Hough Coppice, looking after *what is called* 'game.'" His age is stated as "thirty," and the final remarks are:—

"If thou seest *the oppression of the poor*, and violent perversion of judgment," &c. We marvel much at this, and at several other inscriptions, being admitted into the churchyard. Discipline, at those times, must have been lax indeed!

Here we terminate this rambling sketch. Had we detailed but a twentieth part of what we heard, saw, felt, and enjoyed whilst we were out on furlough, we should have required one *extra* JOURNAL, at least.

Suffice it, that we went out happy, and returned still happier—more impressed than ever with the delights of a country life, and amiable, rational society; and more bitter than ever against the manners and habits of the horrible city of deception in which we labor.

While we were away, we wore no mask. None was wanted. Free as air, we spoke our mind. Others did the same. Our dear lady-friends, too, wore their bonnets *on* their heads; and dressed as women should dress—modestly and becomingly. Being—sad to say—*quite* unused to this, we enjoyed, during our absence, Heaven upon earth. It recalled to our memory

"The light of other days;"

and when we parted, it was with the affectionate determination that we would

ALL MEET AGAIN!

A BIRTH-DAY SONG.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

BLESS'D be the light that shines upon this day;
Calm and serene the peaceful twilight hour!
Let Nature wear her brightest, richest dress,
And Joy attune our hearts to "hymns of praise,—
Thanksgiving, and the voice of melody!"
Then let us mingle, at the throne of grace,
Our sweetest songs of gratitude and love;—
That God has spared thee to behold this day,
The living still to bless His Holy name
"Who hath done all things well."

Say,—wilt thou accept

The blessing of a heart that knows no joy
But that which brings thee happiness and peace?
Oh, let my lips dwell on this gentle theme,
Hint at the future, whisper words of hope,
And with congratulations close the day!
What greater bliss can cheer my inmost soul,
Than the assurance Heaven smiles on thee,—
That God hath bless'd thee!

We have known sorrow;

Care, too, has crept with "telling" step across
The path of Life; and grief has robb'd our hearts
Of many brilliant scenes of happiness,—
But in the darkest hour of misery,
When clouds of bleak despair obscur'd the way,
A light has beam'd, and we have recognised
The hand of Mercy.

But away with care!

Joy hails the day, and we will share her smiles.
Love fills the heart, and 'tis its sweetest task
To wish thee "Many, many glad returns
OF THIS DEAR DAY!" *

ENGLISH BIRDS AND ENGLISH PLANTS,—
ACCLIMATED IN THE
UNITED STATES, NEW YORK.

A YEAR, MY DEAR SIR, HAS NEARLY ELAPSED (see vol. ii., page 290), since I addressed a long letter to you on the subject of safely conveying singing-birds to the United States; and as you requested it, I will now proceed to make my first report.

I left Liverpool in the "Europa," late last November; taking with me forty-eight skylarks, twenty-four woodlarks, forty-eight goldfinches, twenty-four robins, twelve blackbirds, and twelve thrushes. The sexes were equally divided, or as nearly so as possible, with the exception of the robins. I lost very few on the passage; but of these, though the run was but thirteen days, I landed only nine. I attribute their survival solely to my plentiful supply of meal-worms.

Having to crowd the cages very much, it was difficult to keep the birds clean; but on landing we liberated them in rooms already prepared. Here they would have soon been recruited, had not the cold weather set in; but the water becoming frozen, we were compelled again to place them in cages and remove them to a warm room. I will not trouble you with a recital of the many difficulties we had to encounter; suffice it to say, that on the 20th of April we resolved to liberate the survivors, which then consisted of eight skylarks, sixteen goldfinches, seven blackbirds, and six thrushes; together with two siskins, which we had purchased. Our last pair of robins having died the day previous, and our goldfinches following their example, we at once acted promptly, though the season was not sufficiently advanced.

The spot selected for our experiment was about the centre of the Greenwood Cemetery grounds; a spot designed by nature for such a purpose—abounding as it does with ample shelter, and a fine supply of water. Having then engaged the services of a trusty person to guard them, we took the birds to the spot—placing the cages of the skylarks on the ground, and the others in the trees. Here they remained for two days, in order that they might become familiarised to the locality. On the evening of the second day, when they were settled for the night, we carefully opened and fastened back the doors, leaving them to escape uninterrupted at the morning's dawn.

On visiting them the next day, we were delighted to find that our plan had succeeded admirably. There were the finches flitting about, singing in the trees, entering and departing from the cages, and as joyful and happy as the day was bright; while their companions, the blackbirds and thrushes, were running along the ground within a few

yards of the spot and feasting upon an abundant supply of worms. The skylarks had, however, wandered off to a more open part of the ground. Thus our experiment had succeeded.

The goldfinches roosted in the cages for several nights, and returned to them for food for at least fourteen days. The others; namely the thrushes, and blackbirds, after three days, had departed. The pretty little siskins kept company with the finches for a few days; but the hen was sadly ill-treated by them, and ultimately died. Her mate, however, did not long remain a disconsolate widower. I hear he selected a partner from the native birds, and my informant assures me that he frequently brought her to the cage for food.

From what I have here said, it is evident these birds are located; and early in last July I know that five thrushes were still in the grounds. I have, however, no authentic information about *nests*; it being very difficult to find such things. Nor have I heard their song—but I may fairly infer that, as the enclosure consists of three-hundred acres, they are still in the grounds.

I send you an extract from a Delaware paper,* to show that others are making similar experiments; but not having pursued the same plan, they have not so successfully located their birds. I also send a copy of a law just passed by the Legislature of New York, for the protection of birds, which you will see is likely to materially assist us in our endeavors.†

* SKYLARKS.—A colony of skylarks, forty-two in number, were recently imported from England by a gentleman of this city, and liberated on the farm of Samuel Canby, about four miles out of town, with the hope of perpetuating the species in this country, and thus adding a songster of much renown to our forest choir. The birds flew from the place at which they were released, in various directions, and, for the most part, in flocks of three to twelve; alighting, mostly, within sight, upon adjoining farms. Several of them have been seen within the last ten days; one about two miles from the point of dispersion, rising high in the air, singing as it ascended.—*Delaware Republican*.

† THE CEMETERIES ON LONG ISLAND.—PROTECTION TO THE BIRDS.—Official notice has been received in New York, that the Governor signed, on the 21st ult., the following "Act for the Protection of Birds in Public Cemeteries," which will become a law on the 11th of August:—

The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:—

Section 1.—Any Person who shall kill, or wound, or trap any bird within any Cemetery or Public Burying Ground, or shall destroy any bird's nest, or remove the eggs or the young therefrom, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor,

My opinion now is, that if we could have obtained a supply of birds in the Spring, and liberated them at once, we should have had far less trouble; but being anxious to have early nests, and informed that birds captured in the Spring would fret and die on the passage, we decided on an Autumn shipment.

DAISIES.—I must not forget to add that these beautiful little flowers are now extending themselves, and I hope they may ultimately thrive.

Manchester, Oct. 18.

T. S. W.

P. S.—Before concluding this, my report, let me ask, how can we distinguish among the robins, thrushes, and goldfinches, the male from the female? Is there any decisive mark? I have thought it would be desirable to send out a nest with *both* parents, and then there could be no mistake. I am told that the robin will feed her young in confinement; and I do know that the lark will, for in the Manchester market I have seen one feed the young of two nests—neither of them her own. I would suggest, that all persons taking a real interest in American affairs, might readily aid us in carrying out our object, by each taking single *pairs* of birds out with them. The trouble would be a mere *bagatelle* to those who love natural history; and this class, thank God, is rapidly increasing. I will undertake, on the part of the "Brooklyn Natural History Society," of New York, that they will be ably and most kindly seconded in their efforts.

As for YOU, my dear sir, we lean most heavily upon you. You not only *can* serve us; but, reading your heart, I say at once that I know you WILL assist us from first to last. Am I right?—T. S. W.

[Quite right, my dear sir. Heart and hand are yours. Our head is well stored with all you want to know; and as for our *pen*, it longs for next month to arrive, that it may be "eloquent" on a subject *most* dear to us. Tarry a little, as our columns

punishable by a fine of five dollars for every bird killed, wounded, or trapped, and for every bird's nest destroyed, or eggs or young birds removed, recoverable in any Justice's Court within the County where the offence has been committed, to be sued for by any person making the complaint. The penalty to go towards the support of the poor of the County.

Section 2.—Any Person who shall knowingly buy or sell any bird which has been killed or trapped, or shall have such bird on sale, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, punishable with a fine of five dollars for every bird bought, sold, or on sale, to be recovered and to be disposed of in like manner, as provided for in the first Section of this Act.

are at this time overtaxed. If you have any influence with your local papers, may we suggest your asking them to *print* your letter to us; as also this our rejoinder? It will bring us a large correspondence; and KIDD'S JOURNAL will "naturally" be looked up to, to conduct so popular—so delightful an inquiry. Our brethren of the press are (universally) well inclined towards us; and "a hint" will suffice to secure their liberal aid.]

Review.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON MAGAZINE. Part 3. Piper.

This periodical appears to be issued by a number of good fellows, for the public benefit *only*. It never can remunerate the proprietors for the *materiel* furnished, nor for the expenditure lavished on the wood engravings.

The contributors are—the Hon. Mrs. Norton, W. Carleton, Horace Mayhew, Captain Mayne Reid, and others of fair fame. Thomas Miller, too, is among the staff. The best service we can render the work is to give an extract from it. This shall be part of an article entitled the "Death of Summer," by T. Miller:—

Summer had now arrived at the full womanhood of her beauty, and walked the earth robed in her richest attire; her loveliness stamped with a majesty such as we see not on the timid countenance of her sweet sister, Spring. There was a deeper blush on her cheek, and a warmer olive on her brow—through wandering among the thickets of roses, and basking in the lily-tanning sunshine—than is found on the features of the April maiden, whose brow is wreathed with snow-drops and early violets. But the whisper that ran through the yellow corn told her that the leaves would neither become greener, nor grow longer; but that she had finished the beautiful bowers which she had been so long building up, and which the birds had sung in, and the bees murmured about, and the flowers so thickly enwreathed that, through pressing one upon another, many of the sweetest had already died. Sometimes she sat within her flower-roofed arbour, with her head resting on her hand, and marvelled to herself why she heard not so many familiar voices as were wont to greet her in the golden dawn, and when the day threw over its face a veil of blue twilight; and an unconscious sigh, which just waved the drooping jasmine, would escape her, as she wondered why they were hushed. She looked up to the sky for the lark, and into the tree for the cuckoo; and when the day died, listened for the heart-thrilling song of the nightingale, but they were gone—the lark was grieving somewhere; the grey cuckoo had crossed the sea; and the nightingale was singing to the sun-dyed maidens of the South, leaving his blue-eyed Summer to mourn alone in the hawthorn-girded valleys of breezy England. She sat

and sighed, and then remembered that the time would ere long arrive when she must also depart.

She felt that Autumn would soon come and sit down to the riper banquet which she left behind; and forget the fairer guest who had graced that board, and upon whose grave he would throw his fallen leaves disregarded. But she knew that his time would also come, and grim Winter rattle the icicles that hung from his beard, as he reigned amid the

Bare ruined choirs [where late] the sweet birds sang.

But Summer now ruled in all her full-blown beauty over earth, and sea, and sky; places that before appeared brown and desolate, had caught the warm, rose-like shadow that she threw down, and were covered with the blush of the crimson heather. On the water, the white lily floated, like a queen on her green barge, and retired into her crystal cabin when the curtains of day were drawn. The lady-like woodbine leant her fair face over the woodland walk; while the bees alighted upon her sun-stained fingers, and fed upon the honey which she held in her hand. The tall foxgloves stood here and there like torch-bearers, and lighted up the shady places with a ruby flame; while the rich meadow-sweet filled the whole air around with the fragrance that streamed from her deep cream-colored bloom. The convolvuluses dressed up the hedges with their long trails of flowers, that they might still look beautiful after the hawthorns had shaken off the pearly-tinted buds of May; even the brown banks were gay with the mallows, and hidden nooks were lighted with flowering weeds; as if Summer, in her boundless wealth, left no spot unvisited, no corner without a bell or a blossom, for the belted bee to hum over, or the pea-bloom-like butterfly to swing upon. She had roofed her hall with green, and trained sweet-scented creepers around its pillars; then scattered the floor with flowers for us to tread upon, the pattern of which she showed by golden lights let in here and there through the net-work of the boughs. Yet all her work had been done silently; the silver showers were her threads, and the trembling sunbeams her shuttle, which the winds threw to and fro. She formed her clouds of the same texture.

Her tall trees were the work of many a day, many a night, and many a year. She came and went; yet no human eye could tell when she began or when she ended, or perceive what she had done. The bud came, but no one knew how; it opened, no one could tell when; the leaves became longer every day, but no human eye could see them grow; for she could shelter herself within the rounded dew-drop, and there, hidden, carry on her great work. Those tiny stems which the smallest insect could at first pierce, at her bidding became harder and thicker every day, until at last only the dreaded thunderbolt could rend them; for it wearied the human arm to hack and hew through their gigantic limbs. Man wiped the beaded drops from his brow, and laid down wearied through trying to cut asunder what she had woven from the shrine, the shower, and the breeze. The dark clouds

drew up to admire, and changed to silver as they sailed slowly over her topmost branches; and the stars looked brightly down through her winding staircase of leaves.

Then she descended,—and having placed plumes on the heads and trembling drops in the ears of the grasses, she diapered the interstices between with fanciful patterns of flowers. She placed in her shuttle the gold that formed the buttercup, and the silver from which she wrought the form of the daisy; running with a trembling thread the blue of the harebell between, and spotting the ground with the scarlet pimpernel. The bee came, and made a brazen belt out of the yellow of the buttercup; the butterfly found the silver-coloring of his wings in the daisy; the dragon-fly stole his deep-blue from the nodding harebell; and the tiger-moth stained his wings in the blood-red font of the pimpernel; and so, plumed and full of life, Summer threw her works into the air, and smiled at the creation which had sprung from her idle moods, when for pastime she formed the flowers. A thousand little insects crept into the foldings of her leaves, and hid themselves among the pollen that fell upon the petals. Whatever she touched became instinct with life. Not an insect's egg could rest on a leaf that she had spread out without feeling a stir of life within it—a restless fluttering that shot out into wings, by which the half-unconscious body was at last borne away. Even the feathered seeds which blew off at her slightest breath, rose into the air and looked about for room to alight; and wheresoever they settled down, there sprang up a new generation of flowers. Time tried in vain to destroy them; he mowed them down with his merciless scythe, and when they had withered, buried them deep in the earth; but his labor was useless! there was an immortality in whatever Summer had once touched; and from the soil which he upturned another race arose, a new family of flowers came to life, and desolate places blushed with beauty. Pity that she herself must die!

The young birds which she had carefully covered in her leafy arbours had long since flown, and only the empty nests remained—deserted houses from which the tenants had fled. Those that sang to her like little angels among the trees, were now either silent or had ventured across the broad seas to search for a younger Summer than the one they had left behind. She had seen them fly away one after the other, and noticed how the trees became silent, and the hedge-rows hushed, and the deep woods less audible; and the noise of the brooks, whose running had hitherto been drowned by the bursting band that beat time to the rocking of the reeds, and the bowing of the bulrushes, and the silvery shivering which the willows made, fell louder upon her ear; and she caught the low lapsing of the smallest ripples that fretted among the pebbles, and which she had never heard while her feathered friends sang to soothe her. The high green chambers in her tallest trees, which commanded such a look-out over rounded hills and sloping upland, broad moor and flowery valley, were empty, for the daughters of music had fled. The little robin and the tiny wren pecked about and peeped at her, and bid her be

of good heart, for they would never desert her, though she might not have a leaf to wear, nor a flower wherewith to deck herself.

And the little harvest-mouse, the smallest of created quadrupeds, threaded its way in and out amid the flowers that twined her hair, and whispered in her ear that it would never forsake her; that but for her it would never have had the tall corn to climb up, the stems of which she had made strong enough to bear its weight, and the weight of all its little ones, whose nest it affixed half-way up the eary corn, and from which it sat and peeped out, watching them while they were learning to climb. Then, the bees—seeing that she was sad—came humming around her, and thanked her in grateful murmurs for all she had given them; for the miles of hawthorns which she had hung with the blossoms of May, and the pavilions of roses she had erected, and the bowers of honeysuckle she had trailed for them to shelter in from the burning sun, and the carpets of clover she had spread out for them to rest upon, when they were wearied with flying. They offered her their sweetest honey, but she shook her head, and refused to be comforted; so they flew back to their hives, there to hide themselves, and mourn; for they knew that Summer must soon die. Then, thousands of little insects flew about her—they blew their buzzing horns, and hoped by their feeble music to solace her for the loss of the band of birds that used to sing in her great cathedral of trees. Summer threw herself back on her couch of flowers, and with her face turned to the sky—which she had hung so beautifully with blue and silver—smiled for a moment as she watched the gnats rising up and down, as they ran over the strings of the airy instruments on which they played, and which sounded remote or near just as they rose or fell. The scarlet-backed lady-birds spotted the overhanging leaves, and the mealy-winged moths peeped about with their curious eyes, and blundered against the glow-worms, who had not yet lit up their starry lamps. The large-eyed oxen gathered about her in silence, and the full-grown lambs looked with gentle faces upon her—while the tall hay-ricks—altars on which so many of her flowers had been offered up—threw a shadow across her feet, and over the flocks and herds that stood below. Summer looked up to where her piled flowers and withered grasses rose like a pyramid, and thought that, but for such store as she had there provided at the sacrifice of her own life, the cattle must perish in the long dark Winter that would settle down upon the earth, when she was laid in her grave. And as she lay and mused, she seemed to become more reconciled to death, and thought it was better that she should die than that the fields should be silent, and neither the lowing of herds nor the bleating of flocks be again heard, when her sweet sister Spring awoke from her long sleep. Strange! that she could never see that sister's face, but that ever when she herself awoke from her long death-like sleep, and looked from the summit of the eastern hills, she saw only the primrose-colored garments of Spring, fading into the sunset of the far-west, and that they never met

On hill, in dale, forest or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or on the beachéd margent of the sea,
To dance [their] ringlets to the whistling winds!
Spring, too, had often turned her head to take a departing look at her sister, Summer: but the rounded earth lay between them, and all she could see was her green kirtle, half-hidden by the opening leaves.

And so Summer lay musing with half-closed eyes, regardless of the flowers that were withering around her. She knew that she should never rise again, until the stir of other flowers awoke her—until she felt the daisies growing above her grave, and the smell of the sweet violets scenting the earth. She folded her arms across her breast, and drew together unconsciously the flowers that blowed about her. Their bent heads met above her, and she lay half-buried beneath the blooms which she knew not she had thus enclosed. And so she died. She covered herself with a winding-sheet of her sweetest flowers.

Yellow Autumn—crowned with corn, and with the sickle thrown over his sinewy and sun-tanned arm, came and looked upon the spot where she was laid. Upon the flowers that covered her he let fall, with gentle hand, showers of fading and richly-colored leaves. The pattering tears of the clouds fell upon them, as they came up in sad, leaden-colored garments, and bent over her to weep. The winds beat their wings in agony above her grave, and in their great despair threw themselves upon it; the clouds weeping all the while, and the leaves rushing together to see where she was laid; then lying down, and dying, above, around, and beside her—leaves came of every hue—

Red, green and gold,
Ruins from her own bowers,
That almost looked as beautiful
As Summer's sweetest flowers.

Then the red-breasted robins stood upon the leafless branches, and chanted a low requiem over her grave!

Need we say, that a work like this *ought* to be patronised? Such clean and wholesome food is rarely to be met with, and should be prized accordingly.

THE NATURALIST.—No. 32. Groombridge and Sons.

This popular Miscellany is, as usual, well filled with interesting notices of animals, &c. We subjoin part of an article, by Stephen Stone, Esq., on the Autumnal Nesting of the Rook:—

In former times, when superstitious notions prevailed to a much greater extent than they do now, and when unusual occurrences, of what sort or kind soever they might be, were wont to bring dread and dismay to the minds of those "luckless wights" whose lot it might be to witness them, from a feeling that some terrible calamity was suddenly about to befall them, this unseasonable nesting of the rook was looked upon as boding some dire disaster to those whose immediate neighborhood it might chance to select for that purpose.

The first instance of the kind which came under my observation, occurred at a rookery near the seat of the Marquis of Chandos, at that time the residence of his father, the present Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, at Wotton, Bucks. Events at all remarkable, which occur very early in life, are wont to impress themselves upon the memory far more indelibly than those which occur in after years; thus, being at the time but a mere child, I have a much more distinct recollection of every circumstance connected with the event I am about to narrate, than of many things quite as remarkable which have happened since.

There had been a terrific snow-storm throughout the night of the 31st of October, 1823; and on the morning of the 1st of November, we were awoken by the crash occasioned by the falling of huge limbs and branches of trees; the superincumbent weight of the snow, occurring as it did before the fall of the leaf, causing them to give way on all sides, so that in a few hours, long avenues of stately trees were, throughout this finely-timbered district, completely despoiled of their beauty; and when daylight appeared, the ground was found to be strewn with their fragments; and in such immense quantities, that hundreds of loads were collected in this parish alone—enough, in fact, to supply its entire population with fuel the whole of that winter, and the greater part of the succeeding one, exclusive of a vast quantity of a size large enough for building and other purposes. Amongst the wreck occasioned by this storm, a nest of young rooks, nearly fledged, was discovered. A young unfledged ring-dove (*Columba palumbus*) was also, on this memorable morning, found in the same locality.

Since that time, I have met with several other instances in that county and the adjoining one, Oxon; but as I neglected to note the particular years in which they occurred, I must pass them over without further notice, and proceed to record three which have recently occurred in the latter county, in three successive seasons. In November, 1849, a pair succeeded in rearing their young brood in a rookery at Standlake, near Witney. In November, 1850, another pair produced their young at Cokethorpe Park, the seat of Walter Strickland, Esq. They were not, however, successful in their endeavors to rear them, for the weather becoming intensely cold, they perished when about half-fledged. In the latter part of October, 1851, a nest was again formed in this park, but a sudden change in the weather put a stop to further proceedings, so that no eggs were this time laid. Two young unfledged ring-doves were also this year brought to me the first week in November.

Occurrences of this kind usually take place when there happens to be at this season a long continuance of the "dark, still, dry, warm weather," which the late Rev. Gilbert White did not fail to notice as "occasionally happening in the winter months;" and the effects of which he has so truthfully described in some lines upon the subject, contained in various editions of his delightful "Natural History of Selborne." At such times, to quote from the lines above-mentioned—

"The cawing Rook

Anticipates the spring, selects her mate
Haunts her tall nest-trees, and with sedulous care
Repairs her wicker eyrie."

I am of opinion that these unseasonable and generally abortive attempts at reproduction, are to be attributed to young birds of the year—precocious individuals, who would fain be wiser than their parents.

"Choose not alone a proper mate,
But proper time to marry,"

is the lesson deduced by the poet Cowper, from an analogous circumstance, and commended by him to the serious attention of his fair unmarried countrywomen; and it is a lesson exceedingly wholesome, and one by which they might largely profit withal.

THE NEW QUARTERLY REVIEW.—No. 8.
Hookham and Sons.

This is a wholesome periodical, to which we are delighted to pay all due homage. Having said this, we hardly need remark that it is honest, and independent of the large publishing houses—placing us *au courant* with all the best literature of the day, irrespective of the establishments whence the various books are issued.

There is a bold, daring spirit about the work that is quite refreshing, after the namby-pamby, lick-spittle criticisms that defile the existing periodicals of the day—the *Critic* alone excepted. If a work be good, it is fairly dealt with; if otherwise, it is as justly condemned. Thus are the public cared for, and the claims of literature duly regarded.

To get a *correct* idea of the value of a modern book from any of our shackled literary journals, were an impossibility. All honor, then, be to this fearless, able advocate of the rights of literature—of whose success, let us hope (it costs but 2s. 6d.) there can exist no reasonable doubt.

FERN LEAVES FROM FANNY'S PORTFOLIO.
Illustrated by Birket Foster. Ingram,
Cooke, and Co.

There are nearly twenty editions of this book published; but "the" best and cheapest edition is assuredly the one before us. It is superbly printed, nicely illustrated, and richly bound in cloth of gold.

We have elsewhere given extracts; but we must find room for another, not very long. The authorship is attributed to a sister of N. P. Willis; and she may justly feel proud of the offspring of her hand and heart. It grieves, as well as surprises us, that our Englishwomen should in these matters come so far behind our neighbors. The mind with them is totally neglected. The useful arts are derided. Accomplishments alone are cultivated, and the result meets our eyes in the public streets daily. What a lamentable exhibition do our Englishwomen make as they flutter along—living pegs, whereon to fasten or hang the last new Satanic fashion!

"Edith May" is a history that will come home to many hearts. A young lady, possessed of all the usual attractions of modern heroines, and, of course, possessing a doating lover (named Ainslie), chances to quarrel with him. It was a lovers' quarrel; but what was its issue?

From a silly pique—what odd, foolish, rash creatures girls are!—Edith marries Mr. Jefferson Jones, "an ossified old bachelor, who had but one idea in his head, and that was, to make money. There was only one thing he understood equally well, and that was, how to keep it. He was angular, prim, cold, and precise; mean, grovelling, contemptible, and cunning."

This Mr. Jones becomes aware of Edith's former attachment, and with a view to ascertain whether it has been forgotten, he thus accosts her:—

"I'm thinking of taking a short journey, Edith," said he, seating himself by her side, and playing with the silken cord and tassels about her waist. "As it is wholly a business trip, it would hamper me to take you with me; but you'll hear from me. Meanwhile, you know how to amuse yourself, eh, Edith?"

He looked searchingly in her face. There was no conscious blush, no change of expression, no tremor of the frame. He might as well have addressed a marble statue.

Mr. Jefferson Jones was posed. Well, he bade her one of his characteristic adieux; and, when the door closed, Edith felt as if a mountain weight had been lifted off her heart. There was but one course for her to pursue. She knew it; she had already marked it out. She would deny herself to all visitors; she would not go abroad till her husband's return. She was strong in her purpose. There should be no door left open for busy scandal to enter. Of Ainslie she knew nothing, save that a letter reached her from him after her marriage, which she had returned unopened.

And so she wandered restlessly through those splendid rooms, and tried, by this self-inflicted penance, to atone for the defection of her heart. Did she take her guitar, old songs they had sung together came unbidden to her lips;—that book, too, they had read. Oh, it was all misery, turn where she would!

Day after day passed by: no letter from Mr. Jones! The time had already passed that was fixed upon for his return; and Edith, nervous from close confinement and the weary inward struggle, started like a frightened bird at every footfall.

It came at last—the letter—sealed with black! "He had been accidentally drowned. His hat was found—all search for the body had been unavailing."

Edith was no hypocrite. She could not mourn for him, save in the outward garb of woe. * *

Ainslie was just starting for the Continent, by order of a physician, when the news reached him. A brief time he gave to decorum, and then they met. It is needless to say what that meeting was. Days and months of wretchedness were forgotten, like some dreadful dream. She was

again his own Edith—sorrowing, repentant and happy.

They were sitting together one evening. Edith's head was upon his shoulder, and her face radiant as a seraph's. They were speaking of their future home.

"Any spot on the wide earth but this, dear Ainslie. Take me away from these painful associations."

"Say you so, pretty Edith?" said a well-known voice. "I but tried that faithful heart of yours, to prove it! Pity to turn such a pretty comedy into a tragedy; but I happen to be manager here, young man!" said Mr. Jones, turning fiercely toward the horror-struck Ainslie.

The revulsion was too dreadful. Edith survived but a week. Ainslie became hopelessly insane.

We introduce this episode, to caution young people against that flightiness of conduct which too often destroys the happiness of *two* fond hearts. Girls are sadly brought up. The heart is altogether neglected in their education. It is not so in one only, but nearly in *all* the sex.

A man's happiness is not a thing to be so lightly esteemed. Flirtation is dangerous,—wicked, when people become formally betrothed to each other. We shall be despised, we are aware, for giving utterance to such disgraceful sentiments; but this shall not deter us from an act of stern duty. Matrimony is *not* a foot-ball.

Music.

I LOVE THE SPRING.—A Ballad.—Sung by Miss Rebecca Isaacs. The Words by HELEN HETHERINGTON. Composed by VILETTA BARBER. Charles Jefferys.

As the words of this sweet ballad are by "our own" Poet Laureate, and have already appeared in this JOURNAL, any commendation of them, thus late in the day, would be idle. Helen Hetherington is known and loved both at home and abroad.

Of the music, however, we are free to speak; and we sincerely rejoice to find that it is every way worthy of the words to which it is wedded. Miss Barber seems to have caught her inspiration from the poet. They have, together, produced a ballad that will, we trust, become nationally popular, and find its way into every drawing-room.

We should observe, that it is dedicated, by permission, to Mrs. Charles Dickens; and that Miss Rebecca Isaacs—a lady whom we have had the pleasure of knowing from her childhood—has rendered it doubly popular by the artless simplicity of her warbling voice.

Helen Hetherington's writings have been copied far and near. May this sweet ballad prove an accompaniment to them, and find its way also into all lands!

I WOULD NOT WISH THEE BACK, MY BOY!

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

'Twas sweet to see the placid smile
That graced thy features e'en in death;
For pleasure seem'd to reign awhile,
Though Heaven had claim'd thy parting breath.
But oh, could fortune spread her store
Of wealth, and all her powers employ
Life's brightest prospects to ensure—
I would not wish thee back, my boy.

Thrice happy child! no more shall care
Or sorrow reign within thy breast;
Oh, how I long thy bliss to share,
To dwell with thee, for ever blest!
Thy fond remembrance claims my tears,
For thou wert all my hope,—my joy;
But Heaven has spared thy mother's fears,
I would not wish thee back, my boy!

Misfortune thou wilt never know,
Nor feel the pangs of hunger sore;
I would not have thee share *my* woe,
In Heaven, my child, thou'lt weep no more.
Sorrow may rend this aching breast,
And all its happiness destroy;
But thou! yes, THOU, art with the bless'd—
I WOULD NOT WISH THEE BACK, MY BOY!

A CHAPTER ON TAME ANIMALS.

AFFECTION'S power who can suppress?

THE SUBJECT OF "DOMESTIC PETS" IS one which we tremble to handle; as none but the voice of a *printer* (who has, even at starting, made us promise to be *very* concise) could stay our hand when once the heart sets the pen in motion.

It will readily be supposed that a JOURNAL like OURS, now boasting a circulation throughout the length and breadth of the land, must be rich in "facts" connected with natural history, and thoroughly furnished with living instances (innumerable) of tame, fond, and confiding "pets" of all denominations. Whoever thus imagines, is right.

But we go beyond this. Hearsay evidence is good—very, because our authorities are all unimpeachable; but we have recently travelled some hundreds of miles, and in our rambles we have *seen* some of the curiosities of which we have been told. In another part of our paper, we have hinted at an extraordinary chaffinch, and an idolised skylark. Let us first speak of these.

Some years ago, whilst our series of papers on "British Song-Birds" was appearing weekly in the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, we received a very prettily-written note—evidently the production of a young lady of a most tender heart—requesting our advice, under heavy trials, for the treatment of an ailing chaffinch. We remember feeling an unusual degree of interest whilst perusing this communication; and when, many months

subsequently, another letter reached us, we recognised the handwriting instantly. It seems that we had been the means of saving the bird's life. The letter told us as much; and hopes were expressed that at some future day we would pay the bird a visit. This visit (far too long delayed) *has* been paid; and as we feel particularly interested in the bird, we imagine the visit will be "repeated occasionally." Let us hope so.

It is not for us, under the head we have chosen for this chapter, to speak of anything or anybody but birds and other pets. We shall therefore merely remark, that the chaffinch is domiciled in a most affectionate family; and that if, under circumstances, he were less tame than he is, we should marvel exceedingly.

He is not like an ordinary chaffinch, although his parents were of the ordinary breed. His body and wings are nearly white, his saddle is a bright jonque color, his tail is white, his eyes are ruby, and his legs are like those of a canary. His figure certainly resembles that of a common chaffinch, but he is of a smaller size. We must remark that he lives in a large and spacious palace; the back being made of wood, the sides and front of wire. A raised platform above, gives him room for exercise; and here, as well as on his perches, he shows off his pretty little tricks.

To detail the amiabilities of this most winning bird, would be impossible. He loves every member of the family, and fearlessly comes on their hand. Indeed, his confidence is quite endearing. We quite lost our heart with him. "Took-ey," said we, "we shall come and see *you* again." At the same time we placed our cheek against the cage, and he lovingly saluted us. Before leaving, we placed his cage in the sun. This brought his head so in contact with that luminary, that we saw distinctly *through* his brain—the eyes being one clear flash of *transparent* ruby; whereas they were ordinarily opaque. The bird was originally deserted by his parents. Being picked up in the garden, he was adopted as a foundling. His feathers were then white, and they have remained so ever since. We repeat it, he is a prodigy—a *leetle* spoilt, perhaps; but how *natural* this!

In the same family, there is a pet skylark—Gentleman Lark-y—also a foundling. This bird is a remarkably fine and elegant specimen of his tribe. His symmetrical proportions, whilst parading in his grand palace, are seen to great advantage. And he comes out just when he pleases, dances on the carpet, and makes the room his domain! At dinner time, he marches on the table between the dishes, and helps himself to any and everything he fancies; and feels quite at home. Nothing alarms him, excepting it be

a particular color. Our *mouchoir de poche* happened to be of the objectionable color, and he became sensitively nervous whenever it was unfurled. Gay colors annoy him evidently. When he has "dined," he usually flits, light as a gossamer, on to the shoulder of one of the young ladies; and here he pours out a tide of song quite *ravissant*. Handle him if you will, and he is pleased with the familiarity; kiss him, and he will (very properly) return it. He is well educated, and quite polished in his manners. He is yet young. We prophecy he will become a musician of most surpassing powers of song. We could say a vast deal more about this "happy family," but we stick to our "text."

Travelling in quite an opposite direction, we have seen recently other prodigies of affection in animals towards the tender hands that wait upon them. If our readers will kindly turn to page 171, Vol. II., they will there find some remarks of ours on the Art of Taming Animals. A correspondent, LEONORA, is therein named as being the possessor of certain milk-white pigeons, birds, &c. We went down to see them at that time; and were so delighted, we recollect, with what we saw, that we actually wished we could be changed into "a milk-white pigeon." If we remember rightly, we printed this wish. If we wished it *then*, what do we now? But we must not digress.

Another visit to this "happy family," has presented sights that no amount of money could purchase. All people who "love" animals are liberal-hearted. They do not sell their friends. Oh, no! Show us a narrow-minded or stingy person, or a person "fond" of money, and we will show you at once a brute, in the simple signification of the word. Nature has but one law, and a sweet law it is. A loving heart is a happy heart—happy not only in itself, but it disperses happiness on all around it. Animals feel its influence; bow to it; recognise it; make their abode in it. We love all people who really "love" dumb animals.

The oddest possible questions are asked us, continually, about the *art* of taming animals! The very questions confirm the fact of the inquirers being of a cold, heartless disposition. This is antagonistic. Only think of our asking anybody *how* we could endear ourselves to those we wanted to love—or how we could make them love us in return! The question would be equally farcical. It is the heart, good people, which is the seat of the affections. Cultivate an honest, sincere, open, and liberal heart; discard covetousness, despise selfishness—and then you will never need ask *how* to make yourself beloved. But our words are idle. The world is not made of the good

stuff we speak of. The "choice few" are alone in the secret.

The pigeons we have alluded to—loving animals!—are tamer than ever. They know not what fear is, neither what suspicion is. The same with an elegant little goldfinch—a perfect jewel of a bird—and so fond of his devoted mistress! A happier, and a more innocent pair could not be. Then there is a very beautiful little dormouse, with *such* speaking, eloquent eyes! How fond is "Boopeep" of her dear mistress—and how fond her mistress is of her! Then the dog Fanny, who goes through her set of little exercises so prettily—what a good, dear creature it is! There seems only "one" heart in that family.

Passing over other pets, such as some very entertaining parrots, paroquets, &c., &c., we must, in obedience to the printer, come to a full stop. Ere we go, however, let us not fail to notice a pair of fly-catchers—Wolf and Peggy—living in a mansion built expressly for their use.

These birds are very rarely known to live in a cage—indeed, for them to exist through a winter has been pronounced impossible. But *this* pair are now preparing for a *second* winter. They are in noble plumage; sound, wind and limb; and undeniably jolly. To attempt to describe their tameness and devotion to each other, would be silly. They have no fear. They fly in and out; allow themselves to be fondled; eat and drink from the hand or from the mouth; play together; flirt with mealworms, and sing by day as well as *by night*. In short, they are harmless idols. Gilbert White says "they do not sing." We wish the amiable Gilbert were alive. How delighted he would be to see such reason to change his sentiments! His humane heart, too, would expand in the atmosphere that *here* reigns triumphant. Everything seems to sing here. Ere we left, a noble robin, in full song, darted from the top of a tree in the garden; and lighting on the person of the fair owner of those "milk-white pigeons" and that pair of fly-catchers, took from her hand a mealworm. This bird is the "Sir Robin Redbreast," whose family history is recorded in full at p. 347, Vol. III.

We had intended to dilate upon at least a dozen other examples of tameness; but they will keep. Meantime, if any of our readers want a pair of TAME SQUIRRELS—so tame as to be indescribably tame, let them pay a visit to Mr. CLIFFORD, 24, Great Saint Andrew Street, Holborn. We were detained there, recently, at a considerable cost of time, being in raptures at the performances of this pair. Cat, kitten, and squirrels—there they were, romping, skipping, jumping, frisking, and throwing summersaults from the top of the stairs to the bottom. Presently, Skuggy at a bound reached the counter;

and, seated aloft upon a hundred-weight of German paste, we saw him picking out all the nuggets, and revelling in luxury. His companion, the while, was making his way into a jar of hempseed.

The brushes of these squirrels are quite "pictures." In fact, we never saw two prettier, tamer animals, although we have had dozens of them.

Had we not resolved to keep no more of these pets, *those* squirrels would long ere this have been racing about our house. One crept into our coat-pocket, and the other into our side-pocket, before we came away; nor did they fail affectionately to salute us by means of their rough little tongues. Charming—fond little rogues!

HOW TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.

From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut,—our HOME.

COTTON.

LADIES! One little word in your little ears. We have elsewhere lauded Fanny Fern, and she deserves it. The subjoined is from her pen,—a perfect gem of its kind. Let us preface it, by saying that women must not always have their own way. It is not good for them. A fond husband seldom, very seldom, crosses his wife without some excellent reason for it; and a small sacrifice on your part—Oh, does it not make home "happy?" We stick to our text, that a good little wife *must* secure to herself a good little husband. May you all prove like "the" Mary, about whom we are going to let Fanny Fern speak:—

"Dear Mary," said Harry ——— to his little wife, "I have a favor to ask of you. You have a friend whom I dislike very much, and who I am quite sure will make trouble between us. Will you give up Mrs. May for my sake, Mary."

A slight shade of vexation crossed Mary's pretty face, as she said, "You are unreasonable, Harry. She is ladylike, refined, intellectual, and fascinating, is she not?"

"Yes, all of that; and for that very reason her influence over one so yielding and impulsive as yourself is more to be dreaded, if unfavorable. I'm quite in earnest, Mary. I could wish never to see you together again."

"Pshaw! dear Harry, that's going too far. Don't be disagreeable; let us talk of something else. As old Uncle Jeff says, 'How's trade?'" and she looked archly in his face. Harry didn't smile.

"Well," said the little wife, turning away, and patting her foot nervously; "I don't see how I can break with her, Harry, for a whim of yours; besides, I've promised to go there this very evening."

Harry made no reply, and in a few moments was on his way to his office.

Mary stood behind the curtain, and looked after him as he went down the street. There was an uncomfortable, stifling sensation in her throat, and something very like a tear glittering in her eye. Harry was vexed; she was sure of that. He had gone off, for the first time since their marriage, without the affectionate good-bye that was usual with him, even when they parted but for an hour or two. And so she wandered, restless and unhappy, into her little sleeping-room.

It was quite a little gem. There were statuettes, and pictures, and vases, all gifts from him, either before or since their marriage; each one had a history of its own—some tender association connected with Harry. There was a bouquet, still fresh and fragrant, that he had purchased on his way home, the day before, to gratify her passion for flowers. There was a choice edition of poems they were reading together the night before, with Mary's name written on the leaf, in Harry's bold handsome hand. Turn where she would, some proof of his devotion met her eye. But Mrs. May! She was so smart and satirical! She would make so much sport of her, for being "ruled" so by Harry! Hadn't she told her "all the men were tyrants?" and this was Harry's first attempt to govern her. No, no, it wouldn't do for her to yield.

So the pretty evening dress was taken out; the trimmings re-adjusted and re-modelled, and all the little et-ceteras of her toilet decided. Yes, she would go; she had quite made up her mind to that. Then she opened her jewel-case; a little note fell at her feet. She knew the contents very well. It was from Harry—slipped slyly into her hand on her birthday, with that pretty bracelet. It couldn't do any harm to read it again. It was very lover-like for a year-old husband; but she liked it. Dear Harry! and she folded it back, and sat down more unhappy than ever, with her hands crossed in her lap, and her mind in a most pitiable state of irresolution.

Perhaps, after all, Harry was right about Mrs. May; and if he wasn't, one hair of his head was worth more to her than all the women in the world. He had never said one unkind word to her—never! He had anticipated every wish. He had been so attentive and solicitous when she was ill. How could she grieve him?

Love conquered! The pretty robe was folded away, the jewels were returned to their case; and with a light heart, Mary sat down to await her husband's return.

The lamps were not lighted in the drawing-room when Harry came up the street. She had gone, then—after all he had said! He passed slowly through the hall, entered the dark and deserted room, and threw himself on the sofa with a heavy sigh. He was not angry, but was grieved and disappointed. The first doubt that creeps over the mind of the affection of one we love, is so very painful!

"Dear Harry!" said a welcome voice at his side.

"God bless you, Mary!" said the happy husband; "you've saved me from a keen sorrow."

Dear reader—won't you tell?—THERE ARE SOME HUSBANDS WORTH ALL THE SACRIFICES A LOVING HEART CAN MAKE.

A PARADISE FOR THEE.

Could I but find on earth a spot,
 Beneath some cloudless sky,
 Where Nature's beauties wither not,
 And hearts nor ache nor sigh;
 Where the fresh breeze of morn should brush
 The dew-drop from thy cheek's soft blush,
 That nothing e'er should tremble there
 That had the semblance of a tear:
 Where birds in ev'ry nested grove
 Warbled sweet liberty,—
 That spot I'd make thy home, love,
 A PARADISE FOR THEE.

But since there is no place so bright
 That sorrow may not cloud;
 Since death still casts o'er each delight
 The shadow of his shroud;
 Since every summer breeze that blows
 Scatters some petals from the rose,
 And every sunbeam in its play
 Exposes ruin and decay,—
 Share life with me; my heart shall prove,
 Through bliss or misery,
 A home of endless truth and love—
 A PARADISE FOR THEE!

Q.

THE ART OF ADVERTISING.

He is the best General who wins a decisive battle with
 the loss of the fewest men. WELLINGTON.

IT SEEMS THE FASHION, now-a-days, for every Journalist or Proprietor of a Newspaper to put forth *his* ideas about advertising; and it is curious to observe what tempting lures are thrown out to trap the unwary. "Six lines—two-and-six-pence!"

A book has been published in America, and republished in this country, called, "How to Get Money." There is something in this about advertising; and the article has been extensively copied from one end of the country to the other. The direct motive of this is, to set people mad about advertising; and to draw money out of their pockets wholesale. People MUST advertise, we admit; but how?

Every one has a right to his own opinion. *Our* opinion is, that thousands and tens of thousands of pounds are annually expended by advertisers, without any perceivable benefit accruing therefrom. They select any medium that is cheap—not considering into *what* channels it goes—and they appear in newspapers having "supplements," in company with thousands of other victims like themselves, whose advertisements, though inserted, are never seen. *How should they be?*

Still the mania goes on. A paper gets a name. People flock to it; fill it with advertisements; *force* it to issue "supplements," and so cut their own throats. Where there are more than a certain quantity of advertisements, *they are rarely perused.* This is a palpable fact; but people will not believe it!

With some—ourselves among the number, it is a question whether advertising in ephemeral publi-

cations is beneficial to any great extent. A paper once read, becomes in ten minutes valueless! It is looked at no more. Nobody would give a single penny for it.

The same remark applies to nine-tenths of our periodicals. They lie on the table for a week, perhaps, or ten days, and then go into the cupboard or waste basket. When my young ladies and their mammas have skimmed them over, just sufficiently to get an insight into the subjects treated of, their doom is sealed. Away they go, and their advertisements with them. Still people continue to advertise in them! It is "the fashion" to do so.

Another plan adopted by certain advertisers, is to print a number of circulars, and to issue them by post to the nobility and gentry residing at the West End, and in the principal squares and select localities round London. It is fondly imagined, when these circulars are posted, sealed, and delivered at their respective destinations, that they will be read by the persons to whom they are addressed! *This is the very reverse of fact.* Often, very often have we been present when these circulars have arrived; and we have not failed to notice the disgust (not contempt) with which they have been invariably received and condemned. This is worse than money thrown away.

The great "art" in advertising is, to select a respectable channel for your advertisements, and *one which will keep your advertisements before the eye of the public throughout the entire month or year.* This is good generalship.

A periodical that will offer *these* advantages, must be a "popular" one—and one which is ever to be found on the drawing-room table as an indispensable Work of Reference. Just such a work is this JOURNAL. Treating, as it does, on subjects of enduring interest, and universally-popular Family Fancies, it is never out of date, never laid aside—never concealed from view. Ornamental within and without, it is a privileged companion, both at home and abroad; adorning the drawing-room, or library-table, throughout the year.

Now let us return to the advertiser and his Circulars, and institute a comparison; for when printed, they must be delivered and properly issued. Supposing a person were to print 4,000 single-page Circulars, similar in size and form to the one on which we are now writing. It would cost him, including postage-stamps and envelopes, twenty-one pounds. In addition, he would have the trouble of seeking out and copying 4,000 addresses; and he would then have to incur the risk of his circulars being read when received—a fearful risk, truly!

How would it be, if he printed his Circular in this JOURNAL? We should charge him three pounds ten shillings for the page he occupied, *and should deliver the announcements for him FREE OF COST*, into the most respectable families in the kingdom, on whose tables they would lie from month to month, and by whose friends they would be perused day after day. Here is not only money saved, but immense advantages are secured. As for our circulation, *it will be ever on the increase*; for we send the JOURNAL out, *post-free*, for one shilling and ninepence, instead of two shillings—the cost of postage (sixpence) being half

borne by ourself. This defies all opposition, and procures us *immediate* access everywhere.*

PUBLIC COMPANIES and LARGE ESTABLISHMENTS will soon be alive to the secret we are hinting at. Already are our advertising columns fast evidencing that the view we take is a widely popular one. We have long foreseen what would be the issue of our patience.

* The number of postage-stamps remitted to us during the month, in payment for copies of the JOURNAL to be forwarded *direct*, would amply suffice to line the walls of the spacious apartment in which we are now writing. ADVERTISERS should consider this; for it is important to their interests. Nay, it is to their great advantage to *promote* such a mode of additional circulation.

THE WORLD AND ITS MAKER.

WHEN we have viewed the Creation in all its variety of wonder and fulness of glory, what shall we say of the Creator? In the midst of so much real greatness, we seem more than ever conscious of our own littleness. Surrounded by so much light and loveliness, majesty and magnificence, we are lost in wonder and are rapt in praise.

And yet what is all this outward and visible grandeur, compared with the inherent and unveiled glory of what lies beyond? Think of those thousand, thousand suns, larger, brighter and more burning than our own, which illumine the unmeasured fields of space—think of Heaven encircling Heaven, and each lighted up by a higher firmament of suns and systems. Count these suns and systems by millions multiplied by millions—conceive of their light all flowing together, and so mingling as to form but one body of effulgence, and how dazzling is the thought! Now if the simple idea of such brightness oppresses the mind, who could sustain the sight?

Yet all light is but the shadow of God. It bespeaks the existence of something else beside itself, and infinitely more glorious. Whatever it may reveal and make known, there is much more which it conceals and renders invisible. Were it not for darkness and the shadow of the earth—the noblest part of creation had remained unseen and unknown. Yonder sun, which enlightens this our earthly dwelling, and brings into view so much of the life and beauty with which we are surrounded, shuts out from our admiring gaze that bright and gorgeous firmament in which stars and constellations cluster in myriads upon myriads.

Nor is it the material creation only which is thus screened and rendered invisible by this excess of light. It is the veil on the face of the Eternal Throne, concealing the interior glory of His nature, the mere reflection of whose glory fills the divine temple, and hangs like so much rich and shining drapery all around. And if the robe-garment be so ineffably bright and dazzling—if the covering on the Throne be so resplendent and overpowering, what must be the grandeur of the Great Creator of Heaven and Earth?

ABSENCE is the invisible and incorporeal mother of ideal beauty.—LANDOR.

HAVE WOMEN ANY SENSE?

THIS IS AN AWFUL INTERROGATIVE to commence an article with; but it is a "leading question," and we shall wait patiently for an answer to it. Will the answer ever reach us? Question! The following remarks are by Mr. PUNCH:—

Our beautiful "fashions" go on improving! Like Buckingham Palace, they are constantly being altered, and never altered for the better. What the human *façade* will be ultimately, there's no knowing. Everything has been tried in the shape of flowers, feathers, ornaments on the top, and in some instances paint, that could possibly disfigure it. Let these disfigurements only continue, and they may have the effect of converting the human head into a kind of Medusa's, that will turn into stone all who look at it. One of the latest absurdities is the way in which ladies wear their bonnets—if it can be called wearing at all, when it is falling, like a Capuchin's hood, right down their backs. It thus forms a capital receptacle for collecting any refuse or rubbish that may be dropt or thrown into it. We know one lady who found her bonnet, when she got home, perfectly filled with dust. It was quite a dust-bin in a small way—and the luncheon, which was on the table at the time, had to be sent away, as everything was spoilt by the dusty shower that the lady had unconsciously shaken down upon it.

There was another lady—whose husband is not so rich as he should be, and who grumbles fearfully, poor fellow, at every new bonnet he has to pay for—who discovered her *chapeau* to be as full as it could hold of orange-peel. Some malicious little boys must have amused themselves in walking behind her and pitching into it every piece of orange-peel they found lying about. It was an amusing game of pitch-in-the-hole to them. The consequence has been that the lady, who is extremely particular, especially when she takes a new fancy like a new bonnet into her head, has been compelled to throw away her old bonnet, and to have a new one. The poor husband, who is really to be pitied (husbands generally are), has been obliged, in order to pay for the additional expense, to walk instead of riding, to give up smoking, and to cut off his luncheons—all of which expenses came out of his own pocket and not out of the housekeeping. The last time he was seen, he was so thin that it was almost a microscopical effort to see him. But this absurd fashion, coupled with the other absurdity of long dresses, has the one good effect in *keeping our streets clean*, for the low bonnets carry off all the superfluous dust, and the long dresses carry away all the superfluous mud.

It would be difficult to say which fashion, in point of cleanliness, ranks the lowest. A classical friend of ours humorously declares that he thinks the bonnets will soon be the lower of the two, and that the ladies, for convenience sake, will shortly be wearing them tied on to the end of their dresses. It will be relieving them, he funnily says, of a great *draw-back*, and will have the further advantage of keeping their dear heads cool.

Punch seems puzzled as much as ourself,

when reflecting *where* these follies will end. It requires no ordinary share of impudence to be in the fashion now-a-days; and he must be indeed a bold man who would "take to wife" any of the dolls that flutter about our fashionable thoroughfares.

What "ornaments" for a domestic dwelling! What delightful "companions" for a man of domestic habits and refined sentiment!

HYACINTHS AND EARLY TULIPS.

THEIR GROWTH AND CULTURE.

AS THE HYACINTH and the early Tulip are very attractive, it is worth saying a little upon their culture, for they require so little trouble that there is no excuse for omitting to grow them. The most humble cottager may produce a few bulbs in bloom, to compete with those from the largest establishments. The soil for nearly every hardy bulb should be one half thoroughly decomposed cow-dung, and half light soil of almost any kind; or, if the dung from an old melon or cucumber-bed be used instead of cow-dung, put only one-third part to two parts of light soil.

If the soil which is at hand be stiff and not light, mix clean sand with it till it is made light; and then use two parts of the mixture to one of the dung; or if it be cow-dung, to an equal quantity. This compost should be thoroughly mixed, and sifted through a coarse sieve that would let a small marble pass the wires. Take the pots that are five inches across the mouth for the early Tulips, and those six inches across, or even more, for the Hyacinths. Having first put a bit of crock over the hole, fill these pots two-thirds of the way up with compost; press Hyacinths or Tulips very gently into this surface, enough only to make them stand even while you fill them up with the soil; and let it be noticed that, if pressed at all hard into the mould, the fibres will not readily enter; but press the bulb upwards, and Hyacinths frequently throw themselves nearly out of the pot. But if the soil be soft, and the fibres can enter it freely, the surface of the mould will not be disturbed, although the bulb is but just covered an inch.

When bulbs are potted, it is usual to cover them with something. Six inches thickness of old tan or sawdust is commonly used, the pots being first plunged to the rim. We, however, do not attach so much importance to this part of the operation as some do; principally because, having generally bloomed large collections, without taking that trouble, and found them much better than most other people's, we have of late years omitted that troublesome job. We have put ours in the dark—that is, under the front table of the potting-shed, or under the stage of a greenhouse; not even being particular as to the darkness, and yet not suffering any inconvenience, so far as we could judge. The principal object is to keep the plant from being excited to growth above, until the roots have formed. We have not convinced ourselves of the benefit of darkness in protracting the upper growth; nor does burying them prevent it, because we have seen the shoots two or three inches long when taken up from their tan or saw-

dust bed. All we care about is putting them out of our way in a cool place for a time; and whether dark or light, does not trouble us.

According to the time you wish them to be in bloom, so you remove them to a warmer berth. One season we plunged our pots into the ground in an open bed, and had as fine a bloom as ever, with only the precaution of keeping the sun off, that they might not be urged into flower till we required them. When they once begin to grow, they require a liberal supply of water; and as we approach the showing time, we may hasten them, if necessary, by removal to the greenhouse or stove; and as the early Tulips ought to be in perfection at the same time, we must regulate by putting the most backward into a little warmth.

The first object is strength and dwarfness, which can be best secured by light and air; consequently those grown in the open air will be finest and least drawn. If grown under glass, the nearer they are kept to the glass the better, and a frame or pit is far better than a greenhouse. Narcissus requires the same care and treatment, the same soil; and although there may be some difference in the season of bloom of these things when all are allowed their own way, we can, by sheltering the forwardest or even warming the most backward, easily bring them all in together. Those who intend, therefore, to compete with bulbs, should *buy early* and *of a respectable house*—avoid auctions above all modes of buying. We know the respectable London orders are made up, the refuse bulbs are bought up by jobbers, who make up for the London auctions; and the finest-looking roots, that any novice would admire, may be, and often are, unsound. We are, therefore, never safe without buying of respectable dealers.

With regard to the proper sorts, the dealer will be the best judge, and more or less we trust to his honor. Let him know the colors you want, and the season you wish them to bloom—for some Hyacinths and Tulips are nearly a month earlier than others—pay him the price, and you may calculate on a successful issue. Go to a sale, and it is a chance if you have a bloom at all; but it is a certainty that you have not a good one. When the flowers begin to show their colors, shelter them from the mid-day sun; but do not exclude light; the most flimsy shade will do to prevent burning. The bulbs, well-purchased, start all alike; and if you attend to these few hints, success must follow.—*Gardeners' Journal.*

WHO ARE THE MOST UNHAPPY?

COSROES, King of Persia, in conversation with two philosophers and his Vizir, asked—"What situation of man is most to be deplored?" One of the philosophers maintained that it was old age, accompanied with extreme poverty; the other, that it was to have the body oppressed by infirmities, the mind worn out, and the heart broken by a heavy series of misfortunes. "I know a condition more to be pitied," said the Vizir, "and it is that of him who has passed through life without doing good; and who, unexpectedly surprised by death, is sent to appear before the tribunal of the Sovereign Judge."

NOTES ON THE WASP.

THE WASP A PAPER MANUFACTURER.

Look at this Wasp's nest. What wisdom it displays! What power; what unfathomable perfection!



WHILST ON A RECENT TOUR (described in another place), we paid a visit to the country mansion of some valued friends of ours, near Southampton. Mentioning, in the course of conversation,

that we had been applied to for information about Wasps, and the *paper fabric* of which their nests were composed, we were shown, in an adjoining room, the very thing we were in search of—a wasp's nest.

Under a glass shade, on the table, there lay a most beautifully-constructed paper nest, made by these ingenious creatures; also (under another shade), the nest of a hornet family—a splendid paper fabric of gigantic proportions.

Finding that these matters were made a "study" here, we asked our indulgent correspondent, "Heartsease" (a member of this "happy family"), if she would kindly furnish us with the information wanted. She most readily undertook to do so, and it has come to hand. We give it in her own words:—

I send you, my dear sir, the promised particulars of the wasp—its nest, and the *materiel* of which it is composed, resembling *papier maché*. I have been as brief as the subject would admit of, but have reserved many further interesting details for a future paper.

The nest of the common wasp (*Vespa vulgaris*) attracts, more or less, the attention of everybody; but its interior architecture is not so well known as it deserves to be, for its singular ingenuity, in which it rivals even that of the hive-bee (*Apis mellifica*). In their general economy, the social or republican wasps closely resemble the humble-bee (*Bombus*), every colony being founded by a single female who has survived the winter—to the rigors of which all her summer associates of males and working wasps uniformly fall victims. Nay, out of three hundred females which may be found in one vespiary, or wasp's nest, towards the close of autumn, scarcely ten or a dozen survive till the ensuing spring, at which season they awake from their hybernal lethargy, and begin with ardor the labors of colonisation.

It may be interesting to follow one of these mother-wasps through her several operations; in which she merits more the praise of industry than the queen of a bee-hive—who does nothing, and never moves without a numerous train of obedient retainers, always ready to execute her commands and to do her homage. The mother-wasp, on the contrary, is at first alone, and is obliged to perform every species of drudgery herself.

Her first care, after being roused to activity by the returning warmth of the season, is to discover a place suitable for her intended colony; and,

accordingly, in the spring, wasps may be seen prying into every hole of a hedge-bank, particularly where field-mice have burrowed. Some authors report that she is partial to the forsaken galleries of the mole; but this, says Rennie, does not accord with our observations, as we have never met with a single vespiary in any situation likely to have been frequented by moles. But though we cannot assert the fact, we think it highly probable that the deserted nest of the field-mouse, which is not uncommon in hedge-banks, may be sometimes appropriated by a mother-wasp, as an excavation convenient for her purpose. Yet, if she does make choice of the burrow of a field-mouse, it requires to be afterwards considerably enlarged in the interior chamber, and the entrance gallery very much narrowed.

The desire of the wasp to save herself the labor of excavation—by forming her nest where other animals have burrowed, is not without a parallel in the actions of quadrupeds, and even of birds. In the splendid Continuation of Wilson's American Ornithology, by Charles L. Bonaparte, there is an interesting example of this instinctive adoption of the labors of others. "In the trans-Mississippian territories of the United States, the burrowing owl resides exclusively in the villages of the marmot, or prairie-dog, whose excavations are so commodious as to render it unnecessary that the owl should dig for himself, as he is said to do where no burrowing animals exist.* The villages of the prairie-dog are very numerous and variable in their extent—sometimes covering only a few acres, and at others spreading over the surface of the country for miles together. They are composed of slightly-elevated mounds, having the form of a truncated cone, about two feet in width at the base, and seldom rising as high as eighteen inches from the surface of the soil. The entrance is placed either at the top, or on the side, and the whole mound is beaten down externally; especially at the summit, resembling a much-used footpath. From the entrance, the passage into the mound descends vertically, for one or two feet, and is thence continued obliquely downwards, until it terminates in an apartment, within which the industrious prairie-dog constructs, on the approach of cold weather, a comfortable cell for his winter's sleep. The cell, which is composed of fine dry grass, is globular in form, with an opening at top, capable of admitting the finger; and the whole is so firmly compacted that it might without injury be rolled over the floor." †

In case of need, the wasp is abundantly furnished by nature with instruments for excavating a burrow out of the solid ground, as she no doubt most commonly does—digging the earth with her strong mandibles, and carrying it off or pushing it out as she proceeds. The entrance-gallery is about an inch or less in diameter, and usually runs in a winding or zig-zag direction, from one to two feet in depth. In the chamber to which

* The owl observed by Vieillot in St. Domingo, digs itself a burrow two feet in depth, at the bottom of which it deposits its eggs upon a bed of moss.

† American Ornithology, by Charles Lucien Bonaparte, vol. i., p. 69.

this gallery leads, and which, when completed, is from one to two feet in diameter, the mother-wasp lays the foundations of her city—beginning with the walls.

The building materials employed by wasps were long a matter of conjecture to scientific inquirers; for the blueish-grey, papery substance of the whole structure, has no resemblance to any sort of wax employed by bees for a similar purpose. Now that the discovery has been made, we can with difficulty bring ourselves to believe that a naturalist so acute and indefatigable as M. Réaumur, should have, for twenty years, as he tells us, endeavored, without success, to find out the secret. At length, however, his perseverance was rewarded. He remarked a female wasp alight on the sash of his window, and begin to gnaw the wood with her mandibles; and it struck him at once that she was procuring materials for building. He saw her detach from the wood a bundle of fibres, about a tenth of an inch in length, and finer than a hair; and as she did not swallow these, but gathered them into a mass with her feet, he could not doubt that his first idea was correct. In a short time, she shifted to another part of the window-frame; carrying with her the fibres she had collected, and to which she continued to add; when he caught her, in order to examine the nature of her bundle. He then found that it was not yet moistened nor rolled into a ball, as is always done before employing it in building. In every other respect it had precisely the same color and fibrous texture as the walls of a vespiary. It struck him as remarkable, that it bore no resemblance to wood gnawed by other insects, such as the goat-moth caterpillar, which is granular like sawdust. This would not have suited the design of the wasp, who was well aware that fibres of some length form a stronger texture. He even discovered that, before detaching the fibres, she bruised them (*les charpisoit*) into a sort of lint (*charpie*) with her mandibles. All this, the careful naturalist imitated by bruising and paring the same wood of the window-sash with his pen-knife, till he succeeded in making a little bundle of fibres, scarcely to be distinguished from that collected by the wasp.

We have ourselves, says J. Rennie, frequently seen wasps employed in procuring their materials in this manner, and have always observed that they shift from one part to another more than once, in preparing a single load—a circumstance which we ascribe entirely to the restless temper peculiar to the whole order of hymenopterous insects. Réaumur found that the wood which they preferred was such as had been long exposed to the weather and is old and dry. White, of Selborne, and Kirby and Spence, on the contrary, maintain that wasps obtain their paper from sound timber—hornets only from that which is decayed. Our own observations, however, confirm the statement of Réaumur with respect to wasps, as, in every instance which has fallen under our notice, the wood selected was very much weathered; and in one case, an old oak post in a garden at Lee, in Kent, half destroyed by dry-rot, was seemingly the resort of all the wasps in the vicinity. In another case, the deal bond in a brick wall, which had been built thirty years, is at this moment (June, 1829) literally

striped with the gnawings of wasps, which we have watched at the work for hours together.

The bundles of ligneous fibres thus detached, are moistened before being used, with a glutinous liquid, which causes them to adhere together; they are then kneaded into a sort of paste, or *papier maché*. Having prepared some of this material, the mother-wasp begins first to line with it the roof of her chamber; for wasps always build downwards. The round ball of fibres which she has previously kneaded up with glue, she now forms into a leaf—walking backwards, and spreading it out with her mandibles, her tongue, and her feet, till it is as thin almost as tissue paper.

One sheet, however, of such paper as this, would form but a fragile ceiling; quite insufficient to prevent the earth falling down into the nest. The wasp, accordingly, is not satisfied with her work till she has spread fifteen or sixteen layers one above the other, rendering the wall altogether nearly two inches thick. The several layers are not placed in contact, like the layers of a piece of pasteboard; but with small intervals or open spaces between, appearing somewhat like a grotto built with bivalve shells, particularly when looked at on the outside. This is probably caused by the insect working in a curvilinear manner.

Having finished the ceiling, she next begins to build the first terrace of her city, which, under its protection, she suspends horizontally; and not, like the combs in a bee-hive, in a perpendicular position. The suspension of which we speak is also light and elegant, compared with the more heavy union of the hive-bee's combs. It is, in fact, a hanging floor; immovably secured by rods of similar materials with the roof, but rather stronger. From twelve to thirty of these rods, about an inch or less in length, and a quarter of an inch in diameter, are constructed for the suspension of the terrace. They are elegant in form; being made gradually narrower towards the middle, and widening at each end—in order, no doubt, to render their hold the stronger.

The terrace itself is circular, and composed of an immense number of cells, formed of the paper already described, and of almost the same size and form as those of a honeycomb; each being a perfect hexagon, mathematically exact, and every hair's breadth of the space completely filled. These cells, however, are not used as honey-pots by wasps, as they are by bees; for wasps, certain foreign species excepted, make no honey, and the cells are wholly appropriated to the rearing of their young. Like other hymenopterous insects, the grubs are placed with their heads downwards; and the openings of the cells are also downwards; while their united bottoms form a nearly uniform level upon which the inhabitants of the nest may walk. We have seen, whilst examining the economy of the carder-bee, that when a young bee had escaped from its cradle-cell, and so rendered it empty, that cell was subsequently appropriated to the storing of honey. But in the case of wasps, a cell thus evacuated is immediately cleaned out and repaired for the reception of another grub—an egg being laid in it by a female wasp as soon as it is ready.

When the foundress wasp has completed a

certain number of cells, and deposited eggs in them, she soon intermits her building operations; in order to procure food for the young grubs, which now require all her care. In a few weeks these become perfect wasps, and lend their assistance in the extension of the edifice; enlarging the original coping of the foundress by side walls, and forming another platform of cells—suspended to the first by columns, as that had been suspended to the ceiling.

In this manner several platforms of combs are constructed, the outer walls being extended at the same time; and, by the end of the summer, there are generally from twelve to fifteen platforms of cells. Each contains about 1060 cells—forty-nine being contained in an inch and a half square, and of course making the enormous number of about 16,000 cells in one colony. Réaumur, upon these data, calculates that one vespiary may produce every year more than 30,000 wasps, reckoning only 10,000 cells, and each serving successively for the cradle of three generations. But, although the whole structure is built at the expense of so much labor and ingenuity, it has scarcely been finished before the winter sets in, when it becomes nearly useless; and serves only for the abode of a few benumbed females, who abandon it on the approach of spring, and never return; for wasps do not, like mason-bees, ever make use of the same nest for more than one season.

Both Réaumur and the younger Huber, studied the proceedings of the common wasp in the manner which has been so successful in observing bees—by means of glazed hives, and other contrivances. In this, these naturalists were greatly aided by the extreme affection of wasps for their young; for though their nest is carried off, or even cut in various directions, and exposed to the light, they never desert it, nor relax their attention to their progeny. When a wasp's nest is removed from its natural situation, and covered with a glass hive, the first operation of the inhabitants is to repair the injuries it has suffered. They carry off with surprising activity all the earth or other matters which have fallen by accident into the nest; and when they have got it thoroughly cleared of everything extraneous, they begin to secure it from further derangement by fixing it to the glass with papyraceous columns, similar to those which we have already described. The breaches which the nest may have suffered are then repaired, and the tiffickness of the walls is augmented—with the design, perhaps, of more effectually excluding the light.

Hants, Oct. 10.

HEARTSEASE.

AFFECTION.

There is in life no blessing like affection;
It soothes, it hallows, elevates, subdues,
And bringeth down to earth its native Heaven.
It sits beside the cradle patient hours,
Whose sole contentment is to watch and love:
It bendeth o'er the death-bed, and conceals
Its own despair with words of faith and hope;
Life has naught else that may supply its place.
Void is ambition; cold is vanity,—
And wealth an empty glitter without Love!

A FAREWELL TO SUMMER!

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

FAREWELL! a kind farewell
To Summer's brightest hours;
To fairy scenes of revelry,
With gentle zephyrs on the lea,
And Nature's fairest flowers!

Our thoughts will oft revert,
With exquisite delight,
To Flora in her rustic dress,—
Where beauty, joy, and gentleness,
In one sweet smile unite.

And still our footsteps roam,
With Nature for our guide,
Where Summer and her merry train
Bedeck'd the hill, the vale, and plain,
And graced the mountain side.

We miss the merry song
That cheer'd us in the vale;
But if thou lovest melody,
Sweet Summer, we resign to thee
The charming nightingale!

For who can smile like thee,
Or teach our hearts to prize
The brilliant scene of joy that beams
O'er merry meads and limpid streams,
Beneath thy sunny skies!

All Nature mourns for thee;
And, through the forest trees,
A melancholy sound is heard,—
And leaves that shelter'd many a bird
Lie scatter'd by the breeze!

Farewell; again farewell!
The flowers that welcomed thee
Have pass'd away, too pure to brave
The bitter storm that rules the wave,
And bows the proudest tree!

Hope cheers the path thou'st loved,
And lingers on the plain;
It softly whispers to the birds,
And tells us in its sweetest words,—
THAT WE SHALL "MEET AGAIN!"

ON THE USE OF CHLOROFORM,

AS APPLIED TO BEES.

SEVERAL ARTICLES on this subject have already appeared in OUR JOURNAL; and as the question involved is one of general interest, we subjoin further remarks by Mr. Pettigrew, of Whetstone. His observations are practical; and therefore valuable:—

In the south of Britain, Mr. Editor, the year 1853 has been unfavorable for Bees; and unless a little care is bestowed upon them now, many will die during the autumn and winter. Indeed, some of this year's swarms are at the point of starvation already. Can anything be done to save them from death, and thereby secure a sufficient stock for next year? I answer, Yes. Now is the time to

unite the weak ones with the stronger ones, which should be fed forthwith.

The combs in the weak hives should not be taken out or disturbed, but carefully preserved, as there is no honey to be had from them, and as they would be of great service to the swarms of next year. When a swarm is put into a hive containing combs, they are soon filled with honey or eggs; the latter of which the queen lays in abundance at swarming time. When a swarm is put into an empty hive, the bees must first make combs ere honey or eggs can be deposited. A few clean nice combs in a hive are of great value indeed, at swarming time. Up to September all the brood is not hatched; hence, it is not proper to remove the bees from the combs sooner. Were the bees removed before the hatching is completed, the brood would rot in their cells, and thereby make the combs worse than useless. No swarm would prosper amongst them.

As it is considered by some people a very difficult matter to get bees out of a hive alive at this season, I very recently tested the use of chloroform for this purpose. One of the surgeons of the place supplied me with a quarter of an ounce of it for sixpence. I lifted a weak hive, and then placed on the board a small flower-pot saucer, into which the chloroform was put. The hive was speedily let down and the door closed; and before any one had time to speak, there was heard a great noise and hubbub inside, which did not last more than half a minute. The hive was again lifted off its board, on which all the bees had fallen. Some of them were tumbling about; and some were apparently quite dead. The queen seemed as much overcome as any of them. As this was tried at noon (an improper time to unite swarms), and as I was anxious to see how long they would remain affected by the chloroform, I merely put an empty hive over them, into which plenty of air was admitted.

In about twenty minutes, many of the bees were able to fly. But it was nearly an hour before the whole of them recovered. About two dozen, which fell into the liquid in the saucer, did not recover. Had I covered it with a perforated card, the life of every bee might have been preserved. In the evening the little swarm was found beautifully clustered on one of the sides of the empty hive, from whence I shook it into the hive standing next to it. I then gave them a nuptial feast, by pouring over them a little mixed sugar and water.

The uninitiated, and those who are afraid of bees, may safely and successfully employ chloroform in uniting swarms and in artificial swarming. Those accustomed to bees do not require the use of it. By blowing a little smoke from a bit of ignited fustian or

corduroy cloth into a hive, they are able to turn it up, and do a great many things with the bees. In summer, bees can be drummed out of the hive; but in autumn and winter, drumming does not answer—the bees will not run. To meet this difficulty, we pour a little sugar and water over the combs whence the bees are to be taken. In two or three minutes, they will be found sitting loosely on the combs, sipping at the sugar. From this they may be shaken by one sudden jerk, like snow from a man's foot; or china from a tea-tray when it strikes against the door-post. In cold weather, it is a good way to unite swarms by candlelight, in a barn or empty house.

First sprinkle the combs with sugar and water; then let the edges of the hive (in its right position) rest on your two hands, placed at opposite sides. Now lift it erect off the floor two feet, and give it a sudden shake downwards. You will thus cause all the bees to fall on the floor; when the hive that is to receive them should be placed over them.

If a little sugar is sprinkled over the combs of the receiving hive, all the better; though swarms never quarrel nor fight when united at night. They coalesce and become one as readily as water does with water. The operation, so difficult to explain in few words, may be performed in less than five minutes; and by using chloroform, the bees may be got out of one hive and put into another in the space of two minutes. There need be no concern about two queens going together, for one will be kept—the other killed.

One thing more should be mentioned—the hives one against another ought to be united. Were two swarms between which others are standing united, the bees would naturally go back to their old stool.

For feeding bees, nothing can surpass loaf-sugar and water; mixed at the rate of a pound of one to a pint of the other, slightly boiled. As to the mode of giving it, nothing needs be said—it is like poking the fire; everybody thinks his own way the best.

A. PETTIGREW.

Woodside Gardens, Whetstone,
September 20.

SIGNS OF GOODNESS.

If a man be gracious, and courteous to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world,—that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins to them.

If a man be compassionate, it proves his heart to be like the noble tree which is *itself* wounded when it gives forth the balm. If he easily pardons others, it shows that his mind is above injuries. If he be thankful for "small benefits," it proves that he weighs men's minds, *and not their trash.*

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION.

No. XLVIII.—PHYSIOLOGY OF THE BRAIN.

BY F. J. GALL, M.D.

(Continued from Page 168.)

I HAVE PROVED, THAT IT IS ONLY BY ADMITTING different organs for the different qualities and faculties, that we conceive how an organ can excite to certain actions; while other organs produce movements and ideas precisely opposite; and that we thus comprehend how man, when evil propensities are stirring within him, can, either within himself or without, find opposite motives, and adopt a contrary resolution. But where shall man find opposite motives within him?—how shall he be capable of receiving those which come from without, if the principle of his propensities, his desires, his faculties—in fine, of all his sensations and thoughts, resides in a single organ, or in the whole body? When the blood cries for vengeance, what integrant part of the temperament shall give to man tranquillity, or the power of vanquishing himself? We may, then, affirm that moral liberty can only exist on the supposition of a plurality of organs.

There is, again, a new difficulty, of which German authors have spoken. From observations which I have made in the prisons, it results that I have determined in the prisoners, not only the dispositions of the soul and mind, but also the actions of these same prisoners. Might not one be tempted to conclude, that I regard the actions for which our organisation gives us a propensity as inevitable?

My reply to this question can only be completed by discussions, which will find their place in the following volumes. I limit myself, at this moment, to the general explanation of some of my principles. It will suffice to make my procedure in this respect intelligible, and to set aside any false interpretation. The different primitive faculties of the soul belong to different parts of the brain, in the same manner as the various functions of the senses are attached to different nervous systems.

The functions of the senses, whose organs are more considerable, more sound, and more developed, or which have received a stronger irritation, are, for that reason, more lively. The same phenomenon is produced in the faculties of the soul; the organs of these faculties act with more energy, if they are more excited, or more developed. On the other hand, there are several organs whose greater development shows itself in convolutions, thicker and more enlarged and prolonged on the surface of the brain; and these convolutions are, in their turn, represented by elevations on the external surface of the cranium.

If to this be added, what I shall demonstrate for each organ in particular,—namely, that I have found means to determine that such or such part of the brain is the organ of such or such a faculty of the soul, it will then be understood how, from a considerable and determinate elevation of the cranium, it has been found possible to infer a greater development of a portion of the brain, and consequently the greater energy of a determinate faculty.

If, in social life, I perceive in any one the external sign of a well-developed organ, I can say with confidence that, in this man, the disposition

of the faculty which belongs to this organ is stronger than the dispositions of his other qualities. But, I am ignorant whether circumstances have permitted this individual to devote himself to the pursuit to which this principal disposition would direct him. Birth, condition, education, laws, customs, and religion, have the greatest influence on the occupation, exercise, and perfection of the organs, as well as on the moral character of the man; it would be rash, therefore, to conclude, that the actions of an individual correspond to the faculty to which we remark a predominant disposition. On seeing the organ of tones, or that of the mechanic arts, very much developed, we may affirm that the individual has a great disposition or talent for music, or for the mechanical arts; that in his youth he must have had more success in these arts than his comrades; and that, probably, next to the duties of his calling, he makes these his favorite occupation; but I cannot say that he is actually a musician, or a mechanic. If the question concerns propensities capable of leading to mischievous actions, contrary to the laws, I abstain from judging; because I admit that sane and reasonable men are capable, by nobler motives, and by the effect of fortunate habits, of controlling these propensities, or of employing them in a lawful manner. For this reason, I do not pursue such researches in my social relations; especially where there can result from them no valuable information.

In a prison, on the contrary, errors are less easy. I can, by the inspection of a greatly developed organ, the abuse of which leads to crime, pronounce with sufficient confidence on the nature of an offence. First, it is on account of a crime that the individual is imprisoned; next, we know that man, excited by energetic propensities, if not restrained by powerful motives, ordinarily abandons himself to his natural inclination. There is, then, great reason to suppose, that the offence for which he is punished is that for which we find in him a marked disposition. We may, indeed, be mistaken; fortuitous circumstances may, sometimes, for the time urge a man to acts for which he feels himself no very strong propensity. We often meet robbers and assassins, in whom the organs for theft and murder have not acquired an extraordinary development. But, in this case, the malefactor has been drawn in by seduction, by misery, by unruly passions—such as jealousy, resentment, a quarrel, or other unfortunate occurrences. We are rarely deceived when the question relates to incorrigible malefactors, or persons who, from their childhood, have manifested evil dispositions, or criminal propensities; in these the development of the organ is evident. If the features, the gestures, mien, or language, betray want of education, or of the exercise of the intellectual faculties—if the rest of the organisation of the brain is not favorable, it will almost always happen that the actions will accord with this unfortunate organisation.

It was in conformity with these maxims, that at the *conciergerie* (*stadtvogtey*) of Berlin, I pronounced not only on the nature of the crimes of a prisoner, but also on the great difficulty of correcting his obstinate propensity to theft. I declared that this prisoner, named Columbus, was the most dangerous robber among *the adults* that they had presented to us. Columbus was afterwards sen-

tenced to imprisonment for three years; at the end of which time he was released, in 1808. But he had enjoyed his liberty hardly a month, when he was again shut up. In this short interval, he had committed ten thefts, more or less considerable, and very difficult to execute.

If the individual appears to have received education, or if several of the organs of the higher order are favorably developed, the judgment to be passed is not so certain; the propensity may have been more easily combated; it may, at least, be presumed that the illegal action of such an individual may have been modified by some peculiarity. But these cases require a peculiar kind of knowledge, which can be acquired only by long study and multiplied comparisons of cases. This suffices to show my readers, that, in passing judgment on malefactors, I take for its basis not the irresistibility of actions, but the organisation and nature of man.

Some of my adversaries have maintained, with impudent dishonesty, that I taught—at least in Germany, the irresistibility of actions, and that it was only the mildness and piety of the French which made me more circumspect.

I esteem my doctrine too much, to change or mutilate it in favor of the opinions or prejudices of any people. I neither speak nor write for the Germans nor the French, alone. As an observer of nature, my aim is to present and defend a doctrine, which may be useful to mankind in all places; which may be compatible with all kinds of government and with true morality, and which, in all ages, may be appropriated to the wants of human nature, since it is derived from the nature of things. But I affirm, at the same time, that I have never taught the irresistibility of actions, and that I have always upheld moral freedom. I had, at Vienna, and in the whole course of my journey, hearers of all conditions; many monks, curates, pastors, bishops, instructors. Even several sovereign princes, condescended to hear me expound the principles of my doctrine. No one of these persons, perceived in it the slightest danger for morality and religion. Many of my auditors have had works printed, which serve to justify my conduct in this respect.

Hardly had I obtained any results from my researches, when I foresaw the objections touching materialism, fatalism, and the irresistibility of actions. I therefore had inserted in the *Mercur Allemand*, of Wieland, 1798. No. 12, a letter addressed to Baron Retzer, Chief of the Imperial Censorship of Vienna. In this letter, I then answered these objections with these same arguments with which I combat them at present. And what best proves the unfair intentions of this class of adversaries, is that, for more than twenty-five years, no moralist and no ecclesiastic has thought fit to declare himself against my doctrine. On the contrary, better informed as they are than the laity, on the reciprocal influence of physical and moral agents, many of them of different religions, have written works more or less voluminous, in favor of my principles.

SUMMARY OF THE FOURTH SECTION.

I have shown that, in all ages, the most contradictory opinions have been denounced, and regarded as inspired, by turns; that, consequently, when one makes discoveries, he ought to trouble himself

less for the judgment of his contemporaries than for the truth;—that the Gospel, the Apostles, the Fathers of the Church, and, in general, the men who have best understood mankind, those who have most loved and most benefited them, have acknowledged that the qualities of the soul and mind are innate, and that their manifestation depends on material conditions;—that those who accuse my doctrine of materialism, confound material conditions with the forces or the faculties, and thereby fall into perpetual contradictions;—that the supposition of a central point, which it was thought necessary to consecrate in order to secure the spiritual nature of the soul, does not attain this object, and is at war with the structure and functions of the brain;—that even my adversaries, to whom it seems that the plurality of organs favors materialism, are forced to acknowledge this plurality, because the brain is double, and, consequently, each of its parts is so also;—that those who regard as dangerous the division of the faculties of the soul into several fundamental faculties, have, at all times, adopted similar divisions, since they have admitted the faculties of judging, willing, remembering, imagining, &c.; that, consequently, they cannot, in any respect, brand my doctrine, any more than another, with the charge of materialism.

As to fatalism, and to moral liberty, I have likewise shown that the most venerable men have acknowledged the most powerful influence of several causes on our determinations; that the sensations, propensities, desires, as well as the ideas and the judgments of man, are submitted to determinate laws; but that we cannot thence infer either the fatalism which makes the world to be derived from chance, or which does not ascribe the direction of it to a Supreme Intelligence, nor that other fatalism; which subjects the actions of men to a blind chance, that an unlimited and absolute liberty are repugnant to the nature of a created being, but that the reasonable man, by virtue of the faculties, whose number and dignity elevate him above the brutes, has acquired the power of fixing his attention, not only on impulses from within and without, but also on those highest motives which he finds within him, or receives from abroad, and of being thereby enabled either to be determined by existing motives, or to determine himself by new motives, which the well-organised man can continually call to his aid; that this faculty constitutes true moral liberty; and that this practical liberty is the only kind which is contemplated by civil institutions, education, morality, and religion; that this liberty, submitted to its proper laws, such as the powerful influence of the most numerous and strongest motives, and especially to that of the desire of happiness, render the man who acts, and his instructors, responsible for all their moral actions; that on this notion of liberty repose the dignity and necessity of education, morals, legislation, punishments, rewards, and religion. It follows from my doctrine, that, whenever a sane and well-organised man has willed a thing, he might have willed the contrary—not without motive, which would be absurd, but by seeking for and adopting other motives than those which have determined him.

In fine, I have proved, that without the existence of moral evil, and vicious propensities, there could be neither moral freedom, nor choice between good

and evil, nor, consequently, any threatening of future punishments, nor any hope of future reward; that all erroneous opinions, and all discussions on practical moral liberty, have had their source in the false ideas which men have formed of the cause of moral evil, and of the propensity to evil; because they confounded contentment, inclination, propensity, desires, the result of the action of particular organs, with the will or wish, the result of the comparison of several sensations and several ideas, as well as of the influence of superior moral and intellectual forces, on the instigations of inferior propensities and faculties.

SECTION V.

APPLICATION OF MY PRINCIPLES TO MAN,
CONSIDERED AS AN OBJECT OF EDUCATION AND
PUNISHMENT.

PRELIMINARY SUGGESTIONS.

THE motives, then, which tend to determine the acts of men, come from two sources. The one class are furnished from our internal forces, the others come from without. Consequently, to direct the will of man, and to appreciate his actions, we must have a profound and particular knowledge of these two elements. This knowledge can be acquired only by the practical study of human nature, by the particular study of each quality and each fundamental faculty, and of the manner in which each one manifests itself—both in the various states of health and disease.

As I cannot fulfil this task but in the following volumes, I must here limit myself to some general views, which, however, will throw great light on the ulterior discussions of this volume.

First, let us recollect that man, to a certain degree, has an organisation common to him with the brutes, and that he participates in their propensities, feelings, and intellectual faculties. Thus far, man must be considered in the light of an animal. But, as a man, he is endowed with superior propensities, feelings, and faculties, which constitute in him the character of humanity, and which, as we have seen, render him a moral being.

In his regular state of health, man never shows himself as purely man, nor as simply animal. The various relations which result from his mixed organisation, from the intimate union of animal nature with humanity, merit then the greatest attention. In this way only shall we have all the data to measure the degree of the moral liberty of each individual, and to divine the use which, according to appearances, he will make of it.

In respect to internal, moral, and intellectual forces, one may establish six very distinct classes in human society. Each of these classes produces a series and an activity of propensities, feelings, and talents, equally differing from the others.

In the first class, the qualities and faculties which are most elevated and proper to man, are completely developed; while the organs of the animal qualities and faculties have only a very feeble degree of development and activity.

In the second class, the organs of the animal qualities and faculties have attained a high degree of development and activity; while the organs of the qualities and faculties peculiar to man alone

are but little developed, and have but little activity.

In the third class, the qualities and the faculties common to animals and those proper to man, have acquired considerable development and activity.

In the fourth class, one or at most only a few of the propensities or talents, are developed to an extraordinary degree; while the others have arrived at a degree of development and activity very moderate, or even below mediocrity.

In the fifth class, one or some of the organs are very little developed, and remain in a state of apathy; while the others are more favorably developed and active.

Finally, in the sixth class, the organs common to animals, and those proper to man, are equally moderate in their development.

Let us now observe some general results of these different developments and activities of such and such cerebral parts, when not influenced by motives contrary to their natural impulse or tendency.

When the superior qualities and faculties proper to the human species predominate greatly over the qualities and faculties of an inferior order, the man, properly so called, will subdue the animal in him. The internal movements, and the whole conduct of such men will be conformable to reason, justice, and morality. To judge with candor the weakness of others, to bear with indulgence the errors of their minds, generously to pardon offences, to act always with uprightness, to labor always for the general good, by sacrificing their own interests, to render homage to truth with a wise intrepidity, to show himself above ingratitude and persecution, to ascend from the effect to the cause, and thus to secure himself from prejudice and from superstition; such is mostly the natural tendency of these models and benefactors of our race.

The contrary takes place with those, in whom the organs of the animal qualities and faculties have reached a very considerable development and activity, while the organs of the superior faculties are but little developed and have little activity. In these, all is subject to sensuality and error. The animal impulses are numerous and violent, and defeat is the more to be feared as the superior faculties and external aid are more feeble. If unfortunately, the dominant propensities are of the number of those whose excessive activity overthrows social order—will the philosophic judge be astonished, if these men too often become the victims of their organisation?

TACT.

What is Tact? 'tis worth revealing—
'Tis delicacy's finest feeling;
It is to scan another's breast,
To know the thought ere half express;
If word or tone should waken pain,
To drop the subject or the strain;
To mark each change, each shade to know,
From care's cold brow to pleasure's glow:
To read in the averted eye
Refusal now or sympathy;
Now *catch the sigh*, the *timid tone*,
And make the speaker's thought your own.
To twine around, with winning art,
And gently *steal away the heart*.

OUR MIRROR OF THE MONTHS.

NOVEMBER.

Now Autumn's fairy gold turns pale,
Twilight, too, closes fast and chill;
And dirge-like winds, with lengthening wail,
Moan low, or rise with whistle shrill.

IT IS HARDLY CORRECT, we imagine, for us to use the word "Mirror," in connection with the month of November. A month of darkness is it, and fog, and the less we *reflect* it the better. Few can pretend to see through it, and those few, of course, live in it as their "element." We speak this to the inhabitants of London—also of course.

A London fog is peculiar—perfectly *sui generis*. It is so thick that some say it may be eaten; others, however, conscientiously affirm that, if eaten, it cannot be declared wholesome or easy of digestion (one mouthful makes us "shut up" for a week). It usually comes in with the new and tinselly Lord Mayor, on the 9th of November, and remains in constant attendance on that enlightened civic and jesting functionary, and the gorging sycophants who form his *posse comitatus*, until long after Christmas.

The advent of November is the signal for grand preparations in the way of *gourmandise*. No sooner do the days become short, and the weather gloomy, than London and its inhabitants set about the "whole art of enjoyment." This consists in eating, drinking, feasting, visiting; and at night, in scenes of dissipation, frivolity, and idle amusement. For these things London is famous. The Great Metropolis is, as we have often characterised it, a city of mirth, gaiety, hypocrisy, deception, and folly. Selfishness and fashion, exclusiveness and contempt, envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, hold their court here. Hence the fearful records of crime, suicide, and every moral evil, that overcrowd the daily and weekly broadsheets of this "City of the Plague."

Fortunately, however, we do not live in the "doomed city." Passing through it is quite sufficient for us. We flee from it as we would from a pestilence, and always return to it with a heavy heart. The human countenances that pass in review before us, (most of them marked with the plague-spot,) as we thread the public highways—tell us at this season a tale that needs no illustration. Early and late does care bestride their brow. They seem impelled to their own destruction. Then—the gaudy butterflies that flutter along the streets, the allurements, the temptations, the noises, the nuisances, the giddy whirl, the naked emptiness of half the heads one sees—all form one grand hubbub, one bewildering scene of insane folly, that makes a body tremble for the actors. But let us away to a healthier atmosphere.

The year is in its decline. Since we last chatted with our good friends, rain has fallen in torrents. Sun, wind, rain, frost—all have united to change the charming landscape upon which we have so long and so happily gazed.

NOVEMBER comes; and at his call

The genius of the storm awakes;

Flow'rs fade, and leaves deciduous fall.

The vision flies. The enchantment breaks,
And vanishes away.

But what of this? It is only one of those changes which are perpetually going forward in the drama of life. There is just as much to admire out-of-doors now, as ever there was. It wants but the heart and the feeling to enjoy it. Whilst our pen is moving over the paper—

The common, overgrown with fern, and rough
With prickly gorse,—that shapeless and deform'd
And dang'rous to the touch, has yet its bloom,
And decks itself with ornaments of gold,—
Yields no unpleasing ramble. There the turf
Smells fresh; and, rich in odorif'rous herbs
And fungous fruits of earth, regales the sense
With luxury of unexpected sweets.

Only go forth determined to be happy,
and happiness is yours!

The fall of the leaf began this year very early; owing to the heavy rains and wind alternating with sun by day and frost by night. Our lanes, highways, and gardens were strewed with leaves several weeks since; and each day is now adding largely to their number. And how truly delightful is it to wander abroad, during intervals of sunshine, and watch Nature thus gently disrobing! Every garment she lays aside only adds to her beauty. Every new charm disclosed to the eye renders her still more bewitchingly attractive.

And what an endless variety of colors does her leafy apparel exhibit! Light and shade alternate so sweetly, that we prefer her *en déshabille* to her full regal attire. Hers is a wardrobe never out of fashion. It cannot but fascinate us, for it is purely simple and "natural." And then, to listen to the gentle gales doing her homage—singing and dancing among the branches, whilst she is toying with the ornaments for which she finds no further use!

Oh, that we could infuse into all our readers' hearts some little of the *esprit* which animates us, whilst wandering among these beauties of Nature, at which we so faintly hint! We know *many* who do fully appreciate these joys, and with whom to stroll at this season, amidst such scenes, would indeed be Heaven upon earth. We feel the sympathetic affection whilst we write. They will feel it too, when they read. Thought flies infinitely quicker than the most subtle

element—electricity not excepted. We have internal evidence of this.

When others fly *from* the country, we linger *in* it. What they sneer at, we worship. The wild winds of November are sweetly musical to a "natural" and well-attuned ear. We love, too, to gaze upon the lofty trees, when shaken by the gloomy strife of the contending elements. And what exquisite poetry there is in the sound of raging tempests without, whilst we are comfortably housed within! Could one rest satisfied that the poor suffered not, *then* would our feelings be ecstatic. But, in this world, clouds and sunshine *must* go together; and therefore is our happiness so often interrupted.

But let no one foolishly imagine that, because Winter is at hand, we must be gloomy or sad. Surely not! True, most of our flowers are gone. The long grass will presently stand among the woodland thickets withered, bleached, and sear. The fern will soon become red and shrivelled amongst the green gorse and broom. The plants which waved their broad white umbels to the summer breeze (like skeleton trophies of death) even now rattle their dry and hollow leaves to the autumnal winds. The brooks are becoming brimful; the rivers, turbid and covered with masses of foam, hurry on in angry strength, or pour their waters incontinently over the open lands. Our very gardens are sad, damp, and desolate. Their floral splendors are dead, and naked stems and decaying leaves are fast taking the place of verdure. Nature is about to repose, previous to entering upon her long sleep.

This picture, to some so appalling, has for us an imperishable interest. We love to contemplate these passing scenes; and we draw from them some of the finest and most exquisite feelings of delight that it is permitted for a mortal to experience. With a light heart, a nimble foot, a trusty stick, and a rustic over-coat to shield us from the rude blast—often do we sally forth in the winter months. Our steps wander far and near. Sometimes, from an eminence, we watch the flying clouds, and listen to the raging tempest; at others, we note the ever-varying landscape in the broad expanse of hill and valley, wood and water. Every minute there is a change of scene. An eternity sometimes appears to have passed in a single half-hour! Then—the murmuring sighs in the trees, the music of the rills, the sweeping past of the flying leaves, and the creaking harmony of the swaying branches—*all* this (and how much more?) makes the heart *so* happy! Try it, ye who are doubtful. We say to each:—

If thou art sorrowful and sad,
And thought no comfort yields,

Go, leave the busy, bustling world,
And ramble in the fields.
Bless'd NATURE will have sympathy
Both with thy sufferings and thee.

Kind NATURE solace offers all;
Gives joy in storm or calm;
For every pain a pleasure has,
For every wound a balm.
A mightier physician she
For *heart-ills* than philosophy.

Go to the fields, and NATURE woo,
No matter *what* thy mood;
The light heart will be lighter made,
The sorrowful imbued
With joyous hearts. The simplest flower
Has o'er the soul a magic power.

Alone, communing with thyself,
Or with congenial friends;
If joy expands thy soaring soul,
Or woe thy bosom rends—
Go to the fields; *there* thou wilt find
THY WOE SUBDUED, THY JOY REFINED.

It is at such moments, and while under these hallowing influences, that the soul feels for what grand end it was born—the noble position it *ought* to have taken in this lower world. Oh, how it regrets the mis-spent hours that cannot be redeemed! How it weeps to know that another short day will see it once more hurried into a pestilential atmosphere, again associated with thoughtless, worldly-minded people, whose thoughts never rise beyond the sordid, all-engrossing consideration of £ s. d.! That WE are not cast in the same mould, do not take pleasure in the same pursuits, care nothing for an accumulation of the "accursed gold"—is, so far, satisfactory. It would seem to argue that there is a "something" tending Heavenward in our composition, which can never be extinguished. The very thought of this, renders life supportable. Nay, it makes us energetic in a cause which we feel to be *so* good. If people could only be induced to reflect, they would, let us hope, be *very* different from what they now are.

We have said nothing about the dear little birds, and other sociable animals that share our winter rambles with us. Of these, and their winning endearing ways, we could tell so much that it becomes a mark of wisdom to be silent altogether. It is a weak point with us, to be eloquent when our pets are on the *tapis*. We may, however, just mention that our garden is now thronged with its usual winter guests—all tame as ever, and sure of a hearty welcome.

Our old friends, the robins, of course come in-doors just when they will, and eat from our hand. We have a jar of meal-worms for them. The hedge-sparrows, wrens, tits, blackbirds, thrushes, "chinks" (chaffinches), &c., &c.,—they too, dodge our footsteps as

of yore. Few can boast of more amiable, loving feathered visitors, than we. Our livestock is indeed all well, and hearty. Pleasing anecdotes of some of them will ooze out anon.

As for our canaries, only let them see the blaze of a bright coal fire—WE taught them this!—and let them hear the preparations for tea! The finely-polished kettle *may* “try” to sing after this, but its voice will quickly be silenced—nay, *drowned* by “the opposition.” Vain is it for “Maria” to cry “H-u-s-h!” She no sooner re-enters with those muffins, those Sally Lunn’s, and *that* nice, brown, buttered toast, than she is saluted by a chorus of voices which *will not* be put down. Still, “Maria” loves those birds; and so do we.

And Winter is only just beginning! Oh, the joys of a social chat by a cheerful fire-side—surrounded by all that the heart holds dear!

It has begun. We care not *how* long it lasts. We can well afford to be laughed at for being “a domestic fool.” Nobody will dare to call us “fashionable,” at all events!

AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF A DOG.—No. XVIII.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

(Continued from Page 170.)

I AM WRITING, my dearest—best of Editors, in somewhat of a grumpy mood. I wish *you* were near me, to “assist” me, in quaffing a glass of that ale which you [Be quiet, *FINO—fie!*—*Mais n’importe*; I know you *will* come down again, as soon as the public will let you. Like me, you are, I know, a public character, and *must* work; and what weather too for one to bear up against!

How very unsteady is the climate of this country! No two days are alike. Nay, we have had scarcely two hours alike in the same day, all this summer. It is really very disagreeable, and certainly very trying to the health of both man and dog. It happens most fortunately that I am extremely fond of water; and am just as much at home in that element as any fish that ever swam. Most luckily too, that I do not live very far from the River Lea. Otherwise, I am certain I could not bear these sudden changes. Sometimes so hot am I, that I am ready to scratch every scrap of hair off my body; and the very same evening, may be, so chilly that I am glad to sneak up stairs, and appropriate to myself a corner in the first bedroom I find open. Here I curl myself round, and endeavor to imitate, as much as possible, my black godson.

Sure I am, the difference of temperature within twenty-four hours is much more considerable in this country than in my own. There is not often during the summer months, in my country, a difference of more than from one to three degrees in the twenty-four hours. Of course during the winter (from the commencement of January to the middle of March) the difference is sometimes enormous. In July and August the thermometer ranges from 78½

to 81; and occasionally but rarely, to 83; and this day after day, in the shade. About the commencement of February, it generally marks from about 19 to 27. I have felt it as low as 6½, and that for several successive mornings; reaching 20 to 23 about two o’clock, and then gradually sinking to the old point. Did I not, at this period, enjoy stretching my old carcass before the blazing, crackling log in the drawing-room! Did I not delight to hear old Bombyx say—“It really is too cold for these dogs to be turned out!” And when, about half-past ten o’clock, the whistling summons for us to turn out, was answered by a good-tempered word from my old master—“Oh, it is intensely cold; let the dogs rest quietly in the passage to-night,” how *gratefully* we both wagged our tails, and *enjoyed an extra stretch* before the blaze, whilst our old master would discuss a glass of “eau de cerise” and hot water, and concoct plans both for winter and summer campaigns!

It was on one of these winter evenings, that I heard him say he had seen two specimens of “Parnassus Apollo,” which were taken close by “Lasarraz,” an inconsiderable village in the canton of Vaud, about 15 miles north-west of Lausanne, and he declared his intention of visiting this spot at the proper season in the following year. We both wagged our tails in approbation and anticipation of a famous run. It was in the middle of the following August, when, taking our usual position on the top of our little summer-house, we saw Bombyx and the Music-master very earnestly discussing matters of deep importance. First, examining the “Dent d’Oche,” then the “Fort de l’Ecluse.”

“Recht hubsch!” cries the German. “Supperbe!” echoes Bombyx; and the German servant was summoned; orders were given for to-morrow, and an early supper requested. The German was off directly into the town, to make the needful preparations for the morning; and be sure *we* followed *him* closely.

The next day was to decide the question of our having the good fortune to meet with “Apollo” at “Lasarraz” or not. This is by no means an uncommon insect on the top of the “Grand Saleve,” “les Voirons,” and the “Mole,” &c., &c., near Geneva. But on the *north* of the lake it is certainly rare—very rare. Moreover, it was more than a dozen years previous that it was said these specimens were taken. There seemed no reason to doubt the fact, and so a good roomy carriage was well packed; for we were determined to have a few days’ fun, even though our sport should lack.

All went on merry enough, and we journeyed on pretty quickly as far as Romanel. I got ensconced under the seat of the German, and enjoyed a good sleep, being protected from the heat of the sun; for although we started at seven, it was already very hot indeed. From Romanel to Boussens, it was hard work,—all up hill. Here we were obliged to stop and refresh our steeds and ourselves. From thence to Lasarraz, it was a terrible job; hot and dusty, and the really burning particles of sand blowing in your face, were anything but amusing. We at length reached the “Etoile,” a snug, comfortable, small, but clean hotel, in the middle of the village. This was about 11 o’clock. We had a hasty snap of bread and

cheese; ordered a jolly good dinner at five; and determined (if our hunt should prove prosperous) Perryer's best should not fail.

Not knowing anything of the locality, after a little consultation we agreed to divide our party. Bombyx and the Music-master were to conduct one half to the right of the village; the German and the other half taking to the left. We then agreed to return at a quarter before five o'clock. Bébi, the postilion, must, of course, amuse himself by joining the German's party.

Well, I, of course, followed my old master. We scrambled among the rocks, and every patch of sand was scanned with the greatest anxiety. Every butterfly that approached us was obliged to show his passport. Wherever the *Sedum Album*, or *Sedum Telephium*, were perceived, the neighborhood was watched with the eyes of a lynx.

Numerous captures were made, but, alas! no *Apollo*! At length Musicus exclaimed that:—
"Es bleibt uns bloss fünf Minuten, sonst werden wir zu spat fur mittagessen."

"Ich glaube wohl Herr K—," replied Bombyx, "wir bekommen gar nichts."

"Allons zu hause, vielleicht Morgen gehts besser,—allons."

And so we returned to our hotel, much delighted with our day's trip; but rather "capot" at our day's sport, for we had seen nothing in the shape of an *Apollo*. Just as we arrived before the door of the hotel, we perceived the other division of our party arriving, and they answered our anxious inquiries also in the *negative*. Well, it could not be helped; so we sat down to our delicious soup and exquisite trout, capital cutlets, and roast ducks; accompanied by several other nice little *morceaux*—for it luckily happened that mine hostess was a first-rate *cuisinière*.

Just before the ducks were introduced, there was an *unusual* smile on the frontispiece of the Musicus, and "Superbe vortrefflich" escaped him. At length, looking right at Bombyx, who was laughing at him and the young ones (*they were all in the joke, but Bombyx was fairly caught*), he claimed the promise of Perryer's best; and suiting the action to the word, rung the bell. In came the German with two bottles of "Œil de perdrix" under his arm, followed by the waiter with the long glasses; whilst Herr K— produced two of the finest *Apollos* ever seen, fresh as a daisy, and the largest Bombyx ever saw. They are, to this hour, the first in his collection, in point of size.

The German had been lucky. He had caught *one*, and one of the youngsters the other. And here let me observe that "Apollo" flies heavily and slowly, and rarely above four feet from the surface of the ground. No more than these were seen; nay, though we returned more than once, we only found one single injured one.

Need I say with what glee the "Apollo of Lasarraz" was drunk? They all seemed so delighted, that I really think I could have emptied a glass of "Œil de perdrix" myself. An old "Clavecin" (dignified by mine hostess with the appellation of "Un beau Piano," producing a sound something between that of a tin rattle and hurdy-gurdy), happened to be in our apartment; and this instrument, under the *magic touch* of Musicus, caused us to spend a very merry evening.

In a sweetly pretty garden behind the hotel,

we found a Bahia, and a glass of cold punch—not to be sneezed at. We slept as sound as a humming-top; although our hotel was none of the quietest. Next morning, after a breakfast of capital coffee and fresh eggs, we started at seven, and went slowly towards Orbe. Here let me advise all travellers to ask for coffee for breakfast. In the *small* towns in Switzerland, you generally get that very good indeed; and it is very well made. But the tea is wretched stuff, excepting in the large towns.

At Orbe we ordered a nice dinner at the "Guillaume Tell;" and then amused ourselves by strolling about the environs of this singular old-fashioned town. Here let me tell you, Mr. Editor, that the heat about twelve o'clock is almost unbearable. Fortunately, there are plenty of fountains of beautiful water, and they are cold as ice. Did not I enjoy this! Egad, you are almost grilled if you only walk across the street! So, from twelve till four, we generally find the good people during summer confine themselves as much as possible at home.

The views from every spot surrounding this small town, whether you turn your eyes east, west, north, or south, are equally lovely and "grandiose," varying at almost every dozen yards you move. The beautiful single-arched bridge over the River Orbe, (the river bears the *same* name as the town), is alone worth a visit. I went both under and over it. As you stand on the south-east side and look through the arch at the lofty mountains in the distance in the north-westerly direction—the view is indeed most striking and enchanting. At Orbe you get capital fish and some splendid fruit. It is, however, a rather out-of-the-way town, and I believe the cold is nearly as intense (in proportion) in winter, as the heat is in summer.

The position of the town is *beyond all attempt at description*. It would quite baffle the organ of description in any dog; nay, in almost any human being. There are certain places and positions, you know, which can neither be portrayed by the poet, nor the painter. Now, although I "dabble" a little in each, I shall not attempt to describe that which, to be appreciated, must be seen by the eye, and felt by the heart. I am convinced that any attempt, whilst occupying too much of your space, would, at the same time, be a complete failure.

The next morning we started as usual, early, for Yverdun, and took up our quarters at the "Maison Rouge." Yverdun is a very neat, clean, little town, bordering on the south-western extremity of the Lake of Neufchatel, but there is a vast difference in the temperature of Neufchatel and Orbe. Here mine host treated us most luxuriously, especially with his "Brôchet" and "Saucisse." The latter I did most thoroughly enjoy; and I was not sorry to see Bombyx purchase a good provision of them, as I was sure to get a taste at breakfast.

Leaving Yverdun next morning, we took a different direction home, and reached Moudon in time for dinner. We stopped at the Cerfe; and, do you know, before you could turn round, you had a dinner put before you fit for the "Emperor of all the Russias" (better, I guess, than he'll get in Wallachia!). This hotel is an immense, old-fashioned building, with every accommodation you

can possibly think of; with a gigantic farm-yard, and extensive premises attached to it. I was really quite alarmed at the quantities of geese, turkeys, ducks, Muscovy ducks, and pigeons.

Poultry of all sorts was in the greatest abundance. Vegetables and fruit also. I never had a better dinner in my life than at Moudon. Excellent cigars and punch were likewise to be got—and, mind you, Mr. Editor, though I am no smoker myself, I am a connoisseur in the *aroma* of tobacco, and can instantly distinguish between a "Grandson," and a "Regalia." The one *you* smoked at Tottenham was—[Hush!]—a—[Hu—sh!]—a "Cuba."

Next morning, Bomby purchased a few young Muscovy ducks, to ornament our little "basse cour" at home. They arrived all safe; but I was now and then half disposed to kick them over, as they took up so much of my room; and it was very hot coming from Moudon. We, as usual, started very early, and got home for dinner. Our boxes were quite full of insects. The "Apollos," however, were kept by themselves, for fear of accident; and the next morning they were properly spanned out. I can assure you, Bomby was not a little pleased with his success. They are uncommonly fine specimens. *Entre nous*, I twigged my old master admiring them only the other day. How he rejoices in his collection!

During this little *detour*, we took a splendid variety of "Machaon," "Podalirius," a whole host of "Polyomates," and "Argynnes," some "Salyres," "Phædra," "Hermione," "Circe," "Briseis," "Arethusa," &c. &c. Also the beautiful "Apatura Iris," plenty of "Hyale," and "Edusa." We did not refuse "Catocala Nupta," "Sponsa," "Promissa," "Pellex," and "Paranympha" (which also fell to our net), as well as "Fraxini" and "Electa." There was also a goodly sprinkling of "Microlepidoptera."

I only wish I was as conversant with ornithology as I am with entomology; I could, I am certain, interest some of your readers. We met with many beautiful birds; and to the west of Lasarraz a long range of singular wild rocks, apparently a perfect city of the minor class of eagles. There were three or four different sorts; but not one of the larger tribe did I perceive.

There was anything but a peaceable gathering at the top of these rocks. The shrill, harsh, angry scream of these aristocrats, plainly told us it was much pleasanter to dwell at the foot of these rocks than on their summit. Their situation is particularly "grandiose," for though not very high, they are very wild and rugged and nearly perpendicular, rising almost from the very banks of the Nozon, which glides along drearily and swiftly at their feet. It is a most sombre spot; just fitted for the dwelling of the rapacious inhabitants of the summits of the rocks, and it presents a very different scene to the happy farm-yard at Moudon.

Thus finished our few days' trip in search of the "Apollo at Lasarraz," and in which we were fortunately successful.

And now, my dear friend, let me compliment you on the lofty position taken by OUR OWN JOURNAL, and congratulate you most sincerely on the complete success of your noble undertaking. I imagine there is hardly a family in the kingdom, of any respectability, where WE are not found. This is as

it *ought to be*; for none can say WE are not "jelly," as well as "honest dogs!"

Ever yours, most sincerely,

FINO.

Tottenham, October 14.

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

BY ONE OF THAT SUFFERING RACE.

(Continued from Page 174.)

IT IS DELIGHTFUL, my dear sir, to find that we are doing good by barking out so lustily. Already, people begin to look foolish; as their friends twit them about their mutilated, disfigured pets. "There is a turn in the tide of all men's lives;" and I do hope that *dogs* too will get the benefit of that tide. I am inclined to think a change *will* come, ere long. Let us hasten it. Oh, that every maimed and disfigured dog would imitate Balaam's Ass, and cry out with me—"Why am I tortured thus?"

The chain of our story was interrupted, I think, where my doctor took me up after my leg was broken. This was "set;" and I was ordered to be kept as quiet as possible. In a month subsequently, I could run as well as if no such accident had ever happened. During this time, I was carefully and kindly tended by Miss Emily; and as I had the character of being very timid and excitable, the horrid whip was never seen, and I again felt that, in spite of all the Puritanical doctrines, we can and may be happy in this world.

I was kept in the Housekeeper's Room, in order that the children should not tease me; and once at least every day my coat and ears were brushed and combed. My dear mistress, too, would occasionally bring a visitor to admire me while I ate a sponge-cake; a delicacy I am particularly fond of. My doctor, however, once said, they were bad for me to eat often,—as though one could have too much of a good thing! Apropos—I hope when he takes me home, he will contradict that statement.

Thus passed the first month of my life, in my new home. But a change was near. The time had arrived when all London (*i.e.* all that can do so) goes out of town; and as John, our footman, said, "our people were going to Brighton." Of course I could not be taken with bandages on my leg; so they were removed, and I was again able to run on all-fours. I will not attempt to describe the commotion and bustle there was in preparing for the next day; but black boxes, like Noah's Ark "in little," were piled one on the other, until the hall would hold no more; and in the Housekeeper's Room was Rosa's red and white calf-skin trunk, with her initials in brass nails on the

top. These, and many others, were—on the morrow, conveyed in a van to the railway-station, whilst we went in and upon the carriage. It was the same that I so much admired the first time I entered it, on the day of my purchase.

The regulations of a railway, as you are aware, forbid any persons taking a dog in the carriage with them; but my master being "a Director," this was soon arranged, and I was to be kept on Miss Emily's knee. Here I lay as snug and as quiet as possible, until our arrival at the first station on the line; when a pinched-up, withered, and jewel-besprinkled piece of nondescript humanity, thrusting out her shrivelled neck, squeaked out for "the Guard," and insisted on my being removed from the carriage. This, after some demur, was done; and I was (by railway law) crammed into a small wine-hamper, and locked up in a dark box by myself. *Didn't* I pray for that wretched old hag!

Depend upon it I did not forget to cry, too; and poor dear Miss Emily sobbed to hear me. But what cared that heartless being how I cried, or how Miss Emily sobbed! No, she rather gloried in it; because Miss Emily was very pretty. These remnants of "the Flood" cannot endure pretty, harmless, innocent girls.

You will perhaps wonder how I know this. Listen! One day during my confinement with the broken leg, two of these dried-up relics called at — Terrace, and, pending Mrs. Vandelour's absence from the room (she had gone to procure for me the customary sweet-cake) they talked, not of me or my looks, but of Miss Emily and her beauty. All attention, I heard one of them say—"Pooh! *I hate* beautiful girls; they are never good for anything. *I hope* Major Broadword wont make such a fool of himself," &c. Since then, I have never thought much of the opinion of such people; because I really do love a pretty girl, and think that of all Nature's handiwork there is nothing half so delightful, so unexceptionably companionable.

But to return. After about one hour and a half of puffing, squeaking, and jolting, that appeared an age to me, we arrived at our destination; and I was released from the hamper, cramped and sore—then again did I nestle so nicely in Miss Emily's arms, until our arrival at Mrs. Freshwater's Sea-bathing Boarding-house, and Family Hotel! I will pass over the scenes of confusion attendant on unpacking and settling down; and jump to the next morning, which was beautifully fine. The air was clear and bracing, and I in the highest spirits. So, too, must all our party have been, for we were on the pier by 9 o'clock.

Here Mr. and Mrs. Vandelour, and Miss Emily, met lots of their acquaintance; and I, several that I recognised as having come from the "Composition Live Stock Shop." Among them was my little sister, but I was half afraid to speak to her; for although she pricked up her ears, I could not see the welcome that we always offer one another on meeting. I mean the wag of the tail. Tail! *Where* was her tail? *What* was her tail? Formerly a flowing cluster of waving hair, it was now nothing but a bristly stump; so short I could not see it wag! It had been cut to shorten the appearance of her body. "Cut" did I say? It was not cut; it was *bitten off* by a man who had money given to him for the operation. It was the same man who was, about a week after, committed for six months to the House of Correction for biting off his wife's nose! The inference, I leave *you* to draw. We live in an amiable age,—do we not?

There is a society, called "The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," consisting of (I have heard you say) a few choice spirits, whose words and actions agree; and some others, who, under its cover, merely seek a sickly *reputation* for humanity, while they commit covert acts of the grossest cruelty,—swayed, no doubt, in some cases, by that all-powerful demon,—Fashion. Of this latter class were some of the gentlemen and ladies that I saw bring their favorites to the "Dials," to be fashionably mutilated; and to this class belonged my sister's mistress. She was a large donor to, and an active member of, this excellent Society. Clever, too, and energetic was she, in prosecuting a poor man whose poverty was alone to blame for the accidental gall under the collar on his horse's shoulder; knowing that by the fine inflicted, she would perhaps deprive a wife and children of the necessaries of life. Yet did her easy conscience (!) let her *pay* this brute to commit the above wanton act of cannibalism! In this age of "Spirit Rappings," are there none among the choice spirits of this noble Society that will rap out and prevent cruelty to our race, as well as to the horse?

But I was speaking of my sister. We *did* recognise each other; and after a long conversation on the events that had taken place since we were parted, had a glorious run on the pier. Here, in turning sharp at the end, I had the misfortune to fall into the water. I sank and came up again; tried to get on the top; splashed and kicked to no purpose. The current ran too swift for me, and formed an eddy round the pier that turned me round like a cork. I looked up, and cried for help; and there I saw Miss Emily shaking her handkerchief at me! A large white-capped wave came rolling towards

me. I beheld it coming, and felt my end was near. It came; and as it broke over me, I heard one loud piercing scream, and all was dark. Dark indeed would it have been *now*, had not Major Broadsword been there with one of those noblemen of our race. No order was needed; no reward expected. "Neptune" saw my danger, and, with a single bound, dashed into the angry sea. For a moment he was battling with the briny foam; and then—I was rescued from a watery grave.

I awoke with a start, and stared about me in surprise. I thought I was drowned; but my lot was not so cast, for now I was nearly smothered with kisses. "Neptune" was there too, drying his rich black curls before a glorious fire, and regaling himself with a large basin of good pot-liquor, prepared expressly for him; and when I stirred, on coming to, he put his dear mild-looking face on Miss Emily's knee, where I lay ensconced in flannel; wagged his glorious tail in congratulation on my recovery; and licked the hand of his fair mistress. He loved her, and she loved him. Well did they understand each other!

Men, my dear sir, and women, are changeable,—very; not to be depended on. Dogs, however, are noble-hearted creatures, and may always be trusted in the time of danger. Yours as ever,

CHARLIE.

October 19th, 1853.

P.S.—My kindest love, *s'il vous plait*, to dear old FINO. He is a dog!

LIGHT AND SHADE.

Wintry souls are ever flinging
On the world their icy chill;
From the realm of fancy bringing
Every form of mortal ill;
Till life, the home of joy no more,
With sorrow's hue is sicklied o'er.

They who seek for gloom may find it
Where the sun's rays brightest shine;
Not a hill but hath behind it
Spots where light and shade combine.
Our souls are ever free to choose
The fairer part, or still refuse.
Hearts there are more warm and sunny,
Which, in every scene of life,
Leave the poison, sip the honey,
Wooing peace in homes of strife.

Ill-fortune hath no power on such,—
All turns to joyance at their touch!
Would that souls like these more often
Cross'd our spirit's path below;
With their smile of hope to soften
Rocky hearts, that thence might flow
A full fresh stream of sacred love
O'er all their race, like His above!

C. SWAIN.

HINTS TO AMATEUR GARDENERS.

THE CALENDAR FOR NOVEMBER.

THE seasons are now so "gloriously irregular," that it is hardly possible to do more than give general directions. Rain, this year, has been destructive of many fond hopes; and now we feel prepared for *anything*. Leaving everybody to make their own observations as to what is best to be done, under circumstances, let us offer a few remarks on the

FRUIT GARDEN.

THIS is the proper month for pruning or transplanting. The pruning of fruit-trees and bushes is sadly neglected in some gardens; the trees often presenting a complete wilderness of crowded branches; producing in some seasons great numbers of small, worthless fruit, and in others failing entirely; besides, by their impenetrable shade, permitting nothing to grow beneath them.

One great cause of these evils is want of pruning. Those, therefore, who do not understand the principles of pruning, will do well to thin out yearly, at this season, the weak spray wood; removing all branches that cross each other, leaving the trees and bushes regular and uniform, and keeping them open in the centre. Admitting that they do not cut so judiciously as a practised gardener would, they will yet find that they have done a great deal of good, which will be apparent in the increased health and fruitfulness of their trees.

Now is the most proper time, for planting or pruning the Vine: if a young layer is to be planted, the soil should be light and rich, and precautions taken, as recommended before, to prevent the roots penetrating deep, beyond the sun's influence; for this and badly-drained soil is the main reason of Grapes so often failing to come to maturity out of doors in this climate; the bottom of the border should, therefore, be well drained with broken stones. Put about two feet of soil above them, well enriched, for the plant to grow in; crushed bones, or pounded oyster-shells, are lasting manures, and the light scrapings from a highroad will be found an excellent addition. Many authors recommend exciting manures, as bullocks' blood, pigeons' dung, &c., which cause a robust growth. But this is not so valuable as firm, round, short-jointed wood of a moderate strength.

What is termed spur-pruning is the best system for out door Grapes; that is, leaving only one or two eyes of the last year's wood on the main branches, and a few short rods, four or five eyes each, in situations where it may seem expedient to replace an old shoot. Or cut one down at some future time, which should always be considered, as by this means your Vine may be kept furnished with young, healthy, fruit-bearing branches; even where the space intended to be covered is considerable. The young wood at the end of the main stems should not be left too long, as some are apt to leave them, thinking to gain time. The consequence would be, that the lower part of the Vine would become weakened, and its regularity destroyed by the upper eyes breaking strongly,

and the lower ones feebly. Endeavor rather to have a regular distribution of young wood by short rods throughout the tree, without crowding, which is a great fault.

The neatest and best plan for training is to carry the main stem horizontally near the ground, into which it may be allowed to dip and root (if the distance it has to go is considerable), taking up from it, at regular intervals, perpendicular main branches.

Some of the strongest, straightest, and best-ripened cuttings of Gooseberries and Currants may be planted; previously picking out all the eyes quite clean, except three or four of the terminal ones. They may be reduced to about a foot long, by removing a portion of their unripened points; and by picking out the eyes, the bushes are prevented from throwing up suckers. Bushes with about one foot of stem look much best; besides, in some measure, assisting to prevent the fruit becoming dirtied by heavy rains.

Neither prune nor transplant during frosty weather; dull, mild weather is best. All vacant ground, unless it is very light, should be immediately prepared for future crops. The only objection to preparing light land is, if dung be added in autumn, it filters away before spring with the heavy rains; but to other soils autumn preparation is of the greatest benefit.

The surface of all strong land should be laid up in ridges during the winter, as the action of frost, by expanding the moisture in it, leaves it, when thawed, in a fine, pulverised, friable, or loosened state, by which it is rendered fertile, and ready immediately after levelling in favorable weather, to receive the intended crop.

FLOWER GARDEN.

Air.—Admit on all occasions favorable.

Antirrhinums.—If potted last month, and if well through, the small pots many now be shifted into 60's. Keep the store cuttings free from decayed foliage, nor allow them much moisture. Get them into winter quarters, a cold frame or pit.

Auriculas.—By this time, all may be finally placed in their winter homes. All growth is for the time suspended, and water need but be cautiously given. Let air be admitted on all open dry days; and when wet, tilt the lights at back or front, or both according to circumstances.

Bulbs.—If neglected previously, these may still be planted with every certainty of success.

Carnations.—Exposure to heavy rains must be avoided. As a rule, keep dry and cool, giving free circulation to mild air. Keep clean from the decaying leaves; and cut off below any spot, should such appear.

Chrysanthemums.—Discontinue gradually the use of manure-water as the bloom is expanding. Guard against earwigs; as they will eat the centre of the bud before they even show color, and destroy all your hopes of perfect flowers. Give as much air and light as possible; but guard against frost.

Cinerarias.—Continue directions of last month; give as much air as possible to keep the foliage dry; keep the plants at all times close to the glass without touching. Fumigate to prevent green-fly.

Dig all the vacant beds, borders, &c., as convenience and weather may serve.

Evergreens, obtain and plant. Any open weather is fitting time this month. See that old plants are well balanced and with good heads. Cut them into form as needed.

Forcing bulbs, plants, &c. Continue to bring into heat, according to the demand. The early supply will be now at command.

Frost, guard against.

Frozen plants, thaw gradually; or well syringe with cold water.

Greenhouse.—As the season progresses, less moisture is needed. Give air when mild and dry, and keep down vermin.

Hyacinths may be planted, with every certainty of success. The early potted and forced bulbs will be fast approaching their bloom.

Make alterations. Frosty weather is desirable for the purpose, when many other operations are suspended.

Pansies.—Those for blooming in pots require all the air possible, and must not be crowded in the frame. See that plants in beds are firm in their places. Flowers may be calculated upon all through the month.

Pelargoniums.—This is a quiet month with the Pelargonium. Water but seldom; and then, always ascertain whether the plants are really dry. This may be done by rapping the pot outside with the knuckles. Cleanliness is the main object this month. Clean all the glass, as the more light the plants have during winter the better; and light a fire now and then to dry up the damps,—endeavoring to keep the house from 40 to 45 degrees.

Picotees.—Should spot be anywhere visible, fail not to defoliate to the fullest extent. This is best done by cutting off the leaves below the disease with sharp scissors. Suffer any to remain, and you will endanger the health of the whole collection.

Polyanthuses in pots, require similar treatment to the Auricula. Indeed, they may be safely associated.

Primulas will be forwarding their flowers, and daily becoming valuable for decoration.

Ranunculuses.—Let all be planted in the borders that are required for spring flowering.

Roll paths, and lawns, on dry days (if we have any).

Roses.—Let these be planted only at dry seasons. It is worse than useless to undertake any such work after protracted wet weather. If plants are obtained, they may be safely housed under a shed,—merely protecting the roots from the action of the air. Or lay them in by the heels out of doors, until the fitting time arrives. Tender varieties need some protection during severe weather.

Scillas, and all bulbs, may yet be got in.

Seedlings in pans will require to be kept from fogging. Avoid excessive moisture.

Snowdrops and spring flowering bulbs can yet be obtained and satisfactorily planted.

Soils should be carted in at frosty times.

Tools.—Keep in good order.

Tulips.—Omit not to get all your stock into the ground with the least possible delay. Beds completed, may have occasional gentle rains.

Verbenas.—Keep the store pots from flagging for the want of water. Look after green fly and mildew.

POULTRY.

EXHIBITION FOWLS.

BY JOHN BAILY.

BEFORE ENTERING INTO MINUTE PARTICULARS of the various breeds now competing at the different Shows in the United Kingdom, it may be well to name a few imperative rules applicable to them all. The competition is now so great that something more than mere merit is required to gain prizes, unless it be where they are valueless from the absence of those names in the list which are a guarantee for the quality of the beaten birds.

They must be in excellent condition; not merely fat, but in full flesh, health, and spirits. It is necessary, in order that they may show to the greatest advantage (nothing is more important than this in fowls intended for exhibition), that they should take the eye at first sight; and to do this, they must be in first-rate condition. This will not be accomplished by extra feeding for a fortnight, but by keeping them well from the time they are hatched; and this is more economical than the wretched and short-sighted practice of alternate starving and over-feeding, because in the former case, the fowls suffer no check, and grow and flourish accordingly.

Fowls intended for competition in December, should be selected from March or April chickens, and the cocks and pullets kept separate till a short time before the show. Then they should run together, that they may agree in confinement. Inattention to this latter particular, is the cause of the scalped pullets so common in pens; and these not of game fowls, but of all breeds, even the least pugnacious. They will not always agree unless they are used to be together; and as the unfortunate pullet cannot escape, she is often killed, and a pen spoiled.

Those who know the difficulty of getting three good pullets of equal merit to form a pen, will readily admit that such a circumstance often spoils a season, and is the cause of empty pens. Uniformity comes next in importance, and this also is an essential. I would advise every exhibitor to pen his fowls at home before he sends them away, and to judge them many times himself. We are all a little disposed to admire our own property—but judges (and every exhibitor should be one) look first for beauties, and then for defects. Many of the latter are imperceptible while fowls are running at liberty, but they are prominent when they are in a small pen. They should match in size, color, age, and even carriage.

Competition is often very close; and if judges have to give perhaps two prizes to a class numbering 150 entries, it will easily be understood that any little incongruity, unim-

portant at another time, is fatal to a pen, so far as honors are concerned. There are breeds, of which we shall write hereafter, where color is not a first point; and yet if two competing pens were equal in every other respect, if one were more uniform than the other, that pen would carry the prize. No one who has never judged, can understand the importance of these apparent trifles, or the relief it affords to judges to discover them, when, as is often the case, an hour has been spent over five or six pens selected from 100.

They should be in perfect plumage. To secure this, they should be properly packed; and my experience is in favor of a round basket. It has many advantages. It offers no corner where fowls can huddle up and trample each other; and as the fowls in moving go round, the feathers, especially the tails of the cocks, follow, and are not broken. The basket should allow the fowls to stand upright, and should be covered with canvas. Plenty of clean oat or barley straw should be put at the bottom; and the birds should not be packed till it is absolutely necessary. They should not, for economy's sake, in carriage, be packed too close, or too many in a basket. The best test of the proper size is to choose one which will allow all its occupants to sit down at the same time.

Whatever breed is exhibited, the owner should always send his best; for it is tiresome to hear people say when defeated, they could have sent better birds; and it is always a sorry sight when fowls of undoubted merit lose even a commendatory notice for want of condition, or from ragged plumage caused by bad packing.

As a rule, a person unaccustomed to handle fowls should take them by the legs; raising the bird from the ground the moment they hold it. Otherwise, injury is done in struggling; and by beating the wings and breast against the ground.

LINES

ON SEEING HIS WIFE AND TWO CHILDREN
SLEEPING IN THE SAME CHAMBER.

And has the earth lost its so spacious round,
The sky its blue circumference above,—
That in this little chamber there are found
Both earth and Heaven—my universe of love!
All that my God can give me or remove,
Here sleeping save myself in mimic death.
Sweet that in this small compass I behove
To live their living and to breathe their breath!
Almost I wish that, with one common sigh,
We might resign all mundane care and strife;
And seek together that transcendent sky,
Where father, mother, children, husband, wife,
Together pant in everlasting life!

TOM HOOD.

SOMETHING SEASONABLE.

A BLACKBERRY PUDDING.

"But why have you put these two sprays into your basket,—why do you not pull the berries off them?"
 "They are for my wife, sir, I never go blackberrying without getting a spray or two of the best I can find for her,—she is so uncommonly fond of them. You can't think, sir, *how she enjoys the sprays.*"



NLY TO THINK! HOW VERY LITTLE IS THE EFFORT required to make two people purely happy; and yet how very often is it neglected, lost sight of—forgotten! We live in days of such pure (impure) selfishness, that our remark will only raise a smile.* Yet will we have our say out. It shall be as "bread cast upon the waters,"—perhaps!

Did any of our male readers ever pass by a nicely set-out window—either in St. Paul's Churchyard, or on Ludgate Hill,—and observe therein, temptingly "set up," some pretty, stylish cap,—or a love of a ribbon— or a sweet little duck of a neck-tie? We ask—did any one of our readers ever see "such" an article, and long to become the possessor of it, with the view to place it fondly on the head or person of "one" they dearly loved? A whisper will do. . . . We thought as much. Thank you!

Well; now that we have broken the ice, (and let us, too, plead seriously "guilty" to the charge hinted at,—we don't want to escape!)—we bring under our readers' notice a pretty *morceau*, sent us by a valued friend at St. Leonard's; it being, as she delicately and feelingly expressed it,—"*quite* after our own manner of thinking." It is penned by one "Old Humphrey," and has appeared in a local paper. It is none the worse for that, so,—come forward, honest Old Humphrey!

"Never, surely, was man more fond of a blackberry than I am! With all its thorns, the bramble is a favorite with me. It first gives me pleasure with its purple stem, green leaves and flowers, and then regales me with its delicious fruit.

A week ago, I set off to a hedge which had often furnished me with a sumptuous feast. There, the spiky thorn formed a barrier to curb the cattle; and there, the bramble used to flourish in all its glory. Alas! I was disappointed of my treat; for

* We hardly need say that these remarks, addressed to our own regular readers, are not meant to apply to *them*. Assuredly not. We take credit for having a goodly company, who rejoice in sharing our sentiments. For them we live, for them we write. But they may have *acquaintances* who may be otherwise minded. It is at *them* that our arrow flies.

the time of blackberries was not yet fully come. Not a ripe berry could I find.

"Well," thought I, "though I reckoned on my entertainment, I must not take the matter to heart. True it is, that I am thirsty, and very grateful would the juicy fruit have been to me; but I can do without it. Let me be thankful that I am not a toilworn pilgrim in the hot desert—overwhelmed with the dreadful announcement—'The well is dry.'"

Thus endeavoring to make the best of my little disappointment, I walked on, and soon after saw a poor man, whom I took to be a fisherman, coming towards me with a basket. The very sight of *that* basket encouraged both hope and expectation.

"Have you been gathering blackberries?" said I.

"I have, sir," replied the man, "but they are scarce at present. By-and-by, there will be enough of them."

As the man spoke, he removed the lid of his basket, that I might see his store; and a goodly store it was. Some of the berries were certainly red; but the greater part of them were black.

"Do you sell them?" said I.

"No, sir," said he, "I never sell them. I *get them for my wife*, who is uncommonly fond of a blackberry pudding."

"That does not at all surprise me," said I. "The blackberry is good, eat it how you will. It is good, cooked or uncooked; in a pudding or a pie; plucked from the bush, or picked from the basket. May I have some?"

"As many as you like, sir," was his frank reply. So I set to work, picking the tip-toppers from among them, taking as many as I chose, dropping a sixpence into the basket for the man's children (if he had any), and feeling very thankful for so unexpected a feast.

"But why have you put these two sprays in your basket?" said I. "Why do you not pull the berries off them?"

"They are for my wife, sir," said he. "I never go blackberrying without getting a spray or two of the best I can find for her—she is uncommonly fond of them. *You can't think, sir, how she enjoys the sprays!*"

"That is right," said I, "and I hope you will never give up so excellent a custom. You go the right way to make your wife love you; for kindness begets kindness all the world over. Those two sprays are worth a whole basketfull of blackberries. Of the pudding you will, most likely, have your share, but the sprays will be your wife's, and hers alone."

For some time the poor fisherman kept shaking up his basket that I might pick out the best of its contents; while I kept talking to him,—not knowing which was the better

pleased of the two. To me it was a double feast. Much did I enjoy the blackberries; but still more, the man's affection for his wife.

At a time when the brutality and violence of drunken husbands towards their wives is so much on the increase (justly calling forth public indignation), it is pleasant to meet with a case of a different kind. It was on the stile, on the height above the vale of Ecclesbourne, that the poor fisherman rested his basket, while I revelled on the banquet it provided for me. I am not likely to forget the place, the fisherman, the basket, or the blackberries.

This unpretending, gentle deed, on the part of the poor fisherman, was an occurrence that just suited me. While the Sir Walter Raleighs of the world gallantly spread their costly mantles in the mire, that royal feet may not be incommoded; and while such courtier-like actions are handed down to the admiration of posterity, *be it mine to record the less questionable kindnesses of common life, that occur in the sphere of my own observation.* And forgive me, ye admirers of Sir Walter, if I rank the affection of a poor fisherman for his poor wife a little higher than I do the questionable attentions of a courtier to his queen.

"Husbands, love your wives," and "Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands," are injunctions of Holy Writ which are sadly neglected; and I am afraid that, were I to undertake a walk of twenty thousand miles, I should not fall in with a man blackberrying for his wife, and gathering two sprays of the finest fruit, *on account of her being uncommonly fond of them.*

Hastings! with thy parades and pleasant pathways, I owe thee much; for beneath His indulgent care who has spread out the waters with His hand, spangled the sky with stars, and studded the bramble with blackberries, thy breezes have given me health, thy hills and dales added to my enjoyment, and thy Sabbath heralds of mercy ministered largely to my peace. A blessing from above light on thy inhabitants, thy mariners, and the strangers sojourning within thy gates, from St. Leonard's to Ecclesbourne; from the windmills to the sea; and from the Baron of the Cinque-Ports to the household of the poor fisherman with his **BASKET OF BLACK-BERRIES!**"

We know not WHO wrote the above—we wish we did. A *rara avis* such as he, it would do our old heart good to fall in with. He is a bold man indeed, to utter such sentiments *publicly!*

We bid him God-speed.

HEARTS are to be *won*—not forced. Reason and affection are the golden links of humanity.

HOWQUA'S TEA AND HOWQUA'S MIXTURE.

WHO AMONGST US IS IGNORANT of the packages of tea, known as "HOWQUA'S MIXTURE?" Who among us have partaken of the same, without feeling invigorated and greatly refreshed thereby? Let us then, from a sense of gratitude, take a peep into Howqua's garden. It will be topic for fire-side gossip throughout the coming winter.

We all know Mr. Fortune. He and CHINA are usually named together. He is now, or was when he penned the following (which we borrow from a contemporary), at the temple of Tein-tung, near Ningpo:—

"As many of your readers have, no doubt, heard of "Howqua's Mixture," I shall begin by attempting to describe HOWQUA'S GARDEN.

This garden is situated near the well-known Fa-tee nurseries, a few miles above the city of Canton. It is a place of favorite resort both for Chinese and foreigners who reside in the neighborhood, or who visit this part of the Celestial Empire. Having occasion to be in Canton a few weeks ago, I determined on paying it a visit in company with Mr. M'Donald, who is well-known in this part of the world as an excellent Chinese scholar. To this gentleman I am indebted for some translations of Chinese notices, which appeared very amusing to us at the time, and which, I dare say, will amuse your readers.

Having reached the door of the garden, we presented the card with which we were provided, and were immediately admitted. The view from the entrance is rather pleasing, and particularly striking to a stranger who sees it for the first time. Looking "right a-head," as sailors say, there is a long and narrow paved walk, lined on each side with plants in pots. This view is broken, and apparently lengthened by means of an octagon arch which is thrown across; and beyond that, a kind of alcove covers the pathway. Running parallel with the walk, and on each side behind the plants, are low walls of ornamented brickwork, latticed so that the ponds or small lakes, which are on each side, can be seen. Altogether, the octagon arch, the alcove, the pretty ornamental flower-pots, and the water on each side, have a striking effect, and it is thoroughly Chinese.

The plants consist of good specimens of southern Chinese things, all well-known in England; such for example, as Cymbidium sinense, Olea fragrans, Oranges, Roses, Camellias, Magnolias, &c., and of course, a multitude of dwarf trees, without which no Chinese garden would be considered complete. In the alcove alluded to there are some nice stone seats, which look cool in a climate like that of Southern China. The

floor of this building is raised a few feet above the ground level, so that the visitor gets a good view of the water, and other objects of interest in the garden. That this is a favorite lounge and smoking-place with the Chinese, the following Chinese notice, which we found on one of the pillars, will testify:—"A careful and earnest notice: This garden earnestly requests that visitors will spit outside the railing, and knock the ashes of pipes also outside." Several fine fruit-trees and others are growing near the walks, and afford shade from the rays of the sun. On one of these, we read the following:—"Ramblers here will be excused plucking the fruit on this tree."

Near the centre of the garden stands a substantial summer-house, or hall, named "the Hall of Fragrant Plants." The same notice to smokers and chewers of betle-nut is also put up here; and there is another and a longer one which I must not forget to quote. It is this:—"In this garden the plants are intended to delight the eyes of all visitors. A great deal has been expended in planting and in keeping in order, and the garden is now beginning to yield some return. Those who come here to saunter about are earnestly prayed not to pluck the fruit or flowers, in order that the beauty of the place may be preserved." And then follows a piece of true Chinese politeness:—"We beg persons who understand this notice to excuse it!" Passing through the Hall of Fragrant Plants we approached, between two rows of *Olea fragrans*, a fine ornamental suite of rooms, tastefully furnished and decorated, in which visitors are received and entertained. An inscription informs us that this is called "the Fragrant Hall of the Woo-che tree." Leaving this place by a narrow door, we observed the following notice:—"Saunterers here will be excused entering." This apparently leads to the private apartments of the family. In this side of the garden there is some fine artificial rockwork, which the Chinese know well how to construct; and various summer-houses tastefully decorated, one of which is called the "Library of Verdant Purity." Between this part of the garden and the straight walk already noticed, there is a small pond or lake for fish and water-lilies. This is crossed by a zigzag wooden bridge of many arches, which looked rather dilapidated. A very necessary notice was put up here, requesting "saunterers to stop their steps in case of accident."

On the outskirts of the garden we observed the potting sheds, a nursery for rearing young plants and seeds, and the kitchen-garden. Here a natural curiosity was pointed out by one of the Chinese, which, at first sight, appeared singularly curious. Three trees were growing in a row, and at about twenty or thirty feet from the ground

the two outer ones had sent out shoots, and fairly united themselves with the centre one. When I mention that the outer trees are the Chinese banyan (*Ficus nitida*), it will readily be seen how the appearance they presented was produced. The long roots sent down by this species had lovingly embraced the centre tree, and appeared, at first sight, to have really grafted themselves upon it.

I am afraid I have given a very imperfect description of this curious garden. Those who know what a Chinese garden is, will understand me well enough; but it is really difficult to give a stranger an idea of the Chinese style which I have been endeavoring to describe. In order to understand the Chinese style of gardening, it is necessary to dispel from the mind all ideas of fine lawns, broad walks, and extensive views; and to picture in their stead everything on a small scale—that is, narrow paved walks, dwarf walls in all directions, with lattice-work or ornamental openings in them, in order to give views of the scenery beyond; halls, summer-houses, and alcoves; ponds or small lakes with zig-zag walks over them—in short, an endeavor to make small things appear large, and large things small, and everything Chinese.

There are some of these ornaments, however, which I think might be imitated with advantage in our own gardens. Some of the doorways and openings in walls seemed extremely pretty. In particular I may notice a wall about ten feet high, having a number of open compartments filled with porcelain rods made to imitate the stems of the bamboo. I shall now close this notice with the modest lines of the Chinese poet, which we found written in the "Library of Verdant Purity," and which seemed to be an effort to describe the nature of the garden—

Some few stems of bamboo plants

A cottage growing round;

A few flowers here—some old trees there,

And a mow of garden ground.

R. F.

We have often heard of the attempts on the part of the Chinese to make small things appear large, and large things small. It is a national habit. Still, however, the effect produced is pleasing as well as curious, and proves them not to be deficient in matters of taste.

A walk in Howqua's Garden is not at present within the compass of a fortnight's journey. We dare not, however, assert that it will not be so in another fifty years. We go-a-head so fast, that *nothing* surprises us.

THE IMMORALITY OF THE AGE is a standing topic of complaint with some men. But if any one likes to be moral, I can see nothing in the age to prevent him.—GOETHE.

ANOTHER ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

WE RECEIVED (too late for insertion in our last) a very interesting account of a recent visit to Mont Blanc, by Mr. John Macgregor. Having already given the full particulars of a similar ascent, accomplished by Albert Smith, we feel pleasure in letting this, too, stand recorded in our columns.

"I write, Sir, to inform you that on the 22nd of September the ascent of Mont Blanc was accomplished by another Englishman and myself, under unusually favorable circumstances, and without any accident, although nearly fifty persons were engaged in the work.

On the evening of Sept. 20, I found that some gentlemen intended to go to the Grand Mulets, and to sleep in the little hut lately erected there by the guides. The party consisted of Mr. Albert Smith, Lord Killeen, Captain de Bathe, Mr. W. Russell, and Mr. Burrows. Another gentleman, Mr. Shuldham, had also arranged to commence the ascent to the summit on the same day, and, through the kindness of Mr. Albert Smith, I was permitted, with Mr. Fanshawe, a fellow-traveller, to accompany them.

Mr. Albert Smith, whose popularity in Switzerland is almost romantic, gave a breakfast on the opening to thirty-four guides, who were engaged for the occasion; and at 9 o'clock a.m. of September 21, the long cavalcade left Chamounix. The weather was magnificent, not a cloud being visible; and after seven hours' walking, we all reached the Grand Mulets—a place already familiarised to all who have seen Mr. Albert Smith's panorama in London. We dined on cold meat, and punch made with melted snow; and then, when the setting sun left the last peak of the mountain, we made a hard struggle to find room for about fifty persons in a hut constructed to hold twenty at the most. Gentlemen and guides, lying head and foot together, completely covered the floor, and one traveller occupied a board nine inches wide, which had served for a table.

Presently some forty cigars and pipes were lighted, and the atmosphere of the little cabin became rapidly "tobaccoised." It was, of course, impossible for any to sleep; but the novelty of the situation, and the incessant flow of good-humor, made the night pass tolerably well. On the preceding night, I was unable to sleep from the excitement which the prospect of such an undertaking produces; and it is remarkable that several of the guides were prevented from sleeping from the same cause. However, after two sleepless nights, we who were to go on the summit, arose at 1 o'clock to continue the ascent. Mr. Shuldham suffered from toothache, and was otherwise unwell: yet the

indomitable perseverance of an Englishman enabled him to proceed, and to finish the undertaking successfully. For myself, I felt perfectly well, and had, therefore, much less difficulty in accomplishing the work. As our party left the others, who were to return next morning to Chamounix, the solitudes of the snowy range were made to ring with three hearty British cheers; and by the light of the moon, which at that altitude shines almost like the sun itself, our long string of twenty-three guides and travellers slowly marched over the snow.

The cold had not been of sufficient intensity to freeze the snow into the proper consistency for supporting the feet. At each measured step, therefore, we sank nearly to the knees; and after about three hours of this tiring process, we attained the Grand Plateau, where the effects of a rarified atmosphere began to be felt by the traveller. Two of the gentlemen, who had kindly accompanied us during part of the night, now returned to their companions, still jovially packed in the little hut; and Mr. Shuldham and myself with our guides, continued the march. The night was so perfectly clear, and the moonlight so bright, as to make the aid of lanterns superfluous. A large number of stars became visible, which could not be seen under other circumstances; and when, about 4 o'clock, the east became rosy with the rays of a rising sun, the whole scene was at once awful and beautiful.

The passage of the Mur de la Cote was somewhat tedious, as nearly every step had to be cut by axe in the ice. Here, even the guides became overpowered by the sleepy air of the dome above us. Out of thirteen persons, only two did not succumb to this potent influence. At ten o'clock I sat down on the very summit, and soon afterwards Mr. Shuldham, whose unconquerable pluck had sustained him through all the difficulties, attained the same height, though compelled by indisposition to return. The Queen's health, and that of the King of Sardinia, were duly pledged in champagne, drunk out of a leathern drinking-cup. We ate chocolate and prunes, the provisions most acceptable in those lofty places; but sleep rather than hunger seemed to prevail. The view was magnificent beyond description.

From Lyons to Constance and Genoa all was clear. "Beyond that, a faint horizon could be distinguished, bounded by unknown mountains, but wholly unobscured by clouds, or even fog. After spending nearly an hour on the summit, eating the icicles, which, in the form of large cuttle-fish shell, constitute the great dome of Mont Blanc, the descent commenced. In five minutes, by sliding on the soft snow, we attained the spot which from below was an hour from the top, and

thus passing rapidly over the ground, with the aid of our alpenstoks, we reached the Grand Mulets, and, finally, the valley below. The bells rung a merry peal—we were Nos. 33 and 34 of those who had ascended Mont Blanc—then the cannon boomed, and the damsels of Chamounix presented bouquets. Seldom had there been so propitious an ascent; and, with Mr. Albert Smith as chairman, the whole party sat down next day to an excellent dinner in the open air, and with all the travellers then in Chamounix as admiring spectators of the very characteristic scene. The bridge was illuminated, the guns were fired at intervals, the Englishmen made speeches, and the guides sang lugubrious songs. The moon looked on, too, brightly, but with a calm radiance; and an immense soup-tureen full of capital punch was distributed among the guests with an enlivening effect.

Thus ended the last ascent of the highest mountain in Europe; and I cannot conclude this account of the proceeding without the observation, that a repetition of the enjoyment is within the reach of every one who has good weather, good guides, a good head, and sufficient energy for a walk of 24 hours chiefly over deep snow, and without sleep.

Your's faithfully,

JOHN MACGREGOR.

Chamounix, September 24.

COMPULSORY GOODNESS.

A LETTER has been addressed to the public papers, by an individual signing himself "S. G. O." It has reference to the state of the present times; and, amidst much that is misty and obscure, there is some good sense locked up in it. We extract, for our purposes, the following:—

"The Cholera is among us, *has affrighted us*; and we are, with our usual national courage and perseverance, calling to our aid every help of science, every result of experience, to disarm it of its power. We are pursuing death to destroy it, as we have pursued distance, with steam to almost annihilate it—as we "profess" to pursue religion to disarm death of its worst sting. We find that cholera, as such, is our master. When once adult, it defies us; but we find we can strangle it in its birth. There is vicious inclination before there is vice—depravity has its premonitory symptoms. So we find with cholera—it has its premonitory state; there we can contend with it and conquer it. We do so, and Heaven blesses us in using the means to which the reason Heaven has given us has led us.

"Look at the scenes house-to-house visitation is opening out to us,—scenes long known

to some of us. The nation which, by common consent, has stamped its people as "immortal," has been content to leave a very large proportion of them to live in a state of brutality, lower than that of the brutes which die and perish! Portions of our large towns have, by tacit consent, been allowed to exist as the natural refuge of human living refuse!

"We have bred human beings, as maggots are bred; in atmosphere contaminated by the unopposed accumulation of all possible moral and physical filth. Knowing what vice is, what it costs us here—the vicious in common hereafter—we have had but little regard to its premonitory stages. We have kept by us vast stores of matter directly provocative of vice. We have accumulated a population, existing in and about these stores, who must thus be reared in the deepest moral degradation. We have had police to be at war with them; gaols and hangmen to scare them from trespassing beyond their own squalid vicious misery, to maraud on our better territory. We are now cleansing their drains, whitewashing their houses, finding them medicines, coffins, "tracts," and tents. Did we ever yet try seriously to combine a *cleansing of the creature* with a cleansing of the scene of its existence?

"It is one thing to brew gallons of cinnamon water with chalk mixture and opium, and to implore all premonished of the poison of cholera to come and drink *gratis*. It is another, to tell them there is a mental poison; for which God has given to man (*free of cost*) that which can arrest the premonitory evidence of an approaching life and death in vice.

* * *

"At our very wits' end to know what to do with the convicted criminal, we are yet content, *except when cholera comes*, to leave the foul nurseries of crime unexplored. Man's moral death we are prepared to meet with such weapons as the Leicester prison cranks, or the Birmingham gaol garotte. But we seem to care little about attacking the premonitory symptoms which warn us, where a population is exposed to more than ordinary temptation.

"How many there are who, hearing of the large sums raised for home and foreign missions, knowing the impulse given to the lodging-house question, hearing of the zeal in the cause of "the ragged," so honorably *at last* shown,—go to bed each night thankful that they live in such a land! It may be, and is, *better than other lands*; but, when compared with its professions, who among us *does not blush at our shortcomings*?"

We are not going to ground "a Sermon" on the above opportune remarks,—*but*, we most earnestly commend them to universal

attention. England "professes" everything; and "does" next to nothing that is really good.

"A day of reckoning" will come for this.

REFORM IN THE FEMALE FIGURE.

"Example is better than Precept!"

NOTHING GIVES US more sincere pleasure than to know that we have been useful to society. The remarks we offered some months since, about tight-lacing, have carried such weight with them that there really does appear now to be a move in the right direction.

Women have, for so many years, been the slaves of habit—the victims of fashion, that to get them to listen to reason has hitherto been a matter of impossibility. Some few kind husbands, however—determined that *their offspring* shall not be born deformed, have seriously taken the matter up, and insisted on their wives adopting a more rational mode of attiring. This point gained, and "use becoming second nature," women are now gradually learning to prefer ease to torture—contenting themselves with simple and natural gentility, in lieu of making themselves fashionably ridiculous.

We do not take upon ourself to affirm that this change is by any means universal. It is not; but there are many converts to good sense daily coming forward, and they will, let us hope, by their example, win over others.

The first reformers of ladies' "bad-habits" were Mesdames Marion and Maitland, to whom we have accorded all due honor. Their example has since been followed, and with great spirit, by Mesdames E. and E. H. MARTIN, of 504, Oxford Street (near the British Museum), who have invented a Bodice that will for ever render stays unnecessary. Cheap, light, durable, and a strict preserver of the symmetrical proportions of the female figure, it needs only to be tried to be universally adopted. *We say this on the authority of one of our own household.*

In our recent notice of Dr. Kahn's Anatomical Museum, and on a variety of other occasions, we have dwelt forcibly on the injustice done to the female figure by tight ligatures—producing disastrous consequences to themselves, and entailing on their families (to the last generation), evils the most deplorable.

The lungs must have fair play, if a woman would be well. It is really shocking to see into how small a space the fair sex squeeze their insides! And yet, though it gives them unceasing agony, they persevere with the resolution of martyrs. Oh, Fashion—thou *art* a tyrant!

It is hardly needful for us to describe the

shape of Mesdames Martin's Bodice; yet would we remark that it assimilates closely to a French-cut dress body. It is purely elastic, always retains its shape, and enlarges *laterally*, as the wearer moves hither and thither. *It fastens in front*, by the simplest of all simple adjustment; and one minute sees it either on or off.

After this, if Mesdames Martin lack patronage—at present we hear they are overwhelmed with business—we shall indeed think the world is turned upside down!

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

More of the Domestic Cat.—At present, my dear Sir, you are but *half* converted. You can it is true, think with tolerable complacency on the feline race; but I must secure (if possible) a small space in your *heart* for Puss, or I shall not be contented. The following will, I imagine, prove that some cats (I do not say *all*) are capable of real, disinterested affection; and that they do occasionally form and retain an attachment to persons, regardless of place. The animal I am about to bring before you, was the pet and associate of an old bachelor—(not an old maid, despite Dr. Ollaford's classification). Many a spoilt child has fallen short of the care and attention that was lavished on that animal. Never did cat revel in such a home, and never was cat more grateful. No reverse of fortune ever befel *her* master; but had such been the case, I firmly believe that cat would have clung to his altered home and lot with a fidelity and constancy that man need not blush to follow, or "woman either." Pussy's parents resided at Bath; and when quite a kitten, Miss Pussy was sent as a present to her first and only master, who then resided near Evesham. His house was exactly opposite to that in which a friend of ours resided. Being on intimate terms, of course Pussy saw the different members of that family frequently; and to one of the sons she took an especial liking. He was not a boy, as some might fancy, but grown up, when Puss arrived from Bath. It was from that gentleman, whilst paying us a long visit, we heard of the many virtues of this extraordinary cat; and, warming with the subject one evening, he said, "Although Mr. B. had left Evesham for more than four years, and he had *never* seen him since, or heard of poor Puss, he would go some day (during his stay with us) and see if the cat was still alive." Mr. B. then lived about ten miles hence; and true to his word, in a few days our friend went. He returned late in the evening; and to our unutterable astonishment, brought the cat with him. Such an animal, I imagine, is rarely to be seen for size and beauty. He assured us we need fear no disagreement between her and a terrier that was lying on the rug, or with our own pets—nor was there any. He then told us, that on his arrival at Mr. B.'s, the cat's delight to see him was so great that her master had consented to his bringing her back for four days, in order that she might be with our friend. She was so perfectly happy at seeing him, after that lapse of time. Nothing could exceed the docility, or amiability,

of that animal. She was gentle to all, but "affectionate" to our friend only. She would sit on his knee, purr, and rub herself against his shoulders or face. At mealtime, no choice morsel would tempt her from his side; and at night—wishing to treat her with all hospitality—a snug bed was made up, and carried into our friend's sleeping-room. But this would not do for Pussy, till some article of *his* clothing was placed in the basket; and then all was right. During the day, our friend was generally absent for some hours. Puss would then, for a time, trot about the house as if quite at home; and when tired of looking for her favorite in-doors, she would go and place herself on the limb of a tree overlooking the road, and there patiently await his return. Once in sight, she was happy. She would jump down and run to meet him, and her loud purring would tell of his return. Singular as the affection of this animal was, it was not less extraordinary that she should come to a strange place, and to all (save one) strange people, yet never for an instant appear lost or perplexed! From the time of her first arrival, she was at home; and neither our dogs or cats offered the smallest annoyance, or exhibited any symptoms of jealousy at the introduction of such a visitor. Neither did Puss once attempt to touch any one of our birds. She made herself a favorite with one and all; and at the end of four days, was sent home to her master's house, where she at once fell into her old habits, and where she probably hopes some day again to see her favorite.—Puss.

Stainborough Woods, and their Feathered Inhabitants.—I send you an Ode, which I have written to accompany a small volume on "Stainborough or Wentworth Castle," by a townsman of mine. The scene is endeared to many, by the recollection of numerous gala excursions, and delightful reflective rambles.—[We print a part of this, only; and preserve the "note," which is interesting to naturalists.] It is too long, I fear, for insertion in OUR JOURNAL:—

What boon to us townsmen, from stifling crowds stealing,

When freed some bright day to enjoy this domain;

In moments of leisure to hive each sweet feeling.
To lighten and solace our labors again!

To mark in those gardens the many-hued flowers,
Which foreign lands send us to blend with our own;

To seek the cool shade of those fresh-tufted bowers,

Where the chesnut and beech smile in beauty full-blown.

To tread the green margin of those winding waters,
Were the cygnet and swan arch their necks o'er the wave;

Or bound on the green turf when Beauty's sweet daughters

Share or smile on the sports of the hardy and brave.

Yon oak woods in green robes, with amber tints shining,

Where frolic the squirrel, the hare, and the deer;

Where spring coming warblers, with home birds combining,
And all, but the nightingale's song, we may hear.

His notes, too, would charm, but their sweetness betrays them—

And kingfishers dart o'er the stream-waving reed,—

For the market of lucre the trapper waylays them,
To music and beauty sad martyrs indeed!*

Yet, praise to the owner; no meek tiny being,
No sweet-throated warbler at *his* will may bleed;

Far richer his pleasure, in hearing and seeing
Their joy in that life which their Maker decreed.

Long, Stainbro', delight us through each varied season,

In Spring's verdant promise, in Autumn's rich gold;

O! hallow the gross, bring the thoughtless to reason,

Shed light on the heart which the world hath made cold!

Barnsley, Oct. 10.

T. LISTER.

On Packing and Sending "Game."—At a season, my dear Sir, when one's kind friends in the country are in the social and very commendable habit of sending us Londoners up some "fine specimens" of poultry, game, &c., a word from you as to the proper mode of "packing" the same will be useful. While so much wet prevails, and there is such universal dampness in the air, nothing will "keep" long; therefore *no animals should be sent up with their internal machinery removed*. "Pick" them, by all means, if they be of the feathered tribe; but *do not "draw" them*. Just hint at this; do.—A. W., *Hampstead*.

[Your remarks are correct. Many perishable articles, owing to want of thought in the kind purveyors of game to their London friends, are spoilt ere they come to hand. Many persons are in the habit of paunching hares, and drawing poultry, before they pack them in baskets; but the practice is a bad one. The entrails of the

* Yet Stainbro' Woods, to the naturalist, are rich in small birds of the kinds less likely than the above to attract the rapacity of the bird-catcher, or from whose stealthy arts they enjoy a comparative protection. Of the rarest, the pied and the grey flycatchers seek each spring these sheltering woods, which contain also the nut-hatch, creeper, and the greater and lesser spotted and green wood-peckers. All the summer warblers find their way here from southern lands, except the Reed and Dartford warblers. All the tits are here permanently, except the bearded and crested tits. Large birds, too, abound, as daws, pies, jays, harmless kestrels; and, more rarely, sparrow-hawks and herons, and the white and brown and the long and short-eared owls. These would be more plentiful, but for the prejudices against those kinds which claim a morsel of game or fish, which is so strong, that, as a neighboring gentleman remarked, if a wish existed to preserve these noble but lessening tribes from extinction, the keepers would overrule this repugnance to destruction. Few offer a sanctuary, like Waterton, for persecuted birds; it is pleasant, however, to record that none but game and rapacious birds are allowed to be destroyed by any one about the place; this merciful edict applying also to squirrels, whose agile movements add such grace to the scene.—T. L.

animals should be left, and no air admitted into the interior of the body until they are required for trussing. It is, however, easier to complain of than to remedy the evil complained of by "A. W.;" because sportsmen, who have much ground to walk over, usually paunch a hare as soon as killed. They do this to lessen the weight to carry. In country towns, where poultry can only be bought on market-days, it is generally drawn and trussed ready for cooking by the farmers' wives and daughters before they leave home. We would suggest, that when it is intended to make presents the poultry should be ordered for the occasion, and sent just as we see it exhibited in the London shops—undrawn and untrussed, with the head on. Sportsmen designing to make presents of their game, should also avoid paunching it; and above all, dry it before it is packed, as hares or birds killed in wet weather, and packed wet, are apt to become fetid if they have far to travel. It is sad for us to be "grumbling," when our dear kind friends are under the impression we are including them, thankfully, in the "Grace before meat!"]

Curious Petrification.—M. Meyer, a Hanoverian geometriician, has sent the following communication to the *Weser Gazette*:—"In an arid plain near Donner, lies a block of granite of about 7½ feet square, named by the neighboring inhabitants, Drachenstein (dragon's stone). On it is the figure, in alto relievo, of a serpent, formed into twenty-three folds, and being somewhat more than eleven feet in length, the head hanging down by the side. At about two feet from the head, a very wide part is to be seen, as if the reptile had been crushed there. Although the body of the serpent appears to be formed of the same material as the stone, it is supposed to be a petrification, and not the work of man; inasmuch as there is no mark whatever of the chisel of an artist in any part of it."—HELEN W.

Another Good Word for the Barn Owl.—The parish clerk of our church—a very large and ancient one—who has had charge of it more than forty years, and is well acquainted with the nuisances which bats occasion, says that the church was never more free from them than at the present time; and this freedom he attributes to the presence of "that useful creature the barn owl;" the feathers of which he frequently finds in the church, and which, doubtless, makes the bats its prey.—C.

Music—Its Effects in Insanity.—We are told by Winslow, of a schoolmaster in the hospital at Halle, who for a year and a half had been helplessly insane. It having been hinted to his keeper that he had formerly displayed a fondness and taste for music, he was one day led to the piano. After some feeble touches, it might be seen, says Winslow, *how love and taste* expanded the pinions of the soul. He not only practises more and more, but better and better; and soon began to compose songs for one or four voices—practising moreover, as a "master" over the other patients. The musical talent was in action long before the restoration to mental and corporeal strength. He was dismissed cured. Winslow adds, "It was not music, simply as such, which led to restoration;

but the musical talent, being brought into action and developed, exciting the latent powers of the mind, strengthened them, and kept them in action. Did you, my dear Sir, when at Hanwell, see any illustration of this pleasing effect of music?—NANETTE.

[Yes—not during our last, but on our previous visit. A man, with his "eyes full of music," was seated at a piano as we passed through one of the passages. His soul was "rapt" for some minutes; the sounds he drew from the instrument we shall never forget. They were seraphic. We tarried near him until his inspiration ceased, when—oh, that sad look!—he again became "possessed," and the demon of insanity once more usurped its hideous power.]

Song of the Tom-Tit.—I am equally "astounded" with yourself, my dear Sir; not only at the Tom-tit (*Parus cæruleus*) singing like a robin, but at the other assertion, namely—"We at present have a Blue Tit's nest in our garden in a Laurestinus (!) and regularly the male Tit sits, after his feeding the brood, on the top of the shrub, and sings away very gaily." It surely must have been the Black-cap (*Motacilla atricapilla*). Who ever knew a Tom-tit to build otherwise than in the holes of walls, or in a tree-stump, or in an inverted flower-pot, and similar snug situations? I have been a close observer of birds from my "youth upwards;" and had flattered myself that few things relative to them had escaped me; but this *locale* for a Tit's nest (a Laurestinus bush) is certainly new to me. I should much like to know whether the nest was a domed one, like that of the *Parus caudatus*, or not. Perhaps some light may be thrown on the subject, if this were ascertained.—J. F. WOOD, F.H.S., *The Coppice, Nottingham*.

[We quite agree with you in this matter. It is sad to see statements published which are so at variance with all common experience. It does serious injury to a good cause.]

Remarks on the Spider.—I am glad to note the frequent allusions you make to the spider, and the pleasing illustrations you offer of what you yourself have witnessed in their wonderfully-constructive habits. These are indeed subjects worthy of being dwelt upon! It is odd, but nevertheless it is true, that a great many of us either loathe this insect, or are positively afraid of it. I freely admit that there is something in the large, black, hairy house-spider, which is decidedly repugnant. His untiring activity—his cruel voracity—his defying form—his extreme velocity in springing from his concealed den (seizing and carrying away his prey), are quite astounding. Still these creatures are harmless in themselves; and if we could accustom ourselves to look at them with calmness, and with the attention they deserve, we should find not only a great deal to admire, but to wonder at. The "*Aranea avicularia*" and "*Spithamea*" are decidedly gigantic fellows; but what can be prettier than those lovely small creatures we meet with in swarms, in the spring of the year? The variety of garden and geometric spiders is more than interesting;—but I must not encroach. I only ask space to record a pretty little trick I witnessed about a month since. It

may have been often observed before, but I never saw it in print; and not knowing whether or not it has been so, I give it you just as it occurred. I was rather later in rising than usual: it was about five o'clock. I could not, however, help tarrying in bed a few minutes just to admire the evolutions of a host of flies which were darting backwards and forwards, upwards and downwards, in every possible direction. Their movements were as graceful as their buzzing was mirthful. I was struck, however, by seeing something drop from the ceiling, and remain suspended at about eighteen inches distance. Reaching my spectacles, I perceived it was a spider, curled up like a little ball, and making himself appear quite lifeless—a masterpiece of treachery this! The flies continued their amusement; but no sooner did one come within reach, than Sir Araignée darted out all his claws with wonderful velocity, and with equal velocity was a ball of apparent innocence resumed! It so happened, however, that some of these flies in their flittings, struck against Sir Araignée's suspension thread, and this made him very wrath. He absolutely tumbled head over heels four or five times! At length, he would stand it no longer; and suddenly, by jerks, he lowered his poisonous body to within an inch of the carpet. After a few seconds, finding this "a weak invention," he commenced winding himself up to his former position. *Encore*, patience! It was all of no use. He then rose to the ceiling, moving about two feet in a better position (as he thought), down again. Five minutes more, but no better success. The flies continued their annoyance. Down again dropped the enemy on the carpet; soon, however, he flew up again, and this time at once to the ceiling. He now changed his position, and went two feet in another direction, and became soon again suspended. Another moment, and an unfortunate fly, approaching too near, was hugged in the irresistible embraces of his cunning enemy, who actually ate him for breakfast whilst hanging from the ceiling! Afterwards, he coolly wound him up, and dragged him away—where, I know not, as I had already stopped in bed too long to admit of my further watching this adventure. I have since seen the same process repeated in my bed-room; whether by the same spider or not, I really cannot say.—**BOMBYX ATLAS, Tottenham.**

Remarkable Echoes.—I read, recently, your very delightful remarks about the echo near Hammersmith Bridge. Connected with the subject, about which you appear so interested, I send you the following, recorded in the diary of *Madame de Genlis*.—"There is a remarkable echo near Rosneath, a fine country-seat in Scotland, situated to the west of a salt-water lake that runs into the Clyde seventeen miles below Glasgow. The lake is surrounded by hills, some of which are barren rocks, others are covered with trees. A good trumpeter, standing on a point of land that gives an opening to the water towards the north, has played an air and stopped; the echo repeated the air faithfully and distinctly, but not so loud; this echo having ceased, another has done the same; and a third, as exactly as the two former, with no difference but that of becoming more feeble. The same experiment, several

times repeated, had still the same success. There was formerly in the Chateau de Simonette a windowed wall, whence what was said was forty times repeated. Addison and others, who have travelled in Italy, mention an echo which would repeat the report of a pistol fifty-six times, even when the air was foggy. In the memoirs of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, for the year 1692, mention is made of the echo at Genetay, two leagues from Rouen, which has this peculiarity, that the person who sings does not hear the echo, but his voice only; and, on the contrary, those who listen do not hear the voice, but the echo, and that with surprising variations; for the echo seems sometimes to approach and sometimes to retire. Sometimes the voice is heard distinctly; at others, not at all. Some hear only a single voice, others several; one hears to the right, another to the left, &c. This echo still exists, but is not what it was, because the environs have been planted with trees, which have greatly hurt the effect." I am as anxious as yourself, my dear sir, to investigate the true cause of these echoes, which seem to puzzle all our philosophers.—**HEARTSEASE, Hants.**

The "Provincial" Names of Birds.—A full and explanatory system of nomenclature is necessary to the dissemination of knowledge in all branches of science; in none, perhaps, is it more essential than in natural history, where the popular names of plants or animals may be different in various parts of the same country. Mr. Yarrell, in his book on British Birds, has shown a due appreciation of this by adding, in many instances, the popular names of the birds described. In one instance, however, he does not seem to be aware of the popular names given, in several parts of this country, to two well-known birds; these are the redwing and the fieldfare. The former is called the fieldfare by the peasantry, and even by some of the farmers and sporting gentry; although, when reminded of the mistake, they acknowledge the distinction. The other bird is, in the same manner, misnamed the pigeon-felt, or pigeon-fieldfare. I have ascertained this fact beyond question, and have found that the error prevails in Kent, Cambridgeshire, and the Lake Counties. It appears also that the fieldfare is known in Wiltshire as the blue-tail; and the redwing is called swinepipe in some parts of the north. It would therefore, perhaps, be as well, in so widely prevalent an error, that the above popular names should be added in scientific books on the subject. The learned naturalist cannot prosecute his researches successfully without aid from the unlearned; and any new facts which may be learnt about the two birds I have named will not be understood, unless an ornithologist should be aware of the popular error as to their names, or those of any other birds about which he may have to correspond. Country people may be equally misunderstood from the same cause.—**W. HOLT, Bromley, Kent.**

The New Tax on Dogs.—By the new Assessed Taxes Act, lately passed, a new tax is to be levied on all dogs. From the 5th of April next, for every dog, of whatever description or denomination the same may be, the annual duty is to be

twelve shillings. The duty aforesaid is to be paid by the person keeping a dog, or having the same in his custody or possession, whether the same be his property or not, such person not discovering the owner thereof, who shall have been duly assessed for the same. No person is to be chargeable with duty to any greater amount than £39 12s. for any number of hounds, or £9 for any number of greyhounds kept by him in any one year. The only exemptions to the tax are, a dog belonging to her Majesty, or any of the Royal Family, or a dog or whelp which at the time of returning the lists of dogs as required by the Act, shall not actually be of the age of six calendar months, or any dog *bona fide* and wholly kept and used in the care of sheep or cattle, or removing the same, provided that no such dog shall be a greyhound, hound, pointer, setting dog, spaniel, lurcher, or terrier.—E. R.

[We sincerely hope that the tax upon people who keep dogs, will be rigorously enforced. The number of snarling curs, (half starved, and more than half mad), that infest our streets, is perfectly abominable.]

Vegetable Life.—As long as a plant continues to vegetate, we say it lives. When it ceases to vegetate, we conclude that it is dead. The life of vegetables, however, is not so intimately connected with the phenomena of vegetation that they cannot be separated. Many seeds may be kept for years without giving any symptom of vegetation; yet, if they vegetate when put into the earth, we say that they possess life; and, if we would speak accurately, we must say also that they possessed life even before they were put into the earth—for it would be absurd to suppose that the seed obtained life merely by being put into the earth. In like manner, many plants decay, and give no symptoms of vegetation during winter; yet if they vegetate when the mild temperature of spring affects them, we consider them as having lived all the winter. The life of plants then, and the phenomena of vegetation, are not precisely the same thing, for the one may be separated from the other, and we can even suppose the one to exist without the other. Nay, what is more, we can in many cases decide, without hesitation, that a vegetable is not dead, even when no vegetation appears, and the proof which we have for its life is, that it remains unaltered. For we know that when a vegetable is dead, it soon changes its appearance, and falls into decay. Thus, it appears, that the life of a vegetable consists in two things:—1. In remaining unaltered when circumstances are unfavorable to vegetation. 2. In exhibiting the phenomena of vegetation, when circumstances are favorable. When neither of these two things happen, we may say that a vegetable is dead.—R.

The Eyes of Birds.—I send you the following curious particulars of the eye of a bird. They are attributed to the observation of Lord Brougham:—"A singular provision is made for keeping the surface of the bird's eye clean—for wiping the glass of the instrument as it were, and also for protecting it, while rapidly flying through the air and through thickets, without hindering the sight. Birds are for these purposes

furnished with a third eyelid, a fine membrane or skin, which is constantly moved very rapidly over the eyeball by two muscles placed in the back of the eyes. One of the muscles ends in a loop; the other in a string which goes through the loop, and is fixed in the corner of the membrane, to pull it backward and forward. If you wish to draw a thing towards any place with the least force, you must pull directly in the line between the thing and the place; but if you wish to draw it as quickly as possible, and with the most convenience, and do not regard the loss of force, you must pull it obliquely, by drawing it in two directions at once. Tie a string to a stone, and draw it towards you with one hand; then make a loop on another string, and running the first through it, draw one string in one hand, not towards you, but sideways, till both strings are stretched in a straight line; you will see how much more easily the stone moves quickly than it did before, when pulled straight forward.—WILLIAM P.

The Advantages arising from the Admission of Air to the Roots of Plants.—The advantages of the admission of the air about the roots of a plant are not, apparently, sufficiently appreciated in this country. In the south of France, when vegetation does not advance satisfactorily, a gardener will go over his crops, stirring up the soil to a considerable depth with some such tool as a little *bigot*. Indeed, the free admission of air to the ground is considered of so much importance, that light rains are deprecated; hence, on an occasion when a market-gardener was congratulated on the growing showers that had fallen in the night, he replied in a pet, "Bah! *La pluie ne vaut rien pour les jardins*." He added, that rain hardens the surface of ground without reaching to the roots of plants; but that when water is let into the channels between beds in ridges, it goes straight to the roots of the plants on them without depriving them of air. This observation may be applicable to the practice of watering gardens with the rose watering-pot or engine.—B.

Habits of the Ostrich.—Knowing how indefatigable you are in penning down all that becomes known about that singular creature the ostrich, I send you the subjoined, copied from "A Hunter's Life in South Africa."—"We fell in with several nests of ostriches, and here I first ascertained a singular propensity peculiar to these birds. If a person discovers the nest, and does not at once remove the eggs, on returning he will most probably find them all smashed. This the old birds almost invariably do, even when the intruder has not handled the eggs, or so much as ridden within five yards of them. The nest is merely a hollow scooped in the sandy soil, generally amongst heath or other bushes; its diameter is about seven feet. It is believed that two hens often lay in one nest. The hatching of the eggs is *not* left, as is generally believed, to the heat of the sun, but on the contrary, the cock relieves the hen in her incubation. These eggs form a considerable item in the bushman's cuisine, and the shells are converted into water-flasks, cups, and dishes. I have often seen Bush-girls and Bakalahari women, who belong to the wandering Bechuana tribes of the Kalahari desert, come down to the fountains from

their remote habitations, sometimes situated at an amazing distance, each carrying on her back a kaross of network containing from twelve to fifteen ostrich-eggshells, which had been emptied by a small aperture at one end; these they fill with water, and cork up the hole with grass!—The above, added to the valuable remarks you have before inserted with reference to this animal, can hardly fail to prove interesting to your readers.—C. A. T.

Peculiarities of Lightning.—A very surprising property of lightning of the zig-zag kind, especially when near, is its seeming omnipresence. If two persons, standing in a room, looking different ways, and a loud clap of thunder, accompanied with zig-zag lightening, happens—they will both distinctly see the flash at the same time. Not only the illumination, but the very form of the lightning itself, and every angle it makes in its course, will be as distinctly perceptible as though they had both looked directly at the cloud from whence it proceeded. If a person happened at that time to be looking on a book, or other object which he held in his hand, he would distinctly see the form of the lightning between him and the object at which he looked. This property seems peculiar to lightning, and not to any other kind of fire whatever.—ROSA B.

On the Manuring of Gardens.—There is scarcely any one operation so generally neglected in small gardens as manuring, and also too much avoided in many large ones. So long as the ground will bring a flower or a vegetable, the gradual decline of quality of the productions is scarcely seen until the soil is in its last stage of exhaustion. Now, let us strongly recommend everybody who has forgotten to feed the ground, to give it some sort of dressing at once. If they can get stable-dung, well rotted, be it so; and, if they cannot get this, use cow-dung; and supposing neither to be had, they must resort to artificial, or, at least, other manures. If stable-dung or cow-dung be used, lay it three inches thick all over the ground, and dig it in as the soil is turned over; that is, lay it at the bottom of the trench, about a spade deep. They may not, with their light crops, have all the benefit the first year; but all cabbage, carrot, and crops whose roots descend a few inches, will be better for it directly. If the dung be well rotted into mould, or nearly so, it may be forked in, and mixed with the top spit, and the benefit will be felt directly. Artificial manure must be used according to these directions, but the most effective dressing is the peat charcoal, through which the sewerage of London is filtered at the works at Fulham, and which effects what some people would call a miracle. The foulest filth of the sewers is put into the filter in a state the most offensive that can be imagined, and comes through as pure as from a fountain. It is drunk with impunity, and nobody could tell that it had not come pure from the spring. The charcoal stops and gets saturated with the strong manure, and, when dried, is sold by the ton, the sack, or the basket; and this must first be sowed over the ground, at the rate of three pounds weight to a rod of ground, which should be previously dug, and washed in a little way by a shower or two of rain, or by watering it well

once or even twice. The easiest way of sowing it is to mix it with its bulk or twice its bulk of sand; it enables us to distribute it better. You may then sow or plant or do as you like with it; and there is the great advantage, that, besides the peat charcoal, which in itself is always good for the land, you have a strong and stimulating dressing obtained from the sewage. Mix it with three times its bulk of sand, or light soil, and it makes a first-rate top-dressing for anything. There are other stimulants sold by all the seeds-men; but, rely on it, that if ground will not pay for good dressing, it will never pay with starving.—GEORGE GLENNY.

Questions about a Piping Bullfinch.—I bought this Spring, a Piping Bullfinch, my dear sir, for which I gave £3. 3s. He piped delightfully one air; and all the household, I may say, have become attached to the little fellow. Since he began moulting in the beginning of August, he has not piped a single note, and scarcely chirped his own natural note. Still he eats well, and looks fat and saucy. Will he not sing the tune he has been taught till next spring? And may I hope that he will *certainly* do so then? According to your instructions, which I carefully note, I give him very little hempseed, but why?—as he is so greedily fond of it, can it do him harm? I thought the instinct of Nature was sufficient to guard all animals from taking what would harm them. A paragraph on the subject, for the benefit of your subscribers, would do good to many as un instructed as myself. It is curious to observe the cunningness with which the little fellow eyes the hempseed, and how instantaneously he selects it in preference to anything else given him. I feed him almost entirely upon canary and flax seed, adding an occasional pinch of maw seed, and also plenty of groundsel and plantain. He likes the sow-thistle. Is this bad for him? [No.] Sometimes I give him a little scalded and bruised rape seed. He had lost one of his claw nails before I bought him, and often looks gouty about the feet. I try to wash them for him; but he does not like being handled, and he resists all attempts pertinaciously. I now coax him into a little wooden cage, by putting his favorite food into it, where, through the bars, I can brush his claws with a soft brush and water. He does not relish this, however. Can you tell me of a better way? Of course I clean his cage daily, and give him plenty of fresh sand. You will believe I am anxious to preserve my pet, when I tell you I commonly rise and attend to him and a mule canary at half past five every morning. I am sorry to say we have not found the Zöllverein cages [answer as well as we had expected from your report. My daughter bought one on your recommendation, and finds her birds scatter their seed from it more than they did from the old-fashioned cage. It is fair, however, that I should state it is not one of those that take off from the top,—but it opens with a drawer. Yet it is of zinc.—A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER, *Frant*, September 26.

[Keep your bird warm till he has thoroughly moulted. He will not sing till next Spring. You may fully anticipate the pleasure of hearing your favorite sing again if he has been well taught. Hempseed is *not* good for birds. It is heating,—

at once ruining their plumage, and gradually consuming their insides. Whilst they are moulting, it may be sparingly given. No doubt he does cunningly watch for it. In all other respects you treat him properly. Canary and flax should be his general food. His feet should certainly be kept clean, and his legs ought to be soaked in warm water. In the spring, he should have a square water-bath attached to the open door of his cage. He will then wash regularly. These birds should not be unnecessarily handled. We still continue to recommend the Zollverein cages, which exclude vermin. They can be made so as to prevent the waste of seed which you complain of. If we can aid you further, pray say so. We always take delight in giving advice to those who love their pets.]

How to cure a Cold.—A cold, my dear Sir, is an unpleasant companion; although, in a former number, you have sung so sweetly about being "nursed by those one loves" during its continuance. That is "poetry;" but let us try "prose." Hundreds of remedies are daily prescribed for a cold—many of very opposite tendencies; and as it is the nature of the complaint to disappear of its own accord in a very few days, *every remedy in succession* has come in for a share of praise! They may be all summed up, however, in water-gruel or spare living, moderate warmth and perspiration, and one or two gentle purgatives. Some, not satisfied with this method of starving a cold, have maintained that quite an opposite plan of diet and treatment is the proper one. A fit of intoxication has, no doubt, sometimes cured a disagreeable cold, as well as plunging into a cold bath, or a surfeit in a warm, crowded room. But these are uncertain and doubtful expedients, and their consequences may, in nine cases out of ten, be hurtful. Unquestionably, the most rational plan is *the starving system*. For allaying the tickling cough, an infusion of linseed may be freely taken; an infusion of quince seeds; or a solution of gum arabic in water. These are preferable to the sweet sirups in general use, as the former may be taken in large quantities, and repeatedly, without loading the stomach. I throw these observations out now, as being "seasonable." We, English, are seldom free from colds. You tell us very plainly "why" it is so!—SARAH R., *Clifton*.

[Say, Miss Sarah, in your next, whether you follow our advice, and look well to your "understanding." Dry feet, obtainable *only* by wearing strong and reasonably thick boots, is the great secret of keeping free from colds. Your advice is how to cure a cold,—our's how to avoid its visitation. We shall be "at" your sex again on this matter, very shortly! We cannot, somehow, help loving you,—with all your faults!]

Canaries Living and Breeding in the Open Air.—I send you special notice, my dear sir, of another interesting fact,—the more interesting as it occurs so late in the year (Oct. 3). One of my pet canaries has this very morning presented me with a nest of four young ones. It is her *fifth* brood this season,—making altogether twenty-one birds hatched and reared by herself. I may add, that she has, during the summer, abandoned two

nests, one of which contained *four* eggs. This last, our gardener believes to have been destroyed by a jay. I wish you had been here this morning! We mustered nineteen birds on the wing,—all in splendid plumage, and flying about in every direction. You really must come down oftener. If you have not time,—see if you cannot "make" it.—HENRY WOLLASTON, *Welling, Kent, Oct. 3.*

[We really do take shame to ourself for having, apparently, so neglected you. We can only plead the multiplicity of our avocations and engagements, as a reasonable excuse for our prolonged absence. Our pen is never slumbering; our body knows but little rest; our mind is rarely at repose; and as for our *legs*—they bid fair to discover "the perpetual motion." Our eyes are not short-sighted; our tongue is not tied; our hands are not idle. We name this to *you*, my dear sir; but it is meant for many others also. We have no time to "write" formal excuses. We rejoice exceedingly at your good fortune; and hope next season will be a still more prosperous one for you.]

Fossil Turtle.—Mr. Geo. Fowlstone, lapidary, in the Arcade, Ryde (formerly of Doncaster), has lately procured from the quarries at Swanage, one of the largest and most entire fossil turtles ever discovered. The top shell is quite perfect, and measures 20 inches by 15½ inches, and is 4 feet 9½ inches in circumference. The fossil is imbedded in a block of stone, weighing 3 cwt. He has also a portion of another fossil turtle of nearly the same dimensions, which was broken in quarrying.—C. P.

Are Variegated Leaves produced by Disease?—If variegation proceeds from a disease in the plants, the following account of a variegated holly shows that *some* plants fatten pretty well in their "illness." I cannot ascertain the age of the tree I allude to; but the circumference of the stem (one foot from the ground), is 5 feet 6 inches; and six feet from the ground, 4 feet 10 inches. The diameter of the branches is 30 feet; and the height of the tree, 35 feet. It would have been larger if it had got fair play; but it is much injured by its neighbors, which are two large trees,—namely, an ash, and an elm.—P. MACKENZIE.

Leaf Mould.—Now that the autumn, the season of falling leaves, has arrived, I would make a few brief observations on the subject of obtaining a supply of leaf-mould for the ensuing season. Every person is fully aware of the very beneficial results of using this ingredient in the formation of composts for numerous families of plants; and at this season every means should be resorted to for procuring a sufficient quantity. Oak leaves are said to be the best for this purpose, from the presence of the substance known chemically as *tannin*. I believe beech, chestnut, and various other leaves are very little inferior to oak leaves. The leaves having been collected together, should be thrown into a pit, and left there till fermentation takes place. Frequent turning will be found to greatly facilitate the decomposition of the leaves. In the spring, when dry, warm weather occurs, I would advise the removal of the leaves from the pit or heap in which they have been rotting during the winter, to an open, airy situation, where there

is a possibility of their becoming moderately dry. I would recommend the mould to be spread out on a dry portion of the ground for this purpose; and when it has become sufficiently dry, it may be removed to a shed, or any other place where it will be protected from heavy rains, and also be dry enough for using at a moment's notice. At the present time, all kinds of soil should, if practicable, be placed in shelter of some description; as it will be found much more useful in the winter and early spring than if allowed to become completely soddened by incessant moisture.—W. B.

Female Confidence and Reliance.—I send you the following, cut from a local newspaper. It is an extract from some book, no doubt; but it is "the fashion," now-a-days, to "steal" and never acknowledge the obligations, even for an idea, one is under. However, here is the extract; and as it is full of poetical feeling, it will, I know, please you and your readers:—"There is no one thing more lovely in this life, more full of the divinest courage, than when a young maiden, from her past life—from her happy childhood, when she rambled over every field and moor around her home; when a mother anticipated her wants, and soothed her little cares; when brothers and sisters grew from merry playmates to loving, trustful friends; from Christmas gatherings and romps; from summer festivals in bower or garden; from the rooms sanctified by the death of relatives; from the secure backgrounds of her childhood, and girlhood, and maidenhood—looks out into the dark and unilluminated future, away from all that; and yet,—unterrified undaunted, leans her fair cheek upon her lover's breast, and whispers, "Dear heart! I cannot see—but I believe. The past was beautiful, but the future I can trust—with thee!" It may be said, that this is very pretty to read, but that it never occurs in real life. Let us say "seldom," for I would fain hope we are not quite all unnatural.—PHEBE, Brighton.

Birds Confined in Cages.—I wish you would raise your voice against the cruel practice of confining birds in cages. Some are incarcerated in such small prisons of wire, that they can get no exercise whatever. Their feet too are clogged up with dirt, and their food is very frequently musty. How many thousands of innocent victims die yearly from neglect! And yet people say they are "fond of birds!" Cruelty to dumb animals is all the fashion. Birds are robbed of their eggs, and people buy them; of their young too, and people buy them. Aye, and they let their children tease them from morning till night. Is not this too bad?—HELEN B., Mile End.

[You are quite right, Helen. Confining birds in cages is barbarous. But the public are as hard-hearted as a flinty rock. Neither we nor yourself can make any impression on them.]

The New Receipt Stamp.—The new act relating to the penny receipt stamps came into operation on the 11th ultimo; and as it has been officially announced that the stamp office intend to proceed against all persons for giving receipts on unstamped paper, or for otherwise infringing the new law, and to give part of the penalty to the informers, it may be useful to call attention to the leading features

of the measure. There are two kinds of receipt stamps for the choice of the public,—viz. the stamped paper and an adhesive stamp, bearing the Queen's head printed in blue, and somewhat larger in size than the postage stamp. One of these must be used for all payments amounting to 40s. and upwards. If the adhesive stamp be "used," it must be obliterated by the name or initials of the person giving it, so that it may not be twice used. The penalty for not defacing a stamp is £10, and for using a stamp twice, £20.—CIVIS.

Habits of the Herring.—When a shoal of herrings swims near the surface of the water in calm weather, the sound of their motion is audible at a small distance, like rippling of water or the pattering of rain; and when they move rapidly at night, they throw off a phosphorescence which appears like a beautiful bright line or belt. But all the full-grown and healthy herrings generally swim at a considerable depth, and only the young, the full, and the sick, swim near the surface; so that the indication waited for by the fishermen of the north-west of Scotland and other districts, of flocks of gulls, large fishes, and other appearances of the pursuit of shoals, is exceedingly deceptive, and points only to small and worthless detachments, at the expense of neglecting the main army of the herrings. Shoals are considerably controlled in their destination by comparative excess of light and heat, and spawn in much deeper water, and at a much greater distance from the shore, in a summer of extraordinary sunshine and warmth, than in an ordinary or especially a cloudy and coldish summer. Hence the deep-sea herring fishermen of Holland are sometimes eminently successful, when the in-shore herring fishermen of Britain encounter more or less failure.—ANGELINA.

On the Feeding of Poultry.—In a little work on the Domestic Management of Fowls, &c., I observe the following, which is so much to the point of *properly feeding them*, that I send it for insertion in OUR JOURNAL. "It cannot be too strongly impressed on all feeders of stock, that the food eaten has to serve several distinct purposes when taken into the body. One portion is consumed in supporting the natural warmth of the animal; another set of substances supplies the nourishment required for the growth of the body, and replaces the general washing that occurs; a third yields the materials from which the bones are formed; and a fourth supplies the fat: we may therefore speak of the following classes of food:—1. Warmth-giving Food:—As starch, which forms almost the entire bulk of rice and potatoes.—2. Flesh-forming Food:—Which exists in large proportions in wheat, oatmeal, peas, beans, middlings, and sharps, and in somewhat smaller quantity in barley, Indian corn, &c.—3. Bone-making Food:—Which is found in larger proportion in the husk, or outer part of the grain, than in the inner part.—4. Fat-forming Food:—Consisting of fatty or oily substances; these occur to a considerable extent in Indian corn (the yellow variety), middlings, bran, &c. For eggs which have to travel, a Mr. Tegetmeier recommends a packing of hay in preference to any other material. He says: "This season, I

forwarded two sittings of eggs to the far north of England, one packed most carefully in bran, the other in hay; of the first not one egg was hatched, whilst every one of the second produced a chick; and of a sitting that I received this season, which was similarly packed, every egg was fertile, although the basket had travelled from the north, by coach, rail, and carrier.—ANN R., *Halsted*.

The Climate of England.—When we speak of the climate of England, we take in a very wide range of temperature. The air on the south-west coast of England is, at an average, seven degrees higher at night than it is in London, and ten degrees higher than in the midland and eastern counties. The harvest of the south is always a month, and sometimes nearly two months, in advance of the harvest of the north. The island of Great Britain is a little type of the world itself; and invalids, instead of travelling abroad for health, may easily find, within a few miles of home, the species of climate which their disease requires. The heat may be less intense than it is in continental places of resort, but the cold is less intense also. The extremes of climate are both reduced and moderated in England in a most remarkable manner. The frosts of London are not so severe as those of Madrid, where the sentinels have been known to be frozen to death at their posts; neither are they so severe as they are in Rome, and many other cities which enjoy a much higher temperature in the summer months. Moreover, we are free in this country from the malaria which prevails almost everywhere else; so that, with all our disadvantages, we have reason to congratulate ourselves upon the favorable position which we occupy on the globe. The uniform temperature of the Atlantic ocean, which almost surrounds us, tends to preserve this uniformity, which so happily distinguishes even the changeable climate of England. If we may judge from the physical, intellectual, and moral character of the English, from the duration of life, and the progress of civilisation, there is no country in the world which has more to boast of; yet many countries have mild evenings and warm nights, and long seasons of cloudless skies, which we do not enjoy—they have vineyards also, and olive gardens, and orange groves, of which we know nothing. But they also have evils to counterbalance these blessings—evils of which we are ignorant. One thing is balanced with another in this world—blessings and curses, like two hampers on an ass's back, go always together, and the weight of the one seems generally to correspond to that of the other.—LECTOR.

The Dardanelles.—*Apropos des bottes.* The strait of the Dardanelles, which divides Europe from Asia, is upwards of fifty miles in length, with an average breadth of two miles. The shore on either side is fringed with cypress groves, and the strait itself presents a very animated appearance; thousands of white-sailed caiques gliding lightly over the waves, and coming and going incessantly from shore to shore. There is a strong current setting constantly from the sea of Marmora in the Archipelago, and this, added to the defences of the place, render the forcing of the passage by

armed vessels a very hazardous undertaking. The fortifications originally consisted of four castles; two on the European, and two on the Asiatic side. Of these, two stand at the southern extremity, and two about eighteen miles further up the strait. The name Dardanelles is now especially applied to some fortifications erected in modern times between the new and the old castles, a short distance from the entrance of the straits. The number of guns mounted on these fortifications, and some others of lesser importance, is nearly seven hundred; besides eight large mortars for throwing shells. Among them are several immense guns, from which stone shot are discharged. The quantity of powder which these guns require is enormous; the largest is charged with 330lbs of powder, and throws a stone shot 800 or 1000lbs weight. They are more formidable in appearance than reality, and the firing of such large pieces of ordnance is not unattended with danger to their own artillerymen.—PHEBE, *Brighton*.

Bronchitis.—A writer in the *Baltimore Sun*, whose family has been severely afflicted with bronchitis, recommends the following as a remedy from which he experienced great relief:—"Take honey in the comb. Squeeze it out, and dilute it with a little water; occasionally moistening the lips and mouth with it. It has never been known to fail; in cases even, where children had throats so swollen as to be unable to swallow." This is certainly a simple remedy; and it may be a very efficacious one. The simplest remedies are almost ever the best.—VIOLET, *Worcester*.

How to Protect Plants from Frost.—Great protection will be afforded to plants, if near a wall, by the following very simple method. Tie together small handfuls of straw—say perhaps forty in each—suspend them on lines before the plants or trees, letting one line overlap the other. Small branches of birch, beech, or fir may be used instead, suspending it on cords in the same manner. A neater practice is found in the use of the woollen net. This article is woven for the purpose, with a mesh of from half an inch to an inch square. If a board two feet wide be affixed to the top of the wall, in a roof-like direction, and the net be fastened to its edge, and extended thence to the foot of the wall, a neat and efficient protection will be afforded, and no disfigurement to the most ornamental garden.—ANGELINA.

The Sun, glorious in his great Might.—The action of the sun, says Dick, upon all things that receive his rays is, in a general way, a matter of common notoriety. But we suspect that few persons are aware of the amount of that force, or of the views of modern philosophers as to the manner in which it takes effect. We may view the surface of a lake exposed to the sun's rays during a warm summer's day, whilst the whole scene may seem to be one of the utmost tranquillity, so that we might naturally conclude that no movement of any importance was then going on. It will be found, however, that such, in reality is not the case; for the rays of the sun exert a force of which we can scarcely form any adequate idea. Supposing the lake is only two

miles square, it may be calculated that there will be raised from its surface, in one day, more than 64,000 tons weight of water (64,821), by means of solar radiation. This is at least equal to the work of ten steam-engines of 200 horse-power each, for the same space of time; presuming that the above weight is only raised to an average height of between 300 and 400 feet. To balance that weight, a hill of earth would be required 30 feet high, 100 feet wide, and 600 feet in length. In making the calculations which have led to these statements, it has been assumed that, in a hot day of summer, a quarter of an inch of water would be evaporated from an exposed surface of a lake, in twelve hours; and this from an area of two miles square would amount to 2,323,200 cubic feet, which at sixty-two and a half pounds per cubic foot, is equal to 65,821 tons. Now, a quarter of an inch is not a maximum amount of evaporation; it is but one half of that which, according to good authorities, has been actually removed by evaporation, and under a temperature, of from 73° to 75° degrees Fahrenheit. Instead of 64,000 tons, facts would justify us in stating that 130,000 tons might be raised in one day, from a surface of water not exceeding two miles square.—REBECCA W., *Southampton*.

Turbot.—The turbot is known in our markets as one of the largest of our flat fishes; and is justly prized both for the delicacy of its flavor and its nutritious qualities. It is found in large shoals; and although not capricious in regard to its haunts, it appears, in frequenting certain localities, to be influenced mainly by the presence of the small fish on which it preys. Turbot are caught in considerable quantities on the coasts of Durham and Yorkshire, with lines, in a similar manner to cod; but the most extensive turbot-fisheries are those of the Dutch, which commence about the end of March, and are pursued during the months of April and May, and continued till the middle of August, when the fishing is dropped for the year. The produce is principally transported in boats to the London market. From some peculiarity in its organisation, the muscular fibre of the turbot is not so much deteriorated during the growth of the milt and roe as in other fish; and if it could be caught, would be longer in season. But, like most of the finny tribe, it is only to be procured when frequenting the coasts which it has selected as its favorite spawning-ground. The turbot spawns in August, after which it becomes feeble and is out of season; but it speedily recovers its strength, and retreats into deep water.—VIOLET, *Worcester*.

Essex Lunatic Asylum.—This splendid pile of building, which covers eight acres, contains seven wards and two infirmaries on one side, and six wards and one infirmary on the other, with 300 dormitories and 150 single rooms. The chapel is most tastefully fitted up in the cathedral style, with 300 sittings. The tank, which is supplied from an adjoining reservoir, contains 10,000 gallons of water, and is so arranged as to keep up a constant supply of hot and cold water for the baths. The asylum cost £65,000; but would have cost £12,000 more, through the increased value of labor and material, had it not been

commenced ten years ago. The support of each inmate is estimated at £145, while in the other asylums it averages from £150 to £200.—J. ANDERSON, *Chelmsford*.

Quackery in England—A Foul Blot upon the National Character.—Of all countries in the world, England is that in which quacks and quackery flourish most. According to the census returns, there are nearly 30,000 persons practising one or more departments of medicine and surgery without qualifications.—CIVIS.

[The world is "mad,"—suicidically mad; therefore is it that the villanous quacks prey upon them. The quacks and undertakers "do the thing" nicely. They appear to act quite in concert,—and very evidently "understand" one another.]

Chloroform a Motive Power.—The inhabitants of our port have just witnessed some experiments to move machinery by the vapor of chloroform. The experiment was made by the steamer *Galilee*, of 120-horse power, under the inspection of the Minister of Marine during his last visit. After making several turns in the harbor, she went out into the roadstead, at the rate of not less than nine knots an hour. The success of the experiment was complete.—*A Lorent Correspondent of the Lancet*.

Railway "Acts."—It appears from a return ordered by the House of Commons, at the instance of Mr. Hume, of the several railway companies who obtained powers from Parliament, by acts passed since 1844, to make lines of railway, and who have either not made the same, or have not carried the same fully into effect—that the aggregate length of railway authorised to be made by them was 6,238 miles; the estimate of capital to complete the same £105,663,905, or at the rate of £16,939 per mile; the length of line open for traffic, 1,793; leaving 4,445 miles not made. The return is dated the 7th of July, 1853, and includes 150 companies, of which eighty-eight are stated as new companies, including twenty in connexion with existing or old companies. The Great Northern Railway Company is represented as having power to make 349 miles of railway, of which 236½ miles are completed, leaving 112½ miles not made; the Great Western, as having had power to make 303 miles, of which only 59½ miles are completed, leaving 243½ miles not made; the Lancashire and Yorkshire but 14½ miles not made; the London and North Western authorised to make 157½ miles, of which 57½ are completed, leaving 100 miles not made; the London and South Western 114 miles authorised, but not made; the London and Brighton 18½ miles authorised, but not made; the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire, 100½ miles authorised, of which 32½ miles are open, and 67½ miles not made; the Midland, 241 miles authorised, 43½ open, and 197½ not made; the South Wales, 217 miles authorised, and 124 open, leaving 93 miles not made; the York and North Midland, 97 miles authorised, and 36½ open, leaving 60½ miles not made; the York, Newcastle, and Berwick, 195 miles authorised, and 107 completed, leaving 88 not made. Since the return was ordered,

130 miles of the railways in question were opened for traffic, making, with the 1,793 miles in the return, 1,923 miles open for traffic. In addition to these, there are 89 miles on the point of opening, or nearly completed, making, together, 2,012 completed out of the 6,238 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles authorised, leaving 4,226 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles to be completed. Of these about 594 miles are in course of construction, a considerable portion of which will be completed before the end of next year, which will further reduce the mileage of uncompleted railways to 3,632 miles. On adding the 2,012 miles completed to the 594 miles in course of construction, they make 2,606 miles; and, calculating the cost of them at the average rate of those already executed in the United Kingdom—viz., £35,000 per mile—they would amount to £91,210,000, leaving £14,453,905 to complete the 3,632 miles of railway, which sum would not be sufficient to complete more than 400 or 500 miles of railway, leaving 3,100 miles unprovided for. During the past session of Parliament, several bills were passed, authorising the incorporation of new companies and fresh capital to be raised for constructing some of the above railways; for making which the former powers had expired, and the capital, in many cases, had been used for other purposes.—W. R.

Seasonable Hints to People having Small Gardens.—The beauty of most of the plants which enlivened the flower-border with gay blossoms in summer, is now nearly over; and little remains to cheer us at this season except some late flowering Phloxes. The different varieties of Chinese Chrysanthemums will, however, soon be very ornamental; more especially when tied up so as to show their flowers to advantage. Cut down the stems of all plants that have done blooming. The roots of Dahlias will survive moderately severe winters in the open ground, if protected by a covering of dry litter or fern; but treated in this way, they do not flower so well; and on that account it is better to take them up as soon as their leaves and flowers have become blackened by frost. Leave about six or eight inches of the stem attached to the tuber. They may be preserved over winter in any dry cool place, where they will be free from frost. When the flower-border is dug, and put in order for the winter (which should be done as soon as the leaves are fallen from the trees), any plants that have become too large should be reduced, and such as are not wanted may be removed altogether. Let decaying leaves and other refuse be taken to the manure-heap. Any drainings from it should not be allowed to be lost; they should either be thrown back over the heap, or they should be made available for some useful purpose.—G.

The Advantages of a good Gravel Walk.—In a season like the present, when heavy drenching rains succeed each other in quick succession, the comforts of a good gravel walk can scarcely be over-rated. It is, therefore, a serious drawback when paths are not good; and there are yet many that are not so, owing as much to the injudicious manner in which they have been made, as to the indifferent materials of which they are composed. But there are walks, likewise, with which, in ordi-

nary weather, no fault can be found. These, after heavy rains, present a guttered and broken appearance. Such walks are those on hill sides, when the water is sure to break them up into gullies, more or less deep. Now to obviate this defect, many walks are provided with outlets at the sides, where the water is caught by an earthenware pipe, which conveys it to some subterranean channel. These outlets (or eyes as they are called) are, to say the least of them, but clumsy appurtenances to a walk; and they must be pretty numerous, otherwise the accumulation of water does all the mischief they are intended to remedy. Any plan, therefore, that would bind the walk together (so as to resist the flow of water, without, at the same time rendering them unpleasant to walk upon), must be an acquisition; provided it be capable of general application. The following, though possibly nothing new, will effect this object:—Pound some good lime (do not slake it); and convey some of it to the damaged walks. Then mix it with the gravel, in something like the proportion of one part of lime to four or five of gravel. A small quantity only ought to be mixed at a time with water, and then laid on immediately; beating and smoothing accordingly. Then another quantity; and so on, until the whole is done. The mass by this means becomes so consolidated, that it is years before water can have any effect upon it. The process is, in fact, what builders call "cementing," and it is one which I certainly like better than asphalt, besides being so much cheaper; for in districts where lime is plentiful and good, it may be used less sparingly. But it is not an expensive affair at any time; and to those who have been suffering from the effects of thunder showers, and other heavy rains, I advise a trial of a little of it in the most exposed places. It can hardly fail to answer.—V.

Nest and Incubation of the Swan.—Will any of your readers be so obliging as to give us some particulars of the nesting of the Swan,—telling us how many eggs she lays, and how long she sits? Little appears to be known about this,—although the swans are seen in such numbers upon our noble river Thames.—JOHN P., *Wandsworth*.

A LOVE SONG.

THE stars are climbing up the hill,
Like footsteps of the night;
And, like a child, the little rill
Runs whimpering out of sight.
It is an hour when love hath birth—
When hands and hearts are given;
An hour when stars are nearer earth,
And lovers nearer Heaven!

When visions of the future glow,
Despite the world's control;
And whispers, musical and low,
Steal softly o'er the soul!
An hour all other moments worth,
That life hath ever given;
When Heaven's own stars are nearer earth,
And lovers nearer Heaven.

C. S.

THE STUDY OF NATURAL HISTORY,—
ADDRESSED TO THE MILLION.

Each shell, each crawling insect holds a rank
Important in the plan of Him who framed
This scale of beings; holds a rank, which lost,
Would break the chain, and leave behind a gap
Which Nature's self would rue.—THOMSON.



CHEERING, — MOST DELIGHT-
FULLY CHEERING, ARE THE
ACCOUNTS WE CONTINUE TO
RECEIVE from the Heads of
Families, in all parts of the
world, touching our progress.
Here, there—everywhere, OUR
JOURNAL finds the heartiest welcome.
Children love us; their parents love us;
and their friends love us. This is well. We
have indeed played a deep game. Deter-
mined to win the “hearts of the people,” or
die in the effort, we were tempted to stake
all (and how much more than?) we possessed.
Now that the game is our own, we may be
permitted to rejoice in our triumph. But
who shall tell of all our past struggles;
our many misgivings; our many sleepless
nights!

The study of Natural History is, in every
sense of the word, humanising. The more
one sees of the wonders of the Creator, the
more one must love Him. The world, too,
is *full* of wonders,—its treasures are inex-
haustible. Only bring a heart to the pleasing
task, and life becomes not simply endurable,
but perfectly delightful. All true lovers of
nature, be it observed, *must be* good subjects,
true friends, amiable, and companionable.
Why then do we not *all* turn “naturalists?”
Avarice, Mammon, Selfishness, and Pride
alone forbid. Who shall kill these demons?

Whilst directing the attention of our rising
youth to the “study of Nature,” in all her
operations, we felt convinced we were on a
sure tack; and we rightly conceived that
most respectable parents would in time
second our efforts. This they have done.
But they can serve us still further; by ex-
tending our circulation at compound interest,
far and near. To circulate by thousands
does not content us,—we want to fly far
higher, and to be numbered by tens—aye
twenties of thousands. In short, our
ambition has no limit. To spread our sails
is all that we can do; the popular gale must
swell them out.

Before quitting this subject, we take leave
to introduce here a few pertinent remarks on
the study of Natural History; inviting our
younger friends in particular to ponder them
well. We have italicised certain passages
and observations which we consider entitled
to special notice:—

The study of Natural History is most
important in an educational point of view;

consisting as it does of the consideration of
those physical objects which are continually
before our eyes, and which press themselves
upon our attention. In addition to this, *its*
importance as “an amusement” can scarcely
be over-rated; it being assuredly one of the
purest that can occupy the attention of the
human mind. But it has far higher claims
on our notice. It leads us to investigate
and survey the workings and ways of Provi-
dence in this created world of wonders, filled
with His never-absent power. It occupies
and elevates the mind; is inexhaustible in
supply; and, while it furnishes meditation
for the closet of the studious, it gives to the
reflections of the moralising rambler admi-
ration and delight; *and is an engaging com-
panion that will communicate an interest to*
every rural walk.

In the philosophy of nature, every object
in creation is worthy of regard—worthy of
study. Every animal that bounds around
us, crawls beneath us, or flies above us, bears
upon it the stamp of supreme intelligence.
Each has a definite path in existence, for
which its physiological structure is admirably
adapted. When we consider the innumerable
and infinitely-varied objects with which the
earth teems, their exquisite beauty, their
intrinsic value, their indispensable utility,—
we may well wonder that we do not make the
study of Natural History a subject of systematic
education. Not only do these objects meet
us at every step, and seem to solicit investi-
gation, but a knowledge of them is absolutely
necessary in every-day life; for, be it
remembered, plants and animals supply us
with food, with clothing, and with the
necessaries of life.

The study of animate creation is not only
one of the most *amusing*, but it is one of the
most *instructive* that can occupy our thoughts.
What power, what wisdom, what goodness
are displayed in every fibre that quivers—
every artery that pulsates, and every nerve
that vibrates in the various animals that
inhabit and enliven the earth! Infinite
diversity, precise adaptation, various function,
beauteous form, elegant motion, perfect de-
sign—everywhere meet the inquirer's glance.
Nothing is wanting, nothing superfluous—
the means are everywhere suited to the end.

How beautiful, too, is the world! How
eloquently it speaks of a Creator! How
actively every atom of it carries out the vast
design of which it forms an apparently
insignificant, but really an essential part!
How plainly is the Divine Author traceable
in the book of Nature! How orderly do we
find every chapter of creation! Multiplicity
does not produce confusion, dispersion gives
rise to no distraction, destruction is not death.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.

Perfect contrivance, wondrous propagation, providential support, marvellous protection—invite our contemplation and enforce our adoration. Who can look at nature, gaze upon the great world (great in itself, small creationally considered), glance at the glorious splendor of the sky, observe the beauty of the earth—its fragrant plants, its exquisitely-formed animals, and not be impressed with a feeling of wonder magnified into adoration!

The most cursory glance at *living-nature* must call up feelings of profound astonishment. Look at the infinite variety of *form*, the endless complicity of *construction*—animation everywhere. These (large and small) are working out their path in the grand scheme of creation. The great Creative Power has stamped upon all—activity. *WORK*, commonly considered as the *curse*, is the *blessing* of life as life. All is *work*; the toil of the individual animal is merely a humble reflex of the *work* of Creation.

The conformations and varieties of animals are endless. On the earth, and under the earth; in the light element of the air, in the boisterous ocean—all is *life*! Everything teems with life. The very sunken rocks are mementoes of past-life; formed as they are of the natural tombs of previous inhabitants of the surface. The waters abound with life; from the wavy fish, and the shelly crustacea, to the pulpy medusa, and the microscopic monad. All is life, all is *work*—all the distant humble reflex of CREATION! The tiny coralline builds up *continents*, and shames man by the *consistency* of its labors. The bird builds its own house, and seeks for the materials, even while compelled to find its daily sustenance!

It is worthy of notice that, in all quadrupeds, the four extremities, more or less, contribute to the support and progression of the body; *but it is only in man that they are wholly exempted from these offices*. In the power of executing an infinite variety of movements and of actions, requiring either strength, delicacy, or precision—the human arm and hand, considered in their mechanism alone, are structures of unrivalled excellence. But, when viewed in relation to the intellectual energies to which they are subservient, they plainly reveal to us the Divine Source from which have emanated this exquisite workmanship, and these admirable adjustments, so fitted to excite the deepest veneration, and to fill us with never-ceasing wonder.

To conclude—how magnificent is life in its vastness and its minuteness! How incomprehensible to finite life is infinite Creation! Every animal has its assigned place in the grand scale of being. It cannot choose. It cannot change. Yet life—*finite* life, is everywhere. In the scorching desert, at the icy

pole, on the mountain top, in the abysses of the deep. Mysterious life! so uncertain in the *individual*, so certain in the *species*.

Nature's power is indeed without limit. Wherever life can exist, there it is! We find it in diversified combinations, in endless perpetuity—all-subordinate to one scheme of general good.

WHO would not become a "Naturalist?"

THE DYING YEAR.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

YES; the year is growing old,
And his eye is pale and bleared—
Death, with frosty hand and cold,
Plucks the old man by the beard,
Sorely,—sorely!

The leaves are falling, falling,
Solemnly and slow;
Caw! Caw! the rooks are calling,
It is a sound of woe,
A sound of woe!

Through woods and mountain passes
The winds, like anthems, roll;
They are chanting solemn masses,
Singing; "Pray for this poor soul,
Pray,—Pray!"

And the hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain,
And patter their doleful prayers;
But their prayers are all in vain,
All in vain!

There he stands in the foul weather,
The foolish, fond Old Year,
Crowned with wild flowers and with heather,
Like weak, despised Lear,
A king,—a king!

Then comes the summer-like day,
Bids the old man rejoice!
His joy! his last! O, the old man grey
Loveth that ever soft voice,
Gentle and low.

To the crimson woods he saith,—
To the voice gentle and low
Of the soft air, like a daughter's breath,—
"Pray do not mock me so!
Do not laugh at me!"

And now the sweet day is dead,
Cold in his arms it lies;
No stain from his breath is spread
Over the glassy skies,
No mist or stain!

Then, too, the Old Year dieth,
And the forests utter a moan,
Like the voice of one who crieth
In the wilderness alone:
"Vex not his ghost!"

Howl! howl! and from the forest
Sweep the red leaves away!
Would the sins that thou abhorrest,
O soul, could thus decay,
And be swept away!

A LEAF FROM MY DIARY.

THE HOSPITALS OF LONDON.

FULL MANY AN EARNEST and inquiring gaze is turned by the stranger in London on these noble institutions, whilst passing and re-passing them day after day. Could this gaze but penetrate those substantial walls, and reveal the mournful, soul-stirring, and alas! too often heart-sickening sights that are concealed within,—how would the most stoical shrink back! A thought would readily suggest itself,—“Why should I be exempted from the fearful category of agonies, endured by fellow creatures less able to pass the fierce ordeal than myself?”

Such was my soliloquy whilst entering one of our large metropolitan hospitals; and now, let my reader accompany me whilst mentally I retrace my steps, and again in thought enter “those substantial walls.”

See, what a noble building lies before us! But for its name one might fancy oneself in one of our aristocratic mansions.

Passing through the corridor we are, by the courtesy of a medical gentleman, admitted to the receiving-room. Its interior and occupants have riveted our attention. We seem to start at our own footsteps, as they tread the echoless floor; and we feel relieved by being able to sit down, in order that our intrusion may not be so apparent.

On our right lies an infant child, outstretched upon the cushioned form; its breath drawn deeply with that peculiar sound accompanying intense pain; its eyes closed. A by-stander removing, we get a better view of that child's face; now we fear *one* eye is closed for ever. In a low tone, we inquire the cause of the fearful laceration. We find it was produced by the kick of a horse.

On our left, stands a man who is anxiously awaiting his turn to ascertain whether a serious blow has caused the fracture of a bone. At the extreme end of the room, are three or four stout Herculean-looking men surrounding a poor workman, whose hand has just been crushed in a crane. Observe his expressive features, whilst beholding the mutilated limb which he has just uncovered! No hope has he of ever again being able to use it, either for his own benefit or for the benefit of those depending upon his labor for their daily bread. How agonising is his look, whilst lifting the fingers all but severed, and letting them again hang down—accompanied by that relaxation of the features so indicative of despair!

A movement in the next room has now broken the spell that had fixed upon all beholders. The hurrying to and fro of the nurse, with the appearance of some of the medical staff, tell us of the conclusion of

some surgical operation, and we behold the subject of it carried through on a litter.

Our friend now returns, with an apology for having kept us waiting so long; and he kindly offers himself as our Cicerone through the building. Gladly, most gladly do we quit this scene, fraught with so much fearful excitement, and change it for the less painful one of a stroll through the wards. What an air of perfect cleanliness prevails therein! and what order! Surely *all* that poor human nature requires for its physical comfort, is here provided; and as our eye wanders from ward to ward, from bed to bed, we cannot but bestow a heartfelt blessing upon the philanthropic individuals who are the supporters of *such* an institution!

Let us particularly notice the beds provided for persons afflicted with spinal complaints. The most wealthy in the land could have nothing better adapted for easing their sufferings; and as for nurses, the attendants here far surpass in tenderness and true feeling, four-fifths of the pampered, and over-fed nurses who live “in great houses.” There are restorative agents too of the most expensive character,—and these without limit, and medical advisers out of number.

Then how cheering to the eye, how grateful to the ear, to note the convalescents holding converse with their friends or relations,—rejoicing in the hope of soon being able to depart! How full of gratitude for the past, how full of hope for the future!

Our guide ever and anon courteously directs attention to some interesting case of surgery; but these I shall not dwell on, as it is not my wish to harrow up the feelings. Having now traversed the extent of the building which is open to public inspection, we descend to the ground floor. And who is this before us? It is a poor sufferer, who has just left the receiving-room,—after having (without a murmur) submitted to the amputation of three fingers! Look at his remaining thumb and little finger! Poor fellow! we shall indeed think of *you*, whilst in the full enjoyment of a perfect hand. May our gratitude for the preservation of such a gift, be in proportion to its great value!

Our observation is now directed to an *escrutoire*, in which are being replaced the various instruments that have just been used. “How multifold are they in name, configuration, and purpose!” “Yes,” said our Cicerone, with an air of professional pride, “if it required the wealth of a Cræsus to purchase an instrument which could effectively add to the number, we would obtain it.” He said this with an energy that delighted us.

He then told us that the wants of the

patients were studied in the minutest details, even to a glass of water; and showing us one of Ransome's Patent Filters, he said,—“Look at the water produced from this. It is not only clear, but chemically wholesome. Bright as the purest diamond, it cools the parched lips of these poor sufferers,—nor do they care for aught else. We consider the refrigerant powers of this simple draught cannot be too highly commended.” We were curious to taste this water; and found it indeed delicious. Being filtered through stone, it had none of the impurities peculiar to the common filters; nor was the water decomposed by the process,—a grand desideratum this.* How truly attentive to the wants of the sufferer are the medical advisers at these noble institutions! No money is spared, where benefit is derivable.

Before taking our leave, we inquired of our worthy guide,—how many unfortunate applicants sought relief in the course of one week? His answer was,—“Sometimes we have as many as 250!”

Who can read this, without feeling proud of the institutions of his country? T.

* Our Correspondent is evidently alluding to the Filter of which we took special notice in OUR JOURNAL, page 189.

PAST AND PRESENT.

Yes, the summer was bright, with its birds and its flowers,

That warbled and blossom'd near every green tree!

But if Nature was gay, far more sweet were the hours

That pass'd far too quickly for pleasure and me.

The leaves are all fallen, the flowers are dead,

The wind whistles cold where the sun used to shine;

And the birds, like false friends in affliction have fled

To a land that is warmer and brighter than mine.

And oft as I sit at the close of the day,

And muse on the changes that come o'er the scene,

I grieve for the hopes that have vanish'd away,

With the birds and the flowers, and the joys that have been.

The flowers will bloom when the winter has past;

The birds will return with the first breath of spring;

But the hopes which I cherish'd were too bright to last,

And joy from my heart has for e'er taken wing.

Then lay me alone in the cold silent tomb,

Where the leaves and the flowers, as they wither'd, have gone;

For 'tis right that those objects should witness my doom,

Which gazed on my joy and then left me to mourn!

F.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

THE CLOUDS OF HEAVEN.

A BEAUTIFUL sight it is, to stand and gaze on the clear blue firmament above! It is charming to watch the light feathery clouds as they seem to come into being before our eyes, and then rapidly change their forms, and pass away; or to behold the dense white vapors gather in masses of ever-changing form, assuming the most fantastic shapes, or seeming to grow up into lofty, snow-capped mountains. We have often gone abroad into the fields, on a lovely autumnal evening, when all was calm around, and the feathered tribes were seeking their repose. The setting sun was illuminating the earth with its last rays—“the clouds above with golden edgings glow,”—and all the western sky was lighted up, in the most brilliant and gorgeous manner, in colors that are nowhere else to be seen. Have we not admired such a sight as this? Have we not sometimes asked—“Who can paint so glorious a scene?” Now, all this beauty, and this ever-varying picture, is caused simply by the sun's rays falling upon those clouds aloft, as they are constantly arranging themselves in new and fantastic groups. It is a great pleasure to all who are lovers of nature, to watch their changing forms. The clouds, indeed, appear the most fleeting objects in nature. There seems to be no order or regularity in their motions or their shapes.

Clouds are generally believed to be composed of an immense number of hollow globules collected together. Each one of these very much resembles the soap-bubbles blown with a tobacco-pipe; only so exceedingly small that they are not visible to the eye, except when collected in masses. In this condition the clouds are capable of floating aloft in the air. But if, from any circumstance, such as a change in their electric state, they become more closely compacted together, they are then too heavy for the air to support, and therefore must fall to the earth. The more widely the particles which form the cloud are separated from one another, of course the lighter the cloud is, and the higher it will float in the air. Generally, however, they are observed to be not more than one mile from the surface of the ground; though very light fleecy clouds have occasionally been seen as high as five miles, or even more. People who have ever ascended mountains, and been overtaken by a storm, have no doubt observed the clouds rolling in large dark masses below their feet. They have, perhaps, also witnessed the fine sight of a storm raging below, while all has been calm and sunlight above.

Clouds, be it known, present the greatest possible variety of form. Yet they have

been classified or arranged in several classes, according to the different shapes they appear to us to take. All the varied forms which they assume are reduced to six or seven different kinds: which, with a little attention, we may readily learn to distinguish. These various kinds have received different names.

The first kind is called a *cirrus*, or feathery cloud. Clouds of this description usually appear like a number of fine white threads, painted upon a clear blue sky, or like the feathers of a quill. They exhibit the utmost variety, yet always appear of a feathery, or thread-like form. They are the lightest of all the clouds, and are therefore generally seen very high in the sky. They are usually regarded as a sign of wind, and are frequently followed by a storm. No doubt most persons have noticed the long streamers which often stretch out from this kind of cloud; and have learned that when they point upwards, they are a sign of rain, and when downwards, a sign of fair weather.

The second kind is called the *cumulus*, or cloud which appears in heaps, accumulated one upon another. These, in consequence of their dense character, are generally near the earth. Clouds of this kind often indicate fair weather. In this case they begin to form soon after sunrise, and continue to increase till the hottest part of the day. They then gradually diminish, and disappear entirely about sunset. Such clouds are sometimes exceedingly beautiful. As the mass gradually increases, and heap is added to heap, the edges become tipped with the most brilliant white. They grow up into mountains, whose tops seem clothed with the snows of ages, or hang down in festoons of rich drapery. No wonder the poet speaks of the surpassing beauty of "those hanging snow-white palaces," for certainly they almost seem to be creations of some fairy hand.

Those who have often been in the country and walked abroad, as the shades of evening were coming on, cannot fail to have noticed, on a calm evening, the rising of the gentle mist from the lower ground, and from the surface of the river or the lake. They have watched it as it seemed to rise out of the earth. They have seen it as the sun was setting, slowly stealing along, till it has spread over the entire country, and covered the fair landscape with its sober veil. It gradually becomes thicker, and more properly a cloud, as midnight comes on. Frequently it lasts through the whole night; rising, towards morning, higher in the air, when it is dispersed by the rising sun. This is the third kind of cloud. It is called the *stratus*, or cloud that is spread out into a widely-extended sheet. It is the lowest of

all the clouds, since it rests upon the surface of the earth or water. At sunrise it is frequently turned into the *cumulus*. It then may be seen gradually rising in those heaps which are so well known to us, and which have so long been regarded as a sign of fair weather. In November, as the winter's frosts are coming on, this kind of cloud is not changed into the *cumulus*. It hangs over the earth for some time after sunrise, and is well known as the morning fog, which passes away as the sun's rays become more powerful.

These are the three principal varieties of cloud. But, besides these, there are four other forms, which consist of different modifications of those already described. There is, for instance, the cloud which gives a mottled or dappled appearance to the sky; the kind of cloud we so often see in summer, during fine weather. This is the *cirro-cumulus*. It partakes partly of the character of the *cirrus*, and partly of the *cumulus*. It is generally seen in small roundish patches, arranged in regular order. Frequently, too, it appears in distinct layers, at different heights in the sky; "the beauteous semblance of a flock at rest." It is one of the most elegant forms of cloud. It is not only pleasing to the eye; it is pleasing also as a sure sign of fair and warm weather. It is usually formed from the *cirrus*, by the feathery threads of the latter becoming collected in small round masses, and taking a lower position in the sky.

There is also the *cirro-stratus*, which consists of thin streaks of cloud lying regularly side by side, sometimes in a horizontal direction, sometimes slanting across the sky. They often call to mind the appearance of a vast shoal of fish, pursuing their course in the deep. Often, too, it exhibits a thick mass in the middle, passing off at the edges into horizontal streaks along the sky. This cloud is almost always followed by wind and rain. It forms a very beautiful sky, especially when mixed with the *cirro-cumulus*; but it is one which we often regard with distrust, on account of the signs it bears. Very often the *cirro-stratus* and the *cumulus* become united into one. They then form a large dense cloud, called *cumulo-stratus*. This cloud seems to swell up into an enormous overhanging top or crown. It often puts on the appearance of mountain scenery, varied only by darker patches here and there. This is the thunder-cloud, and hence is of course the forerunner of a storm.

None of the forms of cloud we have yet mentioned discharge rain upon the earth. Before they can do this, they must be changed into the *nimbus*, or rain-cloud. This is a cloud whose upper part presents the light feathery appearance of the *cirrus*, while the lower part is in the act of being condensed

into rain, and from it rain is falling. Yet the upper part is generally unseen, except in partial showers; for its base most commonly spreads out into one continued sheet, and obscures the sky. When this sheet breaks, and the sun's bright rays dart through the opening, our hearts grow more light, and nature seems more beautiful than ever; for this, as we well know, is the sign that the rain is about to cease. This breaking-up of the sheet of cloud is not entirely caused by the sun's power, as one might imagine, but by the clouds ceasing to arrive in sufficient quantities to keep up the condensation of the vapor into rain. On the gathering of a storm, the cumulo-stratus often presents a magnificent bank of clouds. This in different parts becomes converted into the nimbus. From the latter the lightning flashes, frequently causing it to appear in one blaze of light, from the base to the crown. Such is the case in storms. But showers are often caused without the different kinds of cloud uniting into one. Whenever there are two layers of cloud spreading out, one above the other, condensation may take place; the rain-cloud may form, and a shower of rain descend upon the earth.

The course of the clouds is as fleeting as the wind; for it is the wind that bears them along. We have often seen one layer of cloud moving in one direction through the sky, while, above this, another layer is moving in just the opposite direction. They are wafted along by the currents of the wind, and these blow from all points of the sky. Whenever they strike against the summits of the mountains, they become condensed, and fall as rain. And it is because the presence of mountains favors the condensation of the clouds, by changing the direction of the currents of air, that mountainous countries are so subject to rain.

These particulars are carefully abridged from "Hogg's Instructor," a publication of which we have several times spoken in terms of praise.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

Art thou so soon, sweet infant, laid to sleep
In the cold lap of death, to wake no more?—
'Tis for ourselves, not thee, that we must weep.
For thee the world no sorrow has in store,
No care;—nor wilt thou ever feel again
The bitter lot of sickness or of pain.

And oh! how blest! Ere sin thy soul could harm
Thou wast borne hence, where faith may thee
behold

Encircled by thy gracious Saviour's arm,—
One of the flock within his peaceful fold.
He leads them all; but in his bosom bears
The tender lambs. Such blessedness is theirs!

DO WE "LIVE,"—OR "EXIST?"

SEASONABLE THOUGHTS ON VENTILATION,
ETC., ETC.

HOW MANY INDIVIDUALS ARE THERE, who die every year from the circumstance of their breathing foul air!

THE effects which air, pure air, produces on the health of man; on the discharge of his mental and bodily functions; on his spirits, his temper, almost his disposition; on the vigor of his memory, the correctness of his judgment, the brilliancy of his imaginings—are so great, that we make no apology for bringing before our readers the following observations, suggested by the perusal of a valuable medical work (to which we have more than once been indebted) by Dr. Robertson, of Buxton.

The importance of ventilation, much as it has been urged on public attention, is not yet sufficiently estimated. Are not bed-rooms still built much too *low* and small? Are not beds still surrounded with closely-drawn curtains? Are not bed-rooms still crammed with furniture, and their floors *covered* with carpeting—at times even under the beds, where a carpet is not, cannot be wanted? Do not people sleep with the door and windows of the bed-room closed, with a light—and frequently, that light *gas*, burning in their bed-rooms? Can it be contended that they either understand ventilation, or appreciate its value?

The atmospheric air, composed principally of two elements, oxygen and nitrogen, is changed by respiration; and consists, before inspiration, of twenty-one parts of oxygen to seventy-nine parts of nitrogen, or twenty-one per cent. of oxygen. It contains after expiration, probably at the lowest computation, three and a half per cent. of carbonic acid. Thus on an average, twenty-seven and a half cubic inches of carbonic acid are evolved from the lungs every minute, or about forty thousand cubic inches in twenty-four hours, which weigh nearly three pounds, and contain about eleven ounces of carbon.

Now the rapidity with which this vitiation takes place, may be conceived by knowing the fact that at each respiration sixteen cubic inches of air are, on an average, deteriorated; and that about twenty such respirations are taken in a minute; therefore three hundred and twenty cubic inches of air are each minute poisoned by every individual, and rendered unfit for the support of life. The consequences which must follow, even on a simply chemical view of the matter, if a man is confined eight hours in a shut-up bed-room, are obvious enough. But this is not all: with the expired air a large quantity of watery vapor is exhaled from the

lungs; a fact which demonstrates itself by the vapor being condensed in cold weather, and in winter sometimes frozen on the bedroom window; a fact which shows itself in the dampness of the clothes, particularly woollen clothes, which have lain all night in a closely shut-up bed-room. Nor is this all: the skin is actively at work, evolving its secretions; among the rest, a highly volatile, and, in some persons, most offensively smelling substance, which, mixing with the air, taints it more and more—renders it more and more impure; more and more unfit for respiration.

The effect of a burning candle or lamp in increasing these evils, is precisely that which a second person in the room would cause; seeing that, during its combustion, it takes the oxygen from the air, and replaces it by carbonic acid.

The effect of a fire, if it is a very small one, and the room large, is rather favorable to ventilation than otherwise. But this is a nice question, one with difficulty adjusted, and one which, unless the bed-room is particularly large, should not be tried. For if the room is *heated* the air is rarefied, is expanded, occupies a larger space in proportion to its weight, and therefore at each aspiration less air is *really* breathed; the blood is consequently not so freely and completely aerated. But there is likewise another effect. If the air is heated the body is heated, the vessels of the skin excited; and the result is either an excessive secretion of its fluids, and consequent and unnecessary and injurious exhaustion, or, failing this, a hot, and dry, and feverish skin. But even this is not all. Blood, when heated, occupies more bulk, more space; and the consequence is fulness of the vessels, undue pressure on the brain and nerves, and therefore torpifying, lethargic, unrefreshing sleep, or otherwise a restless excitability of system. Both these effects must have often been felt by the man who has indulged himself with a heated bed-room. These effects must have been frequently felt by most men in a hot sitting-room. The first effect of the heat is, usually some sense of oppression in the breathing; this is succeeded by a feeling of drowsiness and torpor, and if this be not relieved, it is followed either by a deep and heavy sleep, or by restlessness and nervous irritability; and, if this state of things be allowed to continue, it is succeeded by languor and exhaustion; the state of system, in fact, in which cold is most sensibly felt, or in which it is most apt to be followed by local determinations of blood, by inflammations, etc.

The bed-room ought not then to be *heated*; but, on the contrary, to be kept as cool as is consistent with the feelings and the health;

and means ought always to be taken to secure a constant change of air in it. For these purposes, either the door ought to be left partially open, or the windows opened a little at the top. No fire ought to be allowed, unless under very particular circumstances, if the room is not unusually large, and even then the fire ought to be a small one. The curtains of the bed ought to be of as light a texture, and they ought to be as little drawn, as possible; the floor only in part carpeted; and there ought to be only necessary chairs, tables, etc. Furniture to a remarkable degree prevents free ventilation; and all woollens, as carpets, absorb the moisture, whether from the breath or in damp weather, and so render the air less pure and more relaxing.

A light ought not to be allowed in a bedroom, if it can be avoided; if it is *necessary*, let it be put in the fireplace. *Gas* ought never to be burned in a bed-room. Of the importance and value of gas it is not for us to speak here. We are not about to decry it as a street-light, or as a shop, or warehouse, or passage-light; but as a mode of lighting dwelling-houses, and especially bed-rooms, we do think that it cannot be sufficiently decried. In itself a *poison*, carburetted hydrogen, or coal-gas, cannot be burned in any hitherto contrived way without allowing some portion to escape unconsumed, and this diffusing itself, is, it is true, diluted, but still it is noxious; and we have repeatedly known it to produce, indeed, we have repeatedly experienced, its bad effects. Even in the theatre and the ball room, many persons must have felt the headache, and giddiness, and sense of faintness, which this unconsumed gas produces. The effect which breathing it, night after night, during sleep, produces, is more insidious; but it is at all events not less considerable. Until gas is rendered still purer than it yet is, and until a burner can be found *which will enable every particle to be consumed*, it should be banished from the bed-room, the sitting-room; and, unless there is free ventilation, even from the public room or the theatre. People will, we know, offend against this rule—*ergo* they must pay the penalty due to their folly. But now for the bed-room:—

A bed-room ought not to be on the ground floor, but on the first or the second. Yet it is well that it should not be in the upper storey of the house, at least if the house is much exposed to the sun's rays, and the upper rooms are heated by them. For the same reason, it is generally well that the bed-room should not be on the sunny side of the house.

Many persons are in the habit of indulging themselves by having their bed warmed with heated coals every night; and they would,

probably, if the practice were reprov'd as wrong, say, that if it were not done they would be chilled by the coldness of the bed; and, not recovering their heat, would pass sleepless nights. That they believe what they say, is more than likely.

But instead of being satisfied with this answer, they should ask themselves, "Why is it that I require my bed to be warmed, whilst most people contrive to do without any such indulgence?" A heated bed is injurious. If heated with coals, the air of the room is deteriorated by their combustion, if not by their smoke; and, however heated, it enervates, it weakens, it renders the skin susceptible to modifications of temperature; and therefore, the system liable to suffer from the ordinary vicissitudes of our climate. Why is it wanted? Is the man in a debilitated state? If so, we would say, indulge him until he has recovered his strength. Is he laboring under some severe disease? Does it soothe and tranquillise him, and can it not make him worse? Well then, under such circumstances, continue the practice. But is the man in moderate health? Then, depend upon it, the chances are, either that he keeps himself in a heated atmosphere, dreading lest the *winds of Heaven should visit him too roughly*, or his stomach is weak, or disordered, or some of the organs concerned in the digestion of his food have either too much to do, or are more or less disturbed in their functions. Let such a man try the effect of a regulated and moderate diet, of temperance, of daily exercise in the open air; and, till these have exerted their influence, let him keep his feet warm by a bottle filled with hot water, or any similar contrivance, and till then, or even afterwards, let him substitute calico for linen sheets.

We have said enough to show the folly, the inutility, and injurious effects of a heated atmosphere in the bed-room. We would, with some modifications, extend these remarks to the sitting-room. The cooler it is, consistently with health, the better; and, if the individual takes enough exercise, if he uses muscles enough, and uses them sufficiently, and if he is as much out of doors as he ought to be, he will not, even in the depth of winter, require much fire, and will moreover be content to have the door of the room open, or the windows partially so at the top. This may seem an outrageous sort of doctrine—one subversive of fire-side comfort; but let us remind the reader that there is no comfort without health, and it is for, and in the behalf of health, that we are writing. But what is better known, than the stupifying effects of a hot room on a social or family party? What is better known to the man who studies much, than the impossibility of applying his mind to serious business in a hot,

or even warm room, from the lethargy which it always produces?

But further; and it is perhaps even more important—this undue heat increases the chance of suffering from exposure to cold air; not only by heating the body and making the contrast between them greater, but by producing exhaustion, and in this way it renders the risk infinitely greater. It is in this way that the heated ball-room or theatre does so much harm, laying the train for so many afflicting cases of premature death. It is not only by the contrast between the temperature within and that without, but by the exhausted condition into which the heat throws those who have been exposed to its influence; the condition in which the circulation of the blood in the skin, being languid, is most easily checked, and the blood, thrown on some internal, and probably, vital organ, sows the seeds of consumption, &c. &c.

Enough has been said of the temperature of rooms; it need only be added, that fires certainly subserve, more or less, the purpose of ventilators, by heating the air and causing it to go up the chimney,—that air being replaced by cold air, which enters at the door or the windows. And therefore, if rooms are heated by steam-pipes, or in any similar way, it is necessary to adopt more active and unusual means to secure ventilation.

AN ENGLISH COTTAGE.

IN A BOOK called "English Items," written by an American (Mr. M. Ward), is a pretty sketch of an English cottage. Mr. Ward's picture may be relied on for correctness. He hates our country and our countrymen most bitterly; but his spleen seems to have left him for a few minutes while journeying by rail from Liverpool to London. Tarrying on the road, he wandered among some rustic dwellings; and here he saw something that pleased him:—

"I do admire," he says "that pretty little modest cottage, with its gable-end hung with a dark mantle of ivy, and its door half-curtained with clambering roses and honeysuckles! On its window-sills are ranged modest pots of heliotropes and mignonette, breathing out their sweet odors upon the happy inmates of the lowly cot. In the little yard of grassplots and flowers, a stately cock conveys his numerous hens, which are busily scratching and pecking for worms, regardless of his proffered gallantries. Chanticleer glories in his charge, and loudly crows as he flaps his burnished wings of gold. In the stable-yard stands an old white horse, freckled with age, munching his oats beside a rough Shetland pony. Snugly reposing under the shed was a red milch cow, chewing the cud as she dozed unmindful of our momentary presence. A large peacock, with the gorgeous glories of its tail spread to their utmost, strutted swiftly along in solitary grandeur, the

gaudy monarch of birds. On the roof-shaped hayrick, a whole flock of pigeons were dozing in a line, with their heads tucked comfortably under their wings; and the noisy Guinea-fowls shrieked wildly below. What a snug picture of home comforts to excite all the enthusiasm of romantic young advocates of "love in a village!"

WOMEN AND NOVELS.

'Tis EDUCATION forms a WOMAN'S mind,—
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.
POPE.

I DO NOT THINK, my dear sir, that any one will call YOU "illiberal," yet must I break a lance with you on the subject of some remarks of yours, at page 190. You there say, that the lamentable existing "deformities in the minds of females are in a great measure attributable to the unrestricted perusal of Novels and Tales of Fiction." I really think this is an incorrect judgment of yours; and it requires some explanation.

Had your remark been confined to the class of romances and similar masses of impossible absurdities to be found in the CHEAP PUBLICATIONS of the present day, your condemnation of them would have been more deserved. In my opinion, you should blame—not the novels, but the style of education, which not merely permits but encourages their perusal. We should then arrive much nearer to a radical truth.

The reading of the low class of books to which I allude, is not the cause of the deformities of mind which you and all who love the sex so much condemn. It is merely one of the effects of the imperfect education of the female mind, so paramount in the present day. A woman's mind would, if properly cultivated, soon discard every species of common-place trash—sending it to the tomb of all the Capulets.

I am not a novel reader, or a novel writer; but I freely admit having oftentimes derived not only pleasure and amusement, but much valuable information and instruction from the perusal of some works of fiction. They are written by persons of no inconsiderable pretension to education and talent; and amongst them, that great moral philanthropist, Crabb, may be numbered. From such writers, nothing objectionable can well emanate; and their works cannot have the demoralising effects you attribute to them.

On the contrary, I feel sure that (as an auxiliary to education,) lessons of filial tenderness, and guides to the development of the human mind into channels that could not fail to lead to love and respect—are to be often found firmly portrayed in the majority of good novels; when any such lessons would be sought in vain elsewhere. You, natural philanthropist as you are,

would say "Nature is the best teacher;" but be reasonable, my dear sir. Tell me what sort of figure a natural (strictly natural) young lady would cut in the world, in the present day. No, no; if we cannot have them what we wish, it appears to me to be wiser to train them into that path which is best calculated to carry them through the world with credit to themselves and advantage to those about them.

To do this satisfactorily, let the mind of the fair sex—and not their figure, be made the first object of cultivation. I would try to make them believe that

"Comforts, yea! joys ineffable, they find
Who seek the prouder pleasures of the mind."

I would see them taught to "think;" then, rely on it, their own judgment would very soon prevent them from reading any work owing its origin to a mind less cultivated or less elevated than their own. They could not enjoy such a work; nor need you fear turning them loose into any circulating library. They would not be long in culling the flowers, and leaving the weeds.

How this much-to-be-desired improvement in education is to be attained, is, I admit, a matter of no ordinary difficulty; for one evil has grown upon another until it has become almost insurmountable. The fact is, "accomplishments" are so much sought after, that even in the education of those intended to become "teachers," little else is thought of. Do we ever hear of a mother in want of a governess who troubles herself to ask any thing of her qualifications—beyond music, French, and, perhaps, drawing? All else is a matter of indifference; if not deemed absolutely needless. Thus it may not be unfairly assumed, that by far too many of those who usurp the title of governess in the present day know little or nothing of the branches of education which would assist their pupils in the formation of their minds,—storing them with those rich fruits which would tend to render them cultivated beings, instead of, as now, mere dolls.

The desire on the part of the middle classes for "private education" (so called), is one of England's besetting sins. We must be "apeing our betters." The value of emulation is lost sight of in the desire to be able to repeat, after my Lady Noodle, "we have a private governess." But where, may I ask, is the value of emulation to be found, better than at a seminary? Take any twenty of the men who have become known in this country for talent,—no consequence from what class you select them, whether in politics, medicine, law, or literature. Now, you will not find that any one of them owed the development and cultivation of his talent to a private tutor; but simply to that emulation which, whether at a school or in a college, is unavoidable.

Who can doubt that the mind of a female is open to the same influences, and that girls at school are just as susceptible of early impressions as boys? Why, then, should a different system be observed? and why, in a family, should the boys be sent to school to become useful members of society, and the girls kept at home to be turned into pretty ornamental toys?

I am aware that in thus discouraging the "manufacture" of governesses, some other opening ought to be found for female occupation. One great—perhaps the greatest impediment to this, is the employment of men in situations which ought to be exclusively filled by women. This is in some measure also the fault of the description of education I have been condemning; for it is not easy to find women sufficiently grounded in rudimental education to qualify them for such situations. If, however, an opening were afforded them for the exercise of such qualifications, their natural quickness would soon prevent this from being an excuse. But whilst so many thousands of young men are allowed to usurp situations which I have always considered degrading to manhood (and which ought to be exclusively filled by females), so long will the present imperfect education of females continue.

In all our light businesses, young women are far better adapted to officiate behind the counter than men. It is a most disgusting anomaly to see (so called) "men" measuring yards of tape, and descanting upon the fall of a lady's dress!—over-grown fellows (perhaps six feet high), who look as though nothing but their dainty fingers prevented them from lifting a plough; but who lend themselves to the inculcation of lectures upon the "fascination of a Moire Antique, and the splendid effect of a French brocade."—Ugh!!

C. GOODWYN.

TIME AND LOVE.

An artist painted Time and Love;
Time with two pinions spread above,
And Love without a feather;
Sir Harry patronised the plan,
And soon Sir Hall and Lady Ann
In wedlock came together.

Copies of each the dame bespoke:
The Artist, ere he drew a stroke,
Reversed his old opinions;
And straightway to the fair one brings
Time in his turn devoid of wings,
And Cupid with two pinions.

"What blunder's this?" the lady cries;
"No blunder, Madam," he replies,
"I hope I'm not so stupid—
Each has his pinions in his day,
Time, before marriage, flies away;
And—after marriage, Cupid."

VULGAR ERRORS,—No. I.

That man is a public benefactor, who dares to declare "things as they are," and who seeks to set "crooked things straight."
FRANKLIN.

IT IS CURIOUS TO OBSERVE, how Old Wives' Fables and Sayings prevail throughout succeeding generations. They become household words; and are handed down from family to family as truths which must not be argued against or disputed.

"Blind as a Mole," is one of these vulgar errors of speech. We have exposed it at much length, in one of our earlier numbers; and now append a very interesting article, bearing on the same question, which appears in one of the better class of cheap periodicals.* We may observe, *en passant*, that we wish these said cheap periodicals were (*all* of them) more wholesome in their tendency,—more impressed with the importance of rightly directing the minds of our rising youth—more free from religious intolerance and sectarian taint.

We understand that the aggregate number of "cheap" weekly periodicals sold, may be counted by millions. What a fearful power then rests in the hands of their respective proprietors!—Editors, *of course*, there are none. We very frequently glance at some of them; and amongst much that is good, we find, *invariably*, that the EVIL largely preponderates,—not overtly but covertly. The poisoned barb lurks beneath the tempting bait. Intolerance, infidelity, indelicacy, and grossness, are veiled by what is called "innocent amusement."

The articles consist, for the most part, of love-tales, romances, Newgate Calendar details of crime, seduction, murder, &c., &c. The miscellanies are made up of good and bad; the latter are usually in the proportion of at least two to one. Then, the "Notices to Correspondents,"—what filthy, impure, and immodest "answers" are there given about courtship, &c., to maids, wives, and widows! This, every week, in *one* of the penny periodicals! Thus are our domestic servants corrupted, our ladies'-maids irretrievably ruined in principle, and other members of our household demoralised,—in thought, if not in action. By the way, the *Morning Post* has been lately very eloquent on this subject.

Many a father, and many a mother, may be heard in Manchester, Liverpool, and other large towns, cursing with a loud voice the proprietors of these cheap penny periodicals. They have been the means of breaking thousands of hearts, and of causing the transportation of children innumerable. Attracted by the wood engravings—a deep lure

* The *Leisure Hour*.

these; and seduced by meretricious pictures artfully brought under the eye (these literary vampires go to work with an energy worthy of a better cause),—the eye sees, the passions become inflamed, the senses are captivated. The victim reads, imbibes the poison; and perhaps, from that very hour may be dated her (or his) ruin. The present alarming state of society is attributable (if not solely, at all events to a frightful extent) to the weekly issue of these cheap abominations. The letters we receive on the subject are heart-rending.

Whilst so much pelf is derivable from the sale of this mental poison (whose proprietors have but "one" idea,—money), vain is it for us, and for our respectable brethren of the press, to raise our united voices. We are barking continually, as public watch-dogs; but people get used to the bark, and heed it not. Whilst therefore the vampires secure the unthinking, easily-pleased multitude, and live by preying upon their vitals (there remains *another* account to be settled at a future day),—we are content to blow the trumpet and collect the mal-contented who may fly from the enemy's camp. We hardly need remark that our worthy little contemporary, the *Family Herald*, is a most honorable exception among the cheap weeklies.*

But let us now return from this digression, —a digression which, at this season of the year, is called for most loudly; for pleasure and excess will soon have undisputed sway. Our maxim is, — "Be merry, and *wise*." And now, we will pursue our inquiry into the subject of "Blind as a Mole:"—

On a bright sunshiny day, "in the merry month of May," a few years ago, I found myself, in company with an old schoolfellow, scrambling all-fours over an abrupt piece of rock, which looks up on the one side to Edina's hoary-headed guardian, Arthur's Seat, and down on the other into the placid face of Duddingston Loch. The spot is, to a certain extent, historic ground, for along this little valley the young chevalier's army defiled, in 1745, on their way to the field of Preston Pans. I cannot exactly say what was the aim of our walk; certainly my friend had an eye to the picturesque, and inhaled many a good draught of light and shade; while I picked up tiny morsels of grass and trashy-looking weeds, eyeing them with greater glee than the Bathurst or San Francisco pilgrim fingers his jaundice-faced idol.

Having no exclusive object in our ramble, we felt at liberty to draw amusement and instruction from anything, whether from the cirrus clouds, chasing each other across the clear blue field of Heaven, or those noisy gentlemen the sable daws, careering round the distant towers of old Craig-Millar Castle. The attention of my companion

was attracted by a rustling noise close under his feet; and making a by no means graceful descent to the spot whence it proceeded, he noticed appearing from a compact mass of stones and rubbish, the hind-quarters of a dark rat-looking animal, which seemed violently convulsed by vain efforts to pierce further into the ground.

To solve, if possible, his difficulty, I joined him; and seizing the stumpy tail with as great glee, and almost with the same effect, as the malicious "cutty-sark" did that of the poor "mare Maggy"—pulled, from its dark and winding retreat, a struggling mole. Many of our country readers, when boys, may have thoughtlessly caught such by means of a trap—thoughtlessly we say, for the mole is not an animal to be foolishly destroyed, as it often has been. As suddenly as a greasy-tailed pig the animal slipped from my fingers, and before I could retake him, was half buried among the roots of the grass: but when swung comfortably in a pocket handkerchief, escape was impossible, and home we went with our prize, which puffed and snorted in the worst imaginable humor.

Anxious to watch the habits of our singular friend, a temporary habitation was constructed for him, from an old tea chest; on which was fitted a glass lid with sufficient apertures to admit an abundant supply of air. A quantity of earth served him for a bed; and worms, in dozens, constituted his daily rations. Could any reasonable mole desire more? And yet, on the third day from his capture, he was among the things which were!

Believing that some little interest may be taken even in a humble mole, I purpose to detail our observations; first, on his habits, and then on his structure. Determined to decide for ourselves, if possible, the much-vexed question of the mole's "eyes, or no eyes," we set about a series of simple experiments to test our friend's susceptibility to light. Of course we had the authority of many naturalists in favor of his eyesight; and, among the rest, that of old Buffon. But, unfortunately for the credibility of all his statements, we had also read in the same gentleman's work, that four hundred men breakfasted on the egg of a dodo, and this dreadful swallow made us very suspicious.

As the box in which the mole resided was provided with a glass top, we could at pleasure keep him in comparative darkness, or shower upon him a flood of light, by simply moving the gas flame so as to have it shaded by the side of the box, or placed in full blaze above the glass.

When in the former state, the little nibbler devoured his supper of worms with great avidity; seeming to be as comfortable on the surface of the mould as if in his subterranean burrow. But no sooner was the light brought to bear upon him than he displayed the utmost uneasiness, and dived into the profundity of the soil. In his marches also (which, by the way, though not so full of grace as a dancing-master's walk, were yet far from ungainly), he invariably appeared cognizant of the presence of an opposing obstacle without coming in actual contact with it; and turned right or left, face about, in quite a dignified style. In some instances the smell of the obstacle might have been the indicator of its presence; but in order to overrule this objection, a variety of objects were employed, as the human hand, a piece of wood, a table-knife, a bit of looking-glass,

* We prove this, by so frequently extracting from its stores of *useful* knowledge.

a tea-plate, and several other articles; and invariably with the same result. So that the next time a man runs his head against a post, we will try to forget the old saying, as blind as a mole."

In pursuit of his prey, we had another proof of our friend's eyesight. A few worms were dropped quietly into the box, out of the mole's sight. They speedily crept into the mould; but, in their perambulations again, saw light at intervals, not unfrequently a few inches before Mr. Mole's nose. Woe betide the unhappy wight who did so! He was carefully watched until an opportunity occurred of getting him endwise into the sharp-toothed jaws of his destroyer; when he was quietly munched up, just as a child would munch a stick of barley-sugar. This last fact was one of the most interesting which came under our observation. Why, with his strong jaws and lancet teeth, he would not seize a worm by the side (as I have seen a water-newt do scores of times), and make his own of it, instead of allowing one after another to scamper off from between his very jaws,—I cannot understand; but that such is the case, I am well-assured. Our verdict on the eyes of the mole amounts to this,—*that the mole does see*, but that his range of vision is very limited.

Having thus declared that our friend has the power of sight, it would be still more satisfactory to find, if possible, his eyes. For this purpose a party of young naturalists sat on his body; while one, with all the sage demonstrativeness of a Cuvier, proceeded with the work of dissection. As our observations on dissection of the head entirely agree with those of H. K. Creed, Esq., of Christ's College, Cambridge, and published by him in the "Naturalist," February, 1852, it will suffice to give his account. "Having lately," he says, "been carefully examining the eyes of the common mole, I find that the little black tubercles which are seen, on turning aside the hair, on each side of the head, have each an optic nerve communicating with the brain." This is sufficient proof that the reviled little animal in question enjoys the blessings of sight; for surely an All-wise Creator would never form an animal with all the apparatus for vision, and yet deny it the use of it.

Passing now from the eyes to the general structure of the mole, the first thing that strikes us on removing his coat is the extraordinary development of the muscles on the forepart of his body, in comparison with the hinder quarter. The arms, or fore-legs, are short, stiff-looking appendages, and covered with what would seem to be a superabundance of flesh. This, however, is not the case; large as the quantity is, it is firm, useful flesh, giving healthy strength to every action of the body. The chest also is protected by a thick and broad expansion of muscles. But, lack-a-day for the hind legs, they are as poor as a rat's. Certain it is, that were the creature divided about the middle into two pieces, it would be difficult to get over the impression that the one part belonged to a larder resident, and the other to a poor half-starved outcast. The aim in this unequal distribution of flesh is very evident. From the nature of the mole's habits, it requires prodigious strength in its fore-quarters, that it may overcome the many obstacles to its subterranean explorations.

Nor is the difference in the skeleton less marked. The bones of the hind leg exhibit no material difference from the corresponding bones in higher animals, being elongated and cylindrical in shape, as in the legs of a hare or rabbit. In the fore-legs, however, we have a structure which almost defies description. Let us begin with the scapula, or shoulder-blade, which, in man and most other mammals, assumes a somewhat triangular form; having two flat faces, one of which is ornamented with an upright ridge. This bone is familiar to every one who has picked the fiddle-bone of a rabbit. In the mole, the scapula loses its expanded form; and appears as a sprismatic club, with three sharp edges, and furrows between them. Collar-bones attach the shoulder-joint to the breast-bone, and are present only in a few of the lower animals,—as monkeys, kangaroos, bats, and two or three others. In shape, it may be said generally to resemble Hogarth's line of beauty; being a long and beautifully curved bone. Next let us look at the humerus. Instead of a fine long cylindrical bone, a shortened, flattened, and sinuated piece of osseous matter is presented; with curves and points, and flats, and depressions, sufficient to puzzle a mathematician. The aim of this wonderful formation of bone is the same as that of the large development of muscle; namely, to give sufficient strength to enable the burrowing creature to overcome almost any difficulties, and resist impending dangers, which would inevitably destroy an animal of another organisation.

It is impossible, in contemplating the anatomy of such a creature, not to feel that it is as perfect in its kind as the gigantic elephant, or the well-proportioned horse; and that it is as forcibly displays the power, wisdom, and goodness of the great and benevolent Maker of us all.

Subjects on natural history, treated thus popularly, and written in so amiable a spirit, cannot but excite attention. How refreshing it would be to meet with many more such specimens; but alas! they are rare indeed!

CHILDHOOD.

Our youth! our childhood! that spring of springs!
'Tis surely one of the blessedest things

That nature ever invented!

When the rich are wealthy beyond their wealth,
And the poor are rich in spirits and health,
And all with their lots contented!

There's little Phelim, he sings like a thrush,
In the selfsame pair of patchwork plush,
With the selfsame empty pockets,
That tempted his daddy so often to cut
His throat, or jump in the water-butt—
But what cares Phelim? an empty nut
Would sooner bring tears to their sockets.

Give him a collar without a skirt,
That's the Irish linen for shirt,
And a slice of bread, with a taste of dirt,
That's Poverty's Irish butter.
And what does he lack to make him blest?
Some oyster-shells, or a sparrow's nest,
A candle-end and a gutter.

T. HOOD.

THOUGHTS ON SOMNAMBULISM.

WHAT A REMARKABLE THING is somnambulism! How mysterious in its operations; how very singular in its effects! I have been led to notice this subject, from having very recently had an opportunity of making some observations on a case of the kind. The individual to whom I allude, had been under my notice for five or six weeks. He was of the phlegmatic temperament, and about twenty years old. He had been accustomed to the habit of walking in his sleep from childhood; though the habit had increased with his age. One other member of the same family, I may remark, was also subject to it.

Its mode of manifestation was by midnight wanderings, whilst in a state of sleep. The somnambule would go into nearly every room in the house which was accessible; there busying himself in moving about or arranging various articles which were in the way. These peregrinations took place nearly every night; and everything that was "remarkable" generally commenced at a certain hour—(between twelve and one).

This person would sometimes do the most extraordinary things; things which would appear almost incredible, although well-attested. He would go out of doors, and after crossing two or three fields, and a narrow plank over a bridge, he would return. He also performed various domestic duties, such as usually require some little skill; viz., lighting a fire, unlocking and unbarring a door, wrapping up parcels, &c.

When we remember that these things were done without the assistance of the eyes, and by the sense of touch *only*,—does it not appear marvellous? The individual referred to was sometimes watched while in this state, and followed; when, if addressed, he would reply to any questions asked. The answers were, of course, frequently *mal-à-propos*; and appeared to have reference to some imaginary circumstance that had taken place.

Another remarkable peculiarity in this case was, that on the following morning *there was a recollection of what had taken place the previous night*, although it only left the shadowy impress of a dream! In most cases I have read of, the persons affected were unconscious of it. It is very difficult, I should imagine, to cure their mania; for, when the doors have been secured, certain somnambulists have been known to make their exit from the windows. It is just possible that constant watching of the person, and rousing him on any attempt to quit the apartment, might lessen its effect. Somnambulism has excited many speculations. It is evidently of a different nature

to talking and muttering in one's sleep, which is not very uncommon. Shakspeare says—"There are a kind of men so loose of soul, that in their sleep will mutter their affairs." I am not enough of a physiologist to explain the cause; possibly, there is some peculiarity in the conformation of the brain, which induces this species of delirium; there is evidently an unequal effect on the senses; for while part of them are in a state of torpor the rest are unweariedly active. A phrenologist might perhaps ascribe it to an undue excitement of the organ of ideality; or probably the organ of memory may be deficient.

Somnambulism has very likely been the cause of many of the ghost stories which have been propagated in all ages. Let us suppose a case as above; where an individual is in the habit of promenading, dressed only in his *robe de chambre*. If seen by any person not acquainted with the circumstance, the latter imagines he beholds an apparition. Too terrified to approach, and examine the cause, he becomes convinced of the reality of "spiritual appearances;" and spreads terror amongst his neighbors. Something similar has been introduced by Shakspeare in his tragedy of *Macbeth*, where Lady Macbeth repeats the circumstances of the murder committed. It is also the basis of the popular opera *La Sonnambula*, wherein the heroine, *Amina* is first disgraced but afterwards vindicated by means of a similar *denouement*. The doctor in *Macbeth* remarks, "I have known those who have walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds." May this prove true of all who are thus afflicted!—CERURA.

SUMMER—ADIEU!

Good bye to thee, Summer, I bid thee adieu!
For the leaves of the forest are faded and few;
The breath of Old Winter hath silvered the spray,
And night is fast creeping on beautiful day.

Good bye to thee, Summer, in woodland and dell
The flowers have bade thee for ever farewell;
The smile of thy coming their race will restore,
But they, dearest Summer, will meet thee no more!

Good bye to thee, Summer; our parting doth seem
To me as the close of a beautiful dream,
Which fancy hath wreathed in radiance so bright,
And broken her spell in the darkness of night.

Farewell, oh farewell then, and thou wilt away:
I ask not why hurry, nor bid thee to stay,
Nor vainly repine—chilly Winter must reign—
But hope, dearest Summer, to meet thee again.

Good bye to thee, Summer, I bid thee adieu!
For the leaves of the forest are faded and few;
The breath of Old Winter hath silvered the spray,
And night is fast creeping on beautiful day.

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

No living thing can long remain stationary. It either goes forward or it speedily dies. This is the law of Nature.
ST. PIERRE.

WHO THAT IS AT ALL acquainted with the great thoroughfares of London, is not familiar with the stereotyped policeman's phrase—"Move on!" We have heard it scores of times—many times even in the course of a single peregrination,—varied in tone and varied in emphasis, according to the circumstances and temperament of the speakers, but always having the same bustling importance and authoritative meaning. For instance, policeman No. A 1 being naturally polite, as policemen should be, begs a few decent people gathered about a person fainting in the street, to "Be so good as to *move on*." No. A 2, a man of quite another temper, shouts to a crowd congregated about a capsized cabriolet, that they "really must *move on*." No. A 3, who rejoices in mild measures, and never draws a truncheon, or says a harsh thing if he can help it, advises, in a confidential sort of way, some inquisitive people watching the laying down of the telegraph wires in the Strand, that the stoppage of the thoroughfare is undesirable, and that they had "better *move on*!" No. A 4, who happens to be on duty at Exeter Hall on an oratorio-night, and has been much annoyed by the witticisms of a crowd of London boys, vociferates,—“Now then, *move on* there, will yer?” And so on down to the last number of the division, and the last of the divisions themselves, you will hear, under all conceivable circumstances, characteristic variations of this constantly-recurring stock phrase—"Move on!"

And this trite and familiar phrase is in pretty constant use by other people than policemen; and none know this better than they who happen to be temporarily or permanently under the orders of another.

The schoolboy whining over his lessons, and wasting in idleness the hours that should be devoted to study, is perfectly familiar with the command to "move on!" uttered in tones that mean mischief in case of non-compliance. The parish apprentice, bound hand and foot to the will of a tyrannical master, half-fed, hardly used, and decidedly inclined to laziness, is no less familiar with the frequent order to "move on," enforced by an emphasis of kicks or cuffs to aid his powers of comprehension and make him lively. The forlorn-looking, wizened little milliner's errand-girl that you so often pity (bearing in her hands a huge band-box that, light as it looks, appears out of all proportion to her strength), as she patters along the streets so hurriedly, ever hears, or seems to hear behind her, the shrilly voice of her

shrewish mistress urging her to "move on!" Aye! and even the "first-hand milliner," as the public prints have shown, is but too familiar with the everlasting cry, dinned into her ears for twenty weary hours out of the weary twenty-four. The omnibus conductor and driver are all their lives long without rest, even on the "day of rest," subject to the same insatiate demand at the hands of their time-keepers, the police, and the public. The drudge in the lawyer's office knows well the sound—as well as the miserable "maid of all work" in the lodging-house knows it,—and hears it rung out every minute of the day from the twenty bells she is expected to answer. The street-porter, the burly drayman, the Smithfield drover, and the Italian image-boy, are all well accustomed to the ever-haunting, never-ceasing command by impatient Power enjoined on patient Labor, to—"move on!"

You meet with it in the streets, in the marts of business, amongst the wharves, on the railways, in cotton-mills and manufactories—

"Everywhere—everywhere—over the world;"

restless as the hyena, insatiable as avarice, unresting as the ocean. This island of ours is one great kingdom of activity, and "Move on!" is its mighty monarch.

Even the house you call your "castle"—your own peculiar dwelling, where, if anywhere, you may hope to be free from the carking cares and incessant cravings of commercial life,—even the *home* you love is not exempt from the pervading influence and dominion of this universal despot. "Move on" reigns supreme from cellar to attic, from closet to kitchen. You issue the mandate yourself freely to your clerk, your journeyman, your laborer, your apprentice, and your errand-boy. Your wife does the same to her first-born, her second, her third, down to the "Benjamin" of the household. Very properly, too, does she say "move on" to the sturdy stroller, who pleads starvation at her door; to the itinerant orchestras on wheels that grind Mozart and murder Mendelssohn at her windows; to the parish beadles, bell-ringers, and such locustry that swarm upon her with the "compliments of the season" at Christmas time; and to the whole tribe of domestics under her care, more frequently still—as indeed, in all probability, there is but too much need.

Your "Young Hopeful" uses the phrase to his small brothers and sisters, his school-fellows and playfellows; your cook uses it to the scullion; the scullion to the "boy" who "looks after" your live stock; and he, in his turn, finds use enough for it in his own department. In short, everywhere in your "old house at home"—

"Up stairs, and down stairs,
And in my lady's chamber,"

you hear daily and hourly, and almost momentarily, this stirring injunction to—"move on!"

Nor does there appear to us to be anything unreasonable in obedience to this universal requirement to "move on!" All things are moving on: and who are you that you should defy this "imperial ukase" of nature! The pleasant air around you, the placid stream at your feet, the beauteous clouds above you, and the "firm-set earth" itself on which you stand, are moving. The solemn sea in the summer calm, the surging ocean in the winter's storm, and the fair bosom of the inland lake, played on by the passing breeze, are moving too. The leaves of the forest, the stately oak, the drooping willow, the quivering aspen, the painted flora, and the emerald grass-blade are moving to and fro. All things above, beneath, and around, that live and have their being, *move*;—the soaring eagle and minute ephemera, the "king of beasts" and microscopic insect, the great leviathan and tiny animalcule, *move*! Above—

"That bright-orb'd maiden,
With white fire laden,
Which mortals call the *Moon*,"

circles round her planetary centre; the planet around the sun; the entire system around some vaster orb; and so, throughout the silent regions of space—quiet, but not quiescent,—satellite, and sun, and stars, and nebulae "weave their mystic dance," and, with a stately melody,—*"move on!"*

All that does not "move on," as a general rule, stagnates; and stagnation brings forth death. It is the circulation of the vital fluid within the veins, aided by the piston-like pulsations of the heart—that most perfect engine—that give life and health. A moment's stoppage would be fatal. The instincts of our nature prompt to action; and the youngest child feels the impulse to healthful motion. So strong indeed is the passion for movement throughout life, that it renders even the oldest, impatient of quiescence. And if the instincts of our physical nature prompt us to activity, no less do those of our mental economy. Can you chain down a man's thoughts, or even a child's, so that they shall not "for ever, and for evermore, *move on*?"

And this law of progress extends to mankind in their social and political associations. The experiment has been tried over and over again to keep mankind from *moving on*, but always with the same want of success. A point has been fixed upon, and bounds have been set, and mathematical lines, with nicest calculation, laid down, beyond which progress

should be prohibited. But, just as Canute found the waves deaf to his voice, just as they steadily advanced to his boundary line, and then, as steadily, overleaped it, so has society progressed—yea, and shall progress.

You may tell society to "move on," and, perchance, it will obey you; but tell it to stand still, and it will laugh at you for a simpleton. You may encourage an individual mind to progress and expansion; and you shall find no limits to that growth. But coop it up within itself, incarcerate it in Florentine dungeons, heap great weights of cruel oppressions upon it, and you shall assuredly find that

"Prison-bars do not a dungeon make."

It will escape and wander free—free as the air we breathe, free as the light of Heaven, free as the love of God.

What sort of aspect would the world of commerce wear without this life and action? Suppose some morning we were to go upon 'Change, amongst the docks, canals, and railways, and find all still—no life, no motion, no activity!—what would be the effects upon the industry of England of the stoppage of the stupendous machine of modern commerce, even for a single hour? If all the mills of Lancashire, the mines of Northumberland, the iron-works of Wales, and the manufactures of Birmingham could by any possibility simultaneously stand still,—who could calculate the greatness of the calamity? No; motion here is essential to national progress, health, and wealth; industry must "move on," keep moving—always moving! The merchant knows this:—who so busy as he in the crowded marts of merchandise! The mechanic knows this;—and it gives him the stimulus to do his manful stroke of work. All the industrial classes know this: and it makes merry England, busy England—money-getting England! And the reason why England is what she is, is that she knows when and how to "move on."

"Move on!" is the axiom of the age: and it sufficiently accounts for all its achievements and characteristics. The pushing, striving, active "move on" spirit has penetrated and ramified all ranks, classes, and conditions; and to this restless, persevering energy is to be attributed nearly all the good, and not a little of the bad, that we find in this age of ours. It has crept into schemes of education; into sanitary science; into politics and political economy; into corporations and charitable institutions; into movements for public libraries, parks, baths, and wash-houses, model lodging-houses, and early closing; into religious societies, city missions, ragged schools, and ragged churches, penny banks, clothing clubs, and mutual assurance associations. It has made itself

manifest in the whole machinery of public offices, the administration of justice, and last, not least, in the courts of law:—and the newest fruit of the “move on” system is its adaptation to the slowest of all slow things that pretend to motion at all—the Court of Chancery itself. Everywhere, high and low, socially, morally, and politically, we see the continual workings of this system; and while all things else are active, let it be our duty to see well to it,—that WE intellectually, morally, and spiritually, “MOVE ON!”

T. L. H.

“FASHIONABLE WEDDINGS.”

WE RECENTLY GAVE a graphic sketch of a “Fashionable Honeymoon.” Our contemporary, “Household Words,” has since glanced at a “Fashionable Wedding.” It were a pity to separate so harmonious a pair of pictures, and so true to the life:—

A wedding dress! all white satin, lace, and silver sprigs. Methinks I can see it now—glistening and sparkling in the August sun, and rustling and crumbling in the August air; as, at the close of the London season, its beautiful wearer descends that ugly narrow little staircase, which has been a ladder of delight to so many—a *via dolorosa* to so many more, and which leads from the vestry-room of St. George’s, Hanover Square, into Maddox Street.

The wearer of the satin dress comes down the shabby steps a wedded bride. She is married to “a lord.” “A duke” has given her away. Fourteen young bridesmaids in white have wept at the responses. Two have fainted; and one has been carried into the vestry to be *sal-volatilised*.

A nervous clergyman has addressed the bride-expectant as “Thomas, wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded wife?” The bridegroom has been seized with “the usual” deadly perturbation, and offers to place the ring on the finger of the pew-opener; and the clerk, while gravely correcting the errors of all parties, has viewed the whole proceedings with an air of deep misanthropy.

At last, somehow or other, the right man has married the right woman. The pew-opener and beadle have been feed, and the vergers remembered. The clergyman has had his rights and the clerk his dues. The licence has been coned over; the register has been signed—by the bridegroom in a character meant to be very valiant and decided, but in reality very timorous and indistinct; by the bride, with no pretence or compromise, but in a simply imbecile and hysterical manner. By the father of the bride in a neat hand; and by big General Gwallyor, of the Indian army (the additional

witness), in a fierce military manner, with a dash at the end like an oath.

The little boys too have shouted; and the wedding carriage, with its crimson-vested post-boys and spanking greys, has clattered up. The policemen have put down an imaginary riot; threatened with their *batons* the crowd generally; and menaced with arrest one individual lamp-post. And here, shining out like a star among the silver favors and orange flowers, the snowy dresses and black dress coats, the smiles and tears, comes the bride—God bless her!

Is there a sight more beautiful under Heaven than a young bride coming out of church? Can we forget Sir John Suckling’s beautiful lines in his ballad upon a wedding?

Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light.
And then she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight.

* * * * *

Now, alas, my lord is at Florence, my lady is in furnished lodgings in London, and the bride’s dress is at Mrs. Brummus’s second-hand shop. My lord (of course) hates my lady, and my lady (of course) hates my lord; and (of course) they write abusive letters against each other to their mutual friends.

The above forms one of the scenes which are of daily occurrence at St. George’s Church, Hanover Square, as most of us can attest.

By the way, how often have we slipped in here to gaze upon the many cruel sacrifices at the altar of Mammon; and with what sad thoughts have we not been occupied as we passed out among the gaping crowd!

To see the gay, scented, unsuspecting* butterflies going to meet their wretched doom; and to ponder upon what must await them ere perhaps a single month has passed—is it not horrible? But then, “mamma has got her child off!”

Fashionable life has much to answer for; but as all who move in it have hearts much harder than steel, it were silly for us to try and make any impression on them.

* We say unsuspecting, because we believe there are *some* “innocent” girls among the victims, who really go up the steps of the altar like lambs to the slaughter. There is no doubt that “the majority” are well tutored. A practised eye can see this at a glance. It is not for *these* we feel. Oh—no! They can sob, or grin, as suiteth them best. Tears flow *ad libitum*; whilst the face is venerated with a smile at a given signal. The “consequences” of this deception are visible almost immediately after marriage. The lady gets a title; and a cold, callous husband. The gentleman gets a tricked-out doll—to play with or ill-use, as the case may be. “Affection” is a word unknown to either.

NOTES UPON NOTES.

EDUCATION—NOVEL READING—DUPLICITY—
SUPERFICIALITY—FASHION—MODESTY—
THE REIGN OF MONKEYS.

FASHION'S law doth still disperse
Its universal influence;
And makes things right or wrong appear,
Just as they do her liv'ry wear. BUTLER.

The innovations of FASHION are always a long way
removed from sense; and the present position of the
bonnet is—FURTHER OFF THAN EVER. DIOGENES.



ES, OR NO, ARE THE TWO
WORDS COMMONLY USED BY
the Editors of public Jour-
nals. They seldom can find
time for much debate; and
when any question becomes
troublesome to them, they
dispose of it at once. It is

either "unsuited for their pages," or the
disputants must bow to the editorial dictum.
This is not *our* way of getting out of a
difficulty.

The communications which are now daily
finding their way into the "Lion's mouth,"
or Editor's Letter-box, must not be coldly
treated. They are neither few in number,
nor unimportant in their details. The truth
is,—by our plain, honest, straight-forward
manner of speaking out, we have created in
certain high quarters a degree of interest,
which, to us, is perfectly delightful. All we
want is fair play. Let us argue quietly,
patiently, and sensibly; and to the humblest
individual, as well as to the highest, shall
our columns be thrown open.

It has too long been the custom—"fashion"
if you will—to live as if there was no other
world than the present. The grand end of
life has ever been regarded by the masses—
those, too, whose education ought to have
taught them better—as consisting in one
continual round of pleasure and amusement.
Getting money is, of course, to be added to
this; and we are sorry to say that
"worshipping" money is also considered
a duty,—a most pleasing duty! We ask
every person who reads what we say,
whether we do not state a plain matter of
fact. Talk to a man about another world,
and he regards you as his enemy.

If, then, from the cradle upwards, we are
all educated in this heathenish manner (and,
where there are exceptions to the rule, dupli-
cidity and deceit invariably are superadded),—
surely we must not marvel at the world being
what it is! How could it be otherwise?
We want a radical reform; and that reform
must proceed from a different mode of
education. A child's mind is susceptible of
the earliest impressions; and it becomes
either virtuously or viciously inclined,

according to the "example" set before it.
We have made this a matter of special obser-
vation; and consider that very few persons
can speak more to the point than ourself.

We have frequently before remarked, that
we love children,—doat upon them. In their
tender infancy, we have often watched the
progress of their little minds, and longed,—
aye, longed to remove them from the custody
to which we have seen them consigned.
If they have cried for anything, it has been
given them. If they have struck their little
arms or head against anything, the offending
object has been immediately *beaten*,—to
gratify the child's revenge! And how many
daily deceptions, and attempts at deception
(too often detected by the infant) are there
practised on these budding blossoms of hope!
We repeat it,—*all* children are badly
brought up; and we, their parents, ARE
(and ought to be) responsible for all their
future ill-conduct in life. We can scarcely
believe that any reflecting mind will con-
tradict this; it is so palpable a fact.

The iteration of these domestic, though
perhaps unpalatable truths, is that wherein
we delight, for we always find when people
begin to "think," and will reason with you,
—that the point sought to be gained is
almost won. Nothing gives us such real
pleasure, as to listen to any person who will
take the trouble to argue with us when we
advance anything that appears incorrect.
Indeed, it is a rule with us to try and add
daily "something new" to our stores of
knowledge. In the company of an intelligent
mechanic (these men are always well
behaved, though hated by the aristocracy),
we have often spent hours and hours most
profitably; and we hope to do so again.
Many of them are among our "true nobility,"
despite the humble garb that covers the
jewels of *their minds* within. We shall have
much to say about this from time to time.*

These remarks are drawn from us, by a
perusal of certain letters to which we have
alluded as being recently found in our Letter-

* The word "Gentleman" is much misunder-
stood. It was nicely defined, on a recent trial at
Bristol, by Mr. Justice Talfourd. We record it
to the honor of that "gentleman." The evidence
proved that the defendant, while in the theatre,
had said to the plaintiff, "Do not speak to me;
I am a gentleman, and you are a tradesman."
"Gentleman," said the learned judge, "is a term
which does not apply to any station, but to the
mind and the feelings in every station. The man
of rank who deports himself with dignity and
candor; the tradesman who discharges the duties
of life with honor and integrity, are alike entitled
to it; nay, the humblest artisan, who fulfils the
obligations cast upon him with virtue and with
honor, is more entitled to the name of gentleman
than the man who could indulge in offensive and
ribald remarks, however high his station."

box. Among others, there are several from well-educated, sensible women. These quite agree with us in all our strictures upon female deformity, and the shallow "minds" of the sex called "gentle." They admit, frankly, that we are in the right. But they insist upon it, that the fault does not rest with mothers only. They assure us, and we acknowledge the justice of the observation, that many men themselves *prefer* women being brought up as they are. They *want* "accomplishment," and care nothing for "mind." The latter is rather a disqualification than a recommendation. Instances, which it would not be fair to drag before the public, are given to prove this.

Now, is it not sad that a fashionable mother *must* sacrifice the mind and happiness of her daughters to "expediency?" Full well she knows that virtue and innocence are mere secondary qualifications, and that dancing, singing, playing, visiting, making morning calls, sight-seeing, novel reading, &c., &c., are all that are looked-for, — *therefore*, she plays her cards accordingly. A correspondent, residing near Cambridge, says:—"A clergyman remarked lately, in my hearing, that if he knew the young lady he was betrothed to had ever put her hand to any of the (so-called) domestic duties of a house, *he would never let her become his wife.*" He added,—“the ‘duties’ of life must be properly respected!” This silly clergyman is one of a large class of individuals moving in what is called a high sphere. We have ourself been in houses, and still have occasion to visit, where the same principle of action, and the same Luciferian pride exists. No person in the family—and, of course, no visitor—is allowed to do any one thing that can by possibility attach to the prescribed duty of a domestic. If the fire were to require additional fuel, and the fuel were in the room,—no hand must be raised to assist in conveying a coal to the grate. The bell must be rung, for the proper person to do this. *It would be unpardonable for any member of the family to interfere.* If the fire, from want of attention, should go out, the bell must be again rung; and a fresh fire made. This is "one" *only*, of the thousand things in the way of helping oneself that "a well-educated" person *must not* do. To be "useful," is to be accounted vulgar; to assist oneself or one's neighbor, proves a person to have been very badly educated; and to be "natural" is to be ranked among the brutes. "What were servants made for?" asks my Lady Givithim. That settles it!

Fortunately, what is here averred is too well known for any one to attempt to contradict it. The only question is, are these things correct? At all events, we seek to reform the middle classes—who are so swayed

by these foul examples. We would convince them, if possible, that the nearer we can keep to Nature the better. Equality we have never contended for—never shall contend for. It never did exist, and never will exist. It never was designed that it should exist. Yet must it be borne in mind, that we are all so nearly related to each other, that *we cannot be independent one of the other.* This should teach us a lesson; which, if it needs to be more powerfully enforced, let us stroll through any one of our public cemeteries. There we see, commingled, the dust of the poor and the rich. The distance that separated them whilst living, is *here* reduced. One common lot awaits them—and who shall escape it?

One of our amiable correspondents—C. Goodwyn—complains of a remark we made (at page 190) about women's minds being defiled by novel-reading. He maintains that some of our novels are good and instructive, and rather calculated to improve than to debase the mind. He attributes the bad taste prevailing among women to the want of a proper education; and argues, justly enough, that if girls were brought up well, their good taste would lead them to reject everything that was bad.

But they are *not* brought up well. They are taught to despise all that is natural, and to shine in the superficial only. Thus are they simply—dolls, quite unfit "companions" for a domestic, quiet man.

To talk to a modern Miss about mind, or the finer emotions of the soul, would be ridiculous. This forms no part of her education. On the contrary, she is taught to *finesse* on all occasions, and is never really "what she seems." We do not attempt to retract what we have already said about circulating libraries. We *do* consider it highly wrong for young ladies to have free permission to roam where so much moral filth abounds; for, to this undue licence we owe much of the domestic misery which so often meets the public eye. If our West End footmen were cross-questioned, what tales could they tell of their young—aye, and old mistresses! We had some conversation, not long since, with a West End librarian touching this matter. No wonder, then, if our remarks are rather strong to the point.

We have said so much of late about fashion and its absurdities, that we really grow weary of the subject. It is forced upon us. Whether in male or female, there is little to choose. Our women have quite given up all pretensions to modesty. Everywhere their brazen frontispieces stand out, living records of their shame. We expect next, to see them in a state of semi-nudity; and *then* (we will answer for it) nothing abashed. "Fashion" will sanction it!

If people were to argue with us till doomsday, we would never admit or believe that ANY woman habited as our English women now are, *could be* "modest." Their sentiments are unmistakably indexed by their faces. Once, we remember—happy days those!—things were very different. Modesty, innocence, moral worth, and purity, were recognised as social "virtues." Now they have become crimes. Alas! what have not our fathers, mothers, and brothers to answer for! They see it all, and yet go with the stream.*

As for the men—resolved not to be outdone by the women, they too have undergone a metamorphosis. It is true they have not plastered their hair all over their foreheads and cheeks. This, they feared, would be a trifle *too* feminine. But they have discarded the razor from chin and lip; and they are now fast becoming "perfect pictures" of baboons.

To call our men "beasts," would be no libel on humanity. They are so very closely assimilated to the monkey, that very soon we expect to see some of them "caged up" by mistake.† All glory be to the great master—*Punch*, for having so completely shown the filthy fellows up. If they cannot take the hint, at all events they are legitimate objects for scorn and derision. Their names are legion.

Our correspondent "WALTER" has earned himself an undying reputation for the noble stand he has made against this national abomination. We will aid him and our other allies to the utmost, in putting down such diabolical attempts to efface all traces of humanity.

* We cannot help cleaving to the "old school" in the matter of sterling worth. We are far from being an enemy to progress—quite the reverse; but let us go on safely and surely. We love the sentiment of the old poet:—

Woman is loveliest when retired;
When least obtrusive, most admired—
WOMEN from MEN protection find,
AND MEN BY WOMEN ARE REFINED.

This is what it ought to be, now more than ever; but is it so? No; but exactly the opposite. The "refinement" of our modern women may be judged of, as *Punch* remarks, by their dress—they are "made up" of outsides.

† "A recommendation" having been made to the guards, firemen, &c., of the Scottish Central Railway, to allow Nature to have her own way with chin and upper lip, they have discarded their razors; and they have recommended it to the general adoption of their brethren in similar service throughout the kingdom!—*Liverpool Albion*. The appearance presented by these savages is said to be truly disgusting—so much so, that passengers are reluctant to speak to them, or ask them questions. And yet our nobility and gentry are "following suit!"—ED. K. J.

THE VILLAGE LOVERS.

"SUCH IS LIFE!"

I watch their mien of trembling joy,
Their glance, with timid secrets laden;
He is a rosy village boy,
And she a graceful village maiden.
His proud look hints, her blushes tell,
What bliss begins when school-time closes;
He shielded her when snowflakes fell,
And now 'tis almost time for roses.
Have lips yet given voice to heart?
I know not—but each day shows clearer
How conscious blushes draw apart
The steps resistless Love draws nearer.
Their world is changed: historic names
For her are shrunk to mere zero;
And poet-loves and novel-fames
Are poor beside the living hero.
For him—all sweets of earth and air,
The softest breath of soft May morning,
Too coarse, too harsh, too common are
To match that girlish beauty's dawning.
The walk upon enchanted ground:
The school, the streets, are lands elysian;
A song of spheres is every sound;
Each glance a beatific vision.
O Teacher, sage! in vain you pore
O'er black boards wide, with science laden;
The blindfold boy lends deeper lore
To village youth and village maiden.
O Time! secure these children's dreams
From ills that darken and destroy us;
And make life all that now it seems,
As full, as fresh, as pure, as joyous.

II.

How soft the May-time hours steal on;
The merry school girls laugh and call;
Sweet sing the birds; elm-blossoms fall;
The violets come; but he is gone!

Those steps that each to each did cling,
Are parted by a wider space;
And long from that slight girlish face;
Has autumn dried the tears of Spring.

How calmly flows the tide of time
O'er all the wealth of smiles and dreams,
And its forgotten beauty seems
To live but in my careless rhyme.

Yet not in grief the end is told,
Death closed the tale and left it pure,
With no dark chances to endure
Of withered joys or love grown cold.

Who knows what gathering dangers died
When those clear eyes were closed to earth;
And what new dreams and deeds had birth
When the new mystery opened wide?

And in her heart may yet be room
Where one dim memory has remained,
The thought of one brief love unstained,
To tinge an aimless life with bloom.

O Time! thou followest close upon
The prayers of our presumptuous hours;
'Tis well thou gatherest in thy flowers
Ere the frail bloom grows sick and wan!

From "*Putnam's Monthly Magazine*."

MORE ABOUT THE CUCKOO.

AS OUR PAGES are expected to contain everything connected with the Cuckoo,—a bird Messrs. Doubleday, Bree, & Co. labor so hard to prove “unnatural,” we gladly register all that tends to upset their ridiculous and old wives’ theory.

We have elaborately treated of the whole question in former numbers; and therefore now only add the testimony of Mr. Meyers as to their general habits. It is copied from his “British Birds:”—

“The Cuckoo is now so well known by every one, that we need only remark, that, besides visiting the British Isles, this bird is met with as far north as Norway, during the summer, in Europe. Asia, and many parts of Africa, are also enlivened by its pleasing mellow call-note.

The cuckoo makes its appearance with us in the month of April, and is generally either the forerunner of summer weather, or travels hither with it. The male is generally a day or two in advance of the female. Their journey is performed during the night; and they frequently return to take up their abode in the neighborhood occupied by them in a former season. The locality usually chosen by the cuckoo is—wherever there are trees, without being at all particular as to the species, or of what age or size they may be.

We have seen these birds most numerous where the hedge-rows are very thick, and plentifully intermixed with forest or timber trees; about rich pasture land, and in sheltered and secluded situations. But more than one pair is rarely seen within the bounds of a certain district; for though these birds will live peacefully as neighbors, yet they do not allow of trespassers on their hunting-grounds, and intruders are generally punished for their temerity.

The cuckoo is a wild and timid bird, very strong on the wing; but when on the ground, apparently helpless and clumsy. It therefore suits this bird better to fly even a short distance, than to reach it by hopping on the ground. Its perch is generally on a strong branch of a tree, or occasionally on a post or gate in a field, from whence the cuckoo can look out for its food or enemy. In case more than one pair of these birds are frightened or started on the wing, they show their unsociability very much, by not flying away together like most other birds; but each pair separates from the rest and takes its own course; although the female is never far behind the male, who is careful not to desert her.

The flight of the cuckoo resembles that of the sparrow-hawk. It is scarcely so rapid as that of the pigeon, but it excels it in making short turns or evolutions. The well-known

pleasing call of the cuckoo, in the spring of the year, stands in the place of the songs of other birds, and helps to complete the concert of nature.*

This call has furnished the bird with its name. When the bird is courting and gets in ecstasies, it sometimes lengthens its call to *cuckookook*, and this frequently twice or three times repeated. In the pairing season the cuckoo begins its call soon after midnight, and repeats it more than a hundred times in succession without changing its perch; after which it rests for a time, recommences, and then again rests; and thus continues until the morning-light reminds the bird that the time has arrived for him to break his fast; and he then starts off on the wing in search of food.

These birds also call out, while flying high in the air, and they produce a sound like “Gwa, wa, wa,” which is considered by some as an indication of the near approach of rainy weather; but whether this opinion has any foundation in facts, we will not undertake to determine. The cuckoo feeds on insects and their larvæ; by choice, however, on hairy caterpillars in all stages, cockchafers, grasshoppers, butterflies, and moths. And, like the hawks and owls, the cuckoo casts up the indigestible parts of its food in the usual form of pellets.

How the female cuckoo manages to deposit her egg in the nest of another bird, has not been satisfactorily described; so much, however, is known—that the female goes singly about this business, without her mate being near. Whether this is for the purpose of watching her opportunity, or for going more stealthily about her designs, is still an unanswered question. The number of eggs deposited by the cuckoo during the season varies from four to six; but these are laid at such distant intervals, that some may be found in May, and others as late as July. It is insisted on, by some persons, that the cuckoo sucks the eggs of other birds; and to strengthen this assertion, they state that they shot a cuckoo that was actually in the act of carrying off an egg. The most probable explanation of this is, that the female cuckoo was carrying her own egg, which she had laid on the ground, to the nest of some other bird; and, although no one has hitherto been able to detect the whole of the proceedings of the cuckoo, it is possibly by these means that her egg is smuggled into the warbler’s nest.

The egg of the cuckoo is very small in comparison with other birds of its size; but the reason for this is obvious, and it must be considered as a beautiful provision of Nature.

* Both the male and female utter the cry of “Cuckoo! Cuckoo!”

The egg of this bird is readily distinguished from all others, by the black specks and scratches on its surface. It is very wonderful that small birds of divers kinds should be so far imposed upon as to spend their time and affection on such a disproportionately large and unsightly thing as a young cuckoo. We have watched them, however, *and have ascertained the facts, even with a mature yellow bunting and a young cuckoo in a cage.*"

What will Messrs. Bree, Doubleday, and Co., say to this? In-door naturalists cannot, now, have it all their own way. "Facts are stubborn things" for them to contend against; and their musty records are of little use. Nobody will now believe them. Why should they? Nature wants not *such* apologists!

BRIGHT SUMMER DAYS ARE GONE.

BY ANN SMITH.

BRIGHT summer days are gone, a myriad voices say,
 Who long to welcome back again the merry month
 of May;
 Who love to roam in sunny hours when hawthorn
 bushes blow,
 And flow'rets fling their fragrance o'er each hill
 and dale below.

Bright summer days are gone, their mirth and
 sunshine o'er,
 The swallow and the martin bird have vanished
 from our shore;
 The wild duck in the lowlands begins to make her
 cry,
 The sportsman with his fowling-piece is passing
 quickly by.

Bright summer days are gone—in wood and dell
 'tis seen
 The trees have lost their foliage, and the earth its
 vesture green;
 The warblers of the wild wood have lost their
 wonted tune,
 And all the many-tinted flowers the balmy breath
 of June.

Bright summer days are gone; and gloom and
 darkness fall
 Upon the poor man's cottage-home, the noble's
 stately hall.
 The forest and the pleasaunce a lonely aspect
 wear,
 The earth no more is beautiful; the sky no longer
 fair.

Bright summer days are gone; in many a lonely
 heart,
 Consuming cares corrode the once untainted part.
 The wreaths that fancy wove are wither'd, crush'd,
 and sere,
 An omen to the soul that winter days are near.

Bright summer days are gone; to come in course
 again,
 With the carol of the bird and the cowslip on the
 plain.
 A wise unerring power in mercy doth arrange;
 Then raise a thankful song to the seasons as they
 change.

THE HIGH PRICES OF FOOD.

PEOPLE WITH SMALL FAMILIES are now congratulating themselves on their good-fortune; whilst people with large families are occupied in bewailing their ill-fortune. Certain it is, that the prices charged for the necessaries of life are exorbitantly high. This teaches us the value of plenty.

However, things are by no means so bad as they are represented to be. Comparative scarcity has been made the stepping-stone to avarice and rapacity of no common kind. We have heard, too, of a number of wicked capitalists, who have bought up some thousands of barrels of flour—determined not to sell to the poor until they can realise famine prices. Some of the men we allude to go to church on Sunday, and utter the responses! We wish it were not "libellous" to tell the truth—else should *their names* be dragged into public view. Fiends are they in human shape, whose punishment, though delayed, will ere long inevitably overtake them. They live detested, and will no doubt die accursed. A bitter Christmas to them! say we.

There can be no doubt that we shall require large supplies of foreign grain. There can be no doubt that we must be prepared to pay, compared with the last few years, good prices. But all the experience of the past, and all the information we can obtain of the present and the future, induce us to regard the prevailing notions on the subject as extravagant and *greatly* exaggerated.

There is a point of view in which this subject is to be regarded at the present moment, which has been entirely overlooked. When the scarcity of 1846 overtook us, we were habitually small importers of grain; yet all at once, although France, Belgium, Holland, Prussia, and the Mediterranean States were equally or more in want, and competing in the same markets, we were able to import, chiefly in the few latter months of 1846, 2,344,000 quarters of wheat and flour alone, and in 1847 no fewer than 4,464,000 quarters. *Now* we are habitually and every year importers of about 4,000,000 quarters. For three years prior to 1846 we imported as follows:—

WHEAT AND FLOUR.	Qrs.
1843	1,064,000
1844	1,379,000
1845	1,414,000

With this ordinary scale of trade, we were enabled suddenly to raise our imports to 4,464,000 quarters. During the last six years, notwithstanding the very low prices, our imports have been:—

WHEAT AND FLOUR.	Qrs.
1847	4,464,000
1848	3,080,000
1849	4,835,000
1850	4,830,000
1851	4,812,000
1852	3,960,000

With avenues open to us to supply such an increased quantity in ordinary years, and at low prices, it is certain that the present very high range of prices will direct to this market an increased supply—quite as large, in proportion to the usual quantity, as we received in 1847. And

therefore, though we must be prepared to pay comparatively high prices, we may consider ourselves safe from those extreme prices, and the derangement consequent thereupon, which the extravagant estimates to which we have alluded, point.

And there is at least this consolation—as America will be our chief market of supply, and will most profit by it, we may look forward to a continued large demand from that quarter for our manufactures in exchange; and which, by affording good employment to our people, will at least mitigate the inconvenience of our own rather deficient harvest.

ZOOLOGICAL FOLK LORE.—No. III.

BY J. M'INTOSH; MEM. ENT. SOC., ETC.

(Continued from Page 352.)

IN ADDITION TO WHAT we have already said about popular superstition, we may add the following as being equally absurd.

No. 22. BEES.—In ancient times it was considered by the awe-stricken idolaters, as a "boding prodigy" if bees settled upon a temple, a tree devoted to the gods, or even (according to Pliny) upon an ordinary house. Juvenal thus exclaims (Satire XIII. 99):—

Here if one just, or e holy man be found,
A present miracle! we shout around.
Not more dismayed should monstrous forms appear,
Or earth-born fish arrest the ploughing steer;
Or swarming *bees* portending ills to Rome,
Hang clustering from a consecrated dome.

The 10th of August is considered in some parts of England their jubilee, and those who are seen working on that day are called Quakers. Omens were wont to be taken from their swarming; and their settling on the mouths of Plato and Pindar was taken as a sure presage of their future eloquence and poetry. The Church of Rome, too, has the following passage in her Breviary:—"Peter Nolascus, born of a noble family at Recordi, near Carcasona, in France, excelled in eminent love towards his neighbors; the presage of whose virtue was, that while he, yet an infant, was crying in his cradle, a swarm of bees flew to him and constructed a honey-comb in his right hand!" In the south of England, we are gravely informed that if they should swarm upon a stake merely set in the ground, one of the family is sure to die!

No. 23. SNAKES' SKINS.—The good folks of Devon consider the skin of these reptiles very useful in extracting thorns, &c., from the body; but, unlike other remedies, it is repellant, not attractive, therefore it must be applied on the opposite side to that which the thorn entered!

24. POULTRY.—If the Cock crows with his face towards the door or window, it is a sure sign that you will be visited during the day by some stranger. The crowing of the

hen bodes evil; it is a sign of death in the family. No house, we are sagely told by our country folk, can thrive whose hens are addicted to this kind of amusement. Hence the often-quoted old proverb:—

"A whistling woman, and a crowing hen,
Are neither fit for God nor men."

25. CATS.—In many parts of England, May cats are considered unlucky; and it is said that they suck the breath of children! If the cat frisks about the house in an unusually lively manner, windy or stormy weather is approaching!

In some parts of Ireland, blood drawn from a black cat's ear, and rubbed on the part affected, is a certain cure for St. Anthony's fire! In the palmy days of ancient Egypt, it was death for a person to kill one of these animals with or without a design. Diodorus relates an incident to which he was an eye-witness during his stay in Egypt. A Roman having inadvertently, and without design, killed a cat, the exasperated populace ran to his house; and neither the authority of the king, nor the terror of the Roman name, could rescue the unfortunate criminal! When a cat died in a house, the owner of the house shaved his eye-brows. The dead cats were then carried into consecrated houses to be embalmed; after which they interred them at Bubostis, a considerable city in Lower Egypt. Even at the present time, we are informed that cats are treated with the greatest care in that benighted country. At Damascus, we are informed by Baumgarten, there is a hospital for cats; and Brown, in his history of Jamaica, says a cat is a dainty dish among the negroes. In England, during Alfred's time, (he reigned from 871 to about 901,) laws were made to preserve and fix the prices of certain animals; amongst which the cat was included. But in no country were they worshipped as in Egypt. "Amongst us," says Cicero, "it is very common to see temples robbed, and statues carried off, but it was never known that any person in Egypt ever abused a crocodile, an ibis, or a cat; for its inhabitants would have suffered the most extreme torments rather than be guilty of such sacrilege." Such was the reverence which the Egyptians had towards their animals, that in an extreme famine they chose to eat one another rather than feed upon their imagined deities.

To read of animals, and vile reptiles—honored with religious worship, placed in temples, maintained with great care and at an extravagant expense (Diodorus states that in his time the expense amounted to no less than one hundred thousand crowns, or £22,500), and that those who murdered them were put to death—are absurdities which we, at this distance of time, can scarcely believe; and yet we have the evidence of all

antiquity respecting the truth of it. Well might the satirist exclaim—

Who has not heard, when Egypt's realms are named,
 What monster gods her frantic sons have framed!
 Here she's gorged with well-grown serpents; there
 The crocodile commands religious fear,
 Where Memnon's statues magic strings inspire
 With vocal sounds that emulate the lyre,
 And Thebes (such, Fate, are thy disastrous turns)
 Now prostrate o'er her pompous ruins mourns;
 A monkey-god, (prodigious to be told!)
 Strikes the beholder's eye with burnished gold
 To godship. Here blue Triton's scaly herd,
 The river progeny, is thus preferred,
 Through towns Diana's power neglected lies,
 Where to her gods aspiring temples rise.—
 (Juven. Sat. XV.)

“You enter,” says Lucian, “into a magnificent temple, every part of which glitters with gold and silver; you then look attentively for a god, and are cheated with a stork, an ape, or a cat; a just emblem,” adds the above author, “of too many palaces; the masters of which are far from being the brightest ornaments of them.”

26. CURE FOR AGUE.—In some parts of Somersetshire, you are advised by the old women to catch a large spider of any species, and shut *him* up in a box, and as *he* dies, so does the disease!

27. THE DOG.—If this animal howls under the window or the door, it is a sure sign of a death in the family. This belief, we are sorry to say, is too common; and that in highly respectable families!

Taunton, Nov. 15.

(To be Continued.)

THE WINTER NIGHTS FOR ME.

Bright summer flies on golden wings
 To orient climes away;
 The linnet now no longer sings
 On fragrance-breathing spray;
 The fairest flowers have faded all;
 The sun smiles not so free;
 But why should this the heart appal?—
 The winter nights for me!

The winter nights, when happy hearts
 In sacred kindness meet;
 When each his joyful tale imparts,
 To make life's cup more sweet!
 When souls depress'd forget their care,
 And gladness circles free;
 When lovers sit by ladies fair;
 The winter nights for me!

What though 'tis bliss to wander forth
 Through groves at sun-red eve;—
 What though the zephyrs of the north
 Make some for summer grieve?
 Where lovers' hearts beat free,
 I'll give you summer, nights and all;—
 THE WINTER NIGHTS FOR ME!

W.

FRUIT,—ITS USE AND ABUSE.

A MEDICAL MAN, whose name has not gone forth, has published his opinion upon the propriety of eating or not eating fruit, lest evil consequences should ensue therefrom. He commences his argument thus:—

Because bowel complaints usually prevail most during the hot season of the year—the latter end of summer and autumn, when fruit is most abundant, and in tropical climates where fruits are met with in greatest variety—it is inferred, according to the *post hoc propter hoc* mode of reasoning, that the one is the consequence of the other. It were about as reasonable to attribute the occasional occurrences of sea-scurvy in the navy to the use of lemon-juice, lime-juice, or potatoes. These articles are powerfully antiscorbutic, and so are ripe fruits antibilious; and diarrhoea, dysentery, and cholera are complaints in which acrid and alkaline biliary secretions are prominent conditions.

I have seen many cases of dysentery, obstinate diarrhoea, and liver disease, in people who have been long resident in tropical climates; and, from the history which I have been able to obtain respecting their habits of diet, I have come to the conclusion that these diseases were induced and aggravated, not by the light vegetable and fruit diet most in use among the natives, but because Englishmen usually carry out with them their European mode of living. They take large quantities of nitrogenous and carbonaceous food, in the shape of meat and wines or spirits, rather than the light native food, as rice and juicy fruits, and the vegetable stimulants and condiments, the native peppers and spices so abundantly provided by Nature.

It is well known that, though large quantities of animal oils and fats, wines, spirits, and malt liquors, which contain a large amount of carbon, may be consumed with comparative impunity in cold climates and in winter, when the carbonaceous matter gets burnt off by the more active exercise and respiration; yet, in hot climates and in summer this element is retained in the liver, and ultimately gives rise to congestion of that organ and its consequences—diarrhoea, dysentery, and bilious disorders.

Though in extensive practice for 15 years, in a district abounding with orchards and gardens, I cannot remember an instance in which I could distinctly trace any very serious disorder to fruit as a cause; though one might reasonably expect some mischief from the amount of unripe and acid trash often consumed by the children of the poor I would not be supposed to advocate either immoderate quantities of the most wholesome

fruit, or the indiscriminate use of unripe or ill-preserved fruit. But I do contend, as the result of my own experience, that not only is a moderate quantity of well-ripened or well-preserved fruit harmless, but that it is highly conducive to the health of people, and especially of children, and that it tends to prevent bilious diarrhœa and cholera.

I am inclined to view the abundant supply of fruit in hot climates, and during the summer and autumn, and the great longing of people, especially of children (in whom the biliary functions are very active), for fruit—to a wise provision of an overruling and ever-watchful Providence, which generally plants the remedy side by side with the disease, at a time when the biliary system is in most danger of becoming disordered. I have generally observed that children who are strictly, and I think injudiciously, debarred the use of fruit, have tender bowels; and I have noticed that they are almost universally pallid. While, on the other hand, children who are allowed a moderate daily proportion of sound fruit, are usually florid, especially among the poor. I therefore imagine that the use of fruit facilitates the introduction of iron—the coloring principle of the blood—into the circulating system. When living in the country, with the advantages of a large garden and plenty of fruit, I always allowed my children a liberal proportion; and I never had occasion to treat them either for diarrhœa or skin eruptions, though it is a very common opinion that cutaneous diseases are often brought on by the too free use of fruit.

On first removing my family to town, the usual supply being cut off, two or three of the younger ones became affected with obstinate diarrhœa and dysentery, which resisted all the ordinary modes of medicinal treatment. My opinion on the subject, afterwards induced me to give them a good proportion of fruit every day, as grapes, oranges, ripe apples, &c.; when all the symptoms presently subsided, and they have never since been troubled either with bowel complaints or skin eruptions to any noticeable extent.

The editor of the *Lancet*, in animadverting on the "health of London ending August 20," makes the following remarks:—"The deaths ascribed to diarrhœa are 126, of which 115 occurred among children. The tender age of nearly all the sufferers, 97 of them not having completed their first year, is sufficient to dispel the popular error that the use of fruit is the exciting cause."

Several years ago a serious and very fatal epidemic, then called "English Cholera," prevailed then in the neighborhood where I was living. It chiefly attacked very young children and old people, and was almost as

rapid in its progress as the Asiatic form. This epidemic occurred in the autumn; and many people, influenced by the common prejudice, dug holes in their gardens and buried all their fruit; and some even went so far as to destroy the trees. I made many inquiries as to the previous habits of the victims of this epidemic; and in almost every case, I learnt that fruit had not for some time previously formed any part of their diet. One writer in the *Lancet* has strongly recommended the use of baked fruit as a preventive of cholera; another has strenuously advocated the administration of diluted sulphuric acid during the actual attack; and the proofs brought forward of their good effects correspond with my own experience.

It is asserted that the cholera has never yet prevailed in the cider counties, nor in Birmingham, where acidulated treacle-beer and sulphuric acid lemonade are freely used to obviate the poisonous effects of white-lead in the manufactories.

AN ODE TO WOMAN.

WOMAN! of fair creation, fairest thou—
Most loving and beloved. When chaos woke
To life, light, order, beauty, thou didst grow
From out thy Maker's hands—a voice that
spoke
Unto the inmost soul—a tone which broke
Most musical on man—a form array'd
In greater charms than fancy could invoke,—
Erewhile to him who first beheld thee made,
Kind friend, companion sweet, his comforter, and
aid.

Woman! 'twas *thy* mild eye first beamed on me;
It was *thy* tender voice I then did hear;
Thine was the smile which first those eyes did
see;
Thine, too, the accents which still most do
cheer
Life's varied scene—of blending hope and
fear—
Alternate joy and sorrow. Could this heart
Unbare itself before thee—cause appear
Its deepest cherished feelings—'twould impart,
More than this verse, the truth that there
enshrined thou art.

O, woman! sweetest flower of earth! bright sun,
Diffusing joy and gladness all around!
Man's dearest friend! Blest time when first
begun
Thine offices of love. Blest hour that crown'd
Heaven's gifts to man with thee. O! let the
sound
Of thy sweet voice, which I delight in best,
Dispel the gloom that round this soul hath
wound.
And when life's sands are run, upon *thy* breast
Let my head pillow fondly, and *there* sink to rest.

SOMETHING SEASONABLE.

CHRISTMAS DAY IN A VILLAGE.

“COMING events cast their shadows BEFORE.”

ON CHRISTMAS EVE, the carol of a childish choir, chanting the “stretched metre of an antique song,” is with you at the very hour when sleep surprises you. And, through the watches of the tranquil moonlight, that simple melody lingering in the chambers of the memory hovers about you in the spirit-land of dreams. Joy-bells are pealing when the morning’s sun peeps through the misty curtains of the east; and greets you with “a fair good-morrow.” And presently you hear the pattering of feet—light buoyant footsteps cheerily ringing on the path, and ever and anon a hearty salutation—“A merry Christmas!”—“I thank you, kindly; and to you, and you;” and there is such a fervid warmth and earnestness of utterance in these brief seasonable greetings, that it absolutely makes your heart leap as you listen.

Up climbs the sun, above the vapory barrier piled against the horizon in the east; not with a dull and watery light, as you have seen him rise for mornings past, but with a clear—a jocund, laughing light, as though his god-ship were intent to do especial honor to the day. Nor is he singular in this respect, as every house attests. Window-panes lucid as crystal—flowing draperies, spotless white—rooms garnished and dight with superzealous care—paths swept, and withered leaves removed—levies on cellars, and forays in the store-room—slaughter in the farm-yard, and a miscellaneous savor in the kitchen, evince how universal is the wish to meet “Old Gregory Christmas” in a holiday and hospitable spirit.*

Morning wears on. The old church-bells jingle again, and matin-chimes summon the village to prayer. From far and near,—from lonely crofts and way-side cottages; from huts that nestle in the sheltered hollows of the breezy common; and from lowly almshouses huddled together in neighborly cohesion,—from the venerable hall begirt about with solemn woods and primitive farmhouses, almost coeval with the hall,—they troop in cheerful companies of three or four.

* We are really sorry not to be able to say *who* is the author of this very lovely sketch, which we find in an old newspaper bearing date 1845. It is moulded so completely to our mind, and recalls so forcibly to the memory our early days of harmless amusement (when innocence and playfulness were *not*, as now, regarded as blemishes), that we reprint it joyfully. All who know what a country village *used to be*, at the season of Christmas, will fully enter into the spirit of what is here set down.—ED. K. J.

Yeomen, with faces glowing like sunset; laborers, with each a bodyguard of ruddy children; grey-headed men, the patriarchs of the poor, long since past toil, tottering along and propped on staves of choice and curious fabrication—the heirlooms of the family; even the spare and withered granddames—those ancient eleemosynaries, who used to sit beside their cottage-doors on summer evenings, winking in the sun, crawl forth from their warm chimney-corner nooks, and swell the gathering throng.

Under the churchyard yew they meet. Some lie beneath their feet who bore them company on that same spot last year,—while garrulous talkers, whose memories yet retain the impressions stamped upon them in their youth, discourse lamentingly of bygone times and festive celebrations,—customs disused, and homely notions utterly exploded. This animated talk sinks into scattered whispers as a stately lady, leading by the hand two graceful children, advances towards the porch. Lining the path, they make a living avenue, through which that stately lady—the mistress of the venerable hall, passes with measured step and many a pause. There is a gracious word for each; kindly inquiries for absent invalids; and soothing speeches for the cripples and the blind; a smile of recognition for old pensioners, and delicate mention of substantial charities to follow. Then, the bidding-bell tinkles its final summons; and the stately lady, with her humble train, sweeps through the porch.

How brave a look this rural temple wears, with its rich garniture of evergreens! How rarely does the cold, grey, stony sculpture,—how rarely do the quaint fantastic masks—corbels, grotesque and grim—and monumental effigies, contrast with the dark, shining ivy leaves, and the crimson, clustering berries of the holly, which wreath the pillars, garland the arches, wind round the font, and even deck the rusty helmets and tattered surcoats depending from the chancel walls!

Old familiar faces—some of them missed for many a weary month—shine on you once again. Children from school—maidens from service—“snug ’prentices” from neighboring towns, and sturdy hinds from distant farms; with here and there a melancholy gap—a void in some small circle, scarcely marked before, yet painfully obvious now as you recall the muster-roll of those who shared with you the fire-side mirth of many a Christmas past. But memories of the dead “come like shadows, so depart;” and regret for those whose places shall know them no more (wholesome and salutary as that regret may be, in chastening and subduing the uproarious tendencies of our enjoy-

ment) yields presently to thankfulness for those who yet are spared, even though change be written on the features and the forms of all; though rosy children are gradually losing their early grace and childish beauty, and expanding into awkward hoydens,—though awkward hoydens are putting on the garb and gravity of men and women, and those who lately were in the very flush and prime of life are waning sensibly, and hoary elders day by day draw visibly nearer to the tomb.

But while we babble thus, the high and solemn religious services of the day proceed in their devout and beautiful progression, and the repetition of the sublimely simple story of the Nativity of the Son of God, the declaration of the stupendous object of "the" great mission, the exposition of duties He enjoins, are delivered with all the impressive earnestness, and received with a peculiar reverence appertinent to a glorious anniversary.

Anon, the old church tower throbs like a living creature with the rocking of the clamorous bells; and a motley multitude streams from the vaulted porch—all but the poor recipients of the Christmas dole, to whose necessities a sum, bequeathed originally for masses to be sung on this high festival, and twelve days after, for the soul's repose of a doughty knight, ministers most seasonably. Does not the "neighbor air smell woefully," as through the clear thin element the grateful steam of hot and savory dishes rises on all sides like a fragrant incense?

What says the old ballad:—

All you that to feasting and mirth are inclined,
Come, here is good news for to pleasure your
mind,

Old Christmas is come for to keep open house,
He scorns to be guilty of starving a mouse.
Then come, boys, and welcome for diet the chief,
Plum-pudding, goose, capon, minc'd pies, and roast
beef.

Although the cold weather doth hunger provoke,
'Tis a comfort to see how the chimneys do smoke;
Provision is making for beer, ale, and wine,
For all that are willing or ready to dine;
Then haste to the kitchen for diet the chief,
Plum-pudding, goose, capon, minc'd pies, and roast
beef.

And what that other seasonable ditty:—

Lordlings, Christmas loves good drinking
Wines of Gascoigne, France, Anjou,
English ale, that drives out thinking,
Prince of liquors old or new.
Every neighbor shares the bowl,
Drinks of the spicy liquor deep,
Drinks his fill without control,
Till he drowns his care in sleep.

Could an easterly wind, and a three hours' gallop on Salisbury Plain, stimulate your

edacious and bibulous propensities more than these two quotations? The *refrain* of the former hangs unctuously upon your lips as you cross the threshold of the fine manorial old farm-house, where dinner and the sunshine of a crowd of happy faces wait your coming. Happy moment! your host and hostess are in the very act of marshalling their guests to table as you arrive. No need of "introduction." You know them one and all; from the silvery-haired old gentlewoman, who talks familiarly of the Christmas party which she met in '80, to the youngest, noisiest, merriest prattler of all.

How the huge logs crackle and blaze, and seethe and hiss; and send a roar like thunder bellowing up the vasty chimney! Quivering tongues of flame, reflected from the fire, dance on the dark and polished panels of the wall; portray strange fluctuating shadows on the ceiling, and shed a glow—a most superfluous glow upon the faces of the company. And what a picture gallery might be formed from truthful transcripts of those varied faces! The deaf old gentleman's, whose round bald head shines like a ball of polished ivory, and who will persist in answering his neighbor's comments on the sermon with an eulogistic allusion to the turkey. The blue-eyed girls, whose peachy cheeks are one perpetual blush. Or his, the handsome stripling's,—opposite, whose eyes acknowledge a "divided duty," and wander from the dinner to the blushing *donna* with restless incessancy. The little corpulent bachelor's, who is at once the wit and wonder of the village. Or those round-faced urchins' and arch vivacious hoydens,' whose eyes sparkle ecstatically in the contemplation of a marvellously-rich and marvellously-huge plum-pudding.

When all the edibles (their name is legion) have been discussed,—and even schoolboy appetites are satiated; wines, toasts and speeches "set the table in a roar." The little rotund bachelor "rises with diffidence to propose the health of an old and honored friend—their estimable host, whose hospitality, domestic virtues," &c. &c. And then the "estimable host," "returns his earnest heartfelt thanks," and begs to toast the bachelor—his "speedy marriage, and the blessing of a numerous progeny." And then, there is an infinite deal of tittering,—especially among the ladies; and not a little banter, and not a few sly sallies at the good-humored bachelor's expense. And presently, the ladies and the junior bachelors,—and the children, steal from the table, and take possession of an ampler chamber—pranked with evergreens (and misseltoe among the rest, depend upon it). And now,—all the adults unanimously pronounce that they will have "some fun."

And then, the pranks and pastimes which succeed! the frolics so void of guile, so full of glee! The clear and ringing laughter of the children,—so silvery, so ripe, so round; so evidently and entirely from the heart! the tumultuous happiness of blind man's buff; the trepidation of hunt the slipper; the puzzling riddles and the forfeits, that equally perplex; the project of a dance,—a real old-fashioned country-dance,—so suddenly conceived, and carried out so zealously. And, in the pauses of the dance, comes the liquid soaring voice of some half-bashful maiden, trilling an old, old melody—a simple ballad from the lips of simple beauty, rapturously encored.

Other pauses in the dance, too, now and then occur—wilful premeditated pauses, invariably made beneath the silver-berried misseltoe, and kisses are stolen with a wonderful effrontery (to the scandal of the assembled company); until, in turn, the other members of the company are similarly attacked; and then it is remarkable that those who were the noisiest in their "oh! oh!" submit to similar malpractices without a murmur. The little obese bachelor himself contrives to leave his vinous friends; and, joining the merry-makers, makes most desperate and indiscriminating captures beneath the mystic bough, without encountering a very violent opposition. Then, chuckling with delight, he leads a seven-years' beauty down the dance with all the elasticity of an enfranchised schoolboy.

So, evening deepens into night; and midnight passes unobserved; and so the "wee short hours ayont the twal" arrive before the festive company depart. Stars twinkle, and the setting moon blinks on dispersing revellers. And ever and anon you meet some other fragments of a party just now broken up, or pass a house yet ringing with the mirthful voices of its noisy inmates. Then, with a heart warmed with good-fellowship and wine, you seek the shelter of your own roof-tree; and, in a deep sound sleep, wind up the enjoyments of—Christmas Day.

"A BOW DRAWN AT A VENTURE."

"Some people" are very callous. They have hearts harder than steel. Winter is coming; and we shall speedily hear of their shooting and "bagging" every living creature they see, that unhappily may be regarded as "curious." We should like to "bag" *them*. Sir Wm. Jones says of such brutes:—"I never could learn by what right, nor conceive with what feelings, a naturalist (!) can cause the misery of an innocent bird,—killing it *because it has a gay plumage*, and leaving its young perhaps to perish in a cold nest." This savage propensity really *is* inexplicable; nor is any person practising it entitled to rank among "naturalists." The name is sadly prostituted!

Review.

THE NATURALIST, No. 33. Groombridge and Sons.

There are some very interesting communications in this number, on a variety of subjects connected with botany and ornithology, to which we beg to refer the curious reader. Among others, there is a paper on the red-backed shrike, or butcher-bird (*Lanius Collurio*), by Mr. Stephen Stone. From this we make an extract,—not failing (of course) to comment on the cruelty evinced by certain naturalists, whilst "bagging" everything that is curious. They hardly deserve the name of "Naturalists" who are so *unnatural*. Mr. Stone, by the way, appears *half* ashamed of himself!

The Red-backed Shrike is rather plentiful in Oxon and Bucks; it seldom makes its appearance in these counties before the latter end of April, or the beginning of May, being amongst the latest of our summer birds of passage.

Although apparently of robust frame, it seems unable to bear the cold with the same degree of patience as the diminutive Chiff Chaff, and other species far more delicate-looking than itself; for in the unusually cold weather we had in June, 1852, I used to see it sitting shivering on the sheltered side of the hedge, and looking as comfortless, dejected, and woe-begone as our own fair sisters or cousins, "the maids of merry England," are wont to look, when through some blunder of papa's, or other inadvertence, they find themselves doomed to a month's sojourn at some "fashionable watering-place" — "furnished apartments with attendance" having been "secured" for them for that period, before the commencement, or worse still, after the close of "the season." In one of its habits, that of returning to a particular station, after capturing a passing insect, it closely resembles the Fly-catcher.

I have known it take its stand for hours, near where a haystack has been in the course of formation, for the purpose of pouncing upon the moths which generally abound amongst newly-made hay; and which it seemed to be fully aware would every now and then be dislodged by the men engaged in building the stack, and thus afford it unlimited exercise of its "catch-me-if-you-can" abilities, as well as an unlimited supply of food. These moths it generally caught on the wing; but should one chance to "come the artful dodge," and endeavor to baffle the intentions of its pursuer, by dropping amongst the herbage, it would be down upon it in a moment, and unless the poor insect had very artfully concealed itself, would be sure to drag it out; and fortunate indeed must that individual be, who, by the above, or some other stratagem, succeeded in "saving its bacon."

I have often noticed this bird, when I have been out, with the net beating for moths, sitting on a conspicuous branch, and intently watching my proceedings; when, should a moth escape my net, which not unfrequently happened, it would never fail immediately to give chase to it, and after capturing it, which it seldom failed to do,

would return to the same, or a proximate branch, and again anxiously watch one's motions, in the hope no doubt of another miss on my part, which would be almost sure to be turned into "a decided hit" on its part. I have frequently seen specimens of the common humble bee transfixed upon thorns, evidently the work of these birds. In some instances I have met with them alive, in others dead; but in all apparently deserted, as though, after capturing these insects, they had discovered they were useless to them as articles of food; or do they, as do our own venison-loving epicures, consider their "game" improved by being "hung" till it has become "rather high?" or, to speak plainly and intelligibly, till, venison-like, it has become as nearly as possible an abominable mass of putrefaction? I feel disposed, however, to give them credit for a less perverted and better taste than this, and therefore would infer that it is far more likely that they content themselves with merely picking out the honey-bag, and the moist internal parts, rejecting the dry and husky exterior, and so leaving it to be bleached by the sun, and winds, and rains, in like manner as in days of yore, the bodies of great criminals were left suspended, as an "awful warning" to all misdoers.

I am aware that what I am about to relate will shed no lustre upon my character for humanity; but my excuse is, that I was at the time in want of specimens as a medium of exchange with an American gentleman, who was forming a collection of British birds: this, I trust, will exculpate me from the charge of wanton cruelty, which otherwise might justly have been urged against me.

It was towards the end of May, when these birds usually pair, preparatory to the business of nidification, &c., that I observed a pair—a newly-married couple seemingly—who had just decided on the place in which they should "pass the honeymoon." A shot from the gun with which I was provided made this young wife a widow. Apparently unconscious of what had befallen her, she removed but to a short distance along the same hedge; and in a few minutes after I had "bagged my game," and re-loaded the gun, another "gallant" made his appearance. Now, whether he so well counterfeited the voice, mien, and manner of her "first love," as to make her, in the simplicity of her heart, really believe that it was he, I cannot say; but at any rate he was as well received as though he had been "the real Simon Pure." Our English law mercifully gives "the prisoner at the bar" the "benefit of any doubt" that may arise in his or her case; we will therefore, if you please, be equally merciful, and give this "fair one" the "benefit of any doubt" there may be, as to whether she was really deceived in the above matter, or not; for it would be a sad blot upon her character, if it should appear that she could knowingly "receive the addresses" of another, at the time that her late "lord" was lying dead but a few paces off; such conduct would be extremely shocking—surpassed 'tis true by that of "The Lady Ann" in "Richard the Third"—this, however, is known to have been a mere invention of the poet, and not an historical fact. Whether Shakspeare was induced to perpetrate this libel upon the "fair sex,"

merely for the purpose of heightening the effect of the piece, or whether he was prompted thereto by the desire of giving vent to a little secret spite or malice, which from some cause or other he harboured against them, is a question upon which I shall not offer an opinion.

But to return from this digression. Another shot laid this second "inamorato" prostrate; when a third appeared—he shared the same fate, and then a fourth. How far it might have been possible to have gone on with this slaughter, I know not; to all appearance it might have been continued *ad infinitum*; but having now specimens sufficient for my purpose, I felt no inclination [how very kind!] to proceed with an experiment, *cruel in itself, and useless as cruel.* [! !]

From the above fact, it would appear that the males of this species, on their migration to this country, are in the same forlorn condition, at least *pro tempore*, as the males of our own species, on their emigration to "our antipodes." In either case, each female on her arrival is sought after with the utmost eagerness, and caught at with the utmost avidity, being considered—as indeed she ought in any case to be considered—if not "the noblest," at least the fairest "gift of God," &c.

We are sorry to think that people who write in so pleasant a strain, and who profess to love Nature and her works, should take such delight in the use of a gun. We cannot reconcile the two, by any art that we are master of. The propensity to "kill," seems peculiar to our race. The moment hunger drives the inhabitants of the fields near our dwellings, that moment do we open a volley upon them for their destruction. They ask our hospitality, and pay for it in singing. We violate the rights of hospitality by making them sing their *death-song*! Nobody shall convince us that man is not a semi-savage!

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON MAGAZINE,
—No. 5. Piper.

We are not surprised to hear of the extended popularity of this marvellously-cheap as well as interesting periodical. It began well, it continues well, and let us hope it will end well. The public must be the gainers; that is clear. Common gratitude should cause them to take care that the worthy proprietors too come in for their share of reward. They cater nobly for the literary public, and deserve their fullest support.

In the present number is an article entitled "Instinct and Reason." As this is a subject peculiarly suited to our pages, we select a portion of it as a specimen of the work:—

In the case of inferior animals, we find instinct directing them to the performance of acts necessary for their existence, or some important purpose in their economy. When the bee builds up the cell of wax that is to contain its store of honey, it is found to do so on the principles of the most profound geometry, which demonstrate that the

hexagonal form, which is invariably adopted by the insect in the construction, is the very best for containing the *greatest* quantity of its sweet food in the *smallest* possible space. The animal does all this without knowledge or experience to direct it—the first it forms is as perfect as the last, and bees have constructed their cells in this and no other form, since the creation of the world.

In the same way, when the wasp brings home a number of small grubs, and is careful to place them in the hole where she had previously deposited her eggs, and only brings such a number of these grubs as will be sufficient to maintain the worm which that egg, when hatched, will produce—though this wasp never saw an egg produce a worm, and it is certain will be dead herself before that worm will be in existence, yet is she taking, by this means, the surest method of providing for the life of her future offspring—by thus storing up for it a supply of food to serve it while unable to provide for itself. To these operations the animal is directed neither by observation nor experience—but works in the dark, and under the influence of certain irresistible propensities that appertain to its instinctive nature. The operations of reason are very different from all this. Here we find *means* adapted to *ends*; and these means varying, as observation and experience suggest, the more effectually to attain the design; and as different individuals have different capacities for observation, and have reached different degrees of skill, a great diversity is found amongst men in the process they adopt. In fact, we never find two men work precisely alike, nor does the same individual evince at all times the same degree of skill. The *rational* animal, under the guidance of his noble faculty, is capable of unlimited improvement in every work of art; and though he may begin with building himself a domicile more rude and unfit for his purpose than the habitation the beaver forms for itself, he ends with erecting a palace replete with every accommodation! But instinct is independent of experience, and borrows nothing from reason. The spider forms its web, and the lion pismire digs its little pit, before the former has tasted a fly, or the latter an ant; even before they knew that such insects existed. The young bee, the moment it has escaped from the chrysalis state, begins to expand and try its wings; sallies forth alone from the hive, alights upon the proper flowers, extracts from them the proper juice; collects the farina, kneads it into a little pellet, deposits this in its proper receptacles in its feet; returns back to the hive, and then delivers up the honey and wax which it has collected and manufactured. Thus all bees act at the present day; and thus they acted six thousand years ago, when they collected their honey from the flowers of Eden!

The distinction then between reason and instinct is marked enough. Under the impulse of the former, the actions of animals are invariably the same under the same circumstances—and in every individual of their species throughout all generations. But the actions of the latter are varied according to the greater or lesser cultivation of some of their rational powers. Men's actions are the result of some previous intellectual process, and proceed from motives acting on the will. But in-

stinctive acts are prompted by a blind impulse, and are not under the control of volition.

There can be no doubt, however, that in many of the inferior animals there is often found a mixture of some portion of rational power and instinctive propensity conjoined. Volumes may be filled with these instances, sufficiently authenticated, and some of them are both amusing and extraordinary. It will be sufficient to mention one. A medical man, practising in the North of England, was one day out partridge-shooting with a friend, who had a favorite pointer with him. It happened that this poor dog had his leg broken by some accident, and his master was about to shoot him. The surgeon interposed, and begged he might have the dog for the purpose of attempting a cure of the fracture. This being granted, the animal was subjected to the usual treatment; and life and limb were, in consequence, saved. Some time afterwards, while this medical man was sitting in his surgery, he heard a scratching at the door; and on going to see the cause of it, he was surprised to find his old patient, the pointer, with another dog, who had had his leg fractured, and whom, it would seem, the animal had taken the liberty of introducing to his surgeon, that his friend might have the benefit of the same treatment which had succeeded so well in his own case!

In man the instinctive principle is modified by the intellectual of his nature. In infancy, the one predominates over the other, as this sovereignty of instinct then is absolutely necessary for his safety. At that period of his existence, it would be useless to make his preservation dependent on reflection, which is too slow a process to be available. Were the child obliged to find out the proper mode of procuring food from the nurse's breast, and to await the result of certain trials before it could decide on the best, it would probably be starved before it could come to any conclusion on the subject. Nature has, therefore, taken the affair into her own hands, by giving the child an instinct, by which it at once, without reason, reflection, or experience, effects its object in a manner as perfect as the most refined philosophy could have taught it.

But as the life of man advances, his intellectual powers become gradually developed, and the instincts become weaker and more under the control of his judgment. It is, indeed, a beautiful and interesting spectacle often to contemplate those instinctive propensities and feelings of his organisation, thrust, as it were, under the power of his moral and intellectual nature, made subservient to his volition, or suspended altogether in presence of the more commanding influence of a sound reason or determined will. As in the following examples:—

When we observe some pious individual employed in the administration of the consolations of religion, in the abode of disease and death; where at every breath he is sure to inhale the poison of some malignant fever; we may be sure that his moral resolution has overcome the instinctive dread of death. Or we may picture to ourselves a young mother, in the noontide of her youth and beauty, seated at the cradle of her sick infant; and there, hour after hour, she will sit, negligent of her own health, and (what is often considered

a greater sacrifice) careless of her own looks and dress.

From morn to eve, unmindful of her form,
Unmindful of the happy dress that stole
The wishes of the youth, when every maid
With envy pin'd—

devoting every moment of her time, and every thought of her heart, to a watchful attendance on her helpless charge, and performing all those offices for its ease and comfort to which nothing but a sense of duty could reconcile her!

But there is an instance of the triumph of the intellectual over the instinctive which has been so frequently exemplified in the maritime history of our country as to merit recording here. Let us place ourselves, in imagination, amidst the fearful turmoil of a shipwreck, where, through the roaring of the storm, we can hear the agonising shrieks of those on board the stranded vessel. There is one, however, who, in the midst of the agitated crowd, is ordering and directing everything with perfect composure. The only boat that has escaped wreck, is carefully lowered; and this individual, the captain of the vessel, busies himself in seeing placed in it the most helpless of the passengers, and boatful after boatful is landed in safety before he himself quits. Or the case may be that the boat will not hold all, yet he refuses a place in it for himself; and there he stands, on the deck of the sinking vessel, having made up his mind to perish rather than sacrifice one of the lives committed to his charge. Here we see the natural and powerful instinct of self-preservation subdued by a seaman's sense of duty!

But even in the occupations of ordinary life, we find many examples of the subjugation of the lower propensities of animal life to the nobler objects of the intellectual character. We see the astronomer in his observatory, and the chemist in his laboratory—the one heedless of the cold night and wintry sky; seated for hours at the telescope, watching the progress of some distant star across its disc; the other, amidst an atmosphere of mephitic gas, repeating his experiments on some detonating compound, that on the least accident would blow him to pieces. And for what is all this abandonment of selfish gratification, and exposure to physical suffering and danger?—to enable these individuals to confirm or establish some fact in science, or enable some future inquirers to do so, long after they themselves are in their graves.

It is curious to find that however sagacious some animals may be, and however near they sometimes approach ourselves in intelligence, there are certain intellectual acts they are never found to attempt in any degree whatever. "Nobody," says Adam Smith, "ever saw a dog make a fair and deliberate exchange of one bone for another with another dog. No one ever saw one animal, by its gestures and natural cries, signify to another 'this is mine, that is yours; I am willing to give this for that.' No animal is found to cook his food, and none of them have a perception of the beautiful in external nature. Who ever saw a horse or an ass gazing with pleasure on the scenery amidst which they are grazing? Neither do any of them employ any means of decorating their bodies artificially—a propensity which is

found universally in the human race, from the accomplished female of civilised life, who wreathes her natural locks with flowers, to the rude savage who sticks a fish-bone through her nostrils, to augment the fascination of her squat and sable face!

THE A, B, C, or ALPHABETICAL RAILWAY GUIDE. Numbers 1 and 2. William Tweedie.

This much-desiderated monthly periodical professes to show you, *at a glance*, "How and when you can go from London to the different stations in Great Britain, and return; together with the *fares, distances, population,*" &c., &c.

This profession is literally and most honorably fulfilled. In one moment, we find all we want. No hunting (as in "Bradshaw") for a full hour; and *then* being more puzzled than ever as to what so much paper and print can possibly mean. All is clear, distinct, and perfectly intelligible even to a child. If we want to go to Cambridge, we look under C. There it is, in an instant. "From Bishopsgate station, 57½ miles." The fares are also stated; the population, and the times of departure and arrival at and from. The matter lies in a nutshell. Sixpence tells you *all* you can care to know. The work is exquisitely printed, nobly arranged, highly useful; and it will soon silence every other work of more pretension but with little claim to public support. We cannot say more—we could not say less.

A LECTURE ON THE ORIGIN AND MANUFACTURE OF PAPER. By R. HERRING.

This is a pamphlet, emanating from a wholesale stationer. Being behind the scenes, he is able as willing, to point out the deception used in paper-making. His remarks are worth listening to. He says—

So far as the public, and even half the stationers are concerned, I believe no branch of trade offers such undeniable opportunities of deception, as that in connection with the material of paper; arising necessarily, to a great extent, from the ignorance which an excessive variety always creates.

But paper is also made a very ready acquisition for misleading people with reference to numerous other commodities. Some coarse kinds being cheaper than leather, are not unfrequently made use of to gratify the public, even by reducing the price of boots and shoes. Not, however, to enter unnecessarily into such matters, I will just give an instance which occurred to me the other day, in the case of a grocer, situate in a very populous district.

Royal-hand, you must know, is the name of a certain size of paper, used chiefly for packing up moist sugar. One ream will do up a hogshead of 14 or 15 cwt. There are two colors, blue and white; the latter being more frequently made use of, because a little cheaper. We were quite out

of the blue, excepting a quality at 42s. per cwt. or 4½d. per lb., which, as a reason that it would not exactly suit, was openly acknowledged to be the price the sugar was to be retailed at when packed, as being superior in quality to precisely the same article done up in white paper. What the sugar itself costs, is not a matter of question with which we are at present concerned; but that deception was aimed at, through the medium of paper, there can be no doubt whatever. I have since been informed that the practice, even through necessity, *has become quite common.*

White papers are often considerably adulterated with plaster of Paris, sometimes to the amount of 30 per cent., for the sole purpose of gaining weight. This can easily be detected by burning a sheet; when the plaster will remain, after combustion, in a whitish-colored ash.

The manufacture of brown paper is as frequently assisted by the addition of clay for the like purposes; which, by giving a more preferable color, though at the same time reducing the strength, yet necessarily the value, is, as things go, an unquestionable recommendation to the artfulness of the maker. I say as things go, for it is truly surprising to note the avidity with which people seek cheap brown paper by weight. Whereas, in the majority of cases, what they really want is strength, free from unnecessary substance.

Compare, for instance, specimens numbered 56 and 57; the one appearing so much better in color, is two or three shillings per cwt. *less* than that marked 56, which with many persons would at once be deemed an inducement to give it the preference, for the two plain reasons of more "stuff" for money, and a better appearance into the bargain. But, surely, a thick cumbersome article is not to be thought so advisable for wrapping purposes as one which, though thinner, is as strong and much more pliable.

And to prove that it is a false economy alone which justifies such a choice, I assure you that no less than 1½ cwt. were placed in my presence in the centre of a sheet of that marked 56, when held out at the corners, before it gave way; while, where you similarly to test a sheet of the same weight of quality 57 (which from color alone is ordinarily termed the best make), it would require scarcely more than one-third of that amount to break it down.

So far, then, from two or three shillings per hundred saved being any decided advantage, I should rather be disposed to conceive it a sounder economical project to make use of the other kind, even at an advance of cent. per cent.

Let all who are concerned in this matter, read, mark, learn, and "digest" (if they can) what they have here had brought under their notice. Paper-makers tell tales of grocers, now. By-and-by, we shall perhaps hear what the latter have to say about the former. All trades are honest,—till they are found out.

HOGG'S INSTRUCTOR,—NOVEMBER. Groom-bridge and Sons.

We have frequently given extracts from this instructive periodical. We will now offer

another, describing the Capercailzie, or Cock of the Woods:—

The Capercailzie, or Cock of the Woods, though formerly abundant in Scotland, has now long ceased to be a denizen of our forests. This splendid bird is the undoubted chieftain of the grouse tribe; the length to the end of the tail being 34 inches, and the extent of wings 52. To its great size, beauty, the large quantity of wholesome food supplied by it, and the gradual disappearance of the forests that afforded it both shelter and food, the Capercailzie owes its final extinction in Scotland. The same circumstances have led to the disappearance of the turkey, which swarmed in the primeval forests of many parts of the New World, before these resounded to the stroke of the white man's axe. It is now more than half a century since the last native species of the Capercailzie was seen in Scotland. Various attempts have been made to re-naturalise it, by introducing individuals from Norway, in the wooded mountainous parts of which country the bird is plentiful. In the year 1828, the Earl of Fife caused a pair to be brought over; but the female dying before landing, the attempt was frustrated. In 1829, another pair was imported, and placed in an aviary at Mar Lodge, where incubation took place, without, however, producing a live bird. In 1830, another incubation of the same hen was again unsuccessful; but, after many precautions had been taken, a live brood was obtained the following year, 1831. It was intended, after several broods had been obtained, to set two or three pairs at liberty in the magnificent pine forests of Braemar.

For the former existence of the Capercailzie in Scotland, we have the authority of Pennant, who, in his "Tour of Scotland" (1769), notices as follows:—"Near Castle Urquhart is the broadest part of the loch (Loch Ness), occasioned by a bay near the castle. Above it is Glen Moriston, and east of that Strath Glas, the Chisolm country, in both of which are forests of pine, where that rare bird the Cock of the Wood is still to be met with; perhaps in those near Castle Grant. Formerly it was common throughout the Highlands, and was called Capercailzie and Anergalze, and in the old law books, Capercally." In his "British Zoology," he says, "This species is found in no other part of Great Britain than the Highlands of Scotland, north of Inverness, and is very rare even in these parts. I have seen one specimen, a male, killed in the woods of Mr. Chisolme, to the north of Inverness."

According to various authors, the Capercailzie is abundant in many of the mountainous wooded tracts of the Continent, especially Norway and Sweden. In the latter country it is often domesticated, breeding even in confinement. It retains a good deal of its natural fierceness, and will peck at strangers.

This fine bird is not much inferior to the turkey in size, and is more robust in proportion. The body is full; the neck strong, and of moderate length; the wings somewhat short; the feet of moderate strength; the tail rather long. The male has the upper parts undulated with grey and black; the throat, fore-neck, and breast, black; the tips of the feathers, glossy dark green; the lower wing coverts, and feathers under the tail, white. The female is much smaller than the male, and has the

plumage variegated, yellowish red, brownish black, and white. The food of the Capercaillie is the leaves and buds of the pine tree, juniper berries, cranberries, &c.

The following account of its habits is taken from Lloyd's "Northern Field Sports":—

"Nilsson, a Norwegian naturalist, with a small dog, 'Brunette,' used to hunt the Capercaillie in autumn. 'Brunette' would flush them from the ground, and cause them to perch on the trees. 'Here,' says he, 'as "Brunette" has the eye of an eagle, and the foot of an antelope, she was not long in following them. Sometimes, however, these birds were in the pines in the first instance; but, as my dog was possessed of an extraordinary fine sense of smelling, she would often wind, or, in other words, scent them, from a long distance. When she found the Capercaillie, she would station herself under the tree where they were sitting, and, by keeping up an incessant barking, direct my steps towards the spot. I now advanced with silence and caution; and, as it frequently happened that the attention of the bird was much taken up with observing the dog, I was enabled to approach until it was within range of my rifle, or even my common gun.' In the forest, the Capercaillie does not always present an easy mark; for, dipping down from the pines nearly to the ground, as is frequently the case, they are often almost out of distance before one can properly take aim.

"Towards the commencement, and during the continuance of winter, they are generally in flocks. These, usually composed wholly of cocks (the hens keeping apart), do not separate until the approach of spring. These flocks, which are sometimes said to contain fifty or a hundred birds, usually hold to the sides of the numerous lakes and morasses with which the northern forests abound; and to stalk the same in the winter time with a good rifle is no ignoble amusement. Among other expedients resorted to in the northern forests for the destruction of the Capercaillie, is the following:—During the autumnal months, after flushing and dispersing the brood, people place themselves in ambush, and imitate the cry of the old or young birds, as circumstances may require. By thus attracting them to the spot, they are often able to shoot the whole brood in succession. In Smaland and Ostergothland, the Capercaillie is hunted by torchlight, in the following manner:—Towards nightfall, people watch the last flight of the Capercaillie before they go to roost. The direction they have taken into the forest is then carefully marked by means of a prostrate tree, or by one which is felled especially for the purpose. After dark, two men start in pursuit of the birds: one of them is provided with a gun, the other with a long pole, to either end of which a flambeau is attached. The man with the flambeau now goes in advance, the other remaining at the prostrate tree, to keep it and the two lights in an exact line with each other. By this curious contrivance they cannot well go astray in the forest. Thus they proceed, occasionally halting, and taking a fresh mark, until they come near to the spot where they have reason to suppose the birds are roosting. They now carefully examine the trees; and when they discover the objects of their pursuit, which are said stupidly to remain gazing at the fire blazing beneath, they shoot them at their leisure. Should there be

several Capercaillie in the same tree, however, it is always necessary to shoot those in the lower branches in the first instance; for, unless one of the birds falls on its companions, it is said the rest will never move, and, in consequence, the whole of them may be readily killed."

We should add, that the other articles in this magazine are also of sterling interest and value. Its Editor caters well for the reading public.

NEVER SIT IN WET OR DAMP CLOTHES.

THE season has arrived, when all who value their health must indeed be warily cautious. Wet clothes must immediately be exchanged for dry ones, or the consequences may be very serious. It should never be forgotten that evaporation *always* produces cold: because the heat which is required to convert water into steam must be withdrawn from the surrounding medium. Hence wet summers are often succeeded by cold winters; the greater evaporation produced from the excessive moisture having reduced the temperature of the earth. That evaporation produces cold, may be immediately proved by moistening the palm of the hand, and exposing it to the wind. This causes evaporation, when cold will be very sensibly felt. And the more so, if we use a volatile fluid, such as *sal volatile* or spirit of wine; the greater rapidity with which they evaporate, producing a greater degree of cold. It is from this reason that remaining in wet clothes is so dangerous. The evaporation that takes place during the time they are drying, carries away so large a portion of heat from the body, as almost certainly to induce cold, and all the thousand diseases which follow in its train. When a person is *obliged to remain* in wet clothes, the best method to adopt—is to prevent evaporation. This may be done by covering them with a Mackintosh, or any other garment which will best keep the moisture in; and if this be effectually done, the person will feel little inconvenience from his damp clothes. The warmth of the body will soon communicate itself to the damp garments under the Mackintosh; and, as the steam cannot escape through it, there is nothing to produce a greater degree of cold than if the garments had been dry.

THERE'S LOVE FOR ME,—AND YOU!

THERE is a dew for the flow'ret,
And honey for the bee;
And bowers for the wild-bird,
And love for you and me!

There are tears for the many,
And pleasure for the few;
But let the world pass on, dear,
There's love for me and you!

There is care that will not leave us,
And pain that will not flee;
But on our hearth unaltered
Sits Love 'tween you and me!

Our love it ne'er was reckoned—
Yet good it is, and true;
It's half the world to me, dear,
It's all the world to you!

J. H.

BRITISH SONG-BIRDS,—

ACCLIMATED IN

THE UNITED STATES, NEW YORK.

Is there a brilliant fondling of the cage,
Though fed with dainties from the snow-white hand
Of a kind mistress, fairest of the land,
But gladly would escape? And, if need were,
Scatter the colors from the plumes that bear
The emancipated captive through blithe air,
Into strange woods, where heat large may live;
On best or worst which **THEY** and **NATURE** give?

WORDSWORTH.



ZEALOUS ARE WE—ZEALOUS
ALREADY ARE MANY OTHERS,
to carry into distant lands the
music that makes Old England
so truly happy. Take away
the melody of our feathered
songsters, which adds so much
delight to our walks, strolls,

and wanderings, and what would the country be? It would be like a well-spread repast,—wanting *only* the guests to partake of it. A pretty picture,—inanimate. There would be no life—no joy—no companionship.

The stillness of nature, so lovely by night, requires the contrast we allude to by day. We see our little friends happy as we walk along. We hear their songs of praise as they flit before us. We follow them, till out of sight, as they wing their way to Heaven's gate; and await their return with "a new song." Are we not repaid for our patience? Was any melody ever equal to that of our "herald of the morn?" What an anthem rolls over our head, as we quit the pillow to greet the God of day! Take away our birds,—and our hearts would be indeed sad!

The paper we inserted last month, on the subject of Acclimating our British Birds of Song in the United States, has excited, as we imagined it would do, very great attention. The Liverpool, Manchester, and other papers, have kindly given it a currency which will keep the subject alive,—we hope, for ever. It is not a private, but a public question; for the two countries are now so closely united that they have, to a great extent, become part and parcel of each other.

The women of America—God bless them! are, by their sound wholesome writings, working quite a reformation amongst us. We rejoice to see their sentiments so liberally copied into our public prints. They cannot fail of having their due effect in time; for there is something in innocent simplicity very attractive—albeit **FASHION**, with her iron heels, does trample virtue so remorselessly under foot. Line upon line,—precept upon precept, is the old system of education; but it is good to the last:—

Gutta cavat lapidem—non vi sed sæpe cadendo.

The stone is worn away,—not by force, but by the constant dripping of falling water.

Well, then; we "owe" the United States something. Their women shall have the praise; and also, if we can accomplish it, they shall have the gladdening, cheerful voices of our birds, to do them homage. We can imagine they will be well satisfied by such compensation; for they are tender-hearted, sensible, refined, modest, domestic; devoted to works of charity, and labors of love. Ostentation and pride, which disfigure all the doings of *our* countrywomen, in *them* find little place. Hence the power with which they write, and the influence produced by their honest argument. Having thus proved that we are *called upon* to make some return for favors received, let it be in the form of "thanksgiving, and the voice of *melody*."

Our Correspondent, T. S. W., (*ante* p. 213) has given us a very interesting account of his *first* experiment with the birds he took out from England in 1852; and we have reason to believe that most of them are alive and doing well. But as yet, the numbers of each which have been exported have been ridiculously few. A rigorous winter, vermin, sickness, or other causes, might speedily reduce their ranks; and interfere with the propagation of their various races. Suffice it, that the first experiment has been satisfactory; and that public excitement to prosecute the matter vigorously has become greater than ever.

Fortunately, *everybody* can assist in the matter, who is about to visit New York—provided only they love to do a common act of pleasing duty. On their arrival, they will find open arms ready to receive them.

"The Brooklyn Natural History Society" at New York, will at once relieve them of further trouble; and see to the welfare of all their feathered visitors the instant they are landed. This is the grandest point of all,—cordial co-operation.

We do not at all wonder at the anxiety shown to have our British birds associated with the native birds of America. These latter have singularly fine plumages, but no song. Hence are they valued for the former only. It is curious to note the furore prevailing in England for these useless birds. They are never happy here; but being "foreign," they have an ideal value. Doomed to lead a life of torture, they linger a few years with us, and fairly die of grief. We never could conscientiously keep these birds under our roof; for we love to see everything of ours happy.

Now, with regard to the further quantities of British Song-birds to be taken out—we invite the aid of *all* lovers of natural history about to proceed to New York. A few pairs of skylarks, blackbirds, thrushes, goldfinches, &c., will occupy little space, if put into long store-cages prepared for the purpose; and

as the voyage is now so quickly performed, few, if any, deaths may be anticipated.* Of course, the birds should be kept out of the reach of draughts, and moderately warm, during the outward passage. They should also be regularly cleaned (thrice a week), and have fresh food and water daily.

Nearly all the birds taken out last year appear to have thrived, excepting *the robins*. These must be kept in cages with separate compartments, as they are very quarrelsome. They are very impatient of confinement, unless within sight of a garden, or the noise of cities—two opposites which in them meet. *Les extrémités se touchent*. The food must be constantly varied; consisting of a little cheese, grated; stale bread, German paste, bruised almonds, partially-masticated bread and butter, &c., and plenty of water. The cages should be open in front *only*, and of a moderate height within. The birds should on no account be permitted to see each other, or in any other way to become excited.

It would be well, if people would so contrive as to reach their destination in the early spring. The birds would then become more readily seasoned to the climate. This is not absolutely needful, but rather desirable. The *seed* given to the birds must all be of the very best; and consist of canary, rape, flax, and hemp. German paste, hard-boiled eggs, mealworms, &c., must, of course, be regularly supplied to one and all of the soft-billed birds; indeed, with the exception of mealworms (which linnets, goldfinches, canaries, &c., will not eat), one general food will be relished by the whole colony. Fresh water should, in all cases, be given daily, the cages cleaned regularly, and the food looked to every morning. For the rest, Mr. Clifford will give the fullest information to all requiring it.

We expect, now, to hear of many a family interesting themselves in this matter. It costs so little, gives so little trouble, is so gratifying to the lovers of nature—and yet is so important in its united results! By going at once to the "Brooklyn Society," on landing, the end sought is immediately attained. The reward will be ample, even if delayed; for the fields will anon resound with songs of melody, and the air ring with the voices of some of the happy choristers to

* To afford every facility for this, we have spoken on the subject to Mr. CLIFFORD, 24, Great St. Andrew Street, Holborn, of whom the birds were purchased which have been already safely landed in New York. Mr. Clifford will provide both store-cages, birds (male and female), food, mealworms, &c., &c., and give all needful information to any inquirer. He will procure either one, two, or fifty pairs of birds; but due notice should, of course, be given him, in order that the birds may be purchased at a reasonable rate.

whom has been given liberty in a strange land.

We have already recorded the fact that all birds taken over are now rigorously protected by law (see p. 213), and their nests also. This is encouraging. Moreover, all new-comers will now find themselves in the company of their own tribes; who, no doubt, will greet them with a hearty welcome.

Our correspondent has asked us if the hen robin will feed her young in confinement? She will not only feed *her own* young, but the young of a dozen other nests. Her affection is without limit or parallel during the breeding season. She will bring up canaries, or *any* young birds. The hen skylark, too, is of a very affectionate turn; but being naturally timid, she is not to be so much depended upon as the hen robin. Nests of young birds might easily be taken out if desired; but we see no occasion for this, as old birds may always be procured (when taken in quantities) at as low prices; and there might be some difficulty in the young birds getting their living.

Here we leave the matter for the present; feeling sure that we shall often be called upon to record many a pleasing fact connected with our English feathered friends abroad. We may even be tempted to go over—and *hear* them!

Meantime,—success to the great undertaking! say we.

TO MARY —

DEAR MARY! though these lines may fade,
And drop neglected in the dust,
Yet what I wish, my little maid,
Will surely come to pass, I trust.

May all that's purest, rarest, best,
Be imaged ever in thy heart;
And may thy future years attest
Thee innocent, as now thou art!

Fair seem the flowers, fair seems the Spring,
Bright shines the sun—the starry band;
Life flies, with inexperienced wing,
O'er blooming fields of morning-land.

But where yon rosy summit glows
Do not attempt th' aspiring flight;
For storms those painted clouds enclose,
And tempests beat yon glittering height.

Ah! no—the illusive wish forego;
This precept learn, by Nature given,—
From mountains' tops we gaze below,
But in the vales we look to Heaven.

Then be thy guide the golden Truth;
Keep thou thy heart serene and young;
And in thy age, as in thy youth,
THOU'LT STILL BE LOVED AND STILL BE SUNG.

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION.

No. XLIX.—PHYSIOLOGY OF THE BRAIN.

BY F. J. GALL, M.D.

(Continued from Page 231.)

IN THE CASE WHERE THE QUALITIES and faculties, common to animals, and, at the same time, those proper to man, are equally active, there will thence result men who find themselves placed between the animal and man. They are stimulated by the one, and warned by the other; often degraded by the one, and often elevated by the other. They are great in vice, and great in virtue; in many respects they are excellence or wisdom itself. In many respects, also, they are subject to deplorable failings and vices. The most opposite qualities often make of them the most problematic beings; such were Louis XI., Charles V., Philip II., James II., Catherine de Medicis, who, though under the influence of a superstitious devotion, were the scourge of their subjects. These are the persons who experience, in the most sensible manner, the struggle of two beings at war within them. Such were Socrates, St. Paul, St. Augustin; who, having the most violent combats to sustain, may claim the most glorious prizes of virtue.

When one or some of the qualities or faculties, whether animal or human, possess extraordinary energy, while the others are only moderate, there hence results great genius; great talents in a particular sphere of action, or certain propensities, good or bad, predominating over the rest. These talents and propensities constitute the character of the individual; and such a man will have the more difficulty in resisting their impulse, as the other forces, moral and intellectual, are less active. You have the musician, the mechanic, the poet,—all exclusive and ardent in their pursuits; but you have also the debauchee, the bravo, the robber, who, in certain cases, are passionate to such a degree that the excessive activity of these propensities degenerates into actual madness, and deprives the individual of all power to restrain them.

You see, on the contrary, apathies and partial imbecilities—when, by the side of other qualities and faculties sufficiently well marked, one or a few organs are very little developed. With such an organisation, Lessing and Tischbein detest music; Newton and Kant have a horror of women.

Finally, in the sixth class is found the crowd of ordinary men. But as the organs common to the animal occupy the greatest part of the brain, these men remain limited to the sphere of animal qualities; their enjoyments are those of sense, and they never produce, in any respect, anything remarkable.

These six principal divisions are confounded by a thousand modifications, as happens to all the great divisions of nature. We know that the organisation is rarely so fortunate, as to give to the faculties of a superior order the almost certain power of impressing a favorable direction on the inferior faculties. We may, then, admit as a truth, established by the laws of organisation, that, among men, a very small number would find, in themselves alone, the force, or sufficient motives to make a law for themselves, to determine themselves to acts conformable to the dignity of the noblest propensities, sentiments, and faculties of man.

This would be the place to discuss the question—which of the two is the more virtuous man, he who does praiseworthy actions only from natural character, or he who has always temptations to withstand?

I have already answered this question in treating of moral liberty. In fact, there is no real virtue, as Cardinal Polignac says, “except when the will, subjected to the empire of reason, arrests the irregular movements of the heart, calms the tumult of the passions, quells their revolt, and subjugates them; a painful victory, and often the price of the greatest efforts. But the greater the self-denial and the sacrifice, the more elevated and sublime is the virtuous act.”

Such is the judgment dictated by justice and reflection. But in this, as in every thing, it is not reason, but obscure feelings, which determine our conduct, and render us all, without our suspecting it, habitually unjust. Beauty, youth, strength, riches, are everywhere admired and sought; while ugliness, old age, weakness, poverty, are condemned to the most afflicting privations. In the same manner, we give to the man naturally virtuous, as by instinct, all our esteem, all our admiration; while the most approved and the severest virtue of the man in whom we know the existence of a natural propensity to vice, always appears suspicious.

Application of my Principles to Man, considered as the Object of Education.

After what I have now said, it will no longer be objected to me, that the innateness of moral qualities and intellectual faculties involves the uselessness of education, morality, religion, legislation, punishment, reward. The conviction must have been acquired, that these institutions are indispensable; that in order to determine men to legal, noble, and virtuous acts, and in order that they may determine themselves to such acts, we must develop and cultivate internal means, and multiply and fortify external motives. Pascal has well observed, that one of the most essential advantages of the Christian religion is, that it thoroughly understands human nature; that is, all which is great, and all that is miserable in man, and that it presents to him the purest motives. In fact, the more numerous, noble, and strong, are the motives, the more will man be enlightened as to his real interest, and the more disposed to make a good choice of his actions. We shall facilitate the resistance to certain too active propensities with the more success, the earlier the task of repressing them is commenced; and by an education appropriate to the individual, and commenced from infancy, we shall give more facility of acting, and more energy to the superior propensities, feelings, and faculties, and render the idea of the fatal results of immoral actions more lively and more habitual.

What is the education, public or private; what is the legislation, criminal or civil; what are the measures of government; what are the institutions, social and religious, which give to nations the most virtue, industry, and, consequently, happiness; which engender the fewest vices and crimes, the least persecution, intolerance, atrocities, corruption of domestic manners, trouble, and warfare? The solution of these problems would be

worthy of the best friends of humanity. Ah! how would the result, obtained in the history of all times, confound those men of darkness, who are ignorant and perverse enough to desire and to order the interdiction of knowledge, and the degradation of nations!—who, jealous of the happiness of their fellow-men, substitute for the instruction proper to each condition, for the religion and morality of the Gospel, superstition, prejudices, sterile dogmas and ceremonies, monkish charlatanism, &c. ; means of extinguishing in every man a sense of his dignity and his rights, and of lording it, with little wisdom over dupes and slaves, as vicious as ignorant!

Compare civilised with barbarous times; compare the list of horrors committed among barbarous nations, or, which comes to the same thing, among the ignorant and superstitious! Their false devotion, and their vaunted innocence of manners, will make us shrink with dismay. Who does not know, that these horrors diminish in proportion as knowledge, civilisation, a pure religion, freed from fanaticism, are more generally diffused?

In the prisons, of which we have visited a very large number, we have satisfied ourselves that the greatest part of the criminals were born in provinces, and in those conditions of life, in which instruction and education, moral as well as civil, are the most neglected. In the same manner, the bands of ferocious brigands who spread terror in Holland, and on the banks of the Rhine, were composed of individual vagabonds, nourished in superstition, but deprived of all positive instruction.

“Why has not Heaven,” said Baron Cuvier to the tribunal of legislators, “given me that eloquence of the heart which you admire in your venerable colleague, M. Laine? How would I depict to you the difference between the poor child who has received no instruction, and the one who has been fortunate enough to obtain it? You speak of religion; but how can one preserve religious ideas without establishing their influence over him by reading? You say that misery produces more wretches than ignorance; but is not ignorance itself a source of misery? And the domestic virtues; how are they favored by the habit of reading! Is not the most indifferent book a better and more moral amusement than the tavern and the debauch?”

The most perfect institutions, it is true, cannot cause crimes and enormities to cease altogether. Yet, we have a right to expect, from good education, a great diminution of moral evil. When we reflect how often it happens to individuals of the lower classes, to be educated without care, or to be imbued only with prejudices and superstition,—we are astonished that more evil is not committed; and are forced to acknowledge the natural goodness of the human race. A thousand unhappy circumstances are combined to spread the most dangerous snares for the man born in the lower class of the people. Plunged in profound ignorance, deprived of all that might have formed the qualities of his mind and soul, he has but very inexact notions of morality and religion: even the obligations of society, and the laws, are generally unknown to him. Solely occupied with earning his bread, gross and noisy amusements, gaming and drunkenness, make him a prey to base and violent passions: on all sides he is surrounded by

temptations, lies, prejudices, and superstition: he is constantly told of pretended sorcerers, conjurers, treasure finders, magicians, interpreters of dreams, expounders of cards: he has placed before his eyes lotteries, and all sorts of games of chance, which take the last mouthful of bread from thousands of famished children. These are scourges, of which a friend to humanity cannot, without horror, foresee the eternal duration! How many domestic miseries, how many suicides, larcenies, secret robberies,—flow from these fatal sources!

A mere prejudice is often the cause of the most horrible actions. Some years since, a man killed the neighbor of his deceased uncle, for the purpose of avenging the illness and death of his uncle; the effects, as he said, of the machinations of the neighbor, whom he regarded as a sorcerer. A mother killed and roasted her child, that the fat of this innocent creature might serve to cure the rheumatic pains of her husband. A band of robbers thought to expiate the most atrocious murders by muttering some paternosters over their victims. It is Jacob regarded the murder which he committed on his wife, as entirely effaced, as soon as he had ordered some masses to be said for her and for himself. [History of Schinderhannes.] In such occurrences, I regard those at the head of public instruction as accomplices and abettors of the crime. What ministers of religion, what shepherds are they, who can suffer their flock to wander thus?

With a view to such considerations, those sovereigns who have conceived the noble and generous wish of giving good morals to their subjects, and securing their happiness, have always favored public instruction, the teaching of morality and religion, the arts and the sciences. The Gospel has recommended to us, to let our light shine among men, and to proclaim the truth in a loud voice.* The apostles and fathers have regarded ignorance as the source of all evils.

We ought to say, for the honor of the age in which we live, that most states distinguish themselves by establishing excellent schools. In several places there is even given to adults, who have been neglected, the same education as to children. Schools have been founded for the instruction of teachers. Persons who wish to marry, are reminded of what belongs to the physical and moral education of children, and the duties of marriage. Governments have begun to cause excellent tracts to be written on morality and education; reduced to the form of tales and romances, and adapted to the understanding of the lower classes and designed for gratuitous distribution among them.

This is not the place to describe all the useful establishments we have seen; but I cannot refrain from giving to M. Bœrens, of Copenhagen, that venerable philanthropist, my tribute of respect. This excellent man had founded two seminaries of education, to which children of the lowest class were admitted. Not only were they instructed gratuitously, as in the five other public schools of Copenhagen, but their meals were furnished them also. In the morning, on entering the school, they had to wash; then they breakfasted, then received their lessons in reading, writing, and other branches of knowledge for which they exhibited any incli-

* St. Matt. v. 16. St. Mark iv. 21.

nation. In the periods of recreation, they were exercised in gymnastic games. After this, the boys were taught trades and mechanical arts; and the girls were instructed in sewing, embroidery, and divers domestic works. In the evening, after supping, they returned home. The proceeds of their labor belonged to the establishment. The sick were attended gratuitously by Doctor Wendts. How many benefits did this institution not produce! It afforded means to poor parents to devote themselves to their occupations, from which they were no longer detained by the care of their children. These, on the other hand, were accustomed to neatness, order, economy, to labor and social life; their moral and intellectual qualities were formed; they even sought, by edifying hymns, music, &c., to give more delicacy to their sentiments.

In general, all establishments, where individuals who are in want find employment, also merit the greatest commendation; but if there do not previously exist in these individuals a habit of gaining their living honestly, the end of these institutions is only in part attained. In fact, either these individuals do not resort to these work-houses, or the police is obliged to employ coercive means to withdraw them from idleness. The wisest regulations cannot always have sufficient influence; because men accustomed to idleness find, without ceasing, an infinity of subterfuges to escape the measures of the best regulated administration.

With a rude people, the magistrates are commonly obliged to command and to forbid, what they must do, and what they must not. In revenge, the people elude these arbitrary orders of their superiors whenever they think they can do it with impunity. But when a man has received previous education, he generally holds a better regulated course, and submits himself to the laws and regulations with less repugnance. The authorities act, then, in conformity to human nature, when they join to the ordinances, motives which oblige them; because then, even in the eyes of him to whom they might appear oppressive and arbitrary, all appearance of constraint is withdrawn. On the other hand, a benevolent legislation will avoid multiplying laws; knowing that, as St. Paul says, the more laws the more sins.

Application of my Principles to Man, considered as an object of Correction and Punishment.

To treat this subject pertinently, would require volumes. I am, therefore, obliged to limit myself to describing the grounds on which our conduct towards malefactors should rest.

Not being well informed on the true sources of our determinations, legislators, as well as moralists, have confined themselves exclusively to the will. Under this expression, they imagined to themselves, as it were, a peculiar being, and rendered independent of the organisation of the sex, of the constitution, &c. At most, it was only the age of minority which they considered as deserving some consideration. Did the man show an evil disposition? it was because he willed it. Did he do evil? it was that he had strongly wished to do it. Little was thought of the difference which exists between the propensities and the voluntary determination; still less of the various motives, internal and external, which

cause this determination. Delicts and crimes have been considered in themselves, without regard to the wants and the position of the individual who was their author. To change the will of malefactors, it was long thought sufficient to inflict penalties. Hence everywhere resulted criminal laws, which only go to determine what are the culpable actions; and to fix for each of these material acts a proportionate punishment, but always the same, whatever the difference of the individual acting. The aggravating or extenuating circumstances are rather sought in accidental external things, than in the peculiar position, or the internal state of the malefactor.

If any one wishes to bring back this defective legislation to principles founded on the nature of men; if he prove the existence of innate propensities, and that man no more has the choice of possessing propensities, more or less imperious, than of having talents more or less decided; that these propensities are one of the main springs of our actions—immediately they go to the opposite extreme. If the evil propensities are innate, say they, there is no longer any culpability in vice and in crime. No one can prevent himself from doing evil; and a criminal has only to say that he has such or such a propensity, to excuse all his actions, and secure himself from every accusation.

My readers are sufficiently prepared for me to leave to them the refutation of this language. They must also be convinced, that if men were left to themselves, they would not all find within, motives equally numerous and equally powerful for doing good, and avoiding evil. They know that propensities exist, whose excessive activity constitutes unlawful inclinations; whose abusive action leads to evil: they know also every man is not morally free to an equal extent, and that consequently every man, when the question relates to internal culpability, is not equally culpable, although the material act and the external guilt are the same thing. The same action may be indifferent in one man, while in another it becomes the object of moral responsibility. Thus the same action, which for one is a subject of blame and just punishment, in another is only a subject of compassion.

To appreciate the degree of internal criminality, it is necessary to measure accurately the influence of age, sex, the state of health, the moral condition, and a thousand other circumstances present at the moment of the illegal act. But by whom is this state of things so well known, that man can pass a uniformly equitable judgment on the merit and demerit of his fellow-men? This is possible only to that Being who searcheth the reins and the heart. This, if the question is in relation to the exercise of justice in its strictest sense, we must refer to God alone.

All wise legislation, therefore, ought to renounce the pretension of exercising justice. It ought to propose an end which it is possible to attain, and which secures the good of the citizens in particular, and that of society in general. This end ought to be, so far as the nature of man permits, to prevent *delicts* and crimes; to punish malefactors; and to place society in security as respects those who are incorrigible. This is all which can reasonably be required from human institutions.

How can we attain this end?

OUR MIRROR OF THE MONTHS.

DECEMBER.

'Tis now the tempest cloud of WINTER lowers,
Frosts are severe, and snow-flakes not a few—
Lifting their leafless boughs against the breeze;
Forlorn appear the melancholy trees!

How "OLD TIME," with his sickle, does stride along—carrying all before him! Here are we, on the very verge of a new year; which, ere our festivities shall have hardly commenced, will burst upon us almost unlooked-for. "*Tempus fugit!*" said the ancients. "*Tempus fugit!*" say we.

About this time last year (see Vol. II., p. 305), we gave birth to an article entitled "The Coming Season and its Charming Associations." In this, we embodied so much of the feelings, duties, and pleasures peculiar to the season of Christmas, that we do not intend to go over the same ground again. We may just mention, however, that the article we allude to quite immortalised OUR JOURNAL, both at home and abroad! Thousands upon thousands of copies flew like lightning all over the world; and if ever anybody had reason to be (allowably) proud of public opinion, WE were that body. Why did we create such a remarkable impression? Simply, because we gave utterance to the purest feelings of our nature.

At this season, be it known, we always become positively "young" again; and therefore write with the freshness of youth. We love to see people happy, united, social, kind, tender—affectionate. Therefore is it that we woo them to be natural; and once a year at least to lay aside the cold formalities of the world, and the conventional mask that so disfigures their features. We meet many of these worldly performers at Christmas, and never fail to unmask them. Where we are, they *must* "come out." They cannot laugh—eh? Cannot enjoy such childish follies—eh? Can they *not*? They shall!

Think'st thou, because thou art virtuous*
There shall be no more cakes and ale!

Bah! Mr. Longface. Give in at once. We will have all your family under the misseltoe anon; and make them *blush* for their parents. They, as Capt'n Cuttle says, shall, meanwhile, "stand by!"

Neither shall we speak here of the Christmas Tree. *That*, in its minutest details, is included in the article above referred to, and has "set many a table in a roar." It will have a similar effect, no doubt, *this* year—for we feel sure many thousands more will read it. It is odd, yet true, that we ourself can, over and over again, read it; and enjoy it each time better than ever. Such power is there in Nature, to work upon the better

feelings of the human heart! We are not all radically bad; but we do accumulate much rust during the year. It is this rust that we want to polish off, so as to begin the new year well. Much lies before us. Let our duties be well and efficiently performed!

We have not allowed the month of November to pass by without enjoying, out-of-doors, the lingering but indescribable beauties of the season. The sun has been shining gloriously upon us; and has gilded many a distant prospect; lending a kind of enchantment to the passing scenes around us. On these we shall not dwell to-day, much as our heart would desire it. It would be out of season. Suffice it to record, what will daily become more and more visible—that Winter is now fast closing his cloud-canopy over all nature. His remaining duty is—to breathe forth that sleep-compelling breath which is to wrap all things in a temporary oblivion. This is as essential to their healthful existence, as is the active vitality which it for a time supersedes.

Thus much for out-of-door delights, in which we cannot expect to find *much* sympathy in the first month of Winter. Dear, dearer than ever are they to us; and we will enjoy them "alone." But we are in DECEMBER.

Perhaps of all months, in the dull season, December is the dullest. This from a multitude of reasons. The air grows chilly, the days shorten, fogs obscure the atmosphere, and the gardens look bare and cheerless. Nor do we fail, ere the month departs, to see something of Winter. But even *then* there is much to admire:—

The Winter's cheerful fire-side eve: its bright,
And crisp, and spangled fields in morning frost;
Its silent-dropping snows, its pelting showers,
The mighty roaring of its tempests.

Now is the time to ramble forth, and, by means of a brisk walk, to throw a healthy tint upon the cheek. No crowding yet round large fires: roasting one side, while the other is half frost-bitten. Exercise, good people, exercise is the secret of health. The blood wants a proper and natural circulation. Boiling it does it no good whatever.

But "Lord Mayor's Day" has passed; and a wonderfully fine, bright day it was for the scene of gluttony at the City banquet! We have heard, by the way, that this is expected to be the *last* of these disgusting processions. Let us hope so. They are a national disgrace. The late awful accidents, too, attended by such a sad loss of lives; these surely ought to plead for a termination of such annual devilries. We said in our last, that this was the signal for coming festivities. It is so. Every day, subsequently, has led to preparations for grand spreads. Eating and drinking are now the order of the day—and

* Strait-laced, unnatural, righteous over much.

night. We must draw a curtain over the bestiality.

Now, do Mammams look anxiously forward to the return of their boys from school. Now, do the boys begin to "notch off" the lingering days that intervene between them and the time for "breaking up." Now do school-books begin mysteriously to lose their covers; and all sorts of sly tricks to be played off on the masters and ushers—"nobody" being the offender (as usual).

Now, do the London shopkeepers begin to bait their traps; to tempt the curiosity of passers-by. Grocers look plum-y, and bakers crumby; *we* returning the compliment by looking crusty at the rise in bread. And then, note the tempting caps and ribbons stealing daily into the windows! What a little darling is that *Cerise* neck-tie; with its centre ornament! "Shouldn't I like to have it!" softly sighs a pretty innocent face, as it ambles by. "Shouldn't I like to give it you!" breathes a voice, heard only by the owner of *that* innocent face. A blush and a smile join issue. Two people look happy, and flit merrily onward. The day is crisp, the air clasping; long faces daily grow shorter; and "coming events cast their shadows before." Surely

"There's a better time coming, boys;"

and it is not very far off. Smiles outweigh frowns already, and there are bustling indications of hilarity and universal good humor.

Already, too, do we see large quantities of those lovely red berries, so indicative of the joys of Christmas. The holly signifies "foresight."

"And what are those curious-looking white berries, which seem to accompany the holly everywhere? We mean those—yonder, growing upon branches whose leaves are oblong lance-shaped; the stems forked, and the heads of the flowers seated in the axils of the leaves."

"Oh, Sir, *those* are called misseltoe berries."*

"Thank you, kindly. They are, then, quite out of our line. We merely asked out of curiosity."

"I dare—say—you—did, Sir! Most people are very 'curious' at Christmas time; and *some* particularly so."

Such a dialogue has, ere now, passed between ourself and a fair vendor of these annual delectabilities in Covent Garden Market. The *look* of that fair maiden is alone wanting, to complete a very comic picture. She, we, and some half-dozen

other by-standers, formed a "remarkable" *tableau vivant*.

But we must not anticipate all the fun that is yet behind the scenes. Let the curtain fairly draw up, and no doubt the actors and principal performers will be *præter-plu-perfect*. "Rehearsals" are not absolutely necessary; albeit they *do* occasionally take place under certain circumstances. A—hem!

Ere Christmas arrives, we shall have many snug little evening parties, no doubt. And here let us, at parting, urge upon one and all the necessity there is, if we would be truly happy ourselves—not to forget the pressing wants of certain individuals who are debarred the comforts *we* enjoy. They see all that is going on without. They have appetites—more craving, perhaps, than ours. Many of them are houseless—penniless. We must not let these be altogether destitute of our hospitality. A trifle from each of us will do "something."

Many a heart-ache have we had, whilst observing these poor shivering wretches peering in at an attractive window filled with all the delicacies of the season. The night, perhaps, has been bleak, the wind keen and cutting; and they, destitute of needful clothing. The next day has brought a similar scene. Indeed, there are always crowds of these poor wretched creatures visible, when eating, drinking, and feasting become a national custom. We will not do more than throw out "a hint" on this matter, as we feel sure none of us will enjoy our Christmas dinner one whit the less for having made a fellow-creature jolly for the nonce. "It is a faint heart that never rejoices;" and there is a time for us *all* to sing,—even though it be "small:"—

So, Welcome—CHRISTMAS, to thy hallow'd reign,

And all the social virtues in thy train!

Strike up! and bid the sprightly harp resound,
To bless the hours with genial plenty crown'd.

'Tis ours the gay domestic joys to prove—
The smiles of peace, festivity, and LOVE.

SUGGESTIONS BY STEAM.

WHEN woman is in rags, and poor,
And sorrow, cold, and hunger tease her;
If man would only listen more,
To that small voice that crieth—"Ease her!"

Without the guidance of a friend,
Though legal sharks and screws attack her;
If men would only more attend
To that small voice that crieth—"Back her!"

So oft it would not be his fate,
To witness some despairing dropper
In Thames's tide, and run too late
To that small voice that crieth—"Stop her!"

TOM HOOD.

* Misseltoe is emblematical of "obstacles to be overcome." It is significant,—very.

AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF A DOG,—No. XIX.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

(Continued from Page 236.)

I SIT DOWN TO-DAY, my dear friend, with quite a light heart—your visit to us has done me so much good! To see you enjoy yourself as you did, and come out so truly “jolly,”—is it not infectious? I have been singing (in my way), ever since you left us; and your parting song, “Pop goes [FINO,—be quiet!] the Weasel,” and its variations, has fairly doubled me up. Touching *that* sparkling ale, and *that* cigar (a Regalia)—I will “say” nothing; but you really *are* a funny fellow. You make even a dog merry! This by the way; and now to business. I am sitting on the chair *you* used, and am writing with a gold pen.

It was about the month of October, some years ago, that a very curious scene took place at our old residence at Cour. I really fancy I can see the whole occurrence over again. So droll is it that I really must record it, *pro bono*. The weather was very different there to what it has been lately here. Until you came amongst us, I had some trouble to keep up my spirits. I really believe if we have much more miserable, rainy, drizzly weather, I shall positively die of *ennui*. I have not been able to put my nose out of doors even for a few moments, just to get a mouthful of fresh air (so necessary to the healthful existence of both man and dog), without its being bespangled with little rainy globules, like the dew on a sprig of myrtle. This may be all very pretty to look at, but it is very disagreeable to feel. I have not yet become a convert to the fancies of the monkey—nor dog-monkey either. Otherwise I should not be able to sniff in a bubble of fresh air during the whole day, without having my moustachios converted by the soaking rain into something like a mass of soft silk. This would have a very un-dog like appearance; and you know, my dear friend, I am rather proud of my *personnel*.

Parading about the garden is all very well for lanky, light greyhounds; but for a dog with anything like a corporation to carry about with him, it is out of the question. I should sink in about three inches, each time I put a foot off the gravel path; and then, only think what a bother afterwards to rub my coat in comfortable order again, and to polish up my dirty boots (for I have not a pair to change), before I can go and occupy my favorite place,—stretched at full length before the parlor fire, to the exclusion of any one else who wishes to feel the benefit of it, as well as myself.

The only creature I allow to enjoy a bit of the fire as well as myself, is that great black cat you were nursing. I have certain “good reasons” for this act of condescension, which I do not consider absolutely necessary to make public; although I have no objection to tell *you* that the said blacky is owner of some uncommonly-sharp claws. A powerful fellow, too, is he; and if I refused him my tail for his pillow, he might seize it rather more forcibly than I like. So, to avoid a disturbance, with my usual good humor, (what a sweet-tempered dog I am!) I keep quiet and let him do as he likes. If it were *any other cat*,

however, my ire might be raised; and *then* I certainly would not answer for what might be the consequence. I have played with more than one cat in my life; and after hunting a *cayon*, I think hunting a cat is about the next best sport. Unfortunately they have such elastic backs! They bound up a tree in no time, and then,—adieu! I have often wished I had such an elastic back. I would soon be after them, instead of being obliged (fox and crow fashion) to remain watching at the bottom of the tree until my patience is fairly exhausted. Often have I been obliged to sneak away with a sulky growl!

This episode about the weather has almost made me forget what I was going to say. You must know that—used to the simplicity of a country life as my master is, he was in the habit of arranging various kinds of amusements for the younger members of the family; and it so happened there was a nice lawn at the back of our residence at Cour. Here archery, cricketing, &c., were daily practised. *Entre nous*, I used generally to keep at a respectable distance when these operations were going on—for I had no fancy to receive a cricket-ball on the head, or an arrow between the ribs; and I don't think you would have liked it either.

Well, that was not all. There was pistol shooting,—a regular *Tir*. And it was the establishing this *Tir* which caused all the hubbub I am going to tell you about. My old master, in perfect ignorance that it was necessary to have a legal license to fire pistols (even in his own garden), had marked out a perfectly-safe and convenient spot for this purpose, and there a regular target was mounted. Jean (and sometimes his brother) was always there to declare the crack shots. At a short distance from this target, and sideways therefrom, were the large back-gates of the country house. These were always padlocked and strongly barred. They were high enough to prevent any one seeing *over* them; and being amusingly spiked all along the top, it was not a very easy matter to get in.

Well; this shooting had gone on more or less for several days, and had excited the cupidity of a dirty, half-starved, rural policeman. But how was he to know what was going forward? His only *legal* method was to ring at the front bell, state his suspicions, and claim his right to satisfy himself. If all had gone according to his wishes, he would have got half the fine to which Bombyx would have been condemned,—say about sixty to eighty batzen, according to circumstances (7s. 6d. to 10s.)

Unluckily, in his eagerness to handle the money, he overstepped his duty, threw the game into Bombyx's hand, and was completely check-mated. The great donkey! would you believe it? He borrowed a short ladder, put it up against the back-door, and raised himself sufficiently high to see over. He was observed, though! Quick as thought Bombyx whispered,—“Keep on fring, and make plenty of noise.” Then slipping gently and quietly up to the back-gates, he removed the padlock, silently removed the iron bar, and (as he expected) my friend was soon up again, with his two elbows resting on the top of the gate. There was his pencil in one hand, and his memorandum-book in the other! At this happy

junction, Bombyx pushed open the door. Down came my friend,—ladder and all, sprawling in the garden. His hat fell some yards before him, and his book and pencils went flying in opposite directions. His nose was flattened, his coat torn between the spokes of the ladder, his hands were scratched, and he himself was a bleeding object!

There he was, a neat specimen of a policeman! Had he taken the hint and departed quietly, all would have ended here; but, no! scarcely was he on his legs again before he began to use most abusive language to Bombyx,—winding up his harangue by calling him a *vilain, gros cochon d'Anglais*, and put himself *en position* to shew fight. Upon this Bombyx approached him; and rapidly seizing him by the collar with the right hand, and the ladder in the left, he made them embrace each other for a few minutes, in a most unpoliceman-like fashion. He then dragged the offender, wriggling like a fish on a hook, up to the target. *This* he also made him embrace, and then desired him to go about his business.

Here again all might have ended, but the fellow would not yet be quiet! He insulted Jean, who, thinking he already had got sufficient, only stroked his nose at him, and advised him to walk away quietly, and look after some other game. Once again was he summarily told to walk off; but there the idiot stood, still insulting Bombyx. Upon this, determined to put an end to such folly, I seized him by the pendant tail of his coat, and fairly *shook* him out of the place. The gate was then closed, and he left—to “his meditations.”

It was lucky for this chap that Carlo was absent, on some business of his own in the town. Very fortunate for us, too, was it that Jean happened to be present. The best of the joke, however, is yet to come. Our worthy, having recovered his thoughts, went up to the Municipal Court, and lodged a complaint against Bombyx. Now, it so happened that the only person there present, to receive his complaint, was Mr. H—n; and Bombyx was perhaps the best customer he had.

Mr. H. was a pianoforte and musical instrument vendor; and Bombyx generally had more than one of his instruments and a quantity of his music “on hire.” He also constantly employed Mr. S— and his wife (Mr. H—n’s son-in-law and daughter). Poor H—n! He was quite posed with the Policeman’s complaint; and most heartily wished him further. The man declared “*qu’il avait été grossièrement mal-traité, insulté, décapité, trois fois tué, boxé, assommé, roulé dans la boue; que toutes ses jointures étaient entortillées, sa tête cassé en mille morceaux. Enfin, qu’il fût tout estropié et mis hors de combat par Bombyx. Encore, qu’il avait été saisi, mutilé, dévoré, déchiré en mille morceaux—et absolument crucifié par les trois gros chiens de Bombyx.*”

This was really a very serious and grave charge; and down came the fellow with another policeman, taking, for protection’s sake, the precaution to ring, this time, at the front gate. Jean happened to be in the yard; and recognised in his companion an old friend.

After reading over the precious document, Jean burst out in a roar of laughter, and stroked his nose in double quick time. He then applied a double *prise*, approached the worthy policeman, and, tapping him on the shoulder, said:—

“*C’est bel et bon, mon cher,—pourtant il y a de la moutarde dedans. Au revoir. Nous allons voir l’effet que ça va produire.*”

“Do you know anything about this disturbance?” said the *camarade* to Jean.

“*Parbleu, oui!*” said Jean, in a way not to be misunderstood. “*Nous al—lons—voir—l’effet.*”

And here they departed. Jean now brought the precious document to Bombyx, who wrote to Mr. H—n, that he certainly should *not* take the trouble to walk up to him,—that the man only got *half* what he deserved for his insolent conduct, and that he begged to return his elegant document, which was of no use to himself, and might serve Mr. H—n as shaving paper the next time he performed on *la barba*; and that he particularly recommended him (good advice this, eh?) *not* to meddle with matters of which he did not understand anything.

This reply was taken up to Mr. H—n by Jean. When Mr. H—n had read it, he asked Jean if he knew anything about the business.

“*Ah, que si,*” replied Jean: *et si j’ai des conseils à vous donner c’est de bien reprimander votre garde champêtre.*” And then, stroking his nose significantly, he continued,—“*Et vous aussi. Vous avez tres mal fait de signer une pareille cochonnerie. C’est bien sale.*”

H—n could stand this no longer. He saw what was coming, and said to Jean,—“*Vous direz à Bombyx que l’affaire, est terminée quant à lui, et que j’aurai bien soin qu’il n’est plus tourmenté.*” “*Vous avez tres bien jugé,*” says Jean. “*Bon jour.*”

How the matter ended between Mr. H—n and the policeman, I never exactly heard; but I fancy not very satisfactorily. I never met him again without showing my teeth, and this annoyed him very much. Indeed he never met Bombyx without looking furious, and at length he concocted a new species of annoyance, in order to be revenged. This, however, terminated in his total discomfiture, as well as that of his stupid dupe. This was accomplished to the great joy of the neighborhood, where they were most thoroughly disliked.

Afterwards, Bombyx applied to the Prefecture, and they sent down a Surveyor, who granted him a license for the *Tir au Pistolet*, on the *very spot* which he had himself selected; so that whenever the *garde champêtre* passed the gate, and Bombyx or his friends were amusing themselves, he had his auricular appendages gratified by the cheerful sound; and the *souvenir* of his well-deserved thrashing was equally gratifying.

Besides this, I took good care to point him out to Carlo. So that, between us, he never came by the place without a sulky growl. I observed, too, that he always quickened his monotonous pace, till he was fairly out of sight.

It would occupy too much space to describe here the final consequences of this worthy’s revengeful trick; but I will do so (*peut-être*) in my next. It will be full of fun. I may say that it finished like many other silly revengeful tricks. He dug a pit for others and fell into it himself.

I will now say *Adieu,—au revoir.* Remember what you promised us. Christmas will soon be here. I heard all you said, the other evening, about those sparkling red berries,—and the trees,

and the charades; and "that" little domestic farce in which we were *all* to "act." (Enter FINO.) Oh, what fun we *will* have! I will look after—

"The blossom that hangs on the bough."

I did not read OUR EDITOR's delightful account of his last year's Christmas festivities for nothing! [Oh, FINO,—what a *very* jolly dog you are! We must be very careful, we find, what we say before you!] Do not let it be long before you and your dear little "wifey" come down again. We must have a grand "rehearsal," you know. FINO.

Tottenham, Nov. 9.

P.S.—What a splendid "Lord Mayor's Day!" I am just going to join the revels. Bombyx is now brushing his hat to accompany me. *Entre nous*, the OLD BOY does love me,—just a bit!

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A DOG,—No. IV.

BY ONE OF THAT SUFFERING RACE.

(Continued from Page 238.)

Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in storms, and hears him in the wind!
He thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

POPE.

NEPTUNE, I THINK I TOLD YOU, my dear sir, was, after my rescue, presented to Miss Emily by Major Broadsword. This worthy called next evening to inquire "how I was?" Of course, the Major, like most of his cloth, was a gentleman every inch, and very kind to us poor dumb animals; but you must not suppose for one moment—at least I do not—that he really called to inquire about *me*. No; like Hamlet, he saw "mettle more attractive" in my dear young mistress. Her sweet person it was that he called to see.

He found her very unwell, from the unnatural excitement of the previous day. After the expressions of sorrow, usual under such circumstances, the Major took his leave; and I believe, as an excuse for calling again that day, took Neptune for a swim. Master Albert and Miss Victoria were sent out for a walk with Rosa; and I, much against my will, accompanied them—led by a chain, to prevent my being stolen. Vain precaution! We had not walked a hundred yards along the parade before a large bull-dog bounced upon me, and appeared inclined, albeit he was muzzled, to tear me to pieces. Numbers of people rushed to the spot, but no one ventured to take off this seemingly savage dog. At last, a shabby-genteel sort of man, with his hat over his eyes, stepped forward; and with well-assumed courage seized him by the tail, and hurled him away from me.

Frightened almost to death, I kept my eye on the monster, and saw him, a few moments afterwards, jumping up to, and fawning over the hand of that very man who, a short time before, had so roughly used him. It was a

piece of consummate acting on his part, as the sequel will show. Although at the moment much alarmed, Rosa was not the girl to allow a *contretemps* of this sort to prevent her making the best of this—her first opportunity in Brighton, to display her face and figure. (I must tell you she did *not* wear a shroud or "ugly"). And so, after quieting the children, on we walked. "Why" some young officers, when off duty, wear their full uniforms—with spurs and sword hanging and dangling at their heels, used often to be a matter of wonder to me; but that day I discovered at least one purpose. Several times during our walk, there were two of them belonging to the regiment then stationed at Brighton, who passed our party; yet by a strange coincidence never seeming to re-pass us! Each time of passing, I observed they were apparently very anxious about the mounting of their scabbards. At the third time of passing, one of them stopped and pretended to admire me.

"A pretty dog that of yours, Miss!" said the other to Rosa.

But it would not do. The ice was not broken. Rosa had seen the same thing done a dozen times in Hyde Park, and expected something "new" in Brighton. So with a "Come, let us go home, my dears," to the children, she swung me round; and we were on our way back when we passed two more young bloods. Spank went a sword and scabbard against my poor ribs! But I was so thoroughly terrified by that bull-dog, I cared little for anything now we were on our way home. This caused me not to notice it.

Now, as "faint heart never won fair lady," and they were "sons of Mars," the fellows were determined to speak to the "divinity with the beautiful eyes," and I was fixed on as the medium of introduction. They were again passing us; when one of them by a dexterous twist of his heel, managed to drive one of his spurs into my side. I cried out, and he made one of the most polite bows I ever saw, to Rosa; asked her pardon, took me in his arms for a moment, and then entered into conversation with her. Now the ice was broken. *This* was "quite new" to Rosa, and the chaps really were both very good-looking—so she fell to work in good earnest for a gossip.

Poor I was quite forgotten; and dragged on like a culprit behind. But there were those near who did not forget me; for while one of these worthies was amusing the children, and the other the maid (the usual dodge!) the man who an hour before had the bull-dog with him, now crept quietly up to me with a commoner of our race under his arm; and undoing the chain from my collar, very cleverly fastened it to his poor

half-bred, half-starved little animal, who, strange to say, followed us quietly—as if it belonged to our party.

I was now handed to another man, who immediately rolled me up in a cloth; bending my neck in such a manner that I could not cry loud enough for a person standing close by to hear me. How soon Rosa discovered that I was metamorphosed into a common cur, I know not; nor what took place on her arrival at home; nor how she explained the manner of my abduction. But I had scarcely been examined, and the address on my collar read, before the little actor who had taken my place an hour ago, came scampering into the room. The next thing was to fasten me up in one corner; and now the bull-dog came as docile as a lamb, and laid down by my side.

“Now for the crib!” said the shabby-genteel man to his accomplice, a fresh-water sailor, dressed in a pilot cloak.

They then both began to unbosom and disgorge their plunder. The one had a lady's gold watch and guard in his breast. The other a *porte monnaie*, and a massive cable-like Albert chain in his cap. This last, after the application of a liquid they had in a small bottle, was condemned as “brummagem.”

I need scarcely observe, that the watch and chain were Rosa's; and that the Albert and purse belonged to some looker-on, when the monster actor was playing his part and pretending to worry me. My loss was immediately announced at the police-station; and a full description given of my color, name, &c.; as also of the way in which I was stolen. But they held out no hope of my recovery to poor Rosa, who was of course in a sad way about it. However, while she was gone to the station, a lady who had lost her dog, and recovered it by paying £10, called on my mistress and volunteered to introduce her to the gentleman who had kindly transacted the “treaty of restoration” for her. To his place of business they accordingly went. It was in a fashionable part of the town; and it was the *dépôt* for the sale of almost everything that money could be made out of. Moreover, he was a sort of agent to a fashionable tailor.

My mistress observed, that she thought it strange a respectable tradesman such as Mr. Parson appeared to be, should be able to do more to recover her stolen dog than any other honest man. But desperation often makes even the most timid speak out. So, after an introduction, she told Mr. Parson the manner in which I was stolen, &c., &c.; and asked him, as a particular favor, to assist her in my recovery. She remarked that she did not mind what amount it cost; but she *must* have her dog again, or Miss Emily would break her heart.

The respectable old gentleman hereupon bowed; and with a bland smile said, that although it was much against his principles to encourage dog-stealing by paying rewards to these desperate vagabonds,—yet, to oblige her, and the lady who had introduced her, he would endeavor to find the villains' den, and restore her dog as soon as possible.

That very night one of Mr. Parson's men came to the house where I was, saw, and identified me; he gave the shabby gentleman £3, and took me to his house. Thence, in the morning, I was taken to the shop for Mr. P. to see, and fix a price upon me. This was soon done; and the man was despatched with a polite note, stating, that by paying the exorbitant demand (£10), asked by the dog-stealer, he had arranged to recover Mrs. Vandelour's dog. Mr. P. added, he sincerely hoped he should soon be able to bring the scoundrel to justice.

With one bound, I jumped out of the man's arms into those of my dear young mistress. The £10 was paid; and we were all too happy at meeting again ever to care or even think “who” pocketed the £7, over and above what the thief received!

This is a splendid morning for a ramble; so I am just going with Dr. Kent into the park. I will tell you more of my troubles and pleasures anon. With kindest love to dear FINO, and yourself (of course), I remain, yours as ever,

November 11th.

CHARLIE.

KINDNESS, BETTER THAN BEAUTY.

My love is not a beauty
To other eyes than mine;
Her curls are not the fairest,
Her eyes are not divine:
Nor yet like rose-buds parted
Her lips of love may be;
But though she's not a beauty,
She's dear as one to me.

Her neck is far from swan-like,
Her bosom unlike snow;
Nor walks she like a deity
This breathing world below:
Yet there's a light of happiness
Within, which all may see;
And though she's not a beauty,
She's dear as one to me.

I would not give the kindness,
The grace that dwells in *her*,
For all that Cupid's blindness
In others might prefer!
I would not change her sweetness
For pearls of any sea;
For better far than beauty
IS ONE KIND HEART TO ME.

CHARLES SWAIN.

WOMAN'S MISSION.

WE HAVE NOT HESITATED to express our admiration of the women of America, on a multitude of occasions. We consider them *very* far superior in mind to our own country-women. Indeed, judging from the enormous demand amongst us for sterling American publications, that fact speaks for itself. We only regret that "fashion" so strictly prohibits our English women being possessed of a mind. It would seem to be, and evidently is, a heinous crime. Vainly does one seek, now-a-days, for a "companion" in the fair sex. She is "all out-side."

We speak not of our "clever women," "blue-stockings," &c. These wandering stars are, for the most part, as "empty" as the rest, because they step out of their allotted sphere. Purely ephemeral, they are feared, not loved; associated with, but little esteemed. Few of them are amiable in private life; and for very obvious reasons.

We love women to "think;" to be able to converse; and to have an opinion of their own,—but not to lord it over the public. Their knowledge should not be openly paraded; but used, as occasion may offer, in private. Then will they be suitable companions for the domestic hearth.

The following observations, by Miss Leslie, an American writer of repute, are well worthy attention. She says, in her "Manual for Ladies:"—

It is very injudicious for ladies to attempt arguing with gentlemen on political or financial topics. All the information that a woman can possibly acquire or remember on these subjects is so small, in comparison with the knowledge of men, that the discussion will not elevate them in the opinion of masculine minds. Still, it is well for a woman to *desire enlightenment*, that she may "comprehend" something of these discussions, when she hears them from the other sex. Therefore, let her listen as understandingly as she can, but refrain from controversy and argument on such topics as the grasp of a female mind is seldom capable of seizing or retaining. Men are very intolerant towards women who are prone to contradiction and contention, when the talk is of things considered out of their sphere; but very indulgent toward a modest and attentive listener, who only asks questions for the sake of information.

Men like to dispense knowledge; but few of them believe that, in departments exclusively their own, they can profit much by the suggestions of women. It is true there are and have been women who have distinguished themselves greatly in the higher branches of science and literature, and on whom the light of genius has clearly descended. But can the annals of woman produce a female Shakspeare, a female Milton, a Goldsmith, a Campbell, or a Scott? What woman has painted like Raphael or Titian, or like the best artists of our own times? Mrs. Damer and Mrs. Siddons had a talent for sculpture; so had

Marie of Orleans, the accomplished daughter of Louis, Phillippe. Yet, what are the productions of these talented ladies compared to those of Thorwaldsen, Canova, Chantrey, and the master chisels of the great American statuaries?

Women have been excellent musicians, and have made fortunes by their voices; but is there among them a Mozart, a Bellini, a Michael Kelly, an Auber, a Boieldieu? Has a woman made an improvement on steam-engines, or on anything connected with the mechanical arts? And yet these things have been done by men of no early education—by self-taught men. A good tailor fits, cuts out, and sews better than the most celebrated female dress-maker. A good man-cook far excels a good woman-cook.

Whatever may have been their merits as assistants, women are rarely found who are very successful at the head of any establishment *that requires energy and originality of mind*. Men make fortunes, women make livings. And none make poorer livings than those who waste their time, and bore their friends by writing and lecturing upon the equality of the sexes, and what they call "Women's Rights." How is it that most of these ladies live separately from their husbands—either despising them, or being despised by them?

Truth is, the female sex is really as inferior to the male in vigor of mind as in strength of body; *and all arguments to the contrary are founded on a few anomalies, or based on theories that can never be reduced to practice*. Because there was a Joan of Arc, and an Augustina of Saragossa, should females expose themselves to all the dangers and terrors of "the battle-field's dreadful array?" The women of the American revolution effected much good to their country's cause, without encroaching upon the province of its brave defenders. They were faithful and patriotic; but they left the conduct of that tremendous struggle to abler heads, stronger arms, and sterner hearts.

There is sound sense in the view here taken of woman's capacity, by Miss Leslie. In her own proper sphere,—home, a woman shines supremely bright; but when she dons the masculine, and usurps a power to which she has no just pretension, then does she at once forfeit all claim to love or reverence.

THE PRIMROSE IN AUTUMN.

THE solitary Primrose hath come back

To haunt the green nooks of her happy Spring.

Alas! it is a melancholy thing

Thus to return, and vainly strive to track

The playmates of our youth! Whither have fled

The sweet companions of her vernal hours?

The bee, the infant leaves, the golden flowers,
That heard the Cuckoo's music as he sped

O'er hill and dale—whither have they departed?
And the blithe birds—have *they* too passed
away?

All, save the darkling wren, whose plaintive lay
Just tells the hermitess is broken-hearted.

Go then, pale flower, and hide thy drooping head,
For all thy spring-time friends are changed, or
dead.

R. F. HOUSMAN.

AN ODE TO DECEMBER.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

COLD, dark December! Why stalk in so cheer-
lessly?

Kind friends are waiting to hail thy return.
Dull care is retreating and warm hearts are
beating,—

Then "why" old December, say, "why" dost thou
mourn?

Oh, I have witness'd with grief the departure
Of many fair years,—never more to return!
All hope withers fast, when I think on the past;
Alas, for the future,—we've *that* yet to learn!

Dreary December! nay, talk not so gloomily;
Merry Old Christmas is still in thy train;
The joy that *he* brings, and the songs that *he*
sings,
Will make us *all* smile and be happy again.

True, Christmas comes with its pastime and plea-
sure;

Yet there be many approach him with fear.
Though the dance and the song are the first in
the throng,
Old debts, and long bills, often bring up the rear!

Listen, December! There yet is a pleasure,
A feast for the friendless,—a solace for woe;
Oh, let us ne'er cease to breathe tidings of peace,
Of joy, and good-will to all mortals below!

Though grandeur and greatness may roam from
our dwelling,

This, this is a blessing that ne'er will remove,—
There's enough, and to spare; e'en the meanest
may share,

And gain an admission by Faith, Hope, and Love!

CHRISTMAS,—A FRAGMENT.

BY T. K. HERVEY.

CHRISTMAS brings with it a thousand
delights; and it possesses a thousand uses
that minister to our better nature, and de-
serve to live in the remembrance of all whom
homely joys and homefelt attachments have
power to charm. Pleasant recollections
return with it; happy hours, passed away
indeed, but whose memory is yet green in
our hearts, associate themselves with its
presence. It is sanctified to our domestic
affections; and the lamp of love would burn
but dimly were not the oil of gladness poured
into it on anniversaries like these. Our outer
world is a cold and cheerless world; it has
no soil in which the loves of the heart can
take root and flourish; hence when man
passes into it, and mingles with its business
and its strifes, his affections fade and wither,
and too often die. But it is the beautiful use
of the festival of Christmas to bring him back
again to old thoughts and old associations;
to revive affections that are drooping, and to
make him feel how far nobler and better a
passion is love than ambition.

We have no patience with a world which
is beginning to despise its good old customs;
and yet, alack! how are ye fallen, ye merry-
makings, and mummings, and masques! Ye
had better get to a nunnery, as the Utili-
tarians have declared you to be vain and
unprofitable—for they cannot extract any per-
centage from your existence. Ye neither
sow nor reap; ye spin no silk, and ye weave
no stockings. Her Majesty cannot tax ye,
neither can the Custom House officer make
ye profitable to the State. Away then, ye
misseltoe bushes, and ye yule-logs! Vanish
snapdragon, hot cockles, and wassail! Too
long have ye cumbered a commercial world
with your profitless presence. Go, and seek
some land, where folks are uncultivated
enough to love homely pleasures and respect
olden things. Find out some new people;
whose hearts are weak enough to beat with
pleasure at your return, and who love ye for
the dear associations ye call up.

Go to some spot like this—if ye can find
one; and leave us, who have grown older and
wiser than to waste our time in loving or
being loved, to the exalted employment of
levelling a railroad, or improving a spinning-
jenny!

THE AZTEC CHILDREN.

THE FOLLOWING VERY INTERESTING RE-
MARKS, having reference to the two Aztec
children, about whom such a Munchausen tale
has been invented, will be read with feelings
of curiosity. The writer merely gives his
initials: M. H. We copy the article from
our excellent contemporary, the *Critic*:—

"In the public notices that have appeared
on the subject of the Aztecs, as they are
called, it seems to be taken for granted that
these diminutive and strange specimens of
the human race, lately exhibited in London,
owe the peculiar shape of their heads to
nature, and not to artificial means. The
practice, however, of modifying the head in
infancy by pressure prevailed so extensively
over the American continent, and more par-
ticularly in central America, that it is very
probable the singular shape of the head
exhibited in the race lately imported from
America is owing to mechanical contrivance.
The case of the Flat Heads and of the Caribs
places the existence of the custom beyond
all doubt. The practice seems to have pre-
vailed along the whole western coast of
America, and to have assumed different
characteristics in different localities.

"Skulls of a peculiar anomalous form were
found by Mr. Pentland, in the province of
Upper Peru, now called Bolivia, and par-
ticularly in the great valley of Titicaca. He

examined many hundreds of their sepulchres and found that the skull always had the same singular shape. The custom of modifying the shape of the head prevailed on the banks of the Columbia, and at Nootka Sound. 'Among the Columbian tribes, the child, immediately after birth, is put into a cradle of a peculiar construction, and pressure is applied to the forehead and occiput. After the head has been compressed for several months, it exhibits a most hideous appearance: the antero-posterior diameter is the smallest, while the breadth from side to side, above the ears; is enormous, thus reversing the natural measurement of the cranium. As the individual increases in years, the deformity becomes less; but even in adult persons it is very great. From the excessive depression of the forehead, the eyes appear as if turned upwards—a circumstance which gives a peculiar physiognomy to the Indians. The process is slow and gentle; so that the child does not appear to suffer in any way from so unnatural a process, *nor do the intellectual qualities of the individual appear to be in any way affected by it; on the contrary, a flat head is esteemed an honor, and distinguishes the freeman from the slave.*'

"These circumstances are sufficient to establish the fact that the human cranium may be distorted by artificial means, and thus render it probable that the skulls of the ancient Peruvians may have been disfigured by the same process. This opinion is greatly strengthened by other circumstances. Blumenbach has figured a deformed and compressed Peruvian cranium from Quilca. The form is different from that of the skull represented by Tiedman, and from those of the Indians of North Western America; but different modes, and different degrees of compression, will produce different degrees of deformity.

"Sometimes the pressure was applied diagonally from the left half of the frontal to the right half of the occipital bone.

"In addition to these facts, we have the testimony of historians and travellers that it was the practice in Peru to compress the heads of their children. De la Condamine informs us that the custom prevails in South America, and that it was known to the Peruvians; and in the year 1585 the Synod of Lima prohibited the custom under pain of ecclesiastical punishment. The edict begins, 'Cupientes penitus extirpare abusum et superstitionem quibus Indi passim infantum capita formis imprimunt,' &c. We cannot suppose that a public edict would have been issued against a practice that had no existence. The practice, in fact, appears to have been common amongst all the tribes west of the Rocky Mountains.

"The process used for the compression of

the head is described as follows:—'Immediately after birth, the infant is placed in a kind of oblong cradle, formed like a trough, with moss under it. The end on which the head reposes is more elevated than the rest. A padding is then placed on the forehead, with a piece of cedar bark over it; and, by means of cords, passed through small holes on each side of the cradle, the padding is pressed against the head. It is kept in this manner upwards of a year, and the process is not, I believe, attended with much pain. The appearance of the infant however, while in this state, is frightful; and its little black eyes, forced out by the tightness of the bandages, resemble those of a mouse in a trap. When released from the inhuman process, the head is perfectly flattened, and the upper part of it seldom exceeds an inch in thickness. It never after recovers its rotundity. They deem this an essential point of beauty, and the most devoted adherent of our Charles I. never entertained a stronger aversion to a *Round-head* than these savages. They allege as an excuse for this custom that all their slaves have round heads, and, accordingly, every child of a bondsman, who is not adopted by the tribe, inherits, not only his father's degradation, but his parental rotundity of cranium.'" ("Cox's Travels on the Columbia River.")

"Another mode of compressure was by placing the infant on a sort of cradle; to the upper end of which, where the head was laid, a piece of thin board was attached by a hinge. The board being brought forward, the pressure on the forehead was gradually increased by drawing the extremity tighter, either by cords or by a weight suspended. By these means the forehead was flattened; and the head was elongated backward, till brought to a thin edge. In adults, after this process, the nose is represented in the examples given as projecting; a characteristic common among the American tribes generally.

"As to the story of the little Aztecs being objects of reverence, and their being brought from a city cut off from all communication with the rest of the world, and never before known to exist till very lately—as to the mode of capturing them, and the attendant circumstances—these matters must be substantiated by better evidence than the story of an adventurer. The account is altogether improbable; and, if true, would be a disgrace to any party concerned in it. It has altogether the air of a monstrous fiction; dealing in vague generalities, and marking out no particular locality, lest it should lead to detection.

"The only part of the story to be depended upon is, that two little helpless objects have been brought from their native wilds in

Central America, kidnapped or bought to be exhibited in London or elsewhere, to gratify the cupidity of an adventurer: the same form of head having been known to exist over extensive districts in South America for ages, and being the production of mere mechanical pressure. If imbecility of mind as well as dwarfishness co-exists in these children, the peculiarity of the head may result from mere malformation. The experience of ages tells us, that mere pressure and consequent distortion of the cranium does not produce such a result."

We must confess,—so far as WE are able to offer an opinion, that these children are idiots. Having seen them several times, our judgment is neither rashly nor hastily formed.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT FERNS.

THERE YET REMAINS a forlorn hope for the true lovers of Plants, to enjoy the pleasures of the society of their favorites—even although the luckless wight may not possess an inch of garden-ground or a square of glass. Nature, so truly consistent in all her arrangements, has suited the needle leaves of the mountain pine to the intense light and other extremes of wind and weather that they have to bear. Flowering plants generally require a great deal of light and air, and for these reasons their culture cannot be carried on successfully in the dusky air of cities, where ventilation is necessarily imperfect; not to speak of the darkness of small yards enclosed by high walls, whose shadows seldom have room for half their length without encroaching upon their neighbors.

Many millions of people have scarce room enough to grow more than a few pots of geraniums. What of that? Let me convey to them the welcome intelligence that nature has yet in store an evergreen plant, of great beauty, systematically adapted to their wants, as I shall proceed to prove.

In ordinary window-gardening, the plants get all the light they can by being placed in the window; and when placed in any other part of the room, they are very soon past all hope of life. A few, such as *Ficus elastica*, *Dracæna ferrea rosea*, and the like, will bear an immense deal of this kind of ill-usage before they give up; but still their doom is certain death, although protracted. Such being the case, it would confer a great boon upon window-gardening if we could get a stock of plants "loving darkness rather than the light."

To seek for such, in shady places, has been my business often; and the finest specimens I ever found were located in caves and dens; with a covering of briars and

thorns between them and the sun, so thick that I have frequently been unable to get the plants out uninjured from the mass of rubbish that veiled them from the sun. Such is the *Scolopendrium vulgare*, the commonest of our British ferns, with an entire leaf a foot long and three inches broad, of a fine pea-green color; its fronds remaining uninjured all the winter. I have taken it up by hundreds, and transplanted it into rock-work in the open air. I have cultivated it in a cupboard in-doors, with a borrowed light from an adjoining room, and it has luxuriated under such treatment.

But what is of far more importance, it has stood a six weeks' siege of a London house in the centre of a room, far away from the window, and, without any Wardian case or other costly apparatus, remained highly ornamental to the last; whilst relays of flowering plants had come and gone and were dead and forgotten the while. A tray let into a table, so that the fronds of the fern may hide the table-top, is all that is needed; no soil is used, but moist moss, occasionally changed, and the tray of plants occasionally watered overhead in the back-yard.

In the transplanting of ferns, I find that what all gardeners have taught us to detest in transplanting other plants is the only safe course; for if we tread upon wet soil and puddle it, it spoils the compost for such as pine-apples and other pot plants, &c.; but for ferns, a thin stratum of rich mud, or puddle, is the only practicable plan of getting their light balls established on a stone or other prop that may be used to hold them up to the eye.

This beautiful species of fern will grow in any room, hung on the wall like any other picture; and wherever there is light enough to let the party read a book, or newspaper, in open day, there the *Scolopendrium* will do well for years—if allowed plenty of water, as before stated. In an unfinished well, I found this fern growing beautifully; and as the well was of great depth, I had the curiosity to examine the exact depth where the fern began and ended. At six feet from the surface the soil was either too dry or the site too bleak, for the plants were wanting; but just at such a depth as the back of a twelve-foot living room the plants luxuriated; and at that point where "dark and dampness seemed to strive," the plants held on; and appeared to enjoy the calm of that lower world better than those who "cumbered upper air."

I need not comment upon the culture of this plant. The slop-basin is sufficient accommodation for it; and the hole in the bottom, with all the other draining stuff, is quite useless. If hyacinths are worthy of glasses and water, surely a colored tumbler

could be got for this plant under the title of a fern-glass. At this season of the year (Christmas) the fronds are at their best; and for table ornaments they are unequalled. They are infinitely superior to an unmeaning bunch of cut flowers, with scarcely a green leaf among them, stuck by the footman in the epergne.

The principal use of ferns in ornamental gardening, is, to fill up that unoccupied space which has hitherto baffled gardeners to make gay; namely, the shady places under high walls and wide-spreading trees. This is the kind of situation that Nature has chosen for a great number of species of fern; a few certainly there are, like *Ceterach*, that affect the airy sites of high and dry bare rocks. Still, the settled calm, the shady grove, and the damp atmosphere, are the wedded associates of the fern family—the dowry of the flowerless tribe.—ALEX. FORSYTH.

HINTS TO AMATEUR GARDENERS.

THE CALENDAR FOR DECEMBER.

ALL OPERATIONS NOW must of course depend upon circumstances. So variable is our climate, that we can lay down no particular instructions beyond the usual routine of daily duties.

THE general operations recommended for November apply also to this month, when the weather permits. Trenching, digging, &c. may proceed if the ground is not too wet; in mild weather, transplanting and pruning may be performed; and in frosty weather, dung may be got on the ground. The store plants in the pit must be kept dry, and have full exposure whenever the weather is fair and not frosty; keep them free from dead leaves or damp litter, and loosen the surface soil in the pots, if it becomes hard or green. Take care that all the plants have perfect drainage.

FLOWER GARDEN.

Admit Air whenever a chance be given, even a few hours on mild times should not be lost.

Antirrhinums.—Protect from hard frosts.

Auriculas.—Continue to admit air, and exclude excess of moisture; have mats or other covering material at command, in case of frosts, that such may be kept well in check—for although the *Auricula* is hardy, much damage will be certain, if frosts have free play amongst a stock that is kept in frames or pits: cold bleak winds are much to be dreaded, but with all these precautions, let no hour be lost, when quiet and mild, to admit free circulation. Soil for potting should be frequently turned to sweeten, and allowed the beneficial influence of frosts; protect from rain.

Bulbs.—If any are needed for forcing, some may be placed in a cold frame or green-house, and after into moderate heat.

Camellias attend to, and supply with moisture, or the buds will fall off.

Carnations. Stirring the surface soil, maintaining thorough cleanliness, and attending to previous directions, is the necessary routine.

Chrysanthemums.—If not done towards the end of last month, propagate plants by taking off the suckers breaking up round the plants; potting them singly in small pots, placing them into a cold frame. Keep the frames close, until the plants are rooted or established, after which, remove the lights entirely.

Cinerarias.—Where specimen plants are required for exhibition or otherwise, remove all suckers as they appear, and pinch off the heads of those showing bloom to induce the lateral shoots to push out more freely; and give plenty of room to specimen plants to prevent weak and one-sided growth. If early flower be required, remove some showing for bloom into the greenhouse or forcing-house.

Composts. Obtain, mix, expose to frosts, protect from wet, and have ready for immediate use at all times.

Dahlia roots.—See that frosts do not get to; remove any that show symptoms of decay.

Frames.—Protect plants in, by mats or other covering, against hard weather. Open when weather allows.

Greenhouses.—Keep free from damps, and introduce the forced flowers as they come into perfection.

Liliums.—Prepare compost.

Pansies must be made secure against heavy winds. Peg down.

Pelargoniums.—The latter end of this month is the time to stop all plants intended for flowering in June; after this is done let them remain moderately dry until they have broken nicely. Stop every shoot, whether long or short; or a straggling head of bloom will be the consequence. All shoots that are long enough may be trained out to admit light and air to the middle of the plant.

Picotees.—Look to the directions under the head *Carnation*.

Polyanthuses.—Similar treatment as to the *Auricula*.

Protect against severe weather everything likely to be injured.

Store-pots, remove from, all fogged cuttings and dead foliage.

Tulips.—Get your winter covering, hoops, &c., in readiness, that thorough protection from excessive rains or severe frosts may be secured; half-inch iron rods are not only the cheapest in the end by their durability, but by far the neatest forms for hooping that we know; they may be bent to any portion of a circle that may be considered the most desirable, leaving the ends to be forced into the paths: a simple pan-tile lath may then be stretched along the entire length of the bed, and secured to the rods by bass or string; this will form an efficient roof on which to place your mats or cloths for the necessary winter protection against heavy rains or severe weather; the mats &c., at all times being wholly removed on mild or congenial days.

A GLANCE AT DAYS OF YORE.

A CHRISTMAS DISASTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF PLUM-PUDDING ISLAND.

All things are big with jest; that's plain.
Nothing but may be witty,—if thou hast the vein.
HERBERT.



FULL WELL DO I REMEMBER IT! AYE, AS WELL AS IF IT WERE BUT YESTERDAY. I was rolling rapidly along in the Stage-coach, years before Railways and their locomotive salamanders distributed the best London smoke in every direction of the country. It was freezing hard; the sharp clicking of the horses' hoofs rung in the clear air; while the wheels revolved almost noiselessly. The vehicle was from London, and I was the only passenger. All the rest of the coach was crowded with barrels of oysters, and baskets of fish packed in straw; both inside and out. I never sat in company with so many natives of Colchester, or of the Dogger-bank, before.

It was on the afternoon of Christmas eve. I enjoyed the careless, blithesome spirit of sixteen; and revelled with infinite relish, in the anticipation of a pleasurable visit to a kind-hearted, opulent, fat old aunt. There were to join the party some pretty female cousins, who did not form the least acceptable part of the felicity I expected.

Passing a village, the fire in the smith's forge glowed with a cheerful brilliancy. The blows on the anvil chimed merrily. A string of boys were rapidly following each other on a long slide on the frozen horse-pond, from which the ducks had been ejected. These last were loudly quacking in despair at the infringement on their manorial rights. And now, what is the shrill outcry from at least thirty voices? what is the burst of merriment? Tom Pigrum is down on the ice, and a dozen of snock-frocked urchins have tumbled in all directions over him and each other. As the coach goes on, the shouts gradually cease; and we pass the butcher's domain glowing in the glory of prize-fed beef and magnificent mutton. The joints already ordered by the resident families, left until the last moment on the shambles, as the trophies of the purveyor, are gaily decked with laurel, the bright berry of the holly, and customary inscription, "EYES ON, HANDS OFF."

We are again on a common, skirted by a row of aged and lofty elms. Over the top-most boughs of these, a large colony of rooks are discordantly vociferating, and disputing for possession. The sun, a bright ball, is gradually sinking to the horizon.

We rapidly pass a straw-yard. The ascending wreaths of vapor from the cattle,

smell sweet and wholesome; as they are munching their evening meal from the hay-racks and turnip-troughs. The hoarse bark of the old watch-dog is heard, as the vehicle approaches the farm-house. The guard mischievously winds a blast on his bugle, which is answered by the mastiff with a lengthened doleful howl. This is succeeded by an incessant yelping from every canine resident on the premises. But stay: here is a basket of fish to be left at the gate; "*Carriage Paid.*" All right! Hang the dogs!

As the early shades of night steal on, every twig becomes encrusted with the frozen dew; and the trees and shrubs are disguised in white. I confess to owning, on beholding them, certain anticipations of forthcoming confectionary at the mansion of my hospitable aunt. As the light of day grew more dim, my spirits sank a little; perhaps my appetite, too, required to be satisfied. I whistled the last new air; but I doubt whether it afforded any amusement to my living fellow-passengers, the oysters.

It became more chilly; but I found that if I pulled both windows up, the effluvium from the packed fish was somewhat too potent. I felt the time now to hang heavy on hand; particularly when the coach stopped at a low cottage, where stood a man with a jug of hot elder wine; and coachman and guard dismounting, occupied a good ten minutes in discussing the said comfortable beverage. *Mem.* I was only a passenger!

By the glare of the coach-lamps I could perceive the four horses smoking, as if a fire had been lighted in each of them. For the next six miles, the poor dumb nags had to make up for the ten minutes' enjoyment of their merciless driver; and at length I and my portmanteau were safely deposited at the lodge of my aunt's house. The mansion was ancient and of red brick; with lofty gothic chimneys, and large casemented bow-windows. A sun-dial was conspicuous; but being partially overgrown with ivy, its utility was superseded by a shrill-toned clock in front of the out-buildings in the court-yard.

I was introduced to the best parlor, wherein were seated round a ruddy Christmas fire my venerable aunt and the pretty cousins. I received a most hearty welcome. After answering a hundred inquiries as to town relatives and news, I glanced around the antiquated room. It was empannelled with carved oak; and the chimney-piece was a *chef d'œuvre* of Grinling Gibbons,—consisting of a group of foliage and fruit of the exact form and size of nature, most tastefully designed and executed. Portraits of our ancestors were hung round the walls; some of the gentlemen being attired in armour, with full-bottomed perukes. The

ladies wore high head-dresses, but were in the garbs of shepherdesses in silk and satin—a crook in one hand, and a favorite parrot on the other, with a cherry in its beak. The chairs and sofas were of very formal tapestry-work.

The hour of supper approached. Not your modern apology for such a meal, of mere sandwiches and tartlets. No; my good aunt had a soul far beyond such fastidious and economical innovations. She, dear old lady! insisted on a *bonâ fide* substantial hot repast—roasted chickens, egg-sauce, boiled tongue, sweet-breads, a pigeon-pie, custards, jellies, and baked pears. The whole accompanied with sound Lisbon wine, and admirable home-brewed sparkling ale. On the withdrawal of the cloth, a highly spiced “bowl of bishop” made its appearance, placed *vis-a-vis* to another savory bowl of rum punch, flavored with arrack. These good things were admirable adjuncts to lively conversation. My aunt was *not* one of those starched old frumps, who, after they have attained a certain, or rather an *uncertain* age, begin to indulge in the gratification of hopeless misery in this world, and everlasting condemnation in the next. On the contrary, she was a jovial-hearted old girl, who had not yet left off her riding-habit, or sleek white mare with a long tail, on the back of which she had taken her exercise for many years. She loved a joke, and delighted in the society of her juniors, in whose frolics she was foremost to participate. She told her merry stories—these produced others, like the growth of mushrooms—one plant becoming surrounded by a circle of the same genus. From stories we came to songs, from songs to toasts, “A merry Christmas and a happy New Year,” &c., &c., until the bowls had to be replenished. Then the piano was opened; the chairs were cleared away; and up started my venerable aunt and the whole party for a dance. It was *not* the Polka. In those days, such a filthy absurdity was unknown—except indeed to the clown at Sadler’s Wells. Every cheek was mantling with joyous excitement; for the jests and roars of laughter ceased not during the dance. Nor was there any unnecessary stoppage of the office of the punch ladle. But alas! pleasure cannot continue for ever, and so it happened now,—for, in the midst of a most uproarious hilarity, something fell heavily on the floor; all eyes were instantly turned in one direction. . . . It was my aunt!

The music ceased; we anxiously surrounded the poor lady: raised her; a thousand fears crossed our minds. Was it apoplexy? epilepsy? or what was it?

My dear old aunt opened her eyes. In a moment she penetrated our inward thoughts;

and in the benevolence of her heart to relieve our apprehensions she exclaimed, “*Be not alarmed, dears; ONLY A LITTLE TIPSY,—nothing more, I assure you.*”

Oh! how our hearts were relieved.

After this, the only move that could be made was—to bed.

On Christmas Day I was waked at eight o’clock, A.M.—by I did not exactly know what. But it was agreeable. About a dozen sweet tiny voices were singing the Christmas Carol in the court outside the window,—

“God bless you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,” &c., &c., &c.

I stepped out of bed, and poked my nose between the holland blind and the edge of the casement; glancing obliquely. It is extraordinary how cleverly the human eye can look round a corner. I beheld, wrapped up in warm grey cloaks, twelve or more fresh-looking little girls, who were the vocalists. They were all tidily attired; and went through their carol with confidence,—as if it had been an annual and expected custom.

When they had sung through the quarter of a hundred verses appertaining to that antique stave,—who should I see emerge from the porch, as fresh as a daisy, but my aunt! I imagined, as a matter of course, that *her* Christmas Day would have been passed in bed, with a water-gruel accompaniment. But no; I was utterly mistaken. She, in a good-humored tone, called the little choristers up to her; and dispensed to each a bright sixpence and a home-made cake. The pleased looks of the children were her ample reward. A knock at the door furnished hot water and aired linen; also, an intimation that everybody was both *up* and *down*.

I shall pass over a cheerful and exquisite breakfast. Nor shall I relate *all* I said to my fair cousin Henrietta, as she leant on my arm in our walk to the village church.

We are seated in my aunt’s family pew. She, bless her heart! with a happy look of serenity proceeding from the calm feeling of piety inherent in her; I rather feverish; and with my thoughts reverting to the *faux-pas* on the carpet on Christmas eve.

I know not how it is, but somehow I always feel much more interest in a country church than I do in a place of worship in London. There is less pretension, more simplicity. Generally speaking, you know the officiating clergyman is not overpaid. Should it be a curate, you may be sure that his labors do not receive their proper reward. You sympathise with, while you inwardly respect, the grave, meek-looking man.

But here, I must own that I was a little scandalised, by what I considered the irre-

verent conduct of my pretty cousins. While finding the Proper Lessons, &c., I regret to say that I overheard their whispers.

Henrietta.—Look! Mrs. Brown has a new bonnet.

Mary.—*What a fright!*

Julia.—What are those mantles of the Misses Hobson?

Henrietta.—The old turned and new-trimmed.

Mary.—Oh, no; surely—

Henrietta.—I tell you *they are*, though.

Julia.—Jane Pimbury has got her sister's shawl on.

Henrietta.—Her own's gone to be cleaned.

Mary.—I think if Mr. Claxton had his surplice washed, it would not have done it any particular harm.

Henrietta.—Perhaps he is waiting for New Year's-day. It is only once in twelve months.

But I will do my fair cousins the justice to say, that when the service commenced they assumed decorous attention.

The little church was gaily and profusely decorated with evergreens. Every face in the congregation looked cheerful. Perhaps the knowledge of the fact that there was a feast preparing at home, of more than ordinary extent and delicacy, had some effect on the beaming countenances. Even the little ragamuffins of charity-boys raised their heads in dignity, on the strength of anticipated "roast beef and plum-pudding." After church, we proposed a walk. The weather, although it was piercing cold, was clear and exhilarating. The crisp frozen grass crackled beneath our feet. The fieldfares and red-wings were scattered across the meadows, clamorously seeking their food; whilst, high up in the blue cloudless sky, flew a phalanx of wild ducks, in a wedge-like form. A scared hare started from its resting-place, in the midst of decayed fern (almost of its own color), and scampered up the hedge-row, out of our reach. It stopped; and elevating itself on its haunch, gazed at us curiously. But what are these that come whirling round us like a flight of pigeons,—taking their circles, lower and lower? See! it is a flock of green plovers.

But now turn homewards. Not one of the party has eaten a morsel of luncheon,—because no one chose to spoil their Christmas dinner. We are great epicures, and are as hungry as cormorants. Our dearly beloved aunt has detailed the niceties of her bill of fare. We retire to our rooms, to arrange our toilet; and are now comfortably seated, cheerfully chatting, round the drawing-room fire. A huge log is burning; keen appetites are prepared to do full justice to the approaching meal; the wine has been decanted; and a capacious plate-warmer stands

before the parlor-grate. All is indicative of speedy and luxurious enjoyment. But what is that bustling commotion below? What can be the matter? Are they quarrelling on Christmas-day in the kitchen? What is this strong smell?

One of the housemaids, Jenny, opens the drawing-room door. In hurried accents, she begs to speak to her mistress. The dreadful mystery is solved!—**THE KITCHEN-CHIMNEY IS ON FIRE!**

My aunt implored me to fly down, and aid to extinguish the conflagration. I rushed below. Alas! alas! what a sight for a hungry person, who had refused luncheon! It took me some moments to recover myself. There was the fat cook, in despairing insanity! Her cap was torn off; it having been ignited by a fall of burning soot; and her hair was hanging loose. A large cod-fish, taken from the kettle and placed on the drain, was completely in gritty mourning, from head to tail. The boiled round-of beef, which had been cooked in the copper, was also *dished* before the fire, and covered with literally a hillock of smouldering soot. The turkey on the spit had met with the same fate. It had been, in a moment of desperation, lifted bodily away, and was now reclining in the sand, under the dresser. The fried sausages were lying about in lamentable confusion, the kitten patting one up into a corner; the cat making wry faces in devouring another, as it was too hot. I trod on something soft and slippery. I found it was the oysters, out of the sauce.

A boiled tongue, ejected from its bed of mashed turnips, was lying under the kitchen grate, licking up dust and soot. Everything was covered with black; and it was next to impossible to inhale the fetid and heated atmosphere. A damaged pig's face, with a most melancholy contour of countenance, was on the floor. The maids were trembling and screaming. The man-servant was despatched to the roof of the house with a wet blanket—(O, what a wet blanket was this!)—to cover the chimney-top; and a boy—my aunt's tiger—was hurried off for the parish engine. Fish, flesh, and fowl; sauces, soup, vegetables, ragouts, fricassees,—all, all were prostrated into a mass of irremediable ruin.

I can no more. Instead of the piano playing, they are playing the fire-engine, which has arrived too late, as the engine-keeper had gone out to a Christmas party, at the Marquis of Granby's Head, four miles off. We are hopeless, dinnerless, and, in all probability, shall be supperless!

Was not this—a CHRISTMAS DISASTER? Oh, may WE all escape such a climax! Too well do we know,—that "there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

WORKS OF ART AND PUBLIC MORALS.

MOST SINCERELY DO WE REJOICE in giving utterance to the expressed thoughts of our *confrère*, the Editor of the "Liverpool Mercury," on the subject of what is known as mock-modesty.

The amiable Milton has said :—

"Goodness thinks no ill where no ill seems."

But WE refined, double-refined (*ad nauseam!*) creatures; foul in thought,—impure in heart,—filthy in imagination, turn all we see of Nature's beauty into wickedness! We batten on what is unclean, and politely hand Satan a chair to sit down in. If he be neutral, we then drag him into his seat. And these are the people who would be thought moral—religious—upright! Heaven looks on, patiently; but—. Here, without further comment, let us append our fellow laborer's noble remarks. They appeared in the "Liverpool Mercury," Nov. 11th:—

There are "some people" who get through a great deal of work in the course of the day, and find time for a little relaxation also. They are very clever people; and, if their work is well done, very industrious and praiseworthy people. One of these, a lady who is the mother of a large family, finds time, after a due discharge of her maternal duties, to write to a London contemporary—a religious (!) journal—on the vice and temptation engendered by the exhibition of works of art—"Greek slaves," and such like statues!

The newspaper, honored with this communication (also most remarkable for its housewifely industry), takes occasion, in expressing fervent approbation of the iconoclastic letter, to preach a short homily on "low dresses," and, with its ordinary contempt for worldly verity, asserts that this shocking fashion *comes through our frequent intercourse with the Continent!*

Now, we are not careful to answer in such matters; though we cannot help thinking of the little milliner behind the screen, when such Surface-like prudery intrudes itself. But we do desire to remark, that there are in existence undeniable forms of immorality and indecency, which appear to be forgotten in these coteries. It seems to be utterly unnoticed, that vice is walking abroad without drapery; that ignorance appears,—not in the unadorned beauty of the "Greek Slave," but in its own coarse nudity; and that misery has no covering.

It appears not to be remembered, that in every great town (and in rural cottages also), poverty prevents decency; and that all distinction of sex is impossible. While people are publishing prurient Puritanism, there is *that* looking in at their windows, and knocking at their doors, which should indeed make virtue blush. On the straw bed, and on the cold but cleaner pavement, there is that which they may well be ashamed to look at.

While they are discoursing on what they cannot understand—for the beautiful is far above their conception—there is *that*, which even dullness can read, appealing in mute eloquence to their frigid feelings. But, it may be, this delicacy,

which sits simpering in drawing-rooms, *does not know of these things*. For the sake of womanhood, *we hope* it is so. Ladies of this class have "so much to do" that it is possible they are ignorant. [Is it!] But if they *do* know,—then are they without excuse.

So far from "Art" tending to immorality, it is the mother of sublime thought; and the creator of bright and chaste ideas. If we had more galleries of sculpture and painting open to the people, we should have more rational refinement. Even in the classes which are called "educated," the heart and the imagination are too often untaught. And, what is worse, their natural qualities *are not permitted to develop themselves*. We have been called a nation of shopkeepers, and we are regarded as proud and austere. If there be any truth in the taunt, it is owing very much to the uncultivated charities of life;—and more especially in the sex whose influence is, or ought to be, the sunshine of the English home.

If art and poetry were more cherished among us, we should be altogether a wiser and a better people; and the religion whose pseudo-professors are opposing this, and all other education, could then rejoice that Christianity and civilisation were coming forward together.

We repeat it,—we rejoice to see yet another honest champion siding with ourselves, "WALTER," "ARGUS," "ARCHER," and Co.—to stem the torrent of folly and madness that seems to whirl society forward to their impending destruction.

LIFE—AT HOME AND ABROAD.

"FACTS" FROM AUSTRALIA.

"It is not all GOLD that glitters."

OUR READERS HAVE, long since, been put in possession of our private thoughts upon fortune-hunters—people who, whilst doing comparatively well *here*, yet persisted in trying to do "better" *abroad*. The thirst for "gold" we have proved to carry with it its own punishment. Its worshippers have fallen by the thousand—fallen, to rise no more in *this* world.

The subjoined "illustrations" of what is now the game in Australia, are entitled to a place in OUR JOURNAL. They may be "useful," as well as interesting. They were penned a few months since, and addressed by an emigrant to his friend in England,—dated "from my tent and home on the sandy beach of Port Phillip."

The writer is an out-and-outer of his class. Steeped in trouble, and with a dreary prospect, yet is he jovial withal. It will be seen, that he is now trying to make ugly faces, with a view to qualify himself for being a "comic singer." His comicalities are to produce him six pounds per week. Pending this, he hints at a future touch at Electro-Biology. It seems this humbug—once so popular here, has broken out in full force

abroad. How easily people are cheated of their senses, and of their money! And yet—"the world is *not* mad!" Who dares say so? But now for the joys of a settler's life:—

Dear Bobby,—When I landed here, I found things in an awful state of confusion, and everything frightfully dear; for instance, bread 2s. 6d. the 4lb. loaf; meat 6d. and 8d. per lb.; butter, 4s.; eggs, 12s. per dozen; house rent, anything they liked to ask for an empty hole—I cannot call it a room—30s. and £2 a week, and lucky to get it. To land self, £1; luggage about £2. What was I to do with only 15s. 6d. in my purse, all my worldly possessions? There's a fix to be in—houseless, tentless, and moneyless, in a strange land! However, a thought came into my head that I possessed that which would bring me at least a few pounds—green goggles, 100 of which I bought in England for the small sum of 28s. I therefore asked one of the passengers if he would make a spec, and buy them for £10.

After some hesitation, he took them for £9 10s., and now, behold me, a monied man! Yes; with capital enough to buy a share in the ship's lifeboat and a tent, and land myself and luggage free, obtain a license as a waterman for Hobson's Bay on the Yarra, Yarra; and now landing passengers and luggage—not exactly free of all charge. Next week, I am about to make a change from sea to land, and instead of making holes in the water, and poor emigrants' pockets, I am going to bore the earth in search of the precious metal. I am going up to the diggings—Fryar's Creek, or Murderer's Flat, or Choke'em Gully—with a new chum. . . .

What I have seen of the climate of this country, I do not like. Hot winds, hotter and more fierce than the siroccos of Egypt; hot days, and bitter cold mornings and nights; strong winds, which raise the dust in clouds far thicker than our November fogs; and frequent storms, like the present. I can assure you it's no child's play pulling and managing a boat in Hobson's Bay; for it nearly always blows half a gale from the sea. Then we have the very torments of Tartarus, in the shape of myriads of the most tormenting of flies, which, not content with sticking to your eyes, going up your nose, and falling into and upon every mortal thing you eat and drink, must needs commit suicide by flying down your throat. If cats get thin from eating them, and they have the same effect on *me*, I fear you will never even see what there is of me again. Then there are lots of dear little tickling fleas, which cause you vast amusement throughout the night; and as for the mosquitoes, the very air rings of an evening with their lively hum. Snakes, too, are very fond of blankets—as, I think, was proved just before I left London; but

here they like to get into the blanket, and not the blanket to get into them. Spiders, as large as a willow-pattern plate, are also on friendly terms with you, and often call to take a bite and sup. Oh, it's a lovely spot—very!

There is a vast amount of distress among the gentlemanly, no-capital, no hard-work people—people who will not go on the roads and earn 10s. a day, because they have never done it, and it's below them. But, believe me, if a man comes here without capital, he must work or starve; and the work that is wanted is hand, not headwork. I do anything to pick up a shilling—carry a box, help dig the foundation of a house; and what I have lately made some money at, has been duck-shooting. The way I set about it is this:—I start off in the afternoon for one of the numerous lagoons, situated from five to ten miles off, and take with me on my back, besides my gun, a blanket, hookpot, pannikin, tea and sugar, bread, &c. On my road, I often get stuck in a bog, or lost in the bush; but *nil desperandum*, on I go, and at length reach my destination. At sunset, I take my station in some thick reeds—perhaps up to my hips in mud and water, and there await the evening flight of the ducks, teal, black swans, &c.

At last, bang! bang! goes old Joe Manton; and splash, splash, tumble the ducks into the lake. Then for an hour it's load and fire, and then gather together the dying and the dead. I now try and find out a soft place under some friendly gum-tree, light a fire, make a cup of tea (when I was on board ship I thought I should become a solid lump of "plum duff;" now I really believe I shall be converted into a huge teapot, for I drink tea by the quart, not the cup), roll myself in my blanket, anything but bless the ants and mosquitoes, and off to sleep.

Up again in the morning before the sun, take my place in the rushes, see the ducks turn out to wash their faces, and give them a hearty salute; after which, pack up and away to Melbourne, call at the clubs and hotels, and sell my ducks; and if I fail there, it's "Duck, O! Wild duck! Widgeon or wildfowl!" in the streets; and the best of all is, this kind of sport pays at 18s. a pair for ducks, 20s. a goose, 5s. and 6s. per pair for teal—a good night's work tells up. Now, your poor, proud man won't do this; because, faith, he never did such a thing in England, and it's so "low" to sell ducks. Therefore he starves, and nobody pities him; and he either turns shepherd in the bush, or works his way home again as a ship-steward. But there is one sad cause of distress—namely, that caused by illness from the common and often fatal complaint, diarrhœa. Then a man or woman without money is

indeed in a sad condition. All I can say is, God help them! for few else will. For the working man, this country is the finest in the world, and he is sure of a fortune if he dees not take to "nobbler" (small glasses of brandy or rum). *Drunkenness is the very curse of the country.*

I must now really turn in with the fleas (they are anxiously waiting for me), and finish this another time. I have to be up before sunrise to fish; as fishing pays at 20s. a-dozen, large and small; so good night!—J. G., licensed waterman, No. 119, at your honor's sarvice.

The Melbourne has arrived, but I have no letters. I fear the fault is with the post-office, for so badly regulated a place I believe does not exist in the world. To get to the window for a letter, takes at least two hours; and *then* you must fight against a crowd as rough and large as on a boxing-night at the "Royal Vic.," and the great difficulty is to get out again. All this could be set to rights by making a barrier; but no; the pig-headed Government won't do it. Hundreds and hundreds of letters are lying in the post-office, and the persons to whom they are directed know they are there, but cannot get them. As for the post-offices at the diggings, they are a perfect farce; they take the postage, but the letters never arrive. A lady friend of mine wrote four letters to her husband at the diggings, begging him to return to Melbourne, as their eldest daughter was dying. He not coming, she advertised in the *Argus*; that he saw, and returned. But, alas! too late. The letters he never received. I wrote three letters to a friend at Sydney; he only received one; the others are not to be found.

I will now tell you what an emigrant may expect on landing—say a man, his wife, and family, with £5 and no tent—(the case I am going to make up is not one in 100, but 99 out of 100). He lands; and finds the whole of his money gone for conveyance of himself and family ashore. He sits down on his boxes, debating what he shall do for the best. He hears he can get work on the roads at 10s. a-day; or if he's a stonemason, carpenter, or blacksmith, his prospects are even better,—ready employment at 25s. a-day. This revives him. He looks around and sees a waste sandy desert, which, from the reeds, is a bog in winter, and close to the sea. He therefore sets to work, opens his boxes, gets out sheets, blankets, tablecloths, gowns, handkerchiefs, &c.; and, while his wife sews them together, he gets some sticks and manages to make what he calls a tent to cover them from the weather. He then takes a seat by the roadside, and sells some of his things at a sad loss, and with the proceeds buys a supper for his family; and the

next morning he is off to town to try and get work. He comes back saying he has succeeded; but what is his surprise at finding his tent pulled down, and things scattered about! He asks the cause, and his wife tells him that the Government officials have been, and, after abusing her, took, or rather tore down the tent, because, as they said, it was Government land; and also, that if they saw them pick up any sticks again, dead and rotting although they might be on the ground, they should be find £5, or a month's imprisonment; and this, too, where firewood is at £5 and £3 a-load.

What does he then do? Why, perhaps he growls, and then packs up; carries and drags his goods on to Melbourne, sells some more, and then goes to a Government office for permission to pitch his tent on what is called 'Canvas Town,' and pays the Government 5s. a-week rent. Away he hies, and pitches his tent, goes to work: and when he returns, he sees his tent again in confusion. He hears from his wife that she, finding the ground dirty and very dusty, and thinking to make the tent more comfortable, laid down some planks in the shape of box lids, &c., when, lo and behold! up comes a Government official, and orders her to take up the boards, as they were not allowed to board the tents.

At the present moment, typhus fever and dysentery are raging among the 6,000 tented inhabitants of Canvas Town; and in most cases producing fatal effects. A little girl I know who died, died of sun-stroke during a hot wind. Four died the same day. They were struck in the tents near to her. The doctor who attended her, said,—that he should give up attending persons in tents, as nearly all cases proved fatal; and yet Government, after squeezing out 5s. a-week for a little piece of dirty, useless land, lying near a swamp, won't allow the poor people either to put on a wooden roof to keep the heat and wet out, or a wooden floor to rest their beds on and keep out the dust.

Talking of tents, there are some queer ones, I can assure you. The first I had was a calico one, about 6 feet by 8 feet, in which I could not stand up. This cost £2 12s. 6d. In this place four, and often six, slept on the ground, while our boxes remained outside exposed to the wind and rain, which spoilt all their contents. This tent was anything but waterproof; and when it did rain it was one of the finest shower baths I was ever in, and many a cold night have I lain in sop. One little tent near me, I have named the tombstone, from its resemblance to that structure. It belongs to a young man who, disgusted, is returning to England. Thousands would follow him if they could. It measures, length 4 feet, breadth 2 feet, height

2 feet. When he turns in, half his legs stick out at the door, which has a very droll effect.

We have sold our boat for a very good sum, and I took her to Geelong (40 miles) the other day. It is not at all safe to go out after dark without arms, especially between this and Melbourne. I have bought for £5, from a new chum, a first-rate eight-barrelled revolver pistol, and this I carry in my breast, loaded, when out at night-time, which is seldom the case.

Well, here I am again; sitting, not on a rail, but on my bed, with my desk on my knees—not the most comfortable position in the world for writing. Tired I am, very; after a hard day's washing. Washing is heavy work here. Shirts get so confoundedly dirty; but it's 9s. a-dozen saved. We had some "jolly rows" in the tents last night, "Murder!" being screamed out by men and women very often, and one man shot in the head, somewhere close to my tent. My 8-barrelled friend mounted guard all night on full cock; fully determined to defend his master.

How true I have found —'s words! *Tell any young man you may know who thinks of coming here, to think well before he leaves England*, and ask himself if he can submit to work like a common laborer, or act as porter or shopman, sleep under a tree, and put up with every sort of hardship and privation. *If so, let him come; if not, for God's sake, let him stay at home.* Thousands of "gentlemanly young men" are next to starving, and would gladly return. I fear the finding of the great nugget at Ballarat will cause another rush from England. I hope not; *for none others are wanted here but workmen.* I start, I hope, for the mines on Thursday. I don't think you would know me in my present rough dress, long beard and moustachios, and sunburnt appearance.

I expect after six months at the diggings to return as yellow as gamboge and dry as a mummy, as is the usual appearance of the diggers. Had I brought a book on Electrobiology out with me, and some discs—so as to get up a lecture, I could have made a fortune. As it is, knowing something about it, I am pressed to give a lecture. I can get an engagement as comic singer at concerts at £6 per week, and have been advised to accept it. If I find the diggings a failure, I think I shall accept the offer.

This simple array of plain facts, *ought* to make fools wise. If we were to tell all we know about the sufferings that are being endured abroad, by acquaintances of ours, who *would* leave comfort here for expected affluence (!) there,—we should want a whole JOURNAL for the purpose. However, let one speak for all; and the dissatisfied "chew the

cud of meditation," ere they quit certainties for uncertainties.

The love of gold has been, and will be, the ruin of millions. We shall preach this doctrine up whilst indulging in the harmless festivities of our coming Christmas. How many will sigh, and sigh vainly, for a peep at our English holly; our English misseltoe; our English lasses; and the delights of an English carpet! They will remember when they used to "trip it on the light fantastic toe:" and no doubt would gladly return (*if they could*), again to mingle in our humble but innocent gambols.

GOLD cannot buy innocence!

THE DOCTRINE OF "FORCE,"

A WRONG PRINCIPLE.

WE find in "Hogg's Instructor" for November, something which is quite heterodox; and ours being a "Journal of Nature," we hasten to set the crooked thing straight. A correspondent, signing himself T. T. T., says:—

"When 'taken by force,' there is nothing yields bliss,

With 'one' sweet exception—and that is a KISS!"

Oh, fie! sir. Can you look any young lady in the face after this confession? A kiss, *taken by force*, is worth, in our estimation, just nothing. It is like picking a person's pocket of a purse; then going to dine sumptuously at his expense; and afterwards calling the victim "a jolly good fellow." No, no, Mr. T. Let the "kissee" be at least a half-consenting party; else is the "bliss" you speak of *une félicité imaginaire*. Now thank us for setting you right. No doubt you are yet in your teens. A few years more, and you will be able *yourself* to give us an impromptu headed—*A Re-bus!*

CANDOR,—WITH AN "EXAMPLE."

WE dearly love candor; and whenever we meet with it, we rejoice to record it *pro bono*. Surely the following, by Dr. James Johnson, editor of the *London Medico-Chirurgical Review*, is worthy of a place in OUR OWN JOURNAL! He says—"I declare, as my conscientious opinion, founded on long experience and reflection, that if there was not a single physician, surgeon, apothecary, midwife, chemist, druggist, or drug, on the face of the earth, there would be less sickness and less mortality than now prevail!"—No doubt the good Doctor is quite right. If people were not "fanciful"—and would only lead regular lives—drugs, chemists, apothecaries, &c., *would* be positively useless. But as this will never be, we can injure nobody by thus speaking the truth. *Dulce est desipere in loco*. Without an occasional joke, we should not be able to get on comfortably! The fanciful public can "afford" to be joked with!

OH, WHEN WILL FOOLS BE WISE?

“Help yourself first, and then—”

The PRESBYTERS to PALMERSTON.

THE Plague has come among us,
Miserable sinners!
Fear and remorse have stung us,
Miserable sinners!
We ask the State to fix a day,
Whereon all men may fast and pray
That Heaven will please to turn away
The Plague that works us sore dismay—
Miserable sinners!

PALMERSTON to the PRESBYTERS.

The Plague that comes among you,
Miserable sinners!
To effort hath it stung you,
Miserable sinners!
You ask that all should fast and pray;
Better all wake and work, I say;
Sloth and supineness put away,
That so the Plague may cease to slay
Miserable sinners!

For Plagues, like other evils,
Miserable sinners!
Are God's and *not* the Devil's,
Miserable sinners!
Scourges they are, but in a hand
Which love and pity do command;
And when the heaviest stripes do fall,
'Tis where they're wanted most of all,
Miserable sinners!

Look round about your city,
Miserable sinners!
Arouse to shame and pity,
Miserable sinners!
Pray: but use brush and limewash pail;
Fast: but feed those for want who fail;
Bow down, gude town, to ask for grace,
But bow with cleaner hands and face—
Miserable sinners!

All Time God's Law hath spoken,
Miserable sinners!
That Law may not be broken,
Miserable sinners!
But he that breaks it must endure
The penalty which works the cure.
To us, for God's great laws transgressed,
Is doomsman Pestilence addressed—
Miserable sinners!

We cannot juggle Heaven,
Miserable sinners!
With one day out of seven,
Miserable sinners!
Shall any force of fasts atone
For years of duty left undone?
How expiate with prayer or psalm,
Deaf ear, blind eye, and folded palm?
Miserable sinners!

Let us be up and stirring,
Miserable sinners!
'Mongst ignorant and erring,
Miserable sinners!

Sloth and self-seeking from us cast,
Believing this the fittest fast—
For of all prayers prayed 'neath the sun
There is no prayer like work well done,
Miserable sinners!

PUNCH.

[The above seasonable reproof ought to be printed in letters of gold. The cant of the present day is enough to call down the vengeance of Heaven. If we have any “talents,” it would seem to be the “one” “hid in a napkin!”]

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Symptoms of Early Winter.—We seldom remember to have experienced a finer November than the one just passed. Nearly the whole month was gloriously fine, and the farmers had a benefit, in consequence, that they will (we hope) never forget. There is seed enough in the ground now to produce a supply of food for many years to come. The first nipping frost was felt on the morning of November 18. The ice visible on the ponds near London, from one night's cold, exceeded half an inch in thickness. In some exposed situations it was fully one inch thick. The sun rose, beautiful in its brilliancy; and the trees were decked with the most fantastic ornaments. The birds came to the windows to be fed, the leaves forsook the branches, people bustled merrily about, and burly “old Winter” seemed to give a hint that we must prepare to do him honor. It is sad to contemplate the cost of fuel; when we think of the poor, and of the privations to which they must of necessity be subject. But for this, we should glory in a severe winter; as we imagine it would go far to regenerate the earth, and banish the pestilence that has so long been raging amongst us. We observe that many of our winter birds have arrived; and *of course* we hear the murderous gun “bidding them welcome.” Thrushes, black-birds, hedge-sparrows, robins (!), are falling victims to the iron tube by the hundred; their murderers taking a comfortable seat by the fire, after their day's “amusement,” to boast of their prowess! How strangely do some people set about enjoying themselves, and how “odd” their idea of a “merry Christmas!”—W. K.

A Hint to Spirit Drinkers, apropos of Christmas.—The following letter was lately received, in answer to an inquiry addressed to Mr. Cobden as to “the best” mode of “opening the trade in spirits.” “Sir,—In reply to your inquiry, I venture to suggest that the best way of dealing with the monopoly of spirits is—to abstain from drinking them. This, for upwards of 20 years, I have done. Depend on it they are nothing better than slow poison, *even if taken moderately*; what they are when taken *in excess*, the records of our gaols, lunatic asylums, and coroners' inquests must inform you. And I am, sir, your most obedient servant, RICHARD COBDEN.—Midhurst, Nov. 9.”

[This answer is every way worthy of attention just now. Hosts of people are greedily preparing to “lay in spirits” for the season,—laying in, at the same time, poison for their own destruction. It we only save “one” life, then will this hint not have been thrown away. Our “spirits” are

the best. They come from the well; and, as they keep us "well," and merry—what more could we desire?]

Another new Planet!—Mr. Hind has discovered another planet, the ninth since the commencement of his systematic search in 1846. He observed it on the night of the 8th November, at 7h. 50m., in the constellation Taurus, about two degrees south of the ecliptic, appearing rather brighter than a star of the ninth magnitude. There are now known to be twenty-seven of these asteroid planets, or, as Mr. Hind terms them, "that extraordinary group of worlds," between Mars and Jupiter. The diurnal motion of the new planet at the present time, is in right ascension one minute two seconds towards the west, and in declination about two minutes thirty seconds towards the south.—E. P.

The Cure of Disease by "Mesmerism."—The high character your JOURNAL has attained, induced me recently to become a subscriber; and I need hardly tell you that I am and shall continue one of your "best" friends. I feel I cannot be any other. [It is truly delightful, Mademoiselle, to observe how we "keep" our friends from the moment they become such.] Turning over the leaves of a former number, I see some very striking and interesting remarks of yours on Mesmerism, as a Curative Agent in Disease. Can you refer me to any work; or what is better, to any skilful practitioner of respectability, that I could personally "consult" on the subject? I am more than commonly interested in it; and I know that in *your* hands I shall be safe. I enclose my name and address (in confidence, of course), and shall be happy to hear from you, privately. Let my known signature in OUR JOURNAL be—SELINA.

[We will ourselves wait upon you, Mademoiselle. We know very much of the curative power of mesmerism; indeed, we have ourselves *privately* succeeded so well in relieving suffering friends, that we can "talk like a book" about facts. As a public practitioner, we refer you with pleasure to Mr. J. J. BIRD (his card may be obtained at 219, Regent Street), a gentleman of great power, who is eminently successful in the treatment of his numerous patients. Not long since, we were suffering severely from an undue excitement of the brain. Our head was "fiery hot." Mental exertion had been too much for us; we were fairly over-done. We chanced to call on a friend that day; and luckily found Mr. BIRD present. Sitting down for a quarter of an hour, and submitting to his kind offices, we were not long in being put quite right. "Richard was himself again" in less than half-an-hour. We name this as an act of pleasing duty. Mesmerism is no longer a bugbear. Be it known, however, that we are uncompromising enemies to clairvoyance, spirit-rapping, and all those diabolical delusions that have been so long leading silly people captive. Our fair name must not be mixed up with anything of this nature. We will see any, and every thing. We acknowledge to have witnessed many strange phenomena. Nay, we know more than we care to divulge. But these things have no bearing on "science." There are many occult matters into which we do not wish to pry—

many things which, *if* they do exist, we are not at all desirous to know. *Modus est in rebus,—in omnibus rebus.* "Too much learning" is rapidly filling our hospitals with madmen. We know "the penalty" for looking beyond what is lawful; and therefore are warned not to be over-curious. "*Ne quid nimis,*" shall be our watchword. Thus we shall be "safe."]

Warmth of Fur.—It is commonly thought that warmth would be best obtained by wearing fur with the hair inwards, and that the practice of wearing it outwards has been adopted from its ornamental richness. Such, however, is not the case; for fur garments have been found by experience to be much warmer in cold weather, when worn with the hair outwards, than when it is turned inwards. Hence the disadvantage of lining cloaks and gloves with furs. The above is alleged as a proof that we are kept warm by our clothing,—not so much by confining the heat of our bodies, as by repelling those frigorific rays which tend to cool us.—VIOLET, Worcester.

The Cramp.—This involuntary contraction of the muscles, attended with a convulsive effort of the neck, arms, and legs, as well as a violent, though transitory pain,—is often the portion of the sedentary, the aged, and infirm. A variety of remedies have been tried with occasional success. Sometimes broad tape, applied tightly round the part affected, removes the complaint; but when it is more obstinate, a heated brick wrapped in a flannel bag may be placed at the foot of the bed, against which the person afflicted may place his feet. The brick will remain warm the whole night; a return, therefore, will thus be prevented. No remedy, however, is equal to that of diligent and persevering friction. This, while it restores the free circulation of the blood in the contracted part, is more simple, expeditious, and safe in its effects. If cramp attack the interior organs,—as the stomach or bowels, it is always attended with danger, as frequent returns of it may occasion death. Medicine may *relieve*, but cannot *cure*. I therefore advise all who are liable to be afflicted in this way to adopt a strictly temperate and regular mode of living—to abstain rigorously from all spirituous and fermented liquors—to shun inundating their stomachs twice or thrice a day with hot tea; and to avoid smoked, salted, and pickled provisions. Fly also from fat, rancid, and flatulent dishes, which require a vigorous digestion. In short, avoid both the *predisposing* and *exciting* causes. The latter are generally found in an irritable temper, indulgence in fits of anger, and other depressing passions. These generally relax the animal fibre; so that it again becomes contracted, and a paroxysm of cramp is the inevitable consequence.—A GRANDMAMMA.

[Thank you, good Grandmamma. Many, besides myself, will pray for you during the coming cold season.]

The Owl.—Is there a brown monastery, whose cloisters, navelled in windy woods, make twilight at noonday? There dwells the owl; his favorite shelter being the noble oriel, where flaunting ivy and eglantine weave a gloomy treillage over its stony flower-work. The illuminated rites, the swelling organ, the monkish magnificence of pro-

cessions, are passed away—theirs was but a transient possession—but your owl shall be mitred abbot there to the end of time. The architect might unfold his sublimest plans, and the sculptor perpetuate in florid decorations of stone his most exuberant fancies, and bags of golden angels might remunerate their costly labors; but they who bade the structure rise were only sojourners, tenants at will—and the moment they were finally departed, nature combined her living ornaments with the witcheries of art, to frame a temple for the owl. Broad headed oaks, rustling glossy ivy, and herbage of violet green, were mingled with the shattered frames of gorgeous story, flowered keystones of blue and scarlet, and spiry, gilded tabernacles, and tombs of brazen imagery. The place was bannered with living foliage—the profane sanctuary was restored by nature, and it became the hereditary tenement of the pensive and majestic anahorite of birds. The mailed fortalice frowns in adamantine might on the brow of the ocean-guarded rock; the colossal bulk of its towers, the echoing vastness of its courts, are a marvel and a portent; and luxury conceived she had done her utmost, when the oaken roofs and arras hangings of its lordly apartments were ruddied with the festal lustre:—it was only for a palace to the owl! In the wide area of the baronial hall, or the luxurious recess of the lady's bower, the dignified owl abides, the heir of all the power, the honors, and the crimes of a vanished lineage! Little he trows or cares for the plots, the feuds, and amours, that once distinguished the battlemented solitude. He only feels that the inalienable dominion is *his*—his *only*. And where the golden gilliflower, rising from its piky tufts, pours its perfume by the quaint loophole, or the minute ivy spreads its shining net-work over the red turret—he, with his coifed mate and downy progeny, reposes in all the placid pride of undisputed supremacy.—WILLIAM D.

The Palm-Tree.—The Palm-tree is remarkable for loftiness, straightness, and productiveness, and hence made an emblem in Scripture of uprightness, fruitfulness, and victory. Its fruit is the date, very sweet and nourishing, and a large portion of the inhabitants of Egypt, Arabia, and Persia, subsist almost entirely upon it. Camels are fond of the stone. This fruit is of the size of an olive. Palm branches were signals of joy and triumph. The leaves are six or eight feet long, and proportionably broad when spread out; they are used to cover houses, and make couches, baskets, bags, fences, hats, &c. From the fibres of the branches are made thread, ropes, rigging, &c. Indeed, the natives (says Gibbon) celebrate either in prose or verse, three hundred and sixty uses to which the trunk, branches, leaves, juice, and fruit, are applied. The palm-tree attains maturity in thirty years from planting the seed; and continues in full strength for seventy or eighty years, bearing annually three or four hundred pounds of dates; and finally dies at about two hundred years old. From its sap palm wine is made, called by the natives Araky. It is a beverage which easily intoxicates, and is thought by Bishop Lowth to be the "strong drink" mentioned in Isaiah v. 11, and xxiv. 9. From the species of palm-tree called Landon, growing wild

in various parts of the East, the common sago is procured.—SYLVIA.

Hints on Feeding Fowls.—Never buy damaged corn. It is bad policy, and already, seeing how dear corn is, it has caused mischief. Always get the best food,—or leave off keeping poultry. The *Bristol Journal* says:—"We have heard that several fowl-keepers in this neighborhood have lost some of their hens and chickens, and the supposed reason for their death is their being fed on cheap damaged corn. One person at Horfield, soon after she fed her flock with some of the damaged corn, which she purchased in Bristol, noticed that several of them became ill; and in a few minutes four of them died."—W. K.

The Stirrup Cup.—The cordial stirrup cup of the Scotch and Irish has its origin in the parting cup (the *poculum boni genii*) of the ancients. When the Roman supper was ended, as it began, with libations to the gods, prayers were offered for the safety and prosperity of the host. His health was drunk at the same time, during the reign of the Cæsars, as that of the Emperor; and a last cup was quaffed to one general "good night." This custom, which was continued for ages, was long religiously adhered to by our hospitable ancestors, until it was exploded by the icy refinement of modern manners.—V.

A Cure for Lumbago, Scalds, and Burns.—Procure a large sheet of *wadding*. It is sold by all linendrapers. Fold it into three or four thicknesses; and to keep it firm, let it be tacked on to a piece of linen or flannel. This done, you have in your hand a remedy *that never can fail*. Be sure and let the wool be next the skin. Place the wadding all round the part affected by pain, and secure it by strings of tape. Keep it on all through the winter, and you and pain will become strangers to each other. In cases of scalds and burns, apply the wadding *immediately*; and only note the effect! People say "the age of miracles is passed." Is it? Not while the cures I hint at are, through Nature's kind agency, so marvelously and quickly wrought!—W. G., *Bayswater*.

[Let us gratefully acknowledge here, that we have just been "miraculously" cured of the most horrible lumbago that ever visited mortal man, by the simple remedy above proposed. We accidentally heard of a benevolent gentleman, residing at Bayswater, who *could* cure us. We wrote and asked,—"*would* he kindly do so?" The following post made us his grateful debtor for life. We did not take up our *bed* and walk,—but we lifted up our poor *back*, and walked—the next morning. May Heaven's blessing rest on the kind W. G.! say we.]

The Language of Nature.—There is no language which can speak more intelligibly to the thoughtful mind than the language of nature; and it is repeated to us, as it were, every year, to teach us trust and confidence in God. It tells us that the Power which first created existence, is weakened by no time, and subject to no decay. It tells us that, in the majesty of his reign, a thousand years are but as one day, while, in the beneficence of it, one day is as a thousand years. It

tells us still further, that, in the magnificent system of his government, there exists no evil; that the appearances, which to our limited and temporary view seemed pregnant with destruction, are, in the mighty extent of his providence, the source of returning good; and that, in the very hours when we might conceive nature to be deserted and forlorn, the Spirit of the Almighty is operating with unceasing force, and preparing in silence the renovation of the world.—HEARTSEASE, *Hants.*

The Misseltoe.—My attention was recently directed to this plant; and the thought struck me that it would be highly desirable to find out some plan by which it might be successfully cultivated. Apart from its interesting historical associations, as the sacred plant of the Druids, it is in itself eminently worthy of notice, as being one of the very few parasitical plants found wild in this country. Its wild habitats are evidently decreasing in number; and, unless there be devised some efficient means for its culture, I fear we are in danger of losing by degrees to a very great extent, if not entirely, one of the most interesting of our native plants. On looking over the *Gardeners' Magazine*, for 1835, I met with some remarks bearing upon this subject, which I thought would be worth transcribing. They are from the pen of Mr. D. Beaton. Mr. B. says:—"Mr. Moss has hit upon an excellent plan for the successful propagation of the Misseltoe for sale; which is, getting young shoots of apple and pear-trees on which the Misseltoe is established, and grafting them in his nursery. I think the first or second week in May is the best time to graft shoots of the Misseltoe. Budding and grafting the Misseltoe is very simple; merely an incision in the bark, into which a thin slice of misseltoe is inserted, having a bud and one leaf at the end. Grafts less than half an inch in diameter may be put in, in the same manner; but in grafting larger pieces, a notch should be cut out of the branch, the incision made below the notch, and a shoulder left on the graft to rest on the notch, in the manner of crown grafting. All that the nurserymen have to do is, —to insert small scions in the largest shoots of their apple and pear standards. About the middle of May is the best time to bud the Misseltoe. The budding is only a modification of grafting; as you retain a heel of wood below the bud for insertion."—ARTHUR G.

Innocence of Childhood.—All who know you, my dear sir, know the bent of your "natural" disposition. Nor is it any secret how much you love children. I quite enjoy a perusal of your remarks as to the manner in which they *should* be brought up; for alas, what "oddities" some of them are now! I send you, taken from your own "Fanny Fern," the following beautiful *morçeau*, *à propos* of "innocence."—"I asked God to take care of Johnny, and then I went to sleep," said a little boy giving an account of his wandering in the wood. How sublime! how touching! Holy childhood! Let me sit at thy feet, and learn of thee. How dost thou rebuke me with thy simple faith and earnest love! Oh earth!—what dost thou give us in exchange for its loss?—Rainbows that melt as we gaze; bubbles that burst as we

grasp; dewdrops that exhale as our eye catches their sparkle. The warm heart, chilled by selfishness, fenced in by doubts, and thrown back upon itself. Eye, lip, and brow, trained to tell no tale at the portal of what passes within the temple. Tears locked in their fountain, save when our own household gods are shivered. The great strife, not which shall "love most," but "which shall be the greater;" and aching hearts the stepping stones to wealth and power. Immortal, yet earth wedded! Playing with shells upon the shore of time, with the broad ocean of eternity before us! Careful and troubled about trifles, forgetting to "ask God to take care of Johnny"—and so, the long night of death comes on, and we sleep our last sleep!"—Can any reflecting mind peruse the above, without feeling a reproof,—deep as the ocean? Oh, it touches us *all!* May the saying,— "Ask God to take care of Johnny," find a resting place in each one of our hearts!—LUCY N.

[Amen! good, kind, amiable Lucy. *That* "saying" shall, at all events, rest in *our* heart—and "thyself" with it.]

Hammersmith Concerts.—"The Black Swan," &c.—During the past month, several Concerts have been given at the Albion Hall, Hammersmith. At one of these we had the pleasure of seeing the celebrated "Black Swan,"—*protégée* of the Duchess of Sutherland; and a remarkably "plump" bird she is! We also had the pleasure of hearing her. She has, in addition to a "fine plumage," two sets of voices. With the "one," she sang "Home, sweet Home" very sweetly. With the "other,"—but no, "we will not mention it." The "second" voice may be more wonderful,—it is so. But it really terrifies one to have two *such* voices in one and the same body. *De profundis*, or "Deeper and deeper still," on the one hand; and "Coming thro' the Rye" on the other, makes a body afraid of the "wide difference." We could not compass it; nor stomach it in private. By the way, this warbling swan is not destitute of personal attractions,—albeit *the tint* thrown on them is rather beyond our view of the "line of beauty." Her eyes are vivacious, her manner pleasing, her legs what she need not be at all ashamed of, her feet "trim" and pretty. Altogether, she is an attraction. The veteran BRAHAM was there on this occasion, and all his family. His son, AUGUSTUS, was one of the vocalists, and acquitted himself (as he always does) excellently well. He sang "The Bay of Biscay" with much spirit. We hardly need say how his sire seemed to "relish" his own favorite. Often have we heard him make a lofty hall tremble beneath his voice, while dwelling on "Biscay—Oh!" A Mr. Charles Cotton was also among the vocalists. He has a good bass voice, and he gave us "the Wolf" with some effect. But why is he so habitually dolorous, lugubrious, "hard?" He would seem to think smiling, or laughing, a crime! *Did* he ever laugh? We wonder at his "odd temper," seeing that the lovely JOSEPHINE BROUGHAM was one of the choir. What a sweet, lady-like girl it is! How lively,—how playful,—how good-tempered! And what a delicious voice she has! She never opens her mouth but out comes a diamond or a pearl. No false notes; no ridiculous flourishes; no, "punishing" of

the simple airs by meretricious "ornament!" She comes of a good school; and never fails to open wide her smiling mouth, when needful to give full effect to the author's meaning. A true "Miss Paton" is she, in this sensible matter. What funny thoughts sometimes pass through one's mind! We could not look at Josephine Brougham and her arch sister, in their becoming dresses and playful bearing, without thinking of Christmas—and also, of something mysteriously "hinted at" (in connection with certain fondly-cherished wild berries) in our *Mirror of the Months* (*ante* p. 295). Two *such* "Swans" would sing some lovely Christmas Carols! *They* would be "Waits" worth listening to. Ever since we heard Josephine Brougham warble *Kathleen Mavourneen*, our head has been filled with little else.* We do so love these simple melodies! By the way—the pianoforte engaged here, appeared as if it had an attack of cholera. It groaned audibly and horribly. Nor could the good-tempered efforts of Miss E. Brougham and Miss Ward, united, "draw it out." A more obstinate "performer" never surely fell to the lot of *any* "manager in distress!"—W. K.

The Prevailing Opinions concerning "Beauty."
—What different ideas are formed, my dear sir, in different nations concerning the beauty of the human shape and countenance! A fair complexion is a shocking deformity on the coast of Guinea; thick lips and a flat nose are a beauty. In some nations, *long ears* that hang down upon the shoulders are the objects of universal admiration. In China, if a lady's foot is so large as to be fit to

* Since this Notice was in type, another Concert has been given at Albion Hall: at which, among others present as vocal performers, was our earliest friend, Miss POOLE; also the two Miss BROUGHAMS. We were truly pleased once again to hear the voice "so familiar to the ear" of our younger days. Chaste as ever, sweet, melodious, and purely natural,—were the well-known strains we listened to; and to say that Miss POOLE was what she ever has been, is the highest compliment we can pay her. We seemed to greet her as she entered, as the friend of our youth; for she has sent us home "happy," times out of number. Such are the charms of *real* music! We had, on this occasion, an opportunity of hearing the Misses BROUGHAM sing together. (Miss E. Brougham had so severe a cold on her former appearance, that she presided at the piano *only*). This enables us to pay *both* sisters the well-merited compliment of their being—not only excellent musicians and "sweet singers," but alike in form, figure, and vivacity; in every sense of the words—"a pretty pair of *White Swans*." Not to be too severe on the Concert of which we are speaking, we feel bound to say that—but for Miss Poole, the Misses Brougham, Miss Hodson, and Mr. J. W. Sharp, the whole affair was below contempt. What ever was Mr. A. R. Read thinking about, when he made "so much ado about nothing?" His next "grand annual Concert" must be better, or he will lose caste. We never paid twelve shillings with less satisfaction. All our party were of one mind in this matter. It was "slow" indeed!

walk upon, she is regarded as a monster of ugliness. Some of the savage nations of North America tie four boards round the heads of their children, and thus squeeze them, while the bones are tender and grisly, into a form that is quite unnatural. [The Aztec Children, as an example.] Europeans are astonished at the "absurd barbarity" of this practice, to which some missionaries have imputed the singular stupidity of those nations among whom it prevails. But when they condemn those "savages," they do not reflect that the ladies in England have been devoted for the last half-century, sleeping and waking, to the habit of deforming themselves in every possible way,—so that their Divine origin might remain a mystery. They have nearly accomplished this. They are of all imaginable shapes and sizes,—very little insides, but very large outsides. You would sometimes (if you "naturally" inclined towards the sex,) try to get near them. You would, I say,—but cannot. There is an impassable barrier between you. A regular "Jack in the Green" swings round at your approach, and a scream proclaims that "you must not touch." What with pins, pegs, "palpable facts," hoops, roundabouts, and internal machinery which I dare only hint at (lest there should be a *screw loose*), our "English beauties" cut a singular "figure" indeed! Then their head,—perhaps there is "nothing" in *that*. But there is something in their face,—I love to be face-tious. There is *œs triplex* there. Let *them* construe this, and not put a wrong construction on it. Ours is the "Age of Brass." This will furnish a cue. Oh that YOU, and I, and ARGUS, and ARCHER, could fairly "bonnet" our English women! Such revenge would go half-way towards making them look "modest," and we should feel all the happier. You once said, that if our women were to "assume a virtue if they had it not," such deception would, under circumstances, be pardonable. "Aye; marry would it." We should then not *know* our misery, but charitably judge from appearances. If to walk through London streets, and see the "performers" there in their present dress and undress, be a curiosity—what is it, my dear sir, to note the "winter preparations" for their disfigurement in the windows of Williams, Sowerby, Hodge, Sykes, and other wide-awake Miss-fitters? I positively groaned with agony the other day (as I fled through Oxford and Regent Streets), to contemplate *what* is coming upon us (or upon some one else!) in the way of startling novelties. Well, let us wait. We four shall be ready for a pounce upon the hideous enemy. "War" is the cry abroad. There shall soon be war *here*. Shame shall either hide her head, or the turf shall cover all our bones. Eh? [Hurrah, WALTER!] As for the men-monkeys, let *them* go on. They will assuredly get shot by the hundred some day, if they venture too near our cockney sportsmen. The latter would be acquitted even of manslaughter, should they tell the judge they were shooting at baboons.* I shall be in town again

* To call our race "men," were assuredly a misnomer. From the highest to the lowest, they seem to out-rival each other in acts of bestiality. Their faces are monkey-faces, exact; and their *ensemble* is becoming everything *but* human. Where will this end?—ED. K. J.

soon, and on the look-out for more targets. I hear we shall have many "rich displays" this Christmas, of London taste—not "virtu." They shall be attended to, rely on it, by—WALTER, *Cambridge*.

P.S.—Thanks—ten thousand thanks, for your noble endeavor to introduce ringlets again. The modern "fashion" of plastering over every pretty face with huge breadths of matted hair, drawn down as you say by "high art," is truly disgusting.

How to avoid Catching Cold.—Accustom yourself to the use of sponging with cold water every morning, on first getting out of bed. It should be done quickly, and followed with a good deal of rubbing with a rough towel. This has considerable effect in giving to the skin, and maintaining, a proper action in it; and thus proves a safeguard to the injurious influence of cold, and sudden changes of temperature. Therefore a person who is in the habit of thus fortifying the skin will be much less likely to suffer injury from heated rooms, and the change from a hot room to the cold air. Sir Astley Cooper once said:—"The methods by which I preserve my own health, are—I speak feelingly, temperance, early rising, and sponging the body every morning with cold water, immediately after getting out of bed; a practice which I have adopted for thirty years. And, though I go from the hot theatre into the squares of the hospital, in the severest winter nights, yet I scarcely ever have a cold."—Puss.

Large Deciduous Cypress.—There is in the garden of the vicarage here a deciduous Cypress, measuring in girth 9 feet 4 in. at 2 feet from the ground, and 7 feet 3 in. at 6 feet. Its height is about 60 feet, its shape symmetrical, the spread of the lower branches, which feather down to the ground—say 45 feet. It stands on the edge of a small pond, in which its roots luxuriate exceedingly. The soil seems a strong loam on a hard chalky bottom.—S. R. F., *Boxley, Kent*.

Fancy Pigeons.—I have taken quite a fancy to the keeping of pigeons; and I do wish you would commence a series of articles on that subject. They could not fail to be interesting. Pigeons are such fond-loving creatures, that *you*, of all people, must delight in recording their habits, tastes, and playful ways. Can you tell me where I can "safely" deal—so as not to be cheated in my purchases? I am really terrified to enter our common bird-shops. They are so dirty!—REBECCA E.

[We shall be delighted, dear Rebecca, to assist so loving a heart as thine in pursuing what was with us, in our early days, the fondest of our delights. We used to be "noted" for affectionate pigeons. Perhaps they taught us to be affectionate. When we sat down, and called them to us, we were immediately covered with them. We used to fill our waistcoat and other pockets with hemp-seed,—our mouth also was well stocked. The saucy rogues would then come and help themselves from every suspicious-looking corner of our apparel; and they all loved us,—oh, how fondly! Shoulders, knees, arms, head—on every place where they could rest, they *did* rest. We have no doubt that some one of our kind corres-

pondents will be good enough to commence a series of Papers on the Keeping of Fancy Pigeons. We will then add "notes" as we go on. Touching the purchase of fancy pigeons, you will find in our advertising columns of the present number that there are some very choice ones announced for sale by a Mr. McLean. Write to him at once.]

Deep Sea Soundings.—Hitherto a continuous series of soundings in deep water has been rendered difficult by the fact of each sounding costing the ship a fresh line: however strongly the line was made, when once out it has never been recovered. The Americans have invented a mode by which the weight, on touching the bottom, is detached, so that the line may be drawn back with ease. A hole is drilled through a 64 lb. or heavier shot, sufficiently large to admit a rod about three-quarters of an inch in diameter. This rod is about twelve or fourteen inches in length, and, with the exception of about one and a half inches at the bottom, perfectly solid. At the top of the rod are two arms extending one from each side. These arms, being upon easily-acting hinges, are capable of being raised or lowered with very little power. A small branch extends from the outside of each of them, which is for the purpose of holding, by means of rings, a piece of wire by which the ball is swung to the rod. A piece of rope is then attached by each end to the arms, to which again is joined the sounding line. The ball is then lowered into the water, and upon reaching the bottom the strain upon the line ceases, and the arms fall down; allowing the ball to detach itself entirely from the rod, which is then easily drawn in, the drilled portion of which is discovered to be filled with a specimen of that which it has come in contact with at the bottom. With this apparatus, aided by the host of assistants whom Lieut. Maury's recent visit to Europe will doubtless bring to the great work of exploration, the ocean bed may become in time as well known to us as the bed of the Thames, or that of the Hudson.—W. C., *Woolwich*.

Forgiveness.—A deaf and dumb person being asked to give his idea of forgiveness, took up a pencil and wrote:—"It is the sweetness which flowers yield when they have been trampled upon."—VIOLET, *Worcester*.

Nest of the Titmouse.—A large half-peck garden-pot was inverted amongst some laurels; and through the hole, a *Parus Major*, or Great Titmouse, found its way to build its nest. The interior of the pot was half filled with dry leaves next the ground: and then a quantity of feathers. In the centre of this warm receptacle, the eggs were deposited. I on several occasions lifted up the pot whilst the old bird was away, and invariably found that the eggs were covered during her absence.—J. F. Wood, *The Coppice, Nottingham*.

Sagacity of the Horse.—Some years ago, a person living at Beeston, near Nottingham, had two horses in a swampy piece of ground called the "Hassocks." One night he was aroused from bed by a neighing at the gate in front of his house.

On looking out, he perceived one of his horses, who continued thus to attract attention. He got up—not being able to account for so singular a proceeding—and went to his field, where he found his other horse stuck fast in a bog, without the power to extricate himself; and in so critical a position that, had it not been for the alarm raised by his fellow drudge, he would have been dead before morning. What, Mr. Editor, are we to call this? Is there not here something like reasoning power displayed? for, strange as it may appear, I can vouch for the authenticity of the above.—J. F. Wood, F.H.S., *The Coppice, Nottingham*.

[We readily confess, that the more we study the peculiarities of animals, the more puzzled we are to fathom the causes of their sagacity. Nature abounds in wonders.]

"Fanny Fern's" ideas about our "Fashionable" Ladies.—A fashionable lady puts her children out to nurse, and tends lap-dogs. Lies in bed till noon—wears paper-soled shoes, and pinches her waist. Gives the piano fits, and forgets to pay her milliner—cuts her poor relations, and goes to church when she has a new bonnet. Turns the cold shoulder to her husband, and flirts with his "friend." Never saw a thimble—hardly knows a needle from a crow-bar—wonders where puddings grow—eats ham and eggs in private, and dines on a pigeon's leg in public—runs mad after the last new fashion—loves a "spicy" novel—doats on Byron, and adores any man who grins behind a moustache.—F. F.

[Well said, Fanny! You have a good eye, and a ready wit.]

"Fashion's" Follies.—To what end, asks a very shrewd and amiable writer, are all these mountebank bowings and reverences; these kissing of hands and backing out of rooms of lath and plaster; these clatterings about streets for the purpose of bandying pieces of printed pasteboard? These grinnings to your fellow-worm of five-feet long, across a glass of grape-juice; these bawlings out of names by lacqueys; these posturings and jumpings, and agonies of etiquette and turning day into night and night into day, and eating when we are not hungry, and drinking when we are not thirsty? All these, the life-chords of the Great "Fashionable" World,—to what end are they? Who commanded them?—Perhaps, my dear sir, you will print "the reply," when it reaches you!—PHŒBE, *Brighton*.

Home Birds in Foreign Lands.—In our last Saturday's number (says the "Manchester Guardian," of November 5), we copied from KIDD'S JOURNAL a long account of the pleasing efforts that had been made in America to acclimate some of our favorite British song-birds. An instance has come to our knowledge of a similar attempt in St. Helena. In the early spring of last year Lieut.-Colonel Macduff, of the St. Helena Regiment, being in London, on leave of absence, purchased three dozen each of larks, blackbirds, thrushes, and linnets, and shipped them off to St. Helena; where more than half the number arrived safely, and where we hope their merry home songs may gladden the heart of many a

weary voyager as he returns from the east. As the thermometer at St. Helena is seldom below 60°, the poor little birds will not have as many icy difficulties to contend with as those sent to North America.—T. S. W.

Poetry, and its sweet Influences:—

To touch the heart, and make the pulses thrill,
To raise and purify the grovelling soul,
To warm with generous heat the selfish will,
To conquer passion with a mild control,
And the whole man with nobler thoughts to fill:
THESE are thine aims,—O, pure unearthly power!

These are thine influences; and therefore those
Whose wings are clogg'd with evil are thy foes;
And therefore those who have thee for thy dower—

The widow'd spirits, with no portion here—
Eat angels' food, the manna thou dost shower.
For there are pleasures, deep, and tried, and true,
Whether to read, or write, or think, or hear,
By the gross million spurn'd; and fed on by the few.
NANETTE.

Summer Days in Winter.—Will you insert the following, if you please? The lines are "seasonable:—"

Summer is a glorious season,
Warm, and bright, and pleasant;
But the Past is not a reason
To despise the present.
So while health can climb the mountain,
And the log lights up the hall,
There are sunny days in Winter—after all.

Summer trees are pretty—very,
And I love them well;
But this holly's glistening berry
None of them excel.
While the fir can warm the landscape,
And the ivy clothes the wall,
There are sunny days in Winter—after all.
S.

Preaching for the Simple and the Learned.—I remember St. Gregory, says Donne, in handling one text, professes that he will endeavor to handle it so that the weakest understanding might comprehend the highest points, and the highest understanding not be weary to hear ordinary doctrines so delivered. Indeed (he adds) it is a good art to deliver deep points in a holy plainness, and plain points in a holy delightfulness: for many times one part of our auditory understand us not when we have done, and so they are weary; and another part understand us before we begin, and so they are weary—There is an unmistakably "seasonable" hint here, my dear Sir. May it "take!"—A FRIEND OF "TRUTH."

The Swallow, Chaffinch, Robin, &c.—This morning, Nov. 7, I saw three swallows flying round our house, and over the garden. They seemed restless; and I soon lost sight of them. I imagine they were about to take their final leave. Is it not full late in the season for them to be here? All our winter birds are now coming close to the window. The "chinks" muster strongly,—and

the hens do fierce battle together. They are jealous; and therefore will not, I know, get any pity from *you*. [Certainly not. Let them fight it out!] The robins, too, are collecting in large numbers. These are still *more* jealous. [Yes; but they are "constant," and "affectionate." This "covers a multitude of their little sins."] We have a hawk fluttering about here occasionally. *He* is an enemy, I think, we might "conscientiously" get rid of. [Most assuredly. Let the gun be got ready; and let his account be settled at once.] Our pets are getting tamer than ever. As for "Lark-y" and "Took-ey"—when you see them again, you will find they are (if possible) more endearing than ever.—HEARTSEASE, *Hants*.

[The swallows lingered late this year in many places. Their last brood of young were hatched early in October. We saw, if you remember, a nest of young swallows, recently hatched, under the eaves of Badesley Church. This was quite at the end of September. We have seen (this present season) several pairs of swallows passing over Acton, Ealing, Hammersmith, and Kew,—as late as the first week in November. Not one of these will tarry in England. Their instinct will carry them safely, and quickly, to the shores of Africa. We are glad those charming pets of yours,—“Lark-y” and “Took-ey,” are thriving so nicely. We really do feel more than a common interest to behold them again. Rest assured they are “curiosities.” It only shows what kindness *will* do.]

Hurrah, Boys and Girls! “*The Misseltoe for Ever!*”—

Sweet emblem of returning peace,
The heart's full gush, and love's release!
Spirits do with fondness flow,—
Come! greet the pearly *Misseltoe!*

Many a maiden's cheek is red
By lips and laughter thither led;
And flutt'ring bosoms come and go
Under the Druid *Misseltoe*.

Dear is the memory of “a theft”
When love and youth and joy are left;—
The passion's blush, the roses' glow,
Accept the Cupid *Misseltoe*.

Oh! happy, tricksome time of mirth,
Giv'n to the stars o' sky and earth!
May all the best of feeling know,
The custom of the *Misseltoe!*

Spread out the laurel and the bay,
For chimney-piece and window gay;
Scour the brass gear—a shining row,
And Holly place with *Misseltoe*.

Married and single, proud and free,
Yield to the season, trim with glee.
Time will not stay—he cheats us so—
A kiss?—'tis gone!—the *Misseltoe!!*

A ROMP.

[“Meet me by moonlight,—alone!”]

“*Up with the Dust;*” and “*Down with the Dust.*”—The contract for the privilege of collecting the ashes from the parish of Marylebone, has

recently been signed, and the first portion of the money paid in advance. It was let in three parts, and for one year only, to the undermentioned contractors:— Benjamin Abbot, for St. Mary's Rectory and All Souls, £3,640; H. Tame, Christchurch, £1,500; G. Tilley, Trinity, £511; total, £5,651.—A LOOKER-ON.

“*Little Things.*”—The noble article you gave us recently, thus headed, has travelled far and near. As “Christmas is coming,” I send you as a pendant to your remarks, the following, which appeared without any signature in the *Worcester Herald*, of November 5th. They have a voice. “He that hath ears to hear, let him hear!”

'Tis little things that make the sum
Of the hopes and fears of men;
'Tis little moments speeding on,
Make threescore-years and ten.
In a little lump of sugar
How much of sweetness lies!
And most of mischief oft lies hid
Within the smallest eyes.

An acorn-cup is very small,
Yet from it springs the oak;
The wind-harp breathes the sweetest tones
That ever zephyr woke.
And most of meaning oft is found
In little words,—you know;
How happy “Yes” will make some folk,
How miserable “No!”

A single thought will sometimes turn
The current of our lives;
For thoughts the springs of action are,—
Who thinketh “right” is wise.
A glad smile is a little thing,
Yet how it cheers the heart!
A tear-drop's small, yet speaketh much
When friends and lov'd ones part!

The mock-bird and the nightingale
Are small, with tiny wing;
Yet sweeter, clearer music make
Than all the birds that sing.
The smallest flow'r has brightest lines,
And most of fragrance brings,—
Our earth is made of particles,
And oceans come from springs!

Are not these sentiments beautiful, my dear Sir? If, as you say, people would but “think,” in what a much better state of society we should all live!—ANGELINA.

[Your remark, Mademoiselle, is very just. *All* our labor is, to try and get people to reflect. We thank you very much for your esteemed and valuable favor.]

Good News for Cats.—It is, I believe, universally agreed upon, that England is overrun with cats,—most of them at least *half* starved. These poor animals would meet with a better fate, if sent out to Australia. Geelong, for instance, is infested with mice; and cats are “doing” there at 50s. each,—active purchasers. A Mr. Hitchcock buys them, *in any quantity*, at 20s. each. Let speculators look to this.—W. G.

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU,—SIR!"

BY "OUR EDITOR."

Any one may do a casual act of good nature; but let a continuation of them show that it is A PART OF OUR TEMPERATURE. STERNE.

WE SHOULD REALLY FEEL "WANTING," if we allowed the year of Our Lord,—one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three, to pass away without a word of comment from us; and as this is our "last appearance" in print this year, we *must* say what we have to say (it shall be brief)—in this very place.

"A Merry Christmas to you, Sir!" will soon be ringing merrily in all our ears. It is a delightful greeting,—savoring of good-temper, good-will, mirth, jollity,—happiness. We shall see, anon, all the good things of this world gathered together from the four quarters of the world in unlimited abundance. Our railways will be blocked up with hampers, boxes, baskets, crates, &c.,—all well filled with the choicest delicacies of the season. Carts, wagons, vans, and trucks; all will be full. We shall see turkeys by the thousand passing to and fro. "Game," too, of all sorts. These will be changing hands with the rapidity of lightning. A vast multitude of other reasonable delectabilities will also be seen in never-ending supply; pouring in from one end of the country to the other.

And what are all these good things for? "Why" are they sent in such lavish abundance at this particular season? They are "presents," good people,—remembrances of love and affection from one friend to another. CHRISTMAS is the recognised time for universal rejoicing,—the time when young and old re-assemble; the latter to rub off the rust of the past year, and the former to assist in the operation. Shyness now must be exchanged for a hearty grasp of the hand (no "two fingers" now!); suspicion for frankness; jealousy for love unfeigned; cold-heartedness for true charity (which "envieth not"); and the love of gold for the love of one another. Such are the proper elements for the enjoyment of Christmas festivities.

And then—our parlors, our drawing-rooms, our studio, and sundry other snug "little rooms,"—will they not all shine again,—decked in the glories of Holly and Misseltoe! And what about the Christmas log, and the bright fire on the hearth; and all the winter games, &c., improvised and performed by our merry boys, and laughing, rosy-faced, innocent, giggling girls! Call we that nothing! Hide your ugly features, oh, ye cold-blooded, dried-up prudes, who would forbid our darling mother,—Nature, to preside at the season of Christmas. In spite of ye,—God willing, "a Merry Christmas" will we have,—aye, and a "Happy New Year."

It would be late in the day for us *now* to

be questioned touching our "profession of Faith." Purely orthodox are we in everything that concerns morality, the love of God, and the true welfare of mankind. We have lived many years in the world, associated with the best company, and seen such professions of goodness as have positively made us tremble. People professing to hate the world—and yet living as if they seemed to care for nothing else! This is the case with one half the polite world at least, whilst we are now writing. And on Sunday, they go to church—to cleanse away the sins of the week!

It is this deception that we hate. Demure looks, and faces two feet long, do no manner of good—either to their possessors or to those who are associated with them. Our Creator abhors such shallow artifices. With Him it must be *all* the heart, or none. Therefore is it that we so advocate cheerfulness, honesty, and an obedience to the sweet laws of Nature.

Playfulness is not wickedness. People may be merry, and wise withal. We defy any one to say that a single word from our pen has ever had an evil tendency. We love society: too well for that, as OUR JOURNAL proves; and yet are we perpetually cheerful and merry,—trying to make others so also. *Honi soit qui mal y pense!* say we. So come on, young and old; and let us set a lesson worthy of imitation all over the world. "Let us kiss and be friends." In, boys,—in with the Christmas bough; and let it hang aloft in the centre of every room in our dwellings!

But now, friends,—listen. Having drawn the picture of our happy Christmas, we must look a *leettle* further. Whilst we all hope to be "jolly,"—feasting, playing, and keeping up "good old customs," within; let us not forget the immense amount of sorrow and "want" that awaits the eye without. We see much of it; but real worth often hides its sorrows in its own breast. It pines in secret; and tells its piteous tale to ONE "who seeth in secret." Let us, one and all, be the happy instruments in the hand of that Great "One," in trying to make "some" heart happy,— "some" sorrows less. A certain widow gave "two mites." We hear it recorded to her honor. It is left as an example for us. We are *not* indulging in cant; but we speak the pleasing feelings that now animate our breast. Let not *any* heart "break" that we can "bind up." Oh—no!

We would sit "happy" at the festive board on Christmas-day. To feel "happy," one *must* have a clear conscience. Let us then vie with each other, and see WHO will feel *most* happy. So, Hurrah for Christmas!—and three cheers for the delights of loving, and *being loved!*

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU,—SIR; AND SUCCESS TO 'KIDD'S JOURNAL!'"

"THANK YOU,—THANK YOU!!"

THE PAST, THE PRESENT, & THE FUTURE.

Hail! Source of Being! Universal Soul
Of Heaven and earth! Essential Presence, hail!
To Thee we bend the knee; to Thee our thoughts
Continually climb; who, with a master-hand,
Hast the great whole unto Perfection touch'd?

THOMSON.



THIS VERY TIME LAST YEAR—
TWELVE OMINOUS MONTHS
AGONE!—we were seriously in-
disposed. Our illness was of a
nature placing us midway
between life and death. Nor
was it certain, for many hours,

which way the tide would flow. We recorded this at the time; and shortly afterwards expressed our gratitude to the Giver of all Good for having caused the tide to turn in our favor.

If we were grateful *then* for a pleasing change in our earthly prospects—what should we be *now*? A year of unexampled general sickness—and trials of all kinds, has since passed over our head; and here we are, more jolly than ever. Aye,—happy are we as any king; rejoicing and triumphing in the work of our hands, and delighted to know that we have been the means of making many thousand others happy as ourself. It is in this that all our ideas of happiness consist. It is “sweet” to live—for the sake of doing good.

Whoever the historians of the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three may be—their duty will not be a light one; neither will it be a pleasing one. Winds, storms, shipwrecks, most fearful pestilence, famine, war, bloodshed, murder, and an almost incalculable loss of human life,—these, and many other dire calamities and visitations will swell the fearful record. Happily, this duty does *not* devolve upon us. We shall no doubt read it, and tremble while we read. There is “a voice” in these things, and woe be to them who turn to it “a deaf ear.”

Avowed enemies though we be to cant and long faces, yet let us here most thankfully record the mercies of the past year, which have been neither few nor small. In the midst of life, DEATH has been everywhere present. On the right and on the left, we have lost friends and acquaintance by the dozen—yet are WE among the living still; and able as willing to render our best thanks to the Creator of Heaven and Earth, for the joys of life, health, and happiness. Let each one of our readers add their “Amen!” Then will we begin the NEW YEAR—one thousand eight hundred and fifty-four,—with all the energy and delight of renovated youth. We feel, at this time of writing, as if we were yet in our teens. And why not? The mind and the heart can never die; never grow old. Like old wine—the older they get, the greater their

value and excellence—if the vine has been well cultivated.

So much for the past. Of the present we could, if need were, be eloquent. We are arrived at a season when Nature bids us all be merry and joyful. She has provided for us an abundance of everything that is good, and she woos us to be cheerful. On every hand we are surrounded by sweet, smiling faces, cherry cheeks, ruby lips. Sparkling roguish eyes too, and their innocent owners, greet us at every turn. How playful they look—how undeniably happy! Who would inoculate such dear hearts with sorrow, by preaching the doctrine of play being wickedness? Who would call laughing a crime, in such presence; and at such a season? Many such Maw-worms there are. More shame for them! say we. “There is a time for everything under the sun,” writes the Wise Man; and WE have no wish to be “wise above what is written.”

Our sentiments about the *réunions* of Christmas and the New Year are now pretty generally known. We regard them as wise provisions of Nature to strengthen the bond of love, friendship, and esteem, which may have been weakened by a multitude of causes during the past year. Absence from those we love, is as painful as propinquity is delightful. Besides—shyness, once created, wants removing. Some people are apt to be very fanciful. They imagine all sorts of things that never existed. A shake of the hand, a kiss, a dance, a song, a Christmas yarn, and a good round party—soon remove all *this* rust. And it really must be removed, if we would be happy.

For ourself—at this season we are here, there, everywhere. We have made so very many kind friends during the past year, that our little body is in universal request. It is said that “Where there is a Will (now we were christened Will-i-am), there is a way.” It would seem so. We certainly *do* get through a very great deal of interesting business. Being a “little Editor” too, and having no sub-Editor, our privileges are extensive. We ——— never!

Active have we been—are so now—very; and pleasingly passive. Both, by turns. And by “doing unto others as we would they should do unto us,” our reward has been sweet indeed! Only set a good example at this season, and *it is sure to be followed!* The only pity is, that these “natural impressions” wear off so soon; and that “Christmas comes but once a year.” Well, *n'importe!* We continue to make the most of our privileges whilst they last.

Whilst we are thus enjoying the society of our sons, daughters, guests, friends, and neighbors—and practically working out the goodly command, “Love one another!” our dear mother, Nature, is having a sweet slum-

ber. Her yearly task is over. She has bountifully supplied all our wants, superintended all our preparations for the coming seasons, and brought us safely to our journey's end. She will sleep anon, and her sleep will be a sound one.

How she will stretch herself out ere she again awakes! And how will she look when her eyelids unclose? Who will be near her when her early handmaids—the snowdrop, the crocus, the violet, and the primrose, attend to do her homage?

Well, *let* her sleep. Soon shall our present pastime be among the things that were. Our boys and girls, now so happy and frolicsome, will return to school. We older folk shall resume our every-day duties; the season of Winter will move on; the Spring will return; and *then* once more shall our dear Parent open her eyes, her heart, her bosom—beam upon us with universal benevolence; and, hand in hand with her partner, the Sun, gladden us with sights of beauty and songs of praise. Thus much of the present.

Of the future, we need not say much. Let us hope we shall, in every sense of the word, progress. If we reduce to practice only one-half what has occupied our thoughts and our pen in *OUR JOURNAL*, during the past year, we shall be going a-head pleasantly, profitably, safely. The "fashions" of the past year have been degrading to us as a nation. Let these be reformed. We would be men and women—not beasts, and caricatures of humanity. Gifted with souls, we would exercise reason and good sense. Gifted with hearts, we would live to benefit the world in which we move. How much better this, than to be targets for those noble moral reformers, PUNCH and DIOGENES! These worthies would then seek other objects to crack their jokes upon, and society would cease to be the scoff of the "thinking" portion of mankind. In place of all these tomfooleries, let the coming year tell of labors of love and works of benevolence.

As this is the concluding number of the present volume of *OUR JOURNAL* (the Fourth), we shall not, although it be the opening month of the New Year, say anything here to our readers about future movements. We may offer, perhaps, a few passing remarks in our next.

Meantime, *all* will be gratified to know that we have of late made rapid strides in public estimation—amply sufficient to warrant us in prosecuting our pleasing duties with redoubled ardor.

We have not only made and retained hosts of friends, but we have won back those who were angry with us for so fearlessly speaking out in the discharge of our public duty. This last conquest is more glorious than the

first; for few people like to acknowledge themselves to be in error.

Let us be generous; and say that, in this matter, **WE** are the obliged party. We really mean what we say; for there is a pleasure derivable from doing good which is perfectly indescribable.

AN ODE TO NEW YEAR'S DAY.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

Hail, happy day! with joy I welcome thee;
Thy glad return brings to my memory
The cheerful smiles of those now far from hence,—
Who shared in childhood's joyous innocence,
Join'd in one sport, and on a holiday
Danc'd on the turf, and laugh'd the hours away,—
Roam'd through the forest wild in search of
 flow'rs,
And plann'd new pleasures for our leisure hours.
Friends of my infancy! the subtle wiles
Of treach'rous Time have not effaced your smiles.
But where are ye? Dispersed on every hand!
Some braving danger in a foreign land,
Inured to toil and care; and some there be
Who calmly sleep beneath the cypress tree,—
The soft, green turf, emboss'd with flowers, their
 bed,
And Heaven their home! Why should we mourn
 the dead?

Long ere this day arrived, some time was spent
Maturing plans by mutual consent.
Anticipating joy, we counted o'er
Our weekly stipend, now a sacred store.
Consign'd by filial love to scenes of joy,
Proof against tempting tarts, or tinsell'd toy,
Oh, with what pleasure did we hail the day;
And, with a rapturous delight, essay
Who should be first to kiss mamma, and prove
Our fond affection in a pledge of love!
Some childish gift, that scarce deserv'd the name,
Save by the gentle source from whence it came:
The kind congratulation that it bore,
By lisping lips repeated o'er and o'er,—
Those little gifts were seen in after years;
Their history told, and oft bedew'd with tears!

But time now brings me to the well-spread board,
A brilliant feast, with dainty viands stored:
Here, from the lips we lov'd, a blessing flow'd,
In praising God for mercies thus bestow'd.
A gentle murmur rose upon the air,
As grateful hearts responded to the prayer.

Thus, as the day wore on, each hour was spent
In harmless pleasures, bless'd by sweet content:
Music, too, lent its charm. Till eventide
Brought a gay circle round the fireside;
Then merry games succeeded, one by one,
And laughter revell'd in "a feast of fun."

But Time, whose mandate no one dare oppose,
Saw wearied Nature sink in deep repose:
Yet, ere we closed our eyes, we knelt to pray,—
And THANKED GOD FOR "A HAPPY NEW YEAR'S
 DAY!"

PICKINGS FROM AUSTRALIA.

NATURAL HISTORY OF MELBOURNE.

BY MRS. CHARLES CLACY.

EELS are very plentiful in Victoria. They are peculiar to this district; being seldom, if ever, found in any other part of the known continent. Old writers on Australia have stated that eels are unknown in this part of the world; since this colony has been settled in, this has been found to be erroneous. The Barwin, the Yarra-Yarra, and their tributaries, abound with them, some weighing five or six pounds. A few days after our return from the diggings, we breakfasted off a dish of stewed eels, caught by a friend. The smallest weighed about a pound and a half, the largest about three pounds. They were caught three miles from Melbourne, in the Salt Water Creek.

A small kind of fish like the lamprey, another similar to the gudgeon, and also one (of rather a larger kind—the size of the roach) called here the “white herring,” but not at all resembling that fish, are found. Pike are also very numerous. Crabs and lobsters are not known here; but in the salt creeks near the sea we have craw-fish.

Of course, parrots, cockatoos, and “sich-like,” abound in the bush, to the horror of the small gardeners and cultivators; as what they do not eat they ruin by destroying the young shoots. Kangaroos are extremely numerous in the scrub.

They are the size of a large greyhound, and of a mouse color. The natives call them “kanguru.” The tail is of great strength. There are several varieties of them. The largest is the Great Kangaroo, of a greyish-brown color, generally four or five feet high, and the tail three. Some kangaroos are nearly white; others resemble the hare in color. Pugs, or young kangaroos, are plentiful about the marshy grounds; so are also the opossum and kangaroo rat. The latter is not a rat, properly speaking, but approaches the squirrel tribe. It is a Lilliputian kangaroo, the size of our native wood-squirrel, and has large eyes, only grey or reddish grey. It can leap six or eight feet easily, and is excellent eating.

The native dog is of all colors. It has the head and brush of a fox, with the body and legs of a dog. It is a cowardly animal, and will run away from you “like mad.” It is a great enemy of the kangaroo rat, and a torment to the squatter; for a native dog has a great *penchant* for mutton, and will kill thirty or forty sheep in the course of an hour.

A species of mocking-bird which inhabits the bush, is a ludicrous creature. It imitates everything, and makes many a camping

party imagine there is a man near them, when they hear its whistle or hearty laugh. This bird is nicknamed the “Jack-ass,” and its loud “ha! ha! ha!” is heard every morning at dawn echoing through the woods, and serving the purpose of a “boots,” by calling the sleepy traveller in good time to get his breakfast and pursue his journey.

The bats here are very large. Insects, fleas, &c., are as plentiful as it is possible to be; and the ants, of which there are several kinds, are a perfect nuisance. The largest are called the old colonists’ “bull-dogs,” and formidable creatures they are—luckily not very common; about an inch and a half long, black, or rusty-black, with a red tail. They bite like a little crab. Ants of an inch long are quite common. They do not—like the English ones—run scared away at the sight of a human being. Australian ants have more *pluck*, and will turn and face you. Nay, more; should *you* retreat, they will run after you with all the impudence imaginable. Often when my “organ of destructiveness” has tempted me slightly to disturb with the end of my parasol one of the many ant-hills on the way from Melbourne to Richmond, I have been obliged, as soon as they have discovered the perpetrator of the attack, to take to my heels and run away as if for my life.

Centipedes and triantelopes (colonial for tarantula) are very common; and though not exactly fatal, are very dangerous if not attended to. The deaf adder is the most formidable “varmint” in Australia. There are two varieties; it is generally about two feet long. The bite is fatal. The deaf adder never moves unless it is touched; hence its name. I do not think it has the power of twisting or twirling like the ordinary snake or adder, and it is very slow in its movements. There are several species of snakes. Some of them are extremely venomous, and grow to a large size, as long as ten feet. The black snake is the most venomous of any; its bite is fatal within a few hours.”

The above are from the “Note-book” of a very funny lady. We will not vouch for *all* the particulars being “facts.”

It seems odd that “a lady” should “take to her heels, and run away *as if for her life*,” pursued by an Australian ant in seven-league boots! It may be true. Let us be polite, and try and think *it is!*

TEARS AND LAUGHTER.

God made both tears and laughter; and both for kind purposes. For as laughter enables mirth and surprise to breathe freely; so, tears enable sorrow to vent itself patiently.

Tears hinder sorrow from becoming despair and madness; and laughter is one of the very privileges of reason—being confined to the human species.

THE MIGHTY KINGDOM OF CHINA.

"A CHINESE PUZZLE."

THE GREATEST OF ALL PUZZLES is "the CHINESE PUZZLE." Not the complication of rings and rods that bothers the school-boy—nor ivory sphere within ivory sphere, which taxes the constructive powers of European mechanics to imitate—but the Chinese people themselves. Historically and ethnologically, it is difficult to know what to make of them.

It would really be a great convenience if we could resolve the whole empire of Celestials into a myth. We know too much of them, and we know too little. They are, and they are not. They have been, and they have not been. China has been peopled since the flood, and it has not been peopled sooner than the seventh or eighth century before Christ. China was an Assyrian colony, and an Egyptian colony. It was Japhetic in its origin, and it was Semitic. It had its arts from Egypt, and it lent its arts to Egypt. Moses, according to Professor Hermann, of Strasburg, knew all about the manufacture of gunpowder, which he had learned of the priests of Egypt; and from Egypt the "villanous" manufacture was carried to the land of Cathay.

China had its mythology from Greece, and the Grecians borrowed their mythology from the Chinese. They adore God, and they have no word even for God. They had clocks in the ninth century, and were astonished at the sight of Father Ricci's clock in the sixteenth. They were eminent astronomers, and yet were such bunglers that they had Mohammedans to attend to their observatories, and to calculate their almanacs, for several centuries.

Their chronology harmonises with the chronology of Moses, and it does not harmonise with the chronology of Moses. They worshipped the cross before the cross was erected on Calvary, and they despised the cross when it was preached to them. They knew the books of the Old Testament before they were very well known in England or France; and they knew nothing about these books until the appearance of Milne and Morrison's translation in the present century. The list of contradictions could as easily be multiplied, as chapter and verse can be given, endorsed by high names, for every contradiction that has been above stated. The Chinese have been, in short, shuttlecocks for philosophical battledores.

But the greatest "puzzle" of China, after all, is the facts of China. The Chinese were an ingenious, lying, cheating, learned people ten centuries ago; and they are so still—not a whit more ingenious, not a lie more mendacious, not a cash more dishonest, not a letter more learned. What they were, they are.

All the world has marched on to right or left during this period. China alone has stood still—eating rice, exposing small babies, swallowing swords, producing scholars, and, respectfully be it spoken, practising "artful dodges," just as under the dynasty of Han, or when Confucius sat down to a cup of "æsthetic tea" and controversy with the profound Lao-tze, whose mother gave him to the world after seventy years' gestation, and he appeared a hoary-headed baby.

For this reason, it is almost immaterial what book upon China one takes up to read. The most ancient book tells as much about this singular people as the most recent book; and all the better, because ancient writers were not afflicted with modern prejudices. Renaudot's two Mohammedan travellers, Carpini Rubruquis and Marco Polo are, jointly and severally, quite as much to the point as Staunton, Davies, Gutzlaff, Huc, or Callery. Mendoza, whom we have here before us, by favor of the Hakluyt Society, may be taken as a guide to China and the Chinese as safely as the most modern writer; because Mendoza had a good eye to perceive, and a clever hand to detail what he saw; and because the China of the nineteenth century is twin brother to China of the sixteenth—so alike are they in stature, feature, and complexion.

China had no historical beginning; no development, no growth. It came into the world with all its teeth in its head, ready to masticate from rice upwards to the unicorn, whose flesh is a dainty. It had no boyhood as a nation, but became all at once a stunted man; and such it has continued, still preserving its teeth, and having small need of a barber. We have never read of Chinese epics or bucolics; but we are assured that before Homer lost his sight, and took to ballad-singing—before Sappho vindicated, practically, the right of woman to publish—before dainty Horace wrote odes and had lamprey suppers with Mæcenas—China had its writers, its men of letters, its naturalists and historians.

Before Bavaria had its beer, China had its tea. Before the German had his blanket, the Chinaman had his robe of silk. When Kelt was proud of his wooden fibulæ, and plaited his hair to keep it tidy, there were gentlemen in Nanking, and cits in Canfu, who fastened their robes with brooches of amber, and who made wholesome use of combs of ivory. Long before Ragnar, the Norse Viking, was surnamed, on account of his continuations, Lodbrog, or, in plain English, Leather-breeches, the Chinese dandy went a-wooling in silken pantaloons.

When Alfred, or the venerable Bede, was scrawling tediously on the rough paper of a night, guided by faint light from a horn lantern,

the Chinaman had his printing-press, and the Chinese devil rolled the forms in the glare of wax-light. Yang-tse wrote on currency, ere Cobbett's triple-grandsire was mooted in the way of human generation; "paper against gold" was the rule, before the Irish had got rid of their ring money; and book-keeping was a science when Falstaff's score was registered in chalk at the Boar of Eastcheap, and the Exchequer accounts were kept with wooden talleys. Squibs, crackers, and Roman candles were "let off" in Nanking, before Western scholars began to wrangle about the Greek fire and what it was not, and before small boys made annual bonfires and plagued their seniors by fastening juvenile bombshells to their skirts in honor of Guido Fawkes. Europe, to speak paradoxically and yet truly, was ten centuries behind China, and is yet twelve centuries before it.

Seriously, it is really astonishing—when we consider the amount of progress that the Chinese had made in the arts of civilisation, before Europe had emerged from her fens and forests,—how stationary they have been ever since! Science, art, learning, and literature are all just as they were ages ago—neither better nor worse. And the Chinese character is the same also. The Chinaman is still a money-making animal—prudent, industrious, economical—contented with a handful of rice for his day's labor; and happier than a mandarin with a red button if he can get but a cup of arrack or a whiff of contraband poppy-juice.

The abuse of opium, indeed, is the only sign of progress he has displayed of late years. We say progress, in this instance; and it may seem sinful to connect progress with the manifestation of a vice; but there is really more hope of a sinner than of a negative saint. There is hope of repentance in the one case; in the other case none. The Chinaman is still timid; and still cruel. He is still crafty and indirect; and never so much in his element as when he is mystifying or bamboozling his neighbor. He is withal a merry rogue—jokes in his greatest tribulation, and never dies of a broken heart!

CRITIC.

"ODD,"—BUT TRUE.

THERE is a feeling in nature affecting even the instinct, as it is called, of dumb animals, which teaches them to fly from misfortune. The deer will butt a sick, or wounded buck, from the herd. Hunt a dog, and the whole kennel will fall on him and worry him. Fishes devour their own kind, when wounded with a spear, hook, &c. Cut a crow's wing, or break his leg, and the others will buffet him to death. By the same rule, let a man be "going down hill," and everybody will be disposed to give him a kick. We see all this daily.

BOTANICAL NOTES.

THE SALCOMBE ALOES, ETC.

BY A DEVONIAN.

I HAVE RECENTLY, MY DEAR SIR, become a subscriber to your very excellent JOURNAL, or, as it is familiarly and properly called, OUR JOURNAL. Observing the wideness of its scope, and the multitude of subjects on which it treats, it has occurred to me that I might contribute something of public interest from this part of the country—Devonshire. I therefore forward you the subjoined paper on the Aloe, &c.

Believing that there is no part of England where so many plants of that beautiful exotic, the *Agave Americana*, have come to maturity in the open ground without the *slightest protection*, I am induced to send you a short account of the specimens that have flowered at Salcombe, a flourishing seaport, near Kingsbridge, in the south of Devon; where they are perfectly acclimated, and where they may be seen growing as luxuriantly as in their native climate.

The first aloe recorded to have flowered at Salcombe did so in 1774; and I extract the following account of it, together with the handbill then circulated, from the History of Kingsbridge and Salcombe, by Abraham Hawkins, Esq., of Alston, published in 1819. At the 80th page is the description, as follows:—

"In the summer of 1774, a large aloe, the *Agave Americana*, only 28 years old, and which had always stood in the open ground without covering, flowered here in a garden belonging at that time to the representatives of a Mr. Barrable, the principal custom-house officer, then recently deceased; but which at present forms the grass-plot before the windows of what has lately received the appellation of Cliff House. (It is now the property and summer residence of Mrs. Walter Prideaux.) "It grew to the height of 28 feet; the leaves were 6 inches thick, and 9 feet in length; and the flowers, on 42 branches, innumerable. In the middle of June it was first observed to have shot forth a flower-stem, in nearly a horizontal direction. Presently it elevated its head to an angle of 45 degrees, and in less than a fortnight became perpendicular; making a progress almost visible to the bystanders, and increasing in extent about 9 inches a day. By the month of August it had reached a height of 20 feet, as the handbills then distributed expressed; though, by the end of September, it had risen 8 feet more. It need scarcely be added, that the plant perished at the close of Autumn; but many of the unsevered suckers around, which all these plants incidentally produce, and are the usual means of their propagation, flowered also at the close of the season, and though scarcely above a foot high, were perfect resemblances of their parent prototype."

The following is a copy, with the original orthography, of the handbills above men-

tioned, which were printed and circulated in August, 1774:—

“Now to be seen at Salcombe, near Kingsbridge, in full blow, a remarkable Aloe, supposed to be the largest that ever was seen in this kingdom; and although continually exposed to the weather, it hath grown to the following demen- tions:—In height, 20 feet; length of leaf, 9 feet; thickness of ditto, 6 inches. As the proprietor hath been at great expences to keep it for the in- spection of the curious, the terms of admittance are—for ladies and gentlemen, 2s. 6d. each; all others, 1s. each person; and to be paid at the door.”

The words “2s. 6d. each; all others,” were struck out with a pen in a short time, as even 1s. was found more than people in general were disposed to give; but such was the novelty, that hundreds of people came from great distances to see it. In 1820, a second Aloe flowered at the seat of James Yates, Esq., called Woodville, which attained the height of 27 feet, and produced 42 flowering branches, bearing 16,000 flowers. This plant is fully described in the 5th vol. of “The Transactions of the Horticultural Society.”

In 1832, a third Aloe flowered at the Moulton (then the property of Mr. Jackson, but now the seat of Lord Courtenay), which was 28 feet high. The lawn at Woodville was again ornamented, in 1835, with the almost countless blossoms of this stately exotic. The stem of this specimen was 24 feet 9 inches high, forming the fourth Aloe that had flowered. In the autumn of 1840, a fifth flowered at the Moulton, and was 27 feet in height. This plant was transplanted the previous year; which, perhaps, threw it into blossom, as the leaves were not quite so large as those of its predecessors. In 1842, a sixth Aloe came into flower at Cliff House, the residence of Mrs. Prideaux. This plant was between 30 and 35 years of age; and, instead of throwing up a central flower-stem, which is the usual manner of these plants when flowering, and as all the others that have blossomed at Salcombe have done, it pro- truded seven stalks from different parts—the principal of which were about 10 feet high. From this circumstance, the peculiar char- acter of the plant was lost. Its appearance, however, was exceedingly beautiful; it con- tinued in luxuriant bloom, without the *slight- est protection*, through the whole of the suc- ceeding winter.

In the autumn of 1847, another Aloe came into bloom at Woodville. This was a fine specimen, and formed the seventh that had flowered at Salcombe. It was 28 feet high, and had the magnificent central flower-stem, which is the characteristic of these splendid plants.

At each of the places above mentioned, many fine young Aloes are manifesting more

than ordinary vigor; and in a small garden overhanging the sea, and constantly exposed in stormy weather to the spray, five mag- nificent specimens are growing luxuriantly. An Aloe has blossomed this summer, in the grounds of Lord Mount-Edgecumbe, near Plymouth; but it was in every respect inferior to the numerous specimens that have bloomed at Salcombe. It may not, perhaps, be out of place to speak of Salcombe itself. It is a populous, thriving place; carrying on a considerable trade, and situated between Torquay and Plymouth; it contains a hand- some church, and many comfortable resi- dences. At the west end are Cliff Cottage, Cliff House, and Ringrove, the residence of Lord Kinsale, with other respectable abodes; and towards the entrance of the harbour, which is about a mile from the town, are placed, in the midst of their wooded grounds, the delightful residences of Woodville and the Moulton. In point of picturesque scenery there are few, if any, portions of the coast that exceed it; whilst the various tender and exotic plants, perfectly acclimated, and its mild and equable climate, render it a spot of no common interest to the horticulturist and valetudinarian.

Perhaps, of all spots in the British Islands, Salcombe is the very first for climate and shelter. The celebrated Dr. John Huxham, who practised at Plymouth in the reign of George the Second, used to call it the Mont- pelier of England; and it is now much re- sorted to by invalids, who rarely fail to benefit by its beautiful climate.

At Cliff House, and also at Woodville and the Moulton, are walls of thriving orange, lemon, citron, and lime trees, which are only protected in cold weather by temporary frames of straw or reed.

From the walls of Cliff House I have fre- quently seen citrons gathered, of more than half a yard in circumference; while the lemons and limes are to be seen growing as thickly as gooseberries on a bush, and of a quality far superior to those that are yearly brought from abroad. Some oranges and lemons that grew at Garston, near Salcombe, the seat of the Bastard family, and which were as fair and large as any from Portugal, were presented to his Majesty King George the Third by Lady Bridget Bastard's brother, Vere, third Earl of Poulett.

At Woodville stood, a few years since, a large olive tree, trained also against a wall, but entirely unprotected; and there is still a specimen in the grounds.

The luxuriance of the New Zealand flax is remarkable; some immense masses being more than 7 feet high. The beauty of these plants is great, as they evince the strongest health, and are uninjured by the severest Devonshire winters. Two smaller plants

have blossomed, the flower-stalks being between 2 and 3 feet higher than the leaves. At the Moul, a great number of exotics have been planted in the open air; and even in the early part of November, the grounds may be seen gay with salvias, petunias, senecias, bouvardias, and brugmansias, &c. These last-named shrubs stand the winter well; and though often cut down to the ground, form strong plants by the end of the summer. Various herbaceous plants from Mexico, particularly stévias, are perfectly acclimated; and a species of phylotacea is conspicuous, from its numerous spikes of deep purple berries. At the head of the estuary, of which Salcombe is the entrance, in the grounds of Coombe Royal, the residence of John Luscombe, Esq., are fine specimens of orange, citrons, lemons, shad-docks, and limes; they are protected, only in winter, by temporary frames of reed; and one tree, a Seville orange, is known to have attained the age of 200 years.

C. F. T. Y.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

WE HAVE NOW ARRIVED at a time of year when people meet together to be sociable, kind, friendly, and affectionate. All is cold, wintery, bleak, and comfortless without; and we strive to forget this, by making all warm and comfortable within. Fires blaze upon the hearth. Our tables are covered with dainties. Abundance of the good things of this life are ours; and we are as mercifully sheltered from the pitiless storms that are raging in all parts of the country.

Surely this should make us merciful and kind to the little pensioners who are now driven by stress of weather to seek refuge near our dwellings. They are, just now, coming to us in large numbers, and lovingly striving to win our sympathy. A little,—a very little satisfies their wants; and *what* a song do we get in return! Daily do we rejoice in the scenes we are now hinting at; and we should indeed be glad to get others to think as we think, and to follow our example.

But we are *too* singular in this our favorite recreation. Whilst *we* encourage, foster and protect our little confiding visitors, our neighbors are on every hand murdering them wholesale. The sight of *any* bird that is tame, and that approaches the house for a crumb, is the signal for the gun to be got ready. Food is thrown out; the enemy then watches in ambush, whilst the unsuspecting little creatures make themselves "at home." Next follows a report; and the ground is presently seen strewn with the feathers of robins, wrens, blackbirds, thrushes, hedge-sparrows, chaffinches, and tit-mice. There

lie their little mangled bodies, "damning evidence" of the innate cruelty of MAN! This, too, at a time when the pangs of hunger ought to claim for them an indemnity! Every five minutes throughout the day are these disgusting scenes going forward in our fields, gardens, woods, forests, and hedge-rows. Well may the various tribes seek refuge with us! They seem instinctively to know how dearly we love them.

Whilst on this subject, it will not be out of place to introduce here some remarks on cruelty to animals generally. Some may say, "they are not new." Granted; but they are not any the worse on that account. They will bear the most attentive perusal; and prove to parents how careful they should be to inculcate humanity in the minds of their children from infancy. *This is a point almost entirely neglected*, as we see daily. Hence the barbarities practised by adults,—as a matter of course.

Were a history of the cruelty inflicted by one animal on another to be written, the amount of torture that is chargeable to man would immeasurably exceed that of any other creature. Ferocious and heartless as carnivorous animals are, it is a curious fact that *they* usually act with great expedition in the destruction of life. They seize their victim by the neck, and spine it; and so far exhibit a sympathy with its sufferings as not to commence their meal till life is extinct.

But man is "ingeniously" cruel. He has invented instruments of torture. Too refined for the employment of nails and teeth in the exercise of cruelty, and with numberless other motives for using and subduing animals (besides the appetite for eating them), he has invented whips and goads, and bridles and curbs. He makes use of sticks and stones to *force* them to his will; and he too often accomplishes his end by a cruel indifference to the feelings of a sensitive, a speechless, and a helpless creature.

It is the practice at Smithfield Market, to allow the drovers, when a beast is sold, to cut off the hair of the animal as a perquisite. This, were it done with a pair of scissors, would inflict no pain; but it is usually taken off by means of a knife—and so rudely, that even the skin is torn. And they very frequently cut a piece off the end of the tail! What matters it to them? The animal is to die in a few hours! Mr. Langham, a butcher of extensive business and great experience in such matters, says—"I have seen them do it to my own animals." He has frequently spoken to the police about it, and they reply—"If we saw this done we should take the man to Guildhall; but it is very difficult to see them do it." The same authority remarks, that there is not a place all round Smithfield where the poor animals can get a

drop of water. What matters it? They are going to be killed to-morrow! On one occasion Mr. Langham saw a drover knock out a bullock's eye. A bystander remarked, "I should like to know what difference it makes; most likely the bullock will be killed to-night or to-morrow."

But it does make much difference! In the first place, it inflicts a frightful torture on a dumb, helpless creature. In the second place, for aught we know, it maddens the animal, and impregnates its flesh with a poisonous nature, which brings its moral retribution on the race that inflicts it. Who knows how much of the madness, the ferocity, the brutality of man, is a reflection of his own treatment of the animal creation?

It is said, that many of the poor animals which supply the mutton for our tables are skinned alive, not before the death-wound is inflicted, but before life is extinct, and whilst the animal is yet struggling for self-preservation. Not long ago a journeyman butcher was charged with the offence before a magistrate, and convicted. Men wager upon their horses that they will run a certain distance in a given time; and they use the whip and the spur to compel them. So keenly do the poor creatures feel this torture, that they even exert themselves till they drop down dead, after having barely accomplished the task.

Last year, a horse employed at a brewery refused, or was unable, to do its work; and they actually lighted a fire beneath its belly and scorched it. Yet even this was insufficient to make it accomplish what nature was unfit for. The tortured animal was then dragged out by another horse into a field, and there left to recover by exposure to the cold air. Three men were tried for this offence and convicted; one of them was the brewer's own son. Last year also the feelings of the whole country were harrowed in the case of one King, who was convicted for roasting a cat alive; and, in the same year, the public were amused and delighted (we suppose they were, for they paid for seeing the exhibition!) by the suspension of a pony under the car of a balloon—the victim of human frivolity and heartlessness being hung by the belly in mid-air, above the spires and turrets of the great metropolis!*

It is but lately that public attention has been directed to such matters. How far our forefathers carried their cruelty, is difficult to imagine. But we know that they delighted in bull-baiting, dog and cock fighting, and other barbarous amusements—in which the chivalrous inhabitants of Spain still rejoice.

* We commented at great length upon both these enormities, at the time of their perpetration.—Ed. K. J.

There, in that land of purest Popery, they bury Protestants in dunghills and stable-yards; and even exhume their bodies and bring them back from their graves to the doors of their relatives, if by chance the devotion of a Spanish Papist should have even grudged them a grave at all. And there also they scream with frantic joy when they see an infuriated bull tear open the bowels of a spirited horse, or an unfortunate torrero who has slipped his foot and become transfixed on the horns of the monster. France herself is now reviving such amusements under the auspices of the priest-led emperor, for whose glorious advent the English romanists have been saying masses and singing praises, and in whose capital there yet survives a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals! A curious compound is human nature; and the manner in which we advance and recede at the same time,—repressing evil in one form, and reviving it in another, is a curious illustration of the difficulties of our position, and the strength of those evil passions which are for ever prompting us to the commission of crime.

We are, no doubt, advancing in the main. But if men, in such an age of comparative refinement as this, are yet to be found capable of committing such crimes,—and even enjoying the patronage and the rewards of public applause for committing them, how fearful must have been their excesses in less refined times! And how fearful even now in those numerous lands, where (as in Spain and Portugal, Italy, and the Pope's entire dominions) a detective press has no existence!

Little does man yet know what the heart of a brute really is; and how superior in many respects that heart is to his own. It is said, by the highest authority, that "the heart of man is evil above all things." It is the throne of evil. How exquisitely faithful, kind, and sympathetic a well-trained, well-treated dog is! What a heart is enclosed in that wonderful structure! Can a human heart be found so devoted as *this* is? Does wife, or brother, or sister, or friend, inspire such confidence in permanent attachment as this! Who can ever doubt the attachment of his dog?

A horse is equally susceptible of attachment; but because of its magnitude and want of domesticity it does not enjoy the same advantages. But in those exceptional cases where they are enjoyed, the horse exhibits not only attachment and fidelity, but marvellous understanding. The Arab talks to his horse as to a friend, and he cultivates its understanding by love alone. It is only by kindness that the intelligence of the inferior creation can be developed in a marvellous manner, unknown in this land of excessive

civilisation, where the brute holds little communion with man. An Arab chief and his horse were captured. The chief was bound; and the horse was suffered to graze in the neighborhood. During the night the chief distinguished the neighing of his own horse, like the voice of a friend. He dragged himself towards it, on the ground; to bid it a last farewell. The two friends met. The one talked, and the other listened. Determined to set his horse at liberty if his own escape were hopeless, he undid with his teeth the rope that tied it. The animal thus liberated made no ungenerous use of its liberty; but clearly understanding its master's fettered and helpless condition, it seized him gently by the clothes with its teeth, and made straight for the distant and well-known tent in the mountains of Arabia. It arrived in safety; laid its master down at the feet of his wife and children, and dropped down dead with fatigue.* Can man or woman's love exceed this? And what better understanding could we desire in an inferior animal than to know how to act in a state of extremity?

When we see how much can be done by the law of kindness, and how very willing the inferior animals are to work for us when they are able (and how very melancholy their speechless condition must be when they are not able), it seems desperately depraved in man to force them as he does, by torture. The whip is ever cutting the flesh of the horse on the steep acclivities of streets and highways. Patience there is none. The animal stops. In a few minutes, it would go on or make another attempt; but these few minutes are not accorded. Crack goes the whip, and crack again. Sparks of fire flash from the feet. The collar sinks into the flesh of the brute. The eyes almost burst from their sockets. Intense is the effort. The very maximum of strength is put forth. But so great is the load; so steep is the hill; that the effort is very often made in vain. Yet, instead of pity there is too often wrath; and if we blame the driver, he simply tells us that his master would discharge him if he were such "a muff" as not to be able to surmount the difficulty. The whip is the instrument by which it is accomplished; *and he must use it*. He is the foreman of the slaves—the executioner of the law of brutes.

Ladies' work, too, is accomplished by the exercise of much cruelty. This, not in respect to needlewomen alone, but in respect to brute animals also. But then,—the delicate creatures must not see it done. They must go into the drawing-room, and lie down on the sofa till it is over; as in the Land of Liberty,

when the slaves are getting their stripes and stars. Moreover, great is "the delicacy" of the fair sex in these matters. The Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals aver, that one great difficulty which they have to encounter in the exercise of their mission is—the objection felt by many very "refined" ladies to listen to the details. *They do not want to know that such things are done*. They do not care about them so long as they do not hear about them. They are perfectly indifferent about the cruelties committed—so long as they are not described. Not being described, their interest is not excited; and thus their "pretended refinement" becomes actual cruelty.

There is no greater humanity than that which not only listens to, but inquires into, such matters; and immediately acts with energy in alleviating the suffering. Excessive refinement is a disease—a mental sore which cannot be touched, and which is ever screaming and fainting with the pain of its own sensitiveness. The purest and healthiest, and the noblest specimen of humanity, will listen to the deepest tale of suffering; and instead of screaming and fainting will run for succor. They are *not* the sympathetic, who sink into inactivity and make no sacrifice of their own comforts for others; even as they are not the brave who tyrannise over the weak, and have not the courage to defy the strong. It is the mission of all superior gifts to *overcome* difficulties, physical, moral, or intellectual; not to sink before them. And the evils of which we treat specially at present, are not of the number of those before which noble and generous minds will ever give way.

As an instance of the mode in which much cruelty or even severity may be avoided, we may instance a fact which took place in the streets of London. It was told by Dr. Daniell at a public meeting, to the credit of an unknown gentleman. Up one of those steep ascents to which we have alluded, the Doctor saw this gentleman leading a horse in a cart, and a number of people following him; some abusing him. Thinking he might be of service to him, the Doctor approached, and asked him why he was leading the horse? "Because," said the gentleman, "the driver was ill—using it. He had turned the horse, and was backing him forcibly up the street, jerking his mouth and kicking his legs at every step. This I thought was a cruel act, and I said to him—'My man, only be quiet, the horse is not an ill-natured animal. Get out of your cart, and let me see if I cannot, by kind treatment, induce him to go.'" The result was, that the horse went very quietly up the street by the gentleman's guidance; and the people at last applauded him.

* Lamartine's Travels in the East.

Much of the cruelty of men to horses may arise from ignorance. We shall take the most charitable view of this case. The driver was a servant, who must do certain work in perhaps a certain time. Having no knowledge of the law of kindness (because not specially instructed in it, either by precept or example), he had no other idea of discipline than that which, poor fellow! he had himself experienced all his life. He had been jerked and kicked by his father first, and his master afterwards! and taking it for granted that this was the law of nature for subduing all obdurate animals, he merely practised on the horse the system under which he had been personally trained from time immemorial. We shall give the man credit for humanity; but he knew that he would be sworn at, abused or kicked if he did not accomplish his task; so he jerked and kicked the horse, as the shortest and simplest method in his estimation to accomplish his end. The gentleman taught him a lesson; and if he be a humane man he will never forget that lesson. But if he be, as many are, a man monster, he will do as before, and sink deeper and deeper in the gulf of crime. They who do not improve are sure to deteriorate.

That severity is necessary at times both for men and brutes, we shall not attempt to deny; for it is a law of nature. The discipline of nature is very severe; but it is the mission of a man to cultivate nature and improve upon it. The function of art supercedes that of nature, and it is the province of humanity to cultivate it; and as kindness is a better law than severity, it is the characteristic of better men and better systems to do that by kindness which inferior men can only achieve by cruelty.

To accomplish by cruelty *any* task, however great, reflects no honor on any man. It is rather a disgrace. But to accomplish by kindness a great and a difficult task, is one of the highest testimonials of human worth and greatness. And there is no better evidence of a nation's rising honors, than the rapid and vigorous growth of gentle and humane manners, either in social intercourse, or in the treatment of inferior animals.

Whilst we live, and whilst our hand is able to hold a pen, so long will we inveigh against cruelty, and uphold the doctrines of love and kindness. OUR JOURNAL has already worked wonders.

HAPPINESS COMPARATIVE.

No person should envy another for having more of this world's goods than himself. Happiness does *not* consist in the abundance of a man's possessions. Happiness is simply—contentment.

IT IS THE SONG MY MOTHER SINGS.

BY ELIZA COOK.

It is the song my mother sings,
And gladly do I list the strain;
I never hear it, but it brings
The wish to hear it sung again.
She breathed it to me long ago,
To lull me to my baby rest;
And as she murmured, soft and low,
I slept in peace upon her breast.
Oh, gentle song; thou hast a throng
Of angel tones within thy spell;
I feel that I shall love thee long,
And fear I love thee far too well.

For though I turn to hear thee now,
With doating glance of warm delight;
In after years I know not how
Thy plaintive notes may dim my sight.
That mother's voice will then be still,
I hear it falter day by day;
It soundeth like a fountain rill,
That trembles ere it cease to play.
And then this heart, though gentle song
Will find an anguish in thy spell;
'Twill wish it could not love so long,
Or had not loved thee half so well.

MAN'S WEAKNESS.

LET but the strong TEMPTATION rise,
As whirlwinds sweep the sea—
We find no strength to 'scape the wreck,
Save, pitying God, in THEE!

WE HAVE FREQUENTLY heard men boast of their power to withstand temptation; and we have known them express a desire to be put to the proof. Rash madmen!

The very best of us are but mortals, and our composition is of one and the same material. We are pure touch-paper when ignited; and, like many other things we could name, have the elements of fire within us,—only wanting the match to kindle the flame. Many a laugh have we had at the disciples of Plato, masculine and feminine, who differ from us. "Platonic love" is—mere moonshine. It may read well in books; but carry it out, good folks, *if you can!* If you can, WE cannot.

The best way to keep out of scrapes, and to steer clear of rocks, is not to venture into doubtful water. Rely on it, self-confidence is of little avail in cases of temptation. What the eye sees, and is captivated with—*that* the heart,—what a droll and "naughty" thing a man's heart is!—will be sure to get possession of. And then,—where is our power of resistance? Echo answers,—"*W-h-e-r-e?*"

The remarks we have made, are preparatory to a little sketch we wish to introduce by "Fanny Fern,"—that shrewd observer of human nature. Her heroine, "Nelly," was engaged to a gentleman named "Fitz-Allan," the representative of one half at least of our

sex. "Nelly" very wisely studied the man of her choice *before* taking him "for better for worse." She asked herself one or two leading questions concerning him, and resolved to test whether certain "professions" made, proceeded from a feeling of love. We admire this caution vastly. What did it not save her from? Young ladies! take a lesson from "Nelly's" book.

If we are asked whether a man *ought to be* subject to so severe an ordeal, we hardly know what to answer. He must indeed be a hero *if* he withstood the artifices of a "brilliant sparkling brunette." But as our object is to point out the danger of temptation, and to urge people to shun what they have no philosophy to resist,—we leave our readers to draw their own inference from our premises. Knowing what human nature is, we simply add,—beware!

Kate Stanley was a brilliant, sparkling brunette. Woe to the rash youth who exposed his heart to her fascinations! If he were not annihilated by the witching glance of her bright eye, he would be sure to be caught by the dancing dimple that played "hide and seek" so roguishly in her rosy cheek; or the little rounded waist that supported her faultless bust; or the tiny feet that crept in and out from under the sweeping folds of her silken robe.

I am sorry to say Miss Kitty was an arrant coquette. She angled for hearts with the skill of a practised sportsman; and was never satisfied till she saw them quivering and bleeding at her feet. Then, they might flounce, and flutter, and twist, and writhe at their leisure—it was no further concern of hers. She was off for a new subject.

One fine morning she sat listlessly in her boudoir, tapping one little foot upon the floor, and sighing for a new sensation, when a note was handed to her. It ran thus:—"Dear Kitty,—Our little cottage home is looking lovely this 'leafy June.' Are you not weary of city life? Come and spend a month with us, and refresh heart and body! You will find nothing artificial here, save yourself!—Yours, Nelly."

"Just the thing!" said Kitty. "But the girl must be crazy, or intolerably vain, to bring *me* into such close contact with her handsome lover. I might as well try to stop breathing as to stop flirting; and the country, of all places, for a flirtation! The girl must be *non compos*. However, it's her own affair, not mine;" and she glanced triumphantly at her beautiful face, and threaded her fingers through her long ringlets, and conquered him—in imagination!

* * * *

"When do you expect your friend?" said a laughing young girl to Nelly. "From the descriptions I have had of her, your bringing

her here will be something akin to the introduction of Satan into Paradise. You would not find *me* guilty of such a folly were I engaged to your handsome Fitz. Now, you know, Nelly dear, that although you are fascinating and intellectual, you have no pretensions to beauty, and there are few men who prize a gem unless it is handsomely set, however great its value. Now be warned in time, and send him off on a pilgrimage till her visit is over. I won't bet on his constancy!"

"On the contrary," said Nelly, as she rose slowly from the little couch where she was reclining (and her small figure grew erect, and her large eyes lustrous); "I would marry no man who could not pass through such an ordeal and remain true to me. I am, as you see, hopelessly plain and ungraceful; yet, from my earliest childhood, I have been a passionate worshipper of beauty. I never expected to win love. I never expected to marry; and when Fitz, with all his matchless beauty, sued for my hand, I could not convince myself that it was not all a bewildering dream. It was such a temptation to a heart so isolated as mine; and eloquently it pleaded for itself! When I drank in the music of his voice, I said, 'Surely, I must be lovely in his eyes, else why has he sought me?' Then, in my solitary moments, I said, sadly, 'There are none to dispute the prize with me here. He is deceiving himself. He has mistaken his own heart.' Then, again, I would ask myself, 'Can nothing but beauty win a noble heart? Are all my intellectual gifts valueless?' And still Fitz, unable to understand my contradictory moods, passionately urged his suit. It needed not that waste of eloquence. My heart was already captive. And now, by the intensity of that happiness of which I know myself to be capable, I will prove him. Kate's beauty, Kate's witchery shall be the test! If his heart remains loyal to me, I am his. If not"—and her cheek grew pale, and tears gathered slowly in her eyes—"I have saved myself a deeper misery!"

Fitz-Allan had "travelled;" and that is generally understood to mean to go abroad, and remain a period of time long enough to grow a fierce beard and fiercer moustache, and cultivate a thorough contempt for everything in your own country. This was not true of Fitz-Allan. It had only bound *him* the more closely to home and friends. His elegant person and cultivated manners had been a letter of recommendation to him in cultivated society. He was no fop; and yet he was fully aware of these personal advantages. What handsome man is not? He had trophies of all kinds to attest his skilful generalship; such as dainty satin slippers, tiny kid gloves, faded roses, ringlets of all

colors,—ebony, flaxen, and auburn; and *bijouterie* without limit.

Happy Fitz! What spell bound him to the plain but loveable Nelly? A nature essentially feminine; a refined, cultivated taste; a warm, passionate heart. Did he remember, when he listened to that most musical of musical voices, and sat hour after hour, magnetised by its rare witchery, as it glanced gracefully and skilfully from one topic to another, that its possessor had not the grace and beauty of a Hebe or a Venus?

It was a bright moonlight evening. Fitz and Nelly were seated in the little rustic parlor opening upon the piazza. The moon shone full upon Kate, as she stood in the low doorway. Her simple white dress was confined at the waist by a plain silken cord. Her fair white shoulders rose gracefully from the snowy robe. Her white arms, as they were crossed upon her breast, or raised above her head, to catch playfully the long tendrils of the woodbine, as the wind swept them past her forehead, gleamed fair in the moonlight; and each and all had their bewildering charm. She seated herself upon the low doorstep. Song after song was borne upon the air; her eyes now flashing with the enthusiasm of an improvisatrice; then soft and lustrous, and liquid, and—dangerous! Nelly's heart beat quick; a deep crimson spot glowed upon her cheek; and, for once, *she* was beautiful.

Kate apparently took but little notice of the lovers; but not an expression that flitted across the fine face of Fitz-Allan passed unnoticed by her. And she said proudly to herself, "I have conquered him!"

And so the bright summer month passed by, and they rambled through the cool woods, and rode through the winding paths, and sang to the quiet stars in the dim dewy evening.

"Fie, Mr. Fitz-Allan! What would Nelly say to see you kneeling here at my feet? You forget," said the gay beauty, mockingly curling her rosy lip, "that you are an affianced lover, when you address such flattering language to me!"

"I only know that you are beautiful as a dream!" said the bewildered Fitz, as he passionately kissed the jewelled hand that lay unresistingly in his own.

That night Fitz might be seen pacing his room with rapid strides, crushing in his hands a delicate note from Nelly, containing these words:—

"The moon looks on many brooks; the brook sees but one moon.

"NELLY."

Here we see a true picture of human life and human nature. Nelly had a heart, but no beauty. Kate was indeed beautiful, but

had no heart. Let us then seriously ask ourselves,—which is the more desirable of the two?

This little tale is worth its weight in gold, if we only read it profitably. We are *all* mixed up in it; and not one of us, if we be honest, can say that Fanny Fern has not found out "our tender part."

We again say,—"Beware!"

THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

"Christmas comes but once a year!"

NOBODY, Sir, wishes to be troublesome less than I do; but, if anybody can give a satisfactory reason for what everybody does, perhaps somebody will be so good as to tell me why the epithet "merry" is exclusively applied to this season of the year—when eighteen hundred and fifty-three proofs of its inapplicability have now stared the world in the face. Is it merry, when you put your feet out of bed in the morning, to feel as if you put them into a pail of cold-water? Is it merry to have your back-bone iced? Is it merry to have raw steaks on your plate, and raw *chaps* on your hand? Is it merry to have rent and taxes to pay? Is it merry, when you put your nose out-of-doors, to encounter a north-east wind which you could swear was made at Sheffield? Is it merry to slip, to break a button off your trowsers, and then to be told that it's fine *bracing* weather? Is it merry to meet with cold friends? Is half-melted snow merry? Is a fog merry? Is sleet merry? Assuredly, to my thinking, none of these things are in themselves merry—however meritorious in us it may be to bear them patiently. But I anticipate; you shall hear my adventures upon last Christmas Monday, and then judge whether or not my complaints are seasonable.

All sorts of people wish me "a merry Christmas," though most of them do something to me at the same time which prevents the possibility of its being so. I took possession on Sunday last of a new house. The rain found its way through the ceiling in the night, and I awoke on Monday morning with an excruciating rheumatism. "A merry Christmas to you, sir," said the servant, as she opened the shutters and enlightened me as to the cause of my sufferings. "Thank you," said I, as well as a fresh twinge would let me. I got up with plenty of rheum in my head and plenty of smoke in my room; with one pain more than I wanted in my body, and one pane less than I wanted in my window. The water in my wash-hand stand was frozen, and the water sent me to shave with scarcely warm. My tooth-brushes were lumps of ice, and I cut my chin with my razor just as my daughter tapped at my room-door and called out, "Merry Christmas, Papa!"

At length, my dressing completed, I resolved to give the servant one for sending me the lukewarm water; so I ran down-stairs, and over the cook with the boiling kettle in her hand. "You'll find this hotter, sir," said she, as she spilled some over me, and wished me "a merry Christmas."

Half-an-hour after my time I sat down to a hasty breakfast—

"A merry Christmas to you, my dear," said my wife; "and let me have some money, will you, before you go out?"

"Thank you," said I.

"What color will you have the parlor curtains?" said she.

"Any color," said I; "dun, if you like."

"Dun!" said she, and bang came a single knock at the street door—

"You are wanted, sir;" and out I went. A bird of prey, with a long bill, stood on the mat:—

"My master wishes you a merry Christmas, sir, and says he won't wait any longer for his money."

"Tell him he's one of those over-polite people who mistake pressing for kindness," said I; and, snatching my hat, I rushed past him, and out of the house. This brought me into contact with the baker's man, who half covered me with flour, and wished me "a merry Christmas"—just as I put my foot on a slide, and tumbled on my back. I made him no answer, for I only caught his words as I fell.

Cut, bruised, scalded, and too late, I took a cab.

"I hope," said the cabman's "friend," "your honor will give me a trifle, to drink your health this Christmas?"

I was about to do so—

"Ah! thank your honor," said he; "and a merry Christmas to you."

As if at the very sound of the words, the horse made a plunge, tripped, fell on his side, threw me out, and scattered my silver in all directions.

As I lay sprawling, a malicious friend, who was driving past in his gig, called out, "A merry Christmas to you, Tom!"

The situation was comical in spite of all; so I burst out laughing, and my lip burst out bleeding. As the cabriolet had dropped me, I dropped it—and walked. Several friends whom I met wished me "a merry Christmas;" but I had bitten the dust, and swallowed the fog, and I couldn't answer them for coughing. While at my office, nobody called on me *with* money; but twenty people called on me *for* some, in the shape of Christmas boxes,—the only change I got, in each case, being, "A merry Christmas to you, sir." Never mind, thought I; I am engaged to a capital dinner and shall meet a jolly party.

The time approached, and I left the office. At the door I was met by an urchin, who wished me "a merry Christmas," showed me his Christmas-piece, and asked me for a Christmas-box. Out of all patience, I told him I had no peace at Christmas myself, and gave him a Christmas-box on the ear—promising, if he came again, that I would give him another, another year. Leaving him, I encountered a croaking old neighbor, who drawled out, in a most dismal tone of voice, "Merry Christmas to you, friend; the cholera's spreading fast, I perceive."

Arrived almost within a street's length of the promised feast, I heard a strange voice behind me say, "Merry Christmas to you, sir;" at the same time, I felt a familiar tap on the shoulder, and, turning round, beheld John Doe and Richard Roe. I was marched off to a lock-up house. "A merry Christmas to you," said the keeper, as he turned the key upon me, and left me in a room without food or fire.

I summoned, in succession, three supposed friends, who, one after another, refused to bail me,—but each wished me "a merry Christmas" as he went away. Disappointed and wretched, I sent for an attorney of the Insolvent Court, who told me that, as soon as I could let him have ten pounds to begin with, I might send for him again. As he was going, I called after him, to inquire how soon he thought I could get liberated. "About the end of March," he answered; and, wishing me "a merry Christmas," shut the door.

For the last twenty years—that is to say, ever since I have been married and *unsettled*—such, or some such, has been *my* comic annual. What wonder, then, if I hate the sound of that which to me is *but* a sound?—if I begin to doubt whether there is, in reality, any such thing as a merry Christmas?—and if the one solitary pleasure I felt on Monday last, was not in giving sixpence to a melancholy mendicant, in return for his reminding me "that it only came once a year?"

December 31st.

C. D.

VIRTUE AND VICE.

VIRTUE is not a mushroom, that springeth up of itself in one night, when we are asleep. It is a delicate plant, that groweth slowly and tenderly, needing much pains to cultivate it, much care to guard it, much time to mature it. Neither is vice a spirit that will be conjured away with a charm, slain with a single blow, or despatched by one stab. Who then will be so foolish as to leave the eradicating of vice, and the planting in of virtue into its place, to a few years or weeks? Yet he who procrastinates his repentance, grossly does so. With his eyes open, he abridges the time allotted for the longest and most important work he has to perform. He is a fool.

THE TRIUMPH OF ART.

In forming ARTISTS, "Art" hath thus decreed,—
To make some good, but others to EXCEED.

SHAKESPEARE.

ART TRIUMPHS MOST when its productions closely resemble NATURE. Thus, it is a compliment to say of it that it produces the impression of the actual scene. *Ars est celare artem.*

In Venice, the paintings of Titian and of the Venetian artists generally exact from the traveller a yet higher tribute, for the hues and forms around him constantly remind him of their works. It is curious and instructive to trace the natural relation of cause and effect between the atmosphere and scenery of Venice and the peculiar characteristics of the Venetian school.

Under the circumstances in which we usually see the landscape, the earth absorbs a considerable portion of the light which falls from the Heavens; but in Venice everything multiplies and increases it. The sea is a wide and glittering mirror, and every ripple and wave, and every oar-blade, like the facets of a gem, breaks and scatters the incident ray. The rich marble fronts of the palaces lend themselves to the same results. Thus the air in Venice seems saturated with sunbeams, and the shadows themselves are only veiled and softened lights. Such an atmosphere seems to demand a corresponding style of dress, decoration, and architecture.

Gilding and polished marble, which, under the grey sky, and in the watery light of England, would seem tawdry, are here necessary embellishments. The richest and brightest colors,—red, yellow, and purple, content the eye from their being so in unison with the dazzling and luminous medium through which everything is seen. The Venetian painters were evidently diligent students of the nature that was around them. They have transferred to their canvas all the magic effects produced by the combination of air, light, and water. There are pictures by Titian, so steeped in golden splendors that they look as if they would light up a dark room, like a solar lamp. The pictures which are to be seen in the academy are a tempting theme; but I will not descant upon them. It is very easy to transcribe the emotions which paintings awaken, but it is no easy matter to say why a picture is so painted as that it must awaken certain emotions.

Many persons feel art; some understand it—but few feel *and* understand it. But there is an element of compensation in all things. The want of a nicely critical skill in art is not on all accounts to be regretted. When I stood before Titian's "Assumption of the Virgin," and felt as if lifted off my feet by the power and beauty of that incomparable picture, I could not lament that I

did not see the slight imperfections in drawing and design which more trained and more fastidious eyes detect in it.

The works of Paul Veronese are not of the highest merit, by any means, but they are valuable as illustrations of Venetian life and manners. There is a large picture of his, occupying one end of a room in the Academy, the "Supper at the House of Levi," which is a fair specimen of his excellences and defects. It wants imagination, depth of feeling, and spiritual beauty, and there is a touch of the upholsterer in its conception and treatment. It is, moreover, historically untrue, with no Jewish or Oriental features in it; but is really a splendid entertainment in Venice, with Venetian noblemen and women for guests.

But though other pictures are more admirable, few are more fascinating than this. Its power over the spectator is quite magnetic. There is such brilliant coloring, such admirable perspective, such depth and transparency of atmosphere, such life and movement, that the longer you look upon it the more it seems like a real scene. You begin to wonder that the servants linger so long upon the stairs, and that the impatient master, who seems to be quickening their steps, does not rejoin his guests. Even its anachronisms have now a value of their own, since the time of the event and the time of the picture are equal to us in the remote past. It is true that it is not Judæa; but it is a most living Venice. These were the men, the politic sages, the accomplished noblemen, the gallant soldiers, that upheld so long the state of Venice, and bore her winged lion over so many lands and seas. These were the superb and impassioned women to whom their vows were breathed, and at whose feet their laurels were laid.

Such pictures are historical in more senses than one. They have an authentic value as records, and are silent contemporary witnesses to the splendor and glory of Venice.

G. H.

THE CHILD'S FIRST LESSON.

No teaching is there like a mother's! No lessons sink into the virgin soil of childhood so deeply as those learned at a mother's knee. The seed sown thus may then be hidden for years; but it still lives, and influences the life and actions of the learner ever after. Ill fares it with the man who has no remembrance of kneeling, as a child, beside his mother's knee, and learning his first lesson from *her* lips. He knows nothing of life's holiest memories. Great is the responsibility of the mother who confides her child's first teachings to another—who allows a stranger to write on the tablets of her child's mind that which will bias its whole life career, and be as indestructible as the mind itself.

OUTPOURINGS OF AFFECTION.

ON THE BIRTH OF A DAUGHTER.
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NECKLACE."

God, I thank thee for the blessing
Of a lot with mercy rife,
For the babe my arm is pressing,
For its mother's precious life.
Thou hast made that mother dearer,
If a fonder tie could be,
Since her love hath been the bearer
Of so sweet a pledge to me.

With thy mother's tear of gladness,
Still, my child, thy cheek is wet;
Never may'st thou cause her sadness,
Never bring her love regret.
Oh! be thou the sweetest pleasure
That her soul as yet hath found;
When she seeks affection's treasure,
Be thy heart prolific ground.

When hopes perish, friends forsake thee,
Pleasures pall, or joys decline,
To a mother's breast betake thee;
'Tis of love a lasting mine.
Springs of pleasure fresh and smiling
There will flow, my child, for thee:
Let not worldly streams defiling
Mingle with their purity.

Dost thou fear a father's kisses,
That thou turns't thine eyes from me?
'Tis a fonder breast she misses;
Nature speaks, my babe, in thee.
Go then, dear and tender blossom,
Firstling of our little fold;
Nestle in thy mother's bosom—
'Tis a clime can ne'er grow cold.

Go, my love; I cannot chide thee
That for hers thou leav'st my breast;
Still when cares or joys have tried me,
There has been my happiest rest.
She has been earth's richest dower,
She my spirit's priceless gem;
Fold thy tiny arms, sweet flower,
Round thy dear and parent stem.

God of mercy, who hast given
This new link to bind our love,
Kindly grant us light from Heaven,
Worthy of our task to prove!
Give our tender cares thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with grace divine;
Let the babe our arms are pressing,
Father—Mother—ALL BE THINE!

OUR ENGLISH CLIMATE.

THE MOIST AND FOGGY CLIMATE of England is proverbial with foreigners, and a matter of half-melancholy joke with Englishmen themselves. The perpetual verdure of our fields bespeaks us denizens of a rainy zone—inhabitants of an intermitting shower-bath. Our speech betrayeth us; the weather is ever uppermost in our thoughts, and the first thing spoken of when friends meet.

Aquarius is our constellation. The natives of such a clime might naturally be imagined as exempt from fear of rain as Mephistophiles alleges Faust ought to be from fear of fire. It is their element; which, they ought to know, cannot harm them or theirs. Yet they are as shy of rain as a kitten of dew, when it first ventures abroad of a morning. England is a land where short crops occasionally occur, but where the years of utter blight, which often lay other lands desolate, are scarcely known. Despite our frequent wet, raw, and ungenial summers, within the memory of our fathers and fathers' fathers seed time and harvest have not failed. Yet to an Englishman a wet July immediately conjures up visions of famine, with pestilence and bankruptcies in its train.

Burns was wrong when he said that they who are "constantly on poortith's brink" are little terrified by the sight. It is only those who are steeped in it over head and ears who become resigned to their fate. It is in those to whom a chance of emerging seems still open, that the fear is strongest; to which the thoughtless Dives and the desperate Lazarus are alike inaccessible. And so with Englishmen and the weather. Were their climate one in which no corn could grow, they would never think of crops; and were it so genial that the crops were always redundant, they would wax insensible to the blessing from sheer excess. But, living in a region to which hope ever comes, and from which fear never entirely departs, they abandon themselves too readily to unmanly fears. They are weather valetudinarians, a nation of Gratianos—"the wind cooling their broth blows them to an ague."

One thing, however, is certain,—viz., that although the climate is so changeable, and rains pour down so incessantly, yet do Englishmen and English crops, like English frogs, take a great deal of drowning!

EARLY IMPRESSIONS.**CHILDHOOD'S INNOCENCE.**

I WILL NOT FLATTER YOU, my dear sir, by telling you in what repute you are held in Devonshire (perhaps you already have heard of it),—suffice it, that whatever you say is received here with more than common favor and interest.

Your former remarks on "A Child's Heart" (see vol. iii., page 209), and your more recent extensive observations upon children (scattered over very many pages of OUR JOURNAL), induce me to send you the following, which (we all think here) deserve a place in your "pleasant pages."

The present mode of educating children is, as you remark, barbarous indeed! The

minds and bodies of these little innocents are equally deformed,—nature being altogether sacrificed to pride, ignorance, "Fashion," (your enemy!) and folly.

Like yourself, I dearly love children, and delight in leading their youthful, expanding minds, to those innocent inquiries which, properly replied to, form the basis of their "early education." I quite agree with you,—that we can never begin too soon to teach a child what it ought to know. The more gradual its progress, the better.

As for those nurses and others, to whose care these embryo men and women are usually confided,—*vous avez raison*. To them are mainly attributable three-fourths of a child's bad habits. How can it be otherwise? Badly taught and instructed themselves, they of course instil into a child's mind their own ideas of right and wrong. "Odd" ideas are they, truly!

But my object, to-day, is not to write an essay. I merely prefix these few observations to an extract or two I have copied for you, from an article in "*Household Words*" (the writer's name does not appear). The extracts are purposely short; because I am anxious to impress *the sentiments* upon your readers' minds:—

"I have never seen a child feed a donkey with macaroons, but I have seen one little girl press pound-cake upon a Shetland pony, and another little girl give half of her cake to a four-footed acquaintance of the Newfoundland breed. I have watched the charitable instincts of children from babyhood to schoolhood, when hopes and cankering fears, desire of praise, solicitude for favor, and lust of gain begin; shutting up charity in an iron-bound strong box of small-worldliness.

"Children love to give. Is it to feed the ducks in the park, or slide warm pennies into the palsied hands of cripples, or drop them into the trays of blind men's dogs, or pop them, smiling, into the slits of money-boxes, or administer eleemosynary sustenance to Bunny and Tiny the rabbits, or give the pig a 'poon?'—to give is indeed their delight. They want no tuition in charity: it is in them, God-sent.

"Yonder little chubby sheet of blank stationery, who is mumbling a piece of parliament in his nurse's arms, has scarcely consciousness of muscular power sufficient to teach him to hold the sweetmeat fast. Yet, if I ask baby—half by word, half by gesture—to give me a bit, this young short-coated Samaritan—who not long since began to take notice, and can only just ejaculate Da-da! ma-ma!—will gravely remove the parliament from his own lips and offer it to mine. Were he a very few months older, he would clutch it tighter in his tiny hand, and

break a piece off, and give it me. *Is not this charity?*"

What a sweet commentary have we here, on Nature's lavish bounties to children! And yet, how hard do people labor to destroy the innocence that ought to be so enchanting!

But now let me direct your attention to the innate "love" of babyhood:—"The first words children utter are words of 'love.' And these are not necessarily taught them. Their very inarticulate ejaculations are *full of love*. They love all things. The parrot, though he bites them; the cat, though she scratches; the great bushy blundering house-dog; the poultry in the yard; the wooden-legged, one-eyed negro who brings the beer; the country lout with clouted shoon who smells so terribly of the stable; the red-faced cook; the grubby little knife-boy; the foolish, fat, scullion; the cross nurse. They love all these. And so they do horses, trees, gardens, and toys,—breaking their little hearts (easily mended again, thank Heaven!) if they are obliged to part from them.

"And, chiefer still, they love that large man with the *gruff* voice, the blue rough chin, the large eyes, whose knees comprise such an inexhaustible supply of cock-horses, always standing at livery, yet always ready to ride post-haste to Coventry. They love papa. And, chiefest of all, they love her of the soft voice, the smiles, the tears, the hopes, the cares, the tenderness—who is all in all, the first, the last to them in their tender, fragile, happy childhood.

"Mamma is the centre of love. Papa was an after acquaintance. He improves upon acquaintance, too. But mamma was *always* with them—to love, to soothe, to caress, to care for, to watch over. When a child wakes up hot and feverish from some night dream, it is *upon his mother he calls*. Each childish pain, each childish grief, each childish difficulty is to be soothed, assuaged, explained by her. They have no secrets; they understand each other. The child clings to her. The little boy in the Greek epigram that was creeping down a precipice, was invited to his safety, when nothing else could induce him to return, *by the sight of his mother's breast*."

Now, my dear sir, have we not here all the elementary matter for a good education? Such pliable materials! Such an honest, guileless heart to work upon! Such pure, such natural, such innocent soil to receive the seed sown! And yet, alas! what use do we make of it? The answer is best given by looking upon the sad state of society which now exists among us. We are altogether hollow, altogether unnatural; and positively *prefer* deception to the unspeakable delights arising from the practice of innocence and virtue!

Tiverton, Dec. 2nd.

ARABELLA.

MORE ABOUT "LITTLE THINGS."

BY "OUR EDITOR."

Take sound ADVICE, proceeding from a heart
Sincerely yours, and free from fraudulent art.
DRYDEN.



QUESTIONABLE INDEED IS THAT MAN'S LOVE FOR MANKIND, who, knowing what is right, yet withholds that knowledge from his fellow-man. Most of us offend from the want of thought; and as the object of "OUR JOURNAL" is to make people "think," we shall try and accomplish that object as kindly as may be. "A word fitly spoken, is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Our much-esteemed correspondent, CATHARINA, has invited us to dwell often upon "Little Things." She says, and with truth, that life is made up of such; and that it is greatly in our power to make each other happy by attending to what are called "trifles." How true this is! We are forever harping upon a similar string.

It is nearly a twelvemonth since we wrote an article entitled "Little Kindnesses" (see vol. iii., p. 7). We had no idea, at the time, that there was in it anything of extraordinary interest, although *we* felt delighted whilst penning it. We are quite wrong in this opinion. That paper has been referred to times out of number. Indeed, it has been the means of our receiving "proofs" innumerable (through the post, and by private hand) of the impression it made on the minds of our readers. We always receive these welcome offerings, be it known, with real pleasure. Nor have certain of these "little things" failed to bring us into friendly intimacy with the senders thereof. We owe to them an unceasing debt of gratitude. We have contracted friendships which will terminate only in death.

This is the very season for an observance of "little things." A person may not be able to be charitable to any great extent. He may not be able to clothe a poor family; but he may be able to give them a meal. By a little self-denial, he may also do something more than this. He might, too, get a friend to aid him in a good cause: and the two mites united might procure a flannel waistcoat, some stockings, and other warm apparel. A supply of fuel, too, might be sent in to gladden some sorrowful hearts. Where there is a will in these matters, there is generally a way. Only let the disposition exist.

We are often surprised at the apathy that exists in some; the extravagance in others; the thoughtlessness in the many; and the waste in all,—at a time, too, when the suffer-

ings of the poor call so loudly for relief. Surely, this thoughtlessness is culpable! Those who most deserve relief are people who, though willing, are unable to obtain work. We advocate not the cause of the idle or indolent, neither do we put in a single word for beggars. We believe these last to be arrant impostors in *at least* ninety-nine cases out of every hundred. All who relieve them do a serious injury to society; for beggars live and feast, whilst the deserving exist and starve. This is a "little thing," but worthy attention.

In our neighborhood, beggars swarm. There are organised groups of them, who have their regular rounds on regular days in the week. Sturdy vagabonds are the men—terrible, some of them, to look upon; and they are mostly armed with thick sticks, to enforce charity. The women are sent in to knock at the door, whilst the men retire behind the walls without; and if a female only be visible, the beggars try to obtain an entry by placing one of their hands inside the door, defying her to crush it. If she use force, one of the men rushes in, and a row is the consequence. On such occasions many articles disappear from the passage,—hats, cloaks, umbrellas, &c. This is a matter of constant occurrence, and we give this as a friendly warning. Good people—always keep your garden-gates locked, and fasten up every door and window *securely* at night. Thus alone will you be safe during the coming winter. This is a "little thing,"—but it is of great consequence.

Connected with "little things," CATHARINA refers us to a small book bearing that title. We have procured it; and it is, as she says, suggestive of much that must tend to domestic happiness. It points out, very forcibly, all wherein we are deficient. It shows us the evil of self-indulgence; how, whenever "little duties" are neglected, discomfort and discontent invariably follow. It speaks charmingly, too, of the many advantages derivable from method, order, and punctuality—things in which women are usually far behind, but which really are of immense importance.

Each one of a thousand acts of love costs very little by itself; and yet, when viewed altogether, who can estimate their value? What is it that secures for one the name of a kind neighbor? Not the doing of half-a-dozen great favors in as many years. No! But the little every-day kindnesses, (neither of which seems of much consequence considered in itself,) which, by their continued repetition, throw a sunlight over the whole neighborhood. It is so, too, in the family. The child whose good offices are always ready when they are wanted—to run upstairs or down, to rock the cradle or to run

on an errand, and all with a cheerful look and pleasant temper—has a reward attending such good deeds. If a little girl cannot take her grandfather on her lap, as he takes her on his, she can get his slippers, or put away his book, or gently comb his thin locks; and, whether she thinks of it or not, these little kindnesses, coming from a loving heart, are the sunbeams that lighten up the world we live in. A loving heart and an affectionate disposition, however, want no prompting. As regards ourself—when we cease to love, we shall cease to live. Life without love, is as a body without a soul.

Early rising is another point strongly insisted on; and the reasons "why" are excellent. In England, laziness is carried out to a fearful extent; nor is it unusual to see people creep down to breakfast with their eyes hardly open. This, among all classes. Housekeeping duties are then hinted at, and rules given to make them sit easy. We are also shown the folly of not being "ready" when dinner is announced—keeping the company waiting, &c. All these evils exist, more or less, in half the families in the kingdom.

The following is worthy of attention:—

"There is an old saying, which was often repeated to me in my youth—'Can do is easily carried about with you.' And really I think it amounts to a duty in woman to attend to this saying, for we hardly ever learn to do anything that we do not find the advantage of at some time or other. Some persons are naturally more neat-handed and notable than others; but every woman should endeavor to learn all she can of the little arts that make life comfortable; and above all, of whatever can make her useful in a sick-room. No doubt the same qualities of method, order, and good management, will show themselves in every department of duty; but much may be gained by observation, and a desire to learn, from whatever source.

"There are some people who never go from home without bringing back some useful hint in housekeeping, in the arrangement of a room, the order of the table; or, it may be, the planning and planting of the flower-garden. These are the persons who know the best way of doing everything; their homes may be known by the air of comfort and elegance they contrive to give by attention to little things; not merely by tidiness, but by tasteful arrangement, and a degree of attention to decoration. Some one speaks of the little things that mark the whereabouts of woman—*flowers especially do so*; and trifling as some may think it, I uphold it as one of our little duties, to make our homes not only as comfortable, but as pretty and pleasing as possible.

"There are some people who pay no heed to niceties of this kind, either esteeming them

beneath their care, or not having taste enough to feel the want of them. Their rooms have a blank, uncomfortable, uninhabited look; their personal attire is always unlike other people's, they never seem to notice any improved way of managing little matters, or they do not like the trouble of learning and practising it; and it is ten chances to one, that by beginning with despising decoration and taste, they end by neglecting comfort."

There is a great deal of truth in the foregoing. We could easily judge of the mistress, by a peep at the arrangement of her rooms and garden.

We are always advocating cheerfulness and good humor. Let us hear what the book says about these:—

"The duty of being always in a good humor is so important, that I hardly should enumerate it among little things; but all else is almost valueless without it. It is like the soft balmy air and bright sunshine of a summer's morn, which when we feel and breathe, we think no other enjoyment can equal; without which the finest landscape wants a charm, and with which, the dreariest moorland is bright and beautiful. Great duties, great kindnesses, lose much of their virtue and power to benefit others, if not performed in this spirit; and little duties and little kindnesses are indeed nothing without the sunshine of cheerful good humor to gild and adorn them. Akin to this, is the duty of cultivating a cheerful disposition,—a disposition to be easily pleased. There are persons to whom this seems natural, who are always pleased; and we all feel how much more agreeable it is to have anything to do with them, than with those who, either from indifference or discontent, are seldom or never pleased. By this duty, however, I mean rather more than merely not being discontented—I mean the disposition to show that *we are* pleased, a good-humored way of receiving little services, a readiness to admire what we see others wish us to like, and a willingness to 'do unto others as we wish they should do unto us,'—the reverse, in short, of a captious fault-finding spirit.

"It may be alleged that a careful attention to some of these little duties may lead to an irksome particularity, a teasing habit of for ever *putting to rights*, and to a neglect of more important concerns. This will never be the case, however, if we remember to perform little duties with a large spirit, and consider first the comfort of others."

We shall now conclude this paper. In other parts of OUR JOURNAL will be found many similar sentiments; nor shall we ever cease to advocate the observance of "Little Things." Sweeteners are they of life, on the one hand; or perpetual sources of discomfort and annoyance on the other.

AN ADDRESS TO "OUR EDITOR."

FROM THE LADIES OF DEVONSHIRE.

Did you not say, "Dear Mr. Kidd,"
 You lov'd the fair sex? We believe you.
 [True, ladies, true; we do,—we did,
 We would not for the world deceive you.]
 Well; let us whisper in your ear
 A little secret,—*entre nous* :
 We wish you many a happy year,
 And frankly tell you that—WE LOVE YOU.
 [Sensation.]

We love you. Yes; "Our Editor"
 Is worthy of our confidence.
 Not "one" is there superior
 In kindness, "heart," benevolence.
 Should sorrow e'er predominate,
 You kindly soothe—and share it too;
 And like us, you abominate
 Cant and deceit. [Indeed we do!]

We love you, though you *do* condemn
 With merciless severity
 The "Fashions" of the day [A—hem!]
 It proves so your sincerity!
 But though the wild contagion spreads,
 There's nothing to excite *our* fears;
 WE wear our bonnets *on* our heads,
 "Modest" *our* faces,—eyes,—and ears!

"YOUR JOURNAL," too, we love; and note
 With great delight its healthy tone;
 Cherish the kindness you promote,
 And proudly hail it as,—"*OUR OWN*."
 Nothing *you* write can cause a blush,
 You love to have us "wise and merry,"—
 But once* you told a lady [H-u-s-h!]
 You thought her smile "bewitching," very.

We love you for your friendly care
 In saving many a "pet,"—our treasure;
 When, almost yielding to despair,
 Your voice has chang'd our pain to pleasure.
 AGAIN then we our thanks express,
 Such kindness we can n'er repay;
 But we will pray for your "SUCCESS,"
 And "MANY A HAPPY NEW YEAR'S DAY!"

[The lady to whom we are indebted for the above "Presentation" is "the" Devonshire Dove. (That loved county would seem to abound in doves.) In a specimen of calligraphy, perfectly bewildering from its extreme beauty, the signature attached is simply,

COLUMBA DEVONIENSIS.

Torquay, Dec. 9.

* We are fearful we may have said this to *more* than one lady; as our memory, on the present occasion, really is at fault.—ED. K. J.

HUMILITY ever dwells with men of noble minds. It is a flower that prospers not in lean and barren soils; but in a ground that is rich, it flourishes and is beautiful.—FELTHAM.

Review.

THE NATURALIST.—No. 31. Groombridge and Sons.

Among the interesting papers in the present number, are three to which we direct special attention. The first is a very proper condemnation of "Jennings' Eggs of British Birds;" a book which has been carelessly got up, is wretchedly illustrated, and in every respect faulty. It forms a strange contrast to the admirable work (by the Rev. F. O. Morris) on a similar subject, and published monthly. If birds are to be figured and colored, let them be something like nature; else are they valueless.

The second paper we have referred to, is by Mr. William Thompson, of Weymouth. From this we borrow a few interesting observations relating to

THE LOBSTER.

Lobsters are caught by means of pots, made of withys, with the bars some little distance apart, or in nets; in either case the bars of the pot, or the meshes of the net, allow all but such as are of a marketable size to pass; and as Lobsters lay amongst rocks where no net can reach, they are safe from all danger, except what they themselves run into: this is the reason that the young are so seldom seen.

In the months of August, September, and October, pots are laid down for Prawns (*Palæmon serratus*), and then we sometimes obtain small Lobsters. The Prawn-pots are made precisely the same pattern as the Lobster-pots, but smaller, and the open bars closer together, in order to prevent the egress of the Prawn—this also prevents the escape of the Lobster.

There are now in the Aquavivarium of the Zoological Society, five Lobsters. All of them were obtained in Prawn-pots; the smallest is four inches in length, and the largest about five. These five Lobsters were kept some time in a perforated box, moored in the tideway; in this box were also placed *Cottus bubalis*, and some specimens alive of the *Solenette Monochirus linguatulus*. Some days after, on opening the box, I found nothing but some remains of the *Solenettes*. On putting some more specimens in the box I took out the *Cottus*, believing them to be the evil doers; especially as a day or two previous, having missed several *Syngnathi*, I found one coiled away in the stomach of a *Cottus*, giving its destroyer a very extraordinary appearance.

With all my precautions, still the *Solenettes* disappeared; and I succeeded in tracing home the crime to the Lobsters, one of which I caught—*flagrante delicto*.

The following shows the large quantity exported from Norway from 1815 to 1835; it is taken from a book entitled "Norway and the Norwegians," by R. G. Latham:—"From 1815 to 1835 there was exported from Norway the following quantity of Lobsters, in round numbers:—1815 to 1819, six hundred and five thousand; 1820 to 1824, nine hundred and twenty-seven thousand; 1825 to

1829, one million, three hundred and twenty thousand; 1830 to 1835, seven hundred and eighty-four thousand: making a grand total of three millions, six hundred and thirty-six thousand."

A single Lobster costs in Norway three-half-pence; a trifling duty is laid upon them when they leave the country. The London market chiefly monopolises the supply. The Norway Lobster season is in the winter; then then bite more freely: they are not caught in June. This differs from the times Lobsters are caught in this part of the coast. The Portland and North Shore Lobster-catcher prepares his pots about March, and continues them as long as the weather will permit—that alone deciding him when to bring his pots ashore. Warm and fine weather are here necessary to the success of the Lobster-catcher.

Here, as elsewhere, the color of the Lobster varies very much; and the fishermen can tell by the color whether it has been caught off Portland or the North Shore, distant about eight miles from each other.

The Norway Lobsters are purchased before they are caught. They pass the time between capture and embarkation in flat tanks, pierced with holes, and half sunk, lying off the neighborhood of Laurvig; in this manner they wait weeks, and even months, before they are shipped for market.

The Norway Lobsters are smaller than those which are caught on the English coast; they also vary much in color, some being of a light blue, or occasionally one side is black; whilst the other is white—this is a rarity. They fight a great deal amongst themselves: hence the great number of one-clawed Lobsters we see on the fishmongers' stalls.

Lobsters are naturally voracious; but "during their confinement," says Mr. Latham, "they eat nothing;" my experience tells me they will eat if they can get food; but they are generally packed close with no food, so that they have no opportunity of following their inclinations. Any judge of a Lobster can tell whether it has been fresh caught, or if it has been caught some time and kept in a preserve. When they have been kept some time, the epicure's portion, commonly called the dressing, suffers, both in quantity and quality, and the creamy substance round the abdomen and claws is wanting.

Females in spawn placed in the tanks are said to remain so; this may happen from the altered condition of the temperature of the water: it cannot arise from the will of the adult any more than could the hatching of the eggs be interfered with by the moth or butterfly. An export duty is paid before they leave Norway.

When they arrive in the Thames, all the dead ones are thrown overboard, as it is illegal to land them. Besides Laurvig, Christiansand and Bergen have a large share in the Lobster trade.

Mr. Bell states, in "British Crustacea," a curious story respecting the strong affection of the Lobster for its young.—One man told Mr. Peach that he had noticed the old Lobster with her head peeping from under a rock, and the young ones playing around her. She appeared to rattle her claws on the approach of the fishermen, and herself and young took shelter under the rock. Thus far it is quite credible; but the remark, *this rattling*

no doubt was to give the alarm,—to this I cannot subscribe. Lobsters are gregarious, and have their favorite rocks, and that instinct of self-preservation which is born with animals is quite sufficient to drive the young Lobster under the rock at the approach of danger without the care of the parent. The real instinct of animals, even in the lower orders, is sufficiently wonderful without our drawing on fiction. I know from experience that fishermen are not always to be depended upon; and, whether from ignorance or something else, are much given to exaggeration.

My father tells me he once caught a Lobster in a trawl, weighing twelve pounds; and two years since, a Lobster was caught in this bay weighing eight pounds.

The last article we purpose to notice, is that from the pen of Mr. G. B. Atkinson, of Cork. We wish it were possible to print it in golden letters. It deserves that honor. He will agree with us, we feel quite sure, that if mankind are "civilised," they have a remarkably "odd" way of showing it.

NATURALISTS AND THEIR BRUTALITY.

It is with the deepest regret that, as each month's number of "The Naturalist" comes to me, I find in its contents little else but accounts of wholesale massacres of those sweet songsters, whose presence enhances so greatly the pleasure one must ever feel in a country walk. A constant war seems to be waged against the feathered members of creation, on the plea of furthering the ends of Science. Should any rare bird make its appearance on our shores, it is very soon captured by some greedy collector of "specimens,"—one who styles himself a "Naturalist:" but does the being a Naturalist consist in filling one's study or museum with stuffed birds—with empty egg-shells and nests? Are they not all rather monuments of cruelty? Does the killing of its subjects further the ends of Natural History? Forsooth, if the slaughter increases as it does now, by-and-by there will be no Natural History at all; or at least but a few scattered remnants of its countless tribes, mourning in solitude their lost companions. Are there then no other means of acquiring a knowledge of Nature's subjects than those I so strongly reprobate? How did some of our most learned Naturalists, those who have taught us the most, obtain their knowledge? Was it by means of the gun? Ah, no! but by observation, by diligent searching into the ways of these happy denizens of the woods. Surely books enough have been written, and are daily increasing, to supply every want of a Naturalist; or should we disdain to make use of them for our guides, can we not see for ourselves? Among so many learned correspondents as there are to this publication, some plan might be contrived, whereby we could understand and know, as far as is permitted, these wondrous members of creation, not one of which falls to the ground unless God wills it; and which would dispense with the cruel persecution now almost universally resorted to. Should this succeed in softening the hearts of any of those whose names so frequently figure at the head of Ornithological and Entomological captures, it will be an abundant repayment—its pages will be filled

with far more interest and instruction, and read, I am certain, with far greater pleasure.

Whilst we are now transcribing the remarks of this amiable man, the fields are echoing to the sounds of the gun. Every bird that is deemed "curious," is being slaughtered; every benumbed little pensioner asking for shelter, mangled. Brave—kind—noble "Sportsmen" and "Naturalists!"

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON MAGAZINE.
Part 7. Piper & Co.

This wonderfully cheap, and as admirably conducted periodical, goes a-head. Both its illustrations and matter are full of interest.

As we like to preserve the general character of OUR JOURNAL, it will be seen that, in making our extracts from new and other works, we study the subjects selected—so as to bring them, as much as possible, within our peculiar province. NATURE is our delight. In no pursuit, apart from this loved mother of ours, can we take pleasure.

The subjoined are from an article entitled "The Domestic Animals of Switzerland," which is penned in an amiable spirit that *should* reach every honest heart. The writer carries out *our* views of love and affection to a nicety:—

GOATS AND CHILDREN IN SWITZERLAND.

When the cows are sent to the mountains, the inhabitants of the villages obtain their supplies of butter and milk from the GOATS. Each family generally possesses one or more of these useful animals. After they are milked in the morning, which is at the break of day, they are turned out of their dormitories; which, for cows as well as goats, are in most cases under the roof of the dwelling-house, but behind it. At the sound of the Alpine horn, of their own accord they wend their way to the main street of the village. When gathered together, seemingly by instinct, an invalid cowherd or one of their biggest boys takes charge of them, and drives them beyond the meadows, as far as the first belt of firs, where they feed during the day.

The route of this little army, amounting frequently to one or two hundred goats, of every description and color, with the tinkling of so many bells (for they are belled for the same purpose as the cows), winding their way up the mountain-side, is one of the picturesque sights of a Swiss valley. But the fun is, to watch their return as the shades of the evening close in. You will see them hastening with playful impatience, running down the mountain, each one vying with his neighbor. As they draw nigh their home, they will frisk and skirmish one another with their horns, in order to gain the front rank. At the outskirts of the village they are met by a troop of little creatures, who always sally forth to meet their bearded companions.

Children not more than three or four years old will run into the middle of the flock, and lay hold of their pets by the neck. Before they do so, however, many of them are trundled over by a

friendly push of the horn. But, in spite of this, the little bipeds will walk off victorious over their four-footed friends, and, with their arms around their necks, conduct them to their quarters for the night. Those who are domiciled at the entrance of the village, if the door is not open for their admission, will stand bleating till it is; while others set off at a canter up the various lanes and byways to the *chalêt*, where they are housed for the night. When they arrive at the door of their owner, they are generally rewarded with a handful of salt, for which the goat has an extraordinary penchant. This, together with the instinct which tells them that the time of milking is come, will probably account for their unmannerly conduct as they approach their resting-place.

We have said these animals have a peculiar longing for salt. Sometimes it happens that you meet, high up in the mountains, with a company who have fairly strayed from their owners, and have herded with the steinbocks or chamois, yet found in the higher Alps bordering on the Mer de Glace. Astonishing is the affection which these creatures manifest for the society of man. Whether it arises from the care taken of them, or from their having been made pets of by the children, I know not; but, certain it is, they will follow you for miles as you climb the mountain-pass, or pass on to the review of the most rugged and stupendous rocks. No matter your remonstrances: on they will come, with all the intrusion of another Paul Pry. Even blows are of no avail; so the best plan for the traveller is, to submit to their society at once. When they do so, they will find it of the closest description; pressing against your legs, and leaving nothing undone to attract your attention.

They seemed invariably to follow us wherever we went. When we stopped, they stopped; and whenever we proceeded, they pressed on also. Thus doing, they reminded me of a game which, when a boy, I have many a time played at, and which, I believe, is called "Follow my leader." One would have thought, in following us so closely as they did, the taste for splendid scenery had been imparted; for it mattered not—the more dangerous the place we would climb, the more readily would they follow us. It could not be that they were in search of pasture, because they had strayed from good and verdant meadows on to the barren rocks and their icy glaciers.

Probably, their wonderful predilection for salt may account for all this ostensible affection—a luxury which experience has taught them is to be found only in the society of man, and to gratify which they think no trouble too great to be incurred. Whether instinct teaches them to take it medicinally, as it is said the horse, the cow, and the sheep do, I do not know; I should, however, conceive they do, although some assert they use it as a sort of saline dram-drinking. It always delights me to reflect on the natural and feeling manner in which the Swiss treat their domestic animals: instead of the brutal kick or the stunning blow, they use nothing but kindness, of which the animal itself seems susceptible. Besides this, the gentle treatment of their animals by this primitive people, has an effect on the disposition of their children. The child who is permitted to torture a fly, will not scruple as he grows older to

torture larger things, and not to regard the feelings of his fellow-man. Whereas, if the child have instilled by its parents, feeling and consideration even for the meanest part of creation, it is not too much to expect that, as he grows up, he will be merciful and compassionate to his fellow.

What sweet, what noble, what humanising sentiments have we here! A moral lesson is presented in some half-dozen lines, that should occupy *our whole life* in working out. Is it not so?

THE LADY'S ALMANAC FOR 1854.

There are this year, as usual, hosts of competitors for public favor in the form of almanacs. Among them, the one before us is entitled to honorable mention. It is nicely illustrated, full of varied information, and has some amiable Papers descriptive of the Months. We subjoin a very fair specimen of the month of—

JANUARY.

JANUARY is the year in its infancy—huddled up and cradled in the earth for fear of the cold—beneath its coverlet of snow, like an infant, it passes the greater part of its life in sleep, and never once opens its eyes during the long dark nights that overshadow it. Sometimes the robin, leaving its footprints in the snow, will perch over the head of the new-born year, and with heaving red breast, sing to it for hours. Sometimes it may be seen holding a snowdrop in its little hand, which has been sent by some invisible messenger from the land of flowers, and on which, during the few brief intervals of sunshine, it will stare with its large round eyes in wonderment. The winds, that pipe aloud around its couch, shake the hidden buds, and they feel a stir of life beneath their brown sheaths, and know that the time is at hand when they will thrust forth their little green heads to look out upon the lengthening days, freed from their prison-house. The golden-crested wren oftentimes comes to peep at the young year while it sleeps; and the wagtail, as he marches round the unfrozen spring-head to see if he can discover an insect on the move, wonders when it will shake off its covering of snow and be strong enough to run races with the restless lambs. The titmouse pulls out the straw from under its head, as if to break its slumber.

Though the trees are naked, the ramifications of the branches are very beautiful, and no needle-work that ladies' fingers ever wrought displays such a diversity of patterns as may be traced in the projecting boughs and interlacing twigs, now seen in Nature's workmanship. Crochet and knitting, netting and embroidery, chain and loop-scroll, and star and diamond are, when you look up, seen woven upon a ground of sky, that changes every few minutes in a clear winter day, with the changing clouds. You see the great embroidery-frames of Nature, which in summer she sprigs over with leaves, and decorates with flowers; the bare warp on which she works is visible, and it is only at this season of the year that it may be seen. Sometimes long flakes of frost-work hang from the branches like veils, and through them may be discerned the green and crimson of the holly, looking

like hard round compressed rosebuds preserved in ice. The beauty of mosses are also more discernible now than at any other season of the year; and strike the eye more forcibly, through the absence of foliage and flowers—coming upon you unaware like a rustic beauty at some sudden turning of a sweet green lane, who would scarcely have attracted a passing look in the streets of a crowded city. In the classical cup-moss we trace the form of vase and urn, and all those elegant shapes which early Grecian art has rendered so famous; and all the more beautiful do these fairy chalices look, silvered over with frost-work.

Ladies will find many objects worthy of admiration during a walk in January; and nothing can be more healthy than moderate exercise on a clear, bright, frosty day, in this month. It circulates the blood, and causes the roses again to bloom on the cheeks that have paled and faded through long and close confinement in warm rooms. Look over the same landscape, which in Summer was hung with leaves, diapered with flowers, and carpeted with green, when it is covered with snow—and you will scarcely know it again: so great a change has taken place! And this, perhaps, is the work of a single night.

You arise in the morning, and look out upon a white world—upon a country that seems to have been cut out of solid marble. Everything has undergone a change; not a single thing wears the old familiar look to which the eye was so accustomed. The trees are loaded with snow, and the cottage roofs covered with it; and, in the distance, you cannot distinguish hay and corn stacks from the farm-houses under that vast mantle of monotonous white. That which was before the brown winding road, seems now united with the outspreading fields; and the hedge-rows which divided them look like piles of drifted snow. Those pleasant field-paths, along which so many wild flowers grew, are obliterated; not a trace remains of those fanciful curvings which led you on from stile to stile, and the climbing of which caused so much laughter; for they also are half-buried in the snow. You look over the wild white landscape, and feel thankful that it is so silent; that the birds, whose sweet voices enliven it in Spring and Summer, are far away in sunnier climes, instead of remaining here to perish in the knee-deep snow.

On the frosted window-pane, an imaginative mind may trace wild landscapes—mountains above and vallies below, and little cottages which the feathered snow-flakes seem to have thatched. And where it melts, there seem to be black openings through solitary forests; dens where the wolves shelter, and coverts where the fallow-deer harbour, and whose antlers no pencil ever excelled, as they seem limed in the frost-work. Great feathery pines come down, leaning every way from the snowy heights; while below there are chasms spanned by the fallen and snow-covered trunks of trees.

A NARRATIVE OF PRACTICAL EXPERIMENTS WITH THE "DOWSING FORK," &c. By F. PHIPPEN. Hardwicke.

No doubt most of our readers are aware of the great value attached by certain people

to the HAZEL, which is said to possess certain powers of indicating *precisely* where water may be obtained by digging. It also possesses the faculty of indicating where precious metals lie buried in the earth's bosom. What a "great fact" for people going to the gold regions!

This little book is very fairly put together, and deserves the attention of the curious. Knowing, as we do, much of the inherent powers of the hazel (having seen it tested on people in a state of mesmeric sleep), we think the experiments herein related are worthy of credence.

It would not be fair to copy largely from a brochure like this. We therefore append one or two recorded facts only, as a sample of the whole:—

EXPERIMENTS WITH THE "DOWSING FORK."

The following took place on the premises of Arthur Phippen, Esq., the well-known surgeon, who resides at Wedmore, near Wells, in Somersetshire. On Tuesday the 10th of September, in the present year, a person named Charles Adams was brought from Rowberrow, near Shipham, to "Dowse," for water. Adams is forty-three years of age, and has practised Dowsing since he was thirteen; in the course of which time he has been accessory to the sinking of 100 wells. To prepare for his experiment, he went to a hedge, accompanied by our correspondent, and cut from it a forked white thorn twig of this year's growth, about eighteen inches long in each stem. He then entered the garden, and walked about, with his apparatus projected in the usual way, to search for water.

He had walked but a few paces over the soil, when the fork was repelled, and the position of the spring discovered. This spring he traced west and east to a considerable distance, until he arrived over a covered well, of the existence of which he was totally ignorant; and there the instrument became so much agitated, that it required a strong pressure to keep it down. All the spectators, including a reverend divine and our correspondent, successively held one of the branches or stems, and every one was convinced, by the resistance made to his effort, that the ceremony was no delusion.

The next experiment was made in the kitchen, the floor of which is covered with stone, and under which there are no springs. In the absence of Adams, three hats were placed, crown upwards, on the floor at equal distances; and under the centre hat were placed three silver spoons. Adams was then called on to exhibit. To the two empty hats the "Dowsing Fork" was immovable; but when held over the centre hat, which covered the spoons, it was driven back towards the breast of the operator, just as when the presence of water was indicated.

There was still another experiment on the same occasion. The three hats were placed again on the floor; the first covering a small diamond pin, the second three silver spoons, and the third a gold watch, chain, and seals. The first and second hats produced a powerful effect on the "Dowsing Fork," that which covered the diamond

pin being by far the more powerful, while that which covered the watch, chain, and seals was but slight, being hardly perceptible to the different witnesses of the exhibition. Adams, who is a very sober, industrious man, can produce testimonials of his ability and success in the extraordinary process, from many persons of the highest respectability in the county of Somerset.

Who, after this, would go abroad to seek their fortune without a "Dowsing Fork?"

FERGUSON'S ILLUSTRATED SERIES OF RARE AND PRIZE POULTRY, INCLUDING ALL CLASSES OF DOMESTIC FOWL. Parts 3 and 4.

These practical Essays on Poultry are issued at 22, Southampton Street, Strand. Each part contains two colored engravings; and letter-press accompanies the illustrations.

Mr. Ferguson is alive to this age for cheapness, and has wisely published his essays at a low price. One shilling monthly places them within the reach of all classes. We greatly admire the plain-speaking that prevails throughout the work. Nothing is left vague or undefined; and all the instructions are copious and *useful*.

To prove what we say, let us give—all we have room for at present—part of the author's sensible advice, about

THE MANAGEMENT OF YOUNG CHICKENS.

When first excluded from the shell, chickens form no exception to the general rule of infantine impotency; and through extreme weakness and inability, are incapable of sustaining their heads in any direct attitude. They are, too, covered with a moisture that causes their "down" to resemble hair, which adheres closely to the skin. Their appearance is, however, somewhat strikingly different after having snuggled under the parent bird, and snoozed away a few hours' of repose beneath her protecting wings.

Care should be taken to avoid needlessly handling them, seeing that equally injurious consequences are likely to result from misapplied attention to imagined requisites, as are occasioned by actual neglect. The removal of that small horny substance from the extremity of the beak, by many practised to the present day, is perfectly useless, and in many cases injurious;—useless, on the ground of the same falling without applied means, from natural causes; and injurious, from a frequency of severe pressure occurring whilst engaged in the act. Likewise the ancient custom, but modernised by practice (I allude to the act of peppercorn or beer-sop forcing), is very absurd; no chick requires such ill-usage; and, excepting in very solitary cases, no nestling needs such stimulants so soon after his exclusion from captivity. Warmth certainly forms his natural and wholesome feast for the first twenty hours; but not that warmth arising from "force balls;" simply the animal heat from the body-pressure of the hen.

Supposing a brood of chicks to be irregular in their exclusion, arising either from the eggs having been placed under the hen, for the purposes of incubation, at irregular periods for

the fact of some being considerably staler than others, it is requisite for the safety of the entire brood to remove them as soon as hatched; otherwise, when, for the purposes of supplying nature's requirements, the hen moves off to feed, a little youngster may follow her. Should the nest be elevated, he may perhaps venture after the parent bird and make his descent; but return he cannot. He is necessarily either left to die, or the entire brood to perish. Removal, therefore, in such a case is requisite; but this should be done with great care. A small basket is very handy for this purpose; and after having been wrapped in flannel and placed therein, a position before the fire until the remainder of his brethren are in a sufficiently advanced state to receive him, is all that is necessary or desirable—at the same time no opportunity must be afforded for allowing his enemy, the cat, to obtain possession of his person).

In most cases, I much disapprove of people meddling with chicks; considering it far wiser, and much more in conformity with the regulations of nature, to allow the hen the lawful privilege of bringing off her brood as she considers best. Nevertheless, a prudent glance from time to time, to see all is right, is not amiss. The nest should be as near the ground as possible, to allow them to take flight without descent.

Another practice of common occurrence, and which proves both irritating and annoying to the hens, is the frequent changing and removal of their chicks for others not their own, whose appearances do not always engage their fancies. The hen is usually sufficiently acquainted with the characteristics of her progeny to judge and recognise her own from those of others; especially as their visible properties become developed. She observes their size and progress. Where there are, however, many others of the same age and color as one or two of her offspring, she is generally deceived. Were a hen privileged to lay and bring up her own, there is very little doubt she would become still more acute; and if matched with a bird of the same class and feather, her chicks would be more of one color; and no other would she allow in her broods to pass unnoticed, or without an effort at destruction. A few years ago, a friend possessed a black game hen (Irish black), whose incubating powers were unequalled in the annals of his poultry journal. Her instinct, too, was keen; and too acute to allow a chick of any other tint to escape her notice. Her sentence of destruction was invariably carried into execution upon every unfortunate specimen excluded, even in her own nest, whose appearance did not resemble hers in cast and color.

Upon one occasion, a few blood-wing pile eggs (game), of choice quality and strain, were incautiously deposited in her nest to make up the number of thirteen; she at once officiated as incubator with her accustomed good-humor; and remained a close and constant sitter at her post until the twenty-first day elapsed. She then again allowed her cruelty to exceed her moderation; and of the eight chickens which, by the appearance of the shells, were known to have existed, not one remained alive. Stranger still to say, two in her anger were devoured (with the

exception of the head and legs). It need scarcely be mentioned that this vixen hen was not again permitted to indulge her passions in the slaughter of her species; but was placed at the disposal of the cook without delay.

If a full and goodly brood be desired at any one time, the best method of successfully accomplishing this is to engage the services of two mature hens the same day; if one proves unfortunate, or some portion of the eggs unproductive, the produce of the two may be united; and the hen, thus robbed of her youngsters, again allowed a second charge of eggs (which, by-the-by, should be rather less in number than at her previous sitting). The success resulting from this method is most assuredly greater, and the means employed more practical, than endeavoring to make up the deficiency of a brood by forcing upon a hen chicks whose size denotes a week or two of older growth, whose appearance likewise arouses the hen's attention; and their wild cries to gain her notice are far from desirable. Whereas, the removal of the newly-hatched chicks to the desired spot, if effected after dark, leaves neither traces of annoyance to the privileged hen, who cannot have too many chicks to please her, nor to the robbed one; a sitting of eggs, if given in exchange, tranquillises her mind and satisfies her fully.

If but a day or two have elapsed since their departure from the nest, and if during this time they have been confined to their mother's tender care, her color, size, and general appearance, her tone of voice and actions, are so well known, that although, from the multiplicity of others of the same age and color, she be unable to distinguish hers, they are kept distinct by the instinctive knowledge the little youngsters themselves possess. Sometimes the solicitous mother, in her anxiety to defend her offspring from molestation, or the maltreatment of an enemy, or even from one of her own species, will rush vigorously forward, little heeding the mischief resulting from her own deeds in the trampling and scattering of those so dear to her.

We can, most of us, verify the truth of this. It is a subject we propose to allude to further hereafter. Meantime, we recommend that the composition of this work should be looked to in future numbers. The sentences are far too long, and ill constructed. Some kind literary friend should revise the MS. before going to press.

A NEW PLAN OF PUBLISHING. By ROBERT HARDWICKE.

The author of this work resides at 38, Carey Street. We record this *pro bono*.

Hitherto all authors unknown to fame have published,—and been “fleece,” of course. Now we are told they may publish, and preserve their “wool.” This is a fact which must shake Paternoster Row from one end to the other. What! an author publish, and not be brought in “a debtor!” Monstrous idea!

We are not going to unravel the thread of this apparent and really interesting mystery.

All who are concerned in the matter are referred to the "gentle shepherd" above.

The pamphlet, be it remarked, is gratuitous,—and "what is more free than a gift?"

A GUIDE TO PHOTOGRAPHY. By W. H. THORNTHWAITTE. 12mo. Horne, Thornthwaite, and Wood.

This is a very excellent practical guide to the study of Photography, now so popular. It is very copiously and neatly illustrated throughout; and it is so clearly arranged, that any person can understand it.

Directions are of course given for obtaining views, portraits, &c. These are both simple and concise. There is also a very interesting explanation of the action of light on prepared surfaces of paper, glass, and metal; and all the recent improvements are added, in the Calotype, Daguerreotype, Collodion, Albumen, and Waxed Paper processes.

Not the least interesting portion of this pretty book is that devoted to the subject of stereoscopic pictures. Its cost, we should add, is a bagatelle; and its introduction among schools and families will be general.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE. By GILBERT WHITE. Nathaniel Cooke.

What! *another* edition of Gilbert White's "Selborne?" Yes; and a most superb edition, too (within and without)—eclipsing even those beautiful editions (legion!) already extant; and issued at a price that will enable every boy and girl in England to procure it. Half-a-crown only! Half-a-guinea would be little for it. The exquisite illustrations are alone worth more than that sum. Nobody now dares own that he has not read "White's Selborne!"

We cannot, to day, as our columns are already overburdened, attempt to do justice to this book. But we will not lay it aside, even *pro tem.*, without giving part of the preface, written by the Editor (Sir William Jardine):—

There is perhaps no work of the same class that has gone through more editions than White's "Selborne." It originally appeared in 1789, four years before the author's death, in the then fashionable quarto size; an octavo edition, in two volumes, was published under the charge of Dr. Aitkin in 1802, to which various observations were added from White's journals; and a second quarto edition was again published in 1813, with notes by the Rev. John Mitford, several of which are copied into the present volume; after these, the edition projected and published by Constable in his "Miscellany" was the first to render the work better known and more popularly desired. When the disarrangement of Mr. Constable's affairs took place, and the "Miscellany" had passed into other hands, this edition assumed several forms, and was illustrated by woodcuts,

some of them engraved for it, while some were inserted that had previously been used in other works on natural history. The demand for the work, however, still continued so great, as to induce Mr. Van Voorst, and others, to speculate upon fresh reprints, some of them very beautifully illustrated; and the Rev. L. Jenyns, Mr. Bennet, and Mr. Jesse have all contributed their share to the explanation of White's letters, and have been assisted by some of the first men of the day, in regard to such subjects as did not so immediately form a portion of their own studies; and we owe to Messrs. Bell and Owen, Yarrel and Herbert, many useful and instructive notes.

The call now for another edition of "The Natural History of Selborne," after so much has been illustrated and written about it, shows the continued estimation in which the work is held, and the confidence of the publishers in its value. What is the cause of this run after the correspondence of a country clergyman? Just that it is the simple recording of valuable facts as they were really seen or learned, without embellishment, except as received from truth, and without allowing the imagination to ramble and assume conclusions the exactness of which it had not proved. He at the same time kept steadily in view the moral obligations upon himself as a man and a minister, to benefit his fellow-creatures by impressing upon them the beneficence of the Creator, as exemplified in His works; and the contentment and cheerfulness of spirit which their study, under proper restrictions, imparts to the mind. And of this man we have handed down scarcely any biographical recollections, except what can be gathered from a short sketch by his brother, or that may be interspersed among his letters; and these are very few, as he was not given to write of himself or his private affairs. Gilbert White, at one time the recluse and almost obscure vicar of Selborne, had no biographer to record all the little outs and ins of his quiet career; he was not thought of until his letters pointed him out as a man of observation; and it is only since they have been edited and re-edited, that every source has been ransacked, with the hope of finding some memoranda of the worthy vicar and naturalist.

The sketch which his brother John appended to the octavo edition of his works in 1802, is the only memorial of his life; and as it is authentic, and very short, it is best to print it as it was originally published. The same modest and retired habits never tempted him, so far as is known, to sit for any likeness; and no portrait or profile remains to recall the features of one whose writings have been so much and so widely read.

"Gilbert White was the eldest son of John White of Selborne, Esq., and of Anne, the daughter of Thomas Holt, rector of Streatham, in Surrey. He was born at Selborne, on July 18th, 1720; and received his school education at Basingstoke, under the Rev. Thomas Warton, vicar of that place, and father of those two distinguished literary characters, Dr. Joseph Warton, master of Winchester School; and Mr. Thomas Warton, poetry-professor at Oxford. He was admitted at Oriel College, Oxford, in December, 1739; and took his degree of Bachelor of Arts in June, 1743. In March, 1744, he was elected

Fellow of his College. He became Master of Arts in October, 1746, and was admitted as one of the senior Proctors of the University in April, 1752. Being of an unambitious temper, and strongly attached to the charms of rural scenery, he early fixed his residence in his native village, where he spent the greater part of his life in literary occupations, and especially in the study of nature. This he followed with a patient assiduity, and a mind ever open to the lessons of piety and benevolence, which such a study is so well calculated to afford. Though several occasions offered of settling upon a college living, he could never persuade himself to quit the beloved spot, which was indeed a peculiarly happy situation for an observer. He was much esteemed by a select society of intelligent and worthy friends, to whom he paid occasional visits. Thus his days passed tranquil and serene, with scarcely any other vicissitudes than those of the seasons, till they closed at a mature age, on June 26th, 1793." And thus he was born, lived, and died in his native parish and village, respected by those around him; contented in his own mind, and endeavoring to fulfil his various duties as a clergyman and member of society. A gravestone, as unobtrusive as his life, marks upon the turf of the churchyard the place of his interment.

GLENNY'S GARDEN ALMANAC FOR 1854.
Cox, King Street.

The name of GEORGE GLENNY and a flower-garden are synonymous. Mr. Glenny is a practical man, and goes to the *root* of his subject. Hence the value of his observations.

Let us illustrate what we say by appending his admirable

HINTS FOR LADY GARDENERS.

Ladies, who are fond of plants and flowers, must take a few hints and treasure them in the memory, for they know they every now and then find a plant sickly, and often dead. The causes are various.

Too much water keeps the roots always cold; colder than the atmosphere, and the plant gets chilled. Also, where saucers are used, and the water is allowed to remain in the bottom, no air can get to the roots, and they perish with rot.

Too little water only goes part of the way down the ball of earth, and all below it continues dry, and perishes for want of moisture. The natural consequence is, that, as the plant only has the support of the upper fibres, it becomes starved, and, after a vain struggle, dies.

Now it is necessary to moisten the whole ball of earth alike, whenever water is given. Therefore, when you apply it, see that it runs through the bottom into the saucer, and pour it from that (as often as any comes through), till it is quite dry, and do not water again till the soil is nearly dry again. But it is possible to water until it runs through at the bottom; *and yet not moisten the earth.* When the soil dries, it shrinks and leaves the side of the pot, thus making a vacancy. Apply the water, without pressing down the earth, to it close to the side, and it will run through fast without sinking into the soil at all. Therefore,

before watering, always press the earth close to the side of the pot (if it be not so already) all the way round; in order that the water, when applied, may only escape by going through the entire soil.

The difference between winter and summer—cold weather and hot—dictates no difference in the quantity of water to give at each watering; but, in winter time, it is possible that watering once in two or three weeks may be often enough, while in summer time, once a day may be hardly sufficient. There is but one way to water things properly, and that is, to be guided by the state of the soil. It may be dry on the top before it wants water; but it ought not to be dry half-an-inch below. And it would be well to look over the plants daily in summer, though they will not require so frequent an inspection in winter. Another point is worth attention; water should be given of the same temperature as the atmosphere in which the plants are growing. In summer time, it is highly improper to use well-water—it is many degrees colder than the atmosphere; and if there be none but well-water, let it stand in the open air a day,—or rather keep a tub, or open pond, always supplied, to water from.

Air is essential to plants, and no opportunity of giving them all you can, on all favorable days, should be omitted. In winter time, when they are in the house, the windows should be opened as much as possible, when the weather is short of frost. Light, too, is necessary; and when plants have only a front light, they should be constantly turned, otherwise they will grow one-sided. This especially applies to plants in the windows of dwelling-houses. We are too apt to put the best side to the light, and so make the opposite still worse. The rule for shifting plants from one sized pot to another, should be the roots reaching the side, beginning to cross each other, and form a surface of fibres next the pot. Now and then the ball of earth should be turned out and examined. By turning the plant downwards, and tapping the edge of the pot on any steady substance, the ball will come out. Therefore, one of the hands should cover as much of the surface as possible. Putting the fingers on each side of the stem, the ball then comes into the hand without difficulty or force. Heavy pots cannot be managed by ladies; but a man-servant can get the ball of earth out in a lady's presence, and replace it, or put it in a larger one. If it be a geranium, it may be sunk lower in the new pot; but if a heath, or any other hard-wooded plant, it must not be potted a shade lower.

The soil (which is frequently bad and fatal to plants in the hands of private people,) should be light and rich. The use of common garden mould, or any that first comes to hand, has caused thousands of deaths. Generally it is sour and clammy, and especially when taken from London gardens. Where there are but a few plants, it is better to buy two or three barrows' full at a nursery, ready for use; but if there be many, get half a load of loam, a quarter of a load of peat turf, a quarter of a load of well decomposed dung (from an old melon or cucumber bed). Let a laboring-man mix them together; chopping the peat turf to make it go through a coarse cinder-sieve. When thoroughly mixed, keep it together for use. There

is not a plant but will grow in this compost; although, if we were growing heaths and hard-wooded plants, we should mix it with half its bulk more of peat sifted, for the plants will grow still better.

Pruning of plants (as some call the regulation of the shoots) should be confined to the stopping, or taking the ends off, of shoots inclined to grow too long for the rest of the plant, or to push out on one side. In small plants, the pinching off the ends of shoots causes other shoots to come, and makes the plants bushy. In fact, the plant can be grown any shape or form by encouraging growth where you want it, and cutting or pinching back the shoots where you wish to get rid of it. The time to prune a plant into a good shape is, directly it has done blooming and before it begins its new growth, because the new growth is where the bloom for the next year comes, in epacrises, camellias, acacias, hoveas, chorozemas, and many other plants. Geraniums are exceptions to general rules, for they are always growing, and those who wish to get them bushy must keep on pinching the ends off the shoots as soon as they are two inches long, until Christmas time, and some may be continued till March. They may then be allowed to go up to bloom, when there will be a truss or bunch at the end of each shoot.

These general hints will save the life of many a favorite plant.

The book is so full of useful instruction, that we shall no doubt often have to recur to it. Meantime, we subjoin the needful operations for the season:—

GENERAL REMARKS—JANUARY.

Hedges.—Cut, trim, and mend; box edgings make; plant trees, shrubs, make gravel walks.

Draining.—Do this in the winter months.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.—JANUARY.

Bulbs.—Lose no time in planting; they ought to be in.

Tulips.—Protect carefully from frost and wind.

Auriculas.—Cleanse from dead leaves; give air, and seldom water; they must not be kept damp.

Carnations and *Picotees* in Pots.—Keep dry and give air.

Pinks and *Heartsease* in Beds.—Cover with litter; in frames, give air, and water seldom; dampness is death.

Hyacinths in Beds.—Cover with mats or litter.

Ranunculuses and *Anemones*.—Protect from frost.

Beds for Show Ranunculuses.—Throw out the soil.

Plants under Glass.—Protect from frost, and seldom water.

Manure.—Collect neats' dung, turves to rot, sand, clean loam, peat, horse and sheep droppings, leaves to rot, &c.

Pots of Cuttings and Pans of Seedlings.—Protect.

Dahlias.—Examine; pot any that are in danger.

Plant all kinds of ornamental shrubs, and hardy flowers.

Many flowers and plants may be forced by placing them first in a green-house, and from that

into a slight hot-bed, or into the stove, if there be one; the changes must not be sudden.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.—JANUARY.

Peas.—Sow early peas in rows a yard apart.

Cabbage.—Dig up vacant spaces and plant out cabbage.

Beans.—Autumn-sown beans for planting out, protect.

Asparagus may be formed in a common hot-bed.

Cauliflower Plants.—Protect from frost and wet; give air.

Lettuces and *Salads* must be kept comparatively dry.

Winter Crops.—Hoe between the rows; earth up the stems.

Celery.—Earth up, and in hard frosts protect with litter.

Small Salads, Radishes, &c.—Sow in hot-beds, or under glass.

Cucumbers and *Melons* may be begun now, if not before.

Rhubarb or *Seakale*.—Force, with hot stable dung.

Fennel, Mint, &c.—Pot up and put into moderate heat.

THE FRUIT GARDEN—JANUARY.

Prune and nail; plant trees; destroy insects.

BOYS AND THEIR RULERS; OR, WHAT WE DO AT SCHOOL. Nathaniel Cooke.

All of us know something of "*Hic, hæc, hoc*." Let us inquire further about it, by all means; for it is dear to each one of our active memories. Genitive *hujus*, too, comes in "nicely" in the detail; and reminds us of scenes o'er which we love to ruminatè.

This is a delightful Christmas book; equally interesting to boys and masters. It is full of fun—natural, not forced; and the illustrative scenes and sketches of the boys,—their doings and their misdoings, draw forth peals of laughter. They are capital.

It would be cruel in us to say more about this book. It ought to find an immediate place on the family table.

FLOWERS OF THE GARDEN OF KNOWLEDGE, —PRINCE ARTHUR'S ALPHABET. Cooke.

This is the *third* book we are called upon to notice to-day, from the establishment of Mr. Nathaniel Cooke. We would say a word or two here about the philanthropy of that gentleman. It hardly needs be remarked, that Mr. Cooke is,—or was, joint-proprietor with Mr. Ingram in that grand national periodical, the *Illustrated London News*. He has amassed a fortune therefrom. Long may he live to enjoy it!

But how does he spend that fortune? It deserves to be chronicled. He is producing, week after week, books of intense interest to the million; and issuing them in a style and at a cost perfectly incomprehensible.

Profit to himself—*if any*, must be *very* remote; whilst the immediate benefit derivable from his exertions by the reading public is immense. If Mr. Cooke be not a philanthropist, in the true meaning of the word, then do we err exceedingly in judgment. The Paternoster-Row publishers cannot—do not attempt to—compete with him. He leaves them far, very far, behind. They grumble, of course. What of that?

Of the book before us, we need say little. "There is no royal road to learning," we admit; but an incitement to learning like this,—rendered so enchanting to the eye by its numerous well-executed illustrations, and so interesting to the mind by its pleasing style of composition—*wins a child's heart at once*.

Books got out in this style (and at a mere nominal expense), go far towards "forming" the mind even of an infant. The eye is at once captivated by copies of birds, animals, insects, &c., and the attention thus arrested, progresses healthily. We repeat it,—this Alphabet is a nursery gem; and all parents should procure it for their children's library.

Mr. Cooke has "oceans" more of these labors of love in hand. We shall glory in introducing them, one by one, as they see the light.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANAC, for 1854. Published at 198, Strand.

This Almanac fully sustains its high character of former years. Indeed, the wood-engravings of the Months are even better than ever. The information is very varied; and the getting-up every way worthy of the establishment whence it is issued. The astronomical department, in particular, deserves mention. It is full of interest.

MUSIC.

DAVIDSON'S MUSICAL TREASURY. Peter's Hill, Doctors' Commons.

We have received from Mr. Davidson such a multitude of songs, waltzes, quadrilles, ballads, and polkas, that to enumerate them would be impossible.

A happy idea was it, to christen this issue a "treasury." Let us add the word "inexhaustible" to it, and some notion may be formed of its value and extent. And what is the cost of each of these really beautiful, popular, and admirably-composed pieces of music? In most cases, threepence; in a few cases, sixpence; and in rare cases, one shilling. Really, society owes Mr. Davidson a weight of gratitude that they will not find it easy to repay.

Already are these polkas, quadrilles, &c., in the hands of our fair friends, who are practising them early and late—to be ready

for Christmas. Loud, even now, are they in their songs of mirth; and they promise us "such a treat!"

What with the Edinburgh Quadrille, the Dublin Quadrille, and the Zurich Waltz; that sweet ballad, "The Voice and the Flower," together with others too numerous to name,—this number of OUR JOURNAL promises to be "musical" indeed!

Well; let us hope that there will be no "discordant notes" amongst us,—then will three hearty cheers be raised for "Davidson's Musical Treasury!"

HAIL! PRINCE ALBERT. W. Sprague, 7, Finsbury Pavement.

This is an ode in honor of Her Majesty the Queen, H.R.H. Prince Albert, and the Royal Family, written and arranged by James Turner. It is a most loyal effusion. The words are full of feeling, and the music is admirably adapted to give them the most powerful effect.

This ode, well played and efficiently sung, will be listened to with great delight.

SOON I SHALL HEAR MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

Soon I shall hear my mother's voice!

Yes,—she will come to me,
And bid my weary heart rejoice,
With its soft melody!

My lips are pale to-day, I know,
My voice, perhaps, is weak—
Consumption, with its hectic glow,
Is mantled on my cheek.

But tell her not the pain I feel,
Let not our fears be known;
And when I meet her I'll conceal
The grief I dare not own.

I'll check the anguish of my heart,
The tear that dims mine eye;
The sigh that tells her we must part,—
That one so loved must die!

I'll talk to her of those we love,
Perchance 'twill soothe my pain;
I'll calmly lead her thoughts above;
Yes, and I'll smile again!

And when she hears, with anguish wild,
No power on earth can save;
Death will not spare her fairest child,—
Her darling, from the grave,

I'll tell her of a happy land,
Where tears for ever cease;
Of Saints that form a holy band,
And all is joy and peace.

I'll lead her to a little spot,
Beneath the tall yew tree,
A home the proud man envieth not,—
There my last rest shall be.

And when this weary scene is o'er,
Of sorrow, grief, and pain;
We'll meet upon a happier shore,
AND NEVER PART AGAIN!

A SONG TO THE SEASON.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

If life be ever pleasant,
 'Tis in merry hours like this ;
 When the wine is old and sound,
 And the laugh is running round ;
 When each maiden mouth discloses
 Buds of pearl in beds of roses—
 Roses that we fain would kiss.

If life be ever gloomy,
 'Tis as when we, long ago,
 Saw the friend we loved so well
 Swiftly borne to debtor's cell ;
 And not one of us could lend him
 Gold or silver or befriend him ;
 Scarce had time to soothe his woe.

Ah ! Life has many changes,
 Sunny seasons, winter rains ;
 So let's pluck the summer flower,
 Bravely front the frowning hour,—
Cherish all who'd fain befriend us,
 Whether good or ill attend us,
 Long as life remains !

WEDNESDAY-EVENING CONCERTS.

WE are glad to find that public taste inclines kindly towards these entertainments. The concert given on Dec. 7th was very numerous attended, and went off with considerable *eclat*. The audience were evidently "fond" of music.

The excellence of the programme satisfactorily accounted for the attraction. It was another "Night with Mendelssohn." The two great features of the former selection—the pianoforte concerto, No. 1, and the symphony in A major—were retained; the overture and the vocal music were changed. The whole was admirably performed, and enthusiastically received.

The selection of vocal music was particularly interesting. Two of the "Six Songs, Op. 57"—"Of all the pretty darlings in the world," and "What means this strong emotion?"—were respectively sung, and well sung, by our old friend Miss Poole, and Miss Fanny Ternan. The graceful ballad called "The Garland" was given, with much taste, by Mr. Perren. The Savoy ballad, "With my mandoline"—so quaint and full of character—was entrusted to Miss Poole. We hardly need say she did it ample justice.

Nor must we omit to speak of the beautiful duet, as beautifully sung by the lovely JOSEPHINE BROUGHAM and her equally lovely sister ELISABETH. We mean the duet, "I would that my love could silently flow." It was listened to with delight, and received with rapturous applause. It well deserved it. These young ladies have such a pure taste, and sing so very sweetly together, that it is really a treat to hear them warble. We are

such advocates for natural simplicity that we must be excused if we speak pointedly when we have occasion to do so—alas, how seldom!

The second part, which began with the overture to *Semiramide*, and ended with a march from *La Donna del Lago*, also included the Polacca from Spohr's opera of *Faust*, which was played with great spirit by the band. Among a multitude of minor things, we can only mention that Madame Amedei (the new *contralto* with the beautiful voice) confirmed her previous success, by her really clever singing in the grand recitative and *aria* of Arsace, "Eccomì alfine" (*Semiramide*); that Miss Thirlwall made a further advance in public opinion by her execution of Rode's air; that Mr. Chipp (of Her Majesty's private band), produced a legitimate effect in a *fantasia* on the violoncello, composed and executed by himself; and that a new and clever song, entitled "The Hound and the Horn," by Mr. Lovell Phillips (a composition of decided merit), was sung by Mr. Weiss and most favorably received.

The hall, as we have before said, was crowded; and the concert went off with unflagging spirit.

WHAT DO WE LIVE FOR?

THERE is nothing created but what is destined to perform some part in the great work of creation. No man nor woman was ever born to do nothing. No flower that blooms, nor star that decks the Heavens, was simply made to be of no utility, or to hide away itself from the face of Nature, but rather destined to perform some particular work.

The great end of life is "happiness;" for all nature converges to this point—happiness based upon the moral and intellectual powers of men; not the mere selfish pleasure of life. Life hath something more for its object than the mere heaping together of gold. We live; but it should be to promote the well-being of our fellow-man, to enrich his mind with knowledge, to lead his wavering footsteps to the shrine of wisdom, and there to fraternise with his fellow-men in searching after the elixir of life—true happiness.

We live; but it is not for selfishness. It is not to persecute and to wrong, but to shield and to protect. It is not to spread misery and to foster vice; but to cherish virtue, and to stem the impetuous torrent of human degradation. It is not for sowing the seeds of discord, and nourishing the germs of chicanery; but for unity of action, and succoring honesty and truth. Thus alone can we arrive at perfection.

Teach every man that he has a great duty to perform, and life has some charm for him. It is no longer the wearisome, dull, and monotonous thing that Mawworms would make us believe it is. No! a brighter world opens before him, replete with loveliness. Oh, how great a pleasure it is to live only for the purpose of doing good to mankind! To love,—and *be* loved!

THE EXPANSIVE HEART.

THE HEART—the heart! oh! let it be
 A true and bounteous thing;
 As kindly warm, as nobly free
 As eagle's nestling wing.
 Oh! keep it not like miser's gold,
 Shut in from all beside;
 But let its precious stores unfold,
 In mercy far and wide.
 The heart—the heart that's truly blest
 Is never all its own;
 No ray of glory lights the breast
 That beats for self alone.

The heart—the heart! oh! let it spare
 A sigh for others' pain;
 The breath that soothes a brother's care
 Is never spent in vain.
 And though it throb at gentlest touch,
 Or sorrow's faintest call,
 'Twere better it should ache too much,
 Than never ache at all.
 The heart—the heart that's truly blest
 Is never all its own;
 No ray of glory lights the breast
 That beats for self alone.

MISTAKEN CHARITY.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO BEGGARS.

THE WORLD IS FULL of strange characters. Some think,—some pretend to think; and others never think at all. They interpret everything they see literally; and seem to imagine "all is for the best." These curious, silly people, do not injure themselves only; it is society that suffers from their thoughtless acts.

Elsewhere (see article entitled "Little Things"), we have hinted at certain sturdy beggars,—their wives, and children,—who go about soliciting alms to the perfect terror of respectable housekeepers. Since our remarks have been in type, one of our contemporaries (*The Times*), has taken notice of the same subject; and shown the impropriety, as well as folly, of relieving mendicants. So pertinent are the observations of the writer, that we shall embody in our columns some of the evils to which he justly directs attention. At *this* season, they demand all the attention we can give them.

Let us begin, by earnestly imploring all benevolent persons, of either sex (old or young), to take into their serious consideration the consequences of indiscriminate almsgiving to those pitiable objects who are to be met with at every turn in the streets of London. The adult portion of them are impostors almost to a man or woman. The case of the wretched, dwarfed children, who are turned adrift upon the pavement, stands upon a different foundation; but let the humane and charitable bear in mind that, in point of fact, *the indiscriminate almsgiver*

is the cornerstone of that nefarious system which results in the despatch of these little unfortunates on their daily quest. We do not say that with regard to them the fountains of charity should be dried up; but simply that the stream should run in a different channel from heretofore.

See yonder tiny bundles of rags, with dirty feet protruded, covered with filth and chilblains. These pale-faced little creatures—for they are in very truth human beings—heirs of immortality—have lain crouching here under the rails of St. Martin's through the long hours of fog and frost. It gives a sharp pinch to the heart of any man of ordinary humanity to pass them by, and leave so much real misery unassuaged. But mark the consequences of giving! *It is just because alms are bestowed upon them, that these little children are sent out day after day, and placed at their post as sentinels of misery.* They derive no benefit from the little hoard of coppers which they may in the course of the day have collected. The money will be spent at night by their parents, or owners, in guzzling and gin. To be sure, a lucky quest may secure them immunity from stripes for that day only; but to-morrow, they must resume their watch; and should the result be different, the heavy hand of brutality will be stretched out upon them as soon as they have sneaked back to the garret or cellar which is their home.

When the abominable trade of child-exposure is starved out, there will be an end of the practice,—and not till then. The pence of the indiscriminately benevolent constitute the fund which maintains the system. The ladies and gentlemen who comfort themselves with the fag-end of the old sophism, that "it is better to be imposed on for once, than to harden one's heart for ever," are the real patrons of the dealers in beggar-children. The poor little things are sacrificed for the luxury of a sentiment!

Now, are we not justified in turning round upon these gentlemen with their plush phylacteries,—for surely the Pharisee must have had a stripe of warmer material for winter wear—and in saying, "If your charity could carry you thus far, why not a little further? Why not meditate a little on the consequences of your acts? If it should give you a little more trouble to do real good than evil under the semblance of good, surely this should be no consideration with people who are actuated by such noble sentiments." The answer, no doubt, will be in the form of a question,—*"What are we to do?"* The nearest policeman and the nearest police-court will soon solve the difficulty.

The lady or gentleman who would be at the pains of following out one of these distressing cases, would render more service to

the objects of their compassion than by converting a fortune into pence, and sowing the pence broadcast into the furrows of iniquity. If present help must be given, be not ashamed to conduct the little shivering creatures to the door of the nearest baker or pastrycook. Give them a penny roll, give them a bun; give them anything, so that you stand by yourselves and see it actually swallowed. The children will get well thrashed when they get back; but blows fall lighter upon a full, than upon an empty stomach. *Banish all thought of furnishing them with an article of clothing*; before six hours are over, that would be merely converted by the proprietors of the children into hot gin-and-water and tobacco.

We have taken first the case of the children; for they are entitled not only to our deepest pity and sympathy, but to our active assistance. It is quite otherwise with the adult and sturdy beggars of either sex. Londoners—and ye visitors to London, have no faith in those lean, sallow faces; in those seeming deformities; in those artistically-withered arms; in those naked feet; in that mendicant whine; in those looks of theatrical agony. It is the vile and loathsome trade of many thousand persons within the limits of the metropolis, to practise these appeals upon the sympathy of the credulous.

The "profession" is followed *secundum artem*. The rogues are trained to it in their academies, as young persons are prepared for the stage. The shipwrecked sailor, who could not navigate Puddle Dock with success; the Houndsditch vagabond, who has walked all the way up from Carlisle in search of work; the soldier, ignorant of the mysteries of the goose-step; the swarthy and turbaned Lazarus, who speaks the Hindustani language in such wise as to necessitate the hypothesis of constant communication between Delhi and Kilkenny,—beware of them!

Then, there are others, of a gregarious nature. A disconsolate, lantern-jawed man, is presumed to be the head of a family "in reduced circumstances;" most commonly he parades his misery without any musical efforts. By his side, there walks a thin small, and disconsolate matron; as far advanced in pregnancy *as a pillow can make her!* She wears an old black silk bonnet, which the most slovenly charwoman in London has rejected as unfit for further purposes of coquetry; and plays the flageolet or fiddle, or any unexpected instrument. Her apron is clean, to symbolise the past respectability of the family. A numerous flock has crowned the hopes of the parents. Seven, eight, or nine children attend them; independently of the babe *obligato* carried by the mother, and tortured occasionally into screams by "secret arrangements."

The identity between the sizes of three or four of the children would seem to imply that the phenomenon of double twins, or sets of twins, at a birth, is not so uncommon as has been generally supposed. Such is one of the most ordinary forms which a begging party will assume; and to this one, for sheer want of space, we must confine our illustration. If such misery were real, it would be terrible indeed; but we have the most perfect knowledge that the whole thing is a mere spectacle to impose upon the unwary; and that the seeming father and mother are wretches and vagabonds well known to the police.

Can any one suppose, for a moment, that in bestowing alms upon such persons, he is really performing a charitable work? No! People give promiscuous alms, just to satisfy their consciences. If otherwise, it is perhaps to get rid of a nuisance. We will not tarry to inquire further, from what motive they give. They *do* give; and thereby inflict a serious injury on society.

The little vagabonds, full of vermin, and half eaten up with dirt, that haunt the street-crossings in Portland-place, &c., are a public nuisance. They get a nice living from the young ladies of the neighborhood during the day; and at night they rob every unsuspecting person of something of value. Girls and boys,—both are alike. The policemen never interfere with them. There would appear to be a very "good understanding" between all parties.

That this is so, no person will contradict. Ought it to continue?

I SAID;—YOU VOWED.

I TOLD you roses ne'er would wed
Their bloom to wintry air;
But then you pressed my lips and said,
The rose you loved bloomed *there!*
I said the wintry day was bare,
The sun far out of view;
You smiled, and vowed my golden hair
Was sun-light unto you!

I said the woods no more rejoice
With notes more sweet than words;
But, oh, you whispered then, my voice
Was sweeter than the birds.
And still whatever charm I named
That lends to Spring delight,
You for your own lov'd maiden claim'd,
And lived but in her sight!

Blow, chilling winds of winter, blow!
Whilst love the heart illumines,—
Life's roses still exist 'mid snow,
And spring eternal blooms!
Roll, heavy clouds of winter, roll!
Love, from the dark, hath thrown
A sun-light over heart and soul
More bright than Heaven's own!

CHARLES SWAIN.

THOUGHTS FOR THE SEASON.

CHRISTMAS, AND THE NEW YEAR.

"Christmas comes but once a year,
So let it come cheerily;
Every face in smiles appear,
Not an hour pass wearily!"

THERE is something in the institution, 'the time, the attributes, and the accompaniments of Christmas, which renders it perfectly delightful. The event which it commemorates is the greatest, and the most fraught with advantage to mankind, in the whole annals of the race. Independent of its religious and eternal importance, it is a palpable truth that the institution of Christmas, the event of which it is the anniversary, was the real birth-day of science, of art—as useful to man, and of that reciprocity of advantage between nation and nation, which may be said to give man the whole earth and sea as a heritage, in the exact proportion as he is cultivated in his mind, and diligent and moral in his conduct.

Christmas falls at the most gloomy period of the departing year; when the winter has nearly taken the maximum of its effect, and when the return of the sun from the southern tropic, which is to bring us the buds, the blooms, the beauty, and the plenty of a new year, has barely begun, and is not palpable to common observation. The suspension of labor, the full enjoyment of every innocent sport, the copious festivity, and the general amenity of manners—by means of which restraint is taken off, and virtue led jocundly off in the silken cords of hearty, happy, and harmless glee—make this particular period no inconsiderable reward for twelve months of toil.

The emblems, too, which are displayed in all English houses, great and small, and which extend from the cottages of the poor to the places of devotion—all are characteristic of hope or of happiness. The evergreen boughs are types of immortality, far more strong and direct than the more gaudy and perishing flowers of the summer; while the gloss and lustre of the holly berries, with the laurel, bring to one's recollection the crowns and chaplets with which it was customary to adorn the brows of genius, before the invention of the printing-press enabled the labors of the mind to find a more lasting or more valuable memorial, in every house and on every memory.

TRUE CHARITY.

THE poor only, can really feel for the poor. They alone know each other's sufferings. They alone know each others' need of sympathy and kindness. People may talk as they will of the charity of the rich; but this is as nothing compared with the charity of the poor. They heave immense loads of suffering from off each other, which the distant help of the rich could never reach.

In seasons of privation, of sickness, of inclemency, and of distress, the poor are each others' comforters and supporters, to an extent, among better circles, never dreamt of. Contented to toil on from day to day, and from year to year, for a scanty and meagre pittance, they have yet wherewithal to spare when a brother is in want

or in distress. Nor is there ever wanting some friendly hand to smooth the pillow, and do all those little kind offices which make sickness tolerable.

The women are in this respect especially devoted and untiring. They make sacrifices, and run risks; and bear privations, and exercise patience and kindness—to a degree that the world never knows of, and would scarcely believe even if it *did* know. Aye! even these "lower orders" and "vulgar people" have a rough goodness of heart about them, which has often made us feel proud that we belonged to the same nature. They often display a philanthropy which would do honor to the best and noblest of our species.

MY LITTLE SUNBEAM.

"Despise not the day of small things."

Never saw my "little" sunbeam? Indeed! Well; she was a little creature who passed my window each day, on her way to school, and who made my acquaintance, child-fashion, with a smile. Perhaps none but myself would have called her pretty; but her eyes were full of love, and her voice of music. Every day she laid a little bunch of violets on my window. You might have thought it a trifling gift, but it was much to me; for, after my little sunbeam had vanished, I closed my eyes, and the fragrance of those tiny flowers carried me back, oh, whither! They told of a fragrant, shadowy wood; of a rippling brook; of a bird's song; of whispered leaf-music; of a mossy seat; of dark, sunlit eyes; of a voice sweet and low, and thrilling; of a vow that was never broken till death chilled the lips that made it. God shield my little sunbeam! May she find more roses than thorns in her earthly pathway!—*From FANNY FERN'S PORTFOLIO (of—course).*

"READ—MARK—LEARN!"

The same care and toil that will raise a dish of peas out of season, would give bread to a whole family for six long months.

"HOME, SWEET HOME!"

Home's not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and gilded;
Home is where Affection calls—
Filled with shrines the Heart hath builded.
Home!—go watch the faithful dove
Sailing 'neath the Heaven above us,—
Home is where there's one to love;
Home is where there's one to love us!

Home's not merely roof and room,
It needs something to endear it;
Home is where the heart can bloom,
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it!
What is home with none to meet,
None to welcome, none to greet us?
Home is sweet—and only sweet—
WHERE THERE'S ONE WE LOVE TO MEET US!

C. SWAIN.

OUR MIRROR OF THE MONTHS.

JANUARY.

'Tis now the fowls of Heaven,
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them.

COWPER.

Close behind the woodman's heel
His dog creeps slow; and now with many a frisk,
Wide scamp'ring, snatches up the drifted snow
With iv'ry teeth; or ploughs it with his snout—
Then shakes his powder'd coat, and barks for joy.



APPY,—TRULY HAPPY, OUGHT
EVERYBODY TO BE IN THE
MONTH OF JANUARY. Cold
without, and cheerless, yet is
it a month of universal rejoicing
within; and beginning as it
does a New Year, it affords us
all noble opportunities for doing

good on a large scale. If we were "good"
last year, let us be "better" this. There is
plenty of room for improvement in us ALL.
An honorable strife lies before us.

We always rejoice in the month of January,
because it brings before us so much of the
better part of human nature. Our boys and
our girls will not let us be stiff, formal, polite,
and "fashionable"—now. They cannot un-
derstand these things in the Christmas
holidays. They must enjoy themselves
in sight-seeing, sliding, skating, romping,
running, and playing. This last pastime
includes all we could say, were we to talk
for a month. And how we papas and mammas
do enter into the little pleasures of our
juveniles! Do we not feel ourselves young
again for their sakes, and dance away with
them till we are fairly out of breath? Of
course we do! and thus bid defiance to all
the prudes and withered parchment in the
kingdom.

And is there nothing else that we do
to make ourselves agreeable, and to keep up
the "good old customs?" Oh,—yes! If
the boys romp, and the girls romp, we must
romp too. If sly, arch-looking faces, will
contrive mysteriously to lead us under a
certain tempting bough, of course we will
pay and receive tribute,—joyfully. Our age
confers on us immense privileges in this way.
We are looked upon as "lawful" sport, and
there is positively no end of the sweet
benedictions showered upon us. Well; do
we not love it to be so? Most assuredly!

We need not enter minutely into the
sayings and doings peculiar to this month of
merry-making. The happy, innocent faces
that meet us at every turn, tell us plainly
that the great secret of happiness is known
to one and all. Care flits from every brow.
The present moment seems to be alone
thought of, and family circles unite in love
and harmony. This is what we rejoice in

beholding. We only regret that such things
should be ephemeral. However, we will not
debate about that now. Exhibitions of all
kinds are in active request by day, and
merry parties are in vogue when darkness
covers the earth. Of these fire-side delights
we need *say* nothing. If we see one, we see
all. Nature is now holding her court; and
where *she* is, all must be concord and amity.
Long may she reign! Twelfth-night is at
hand, too! What doings we shall all have!

It is our wont, as well as our delight, to
chat monthly about what is doing *out-of-*
doors. This, however, would be *mal-à-propos*,
we fear, at the present time. Few will
believe that there can be anything now to
admire in the fields, or any inducement to
wander forth for a bracing walk. We cannot
agree with those who thus think; but we
can make every allowance for them. People
living in towns and cities are so used to good
fires, and are so little accustomed to range
abroad in the country, that habit confirms
their prejudices. We, however, who live in
the country, see charms in it at all times;
and a walk is to us, even when the weather
is most intensely cold, a real treat.

Who suffers most in the matter of health
and sickness,—the man who lives in town,
or the man who lives in the country (we
mean during the season of winter)? Ask
our medical men. If they speak truth, they
will tell you there is no comparison between
the two cases. The one is continually
ailing; suffering from cold, &c.,—the other
is ever on the alert, healthy, *hungry*,—jolly.
Exercise and fresh-air are a positive terror
to our medical men. They want delicate
patients. Londoners, however, care little
for air and exercise; and consequently are
for ever on the sick list. Thus doth medicine
form a principal part of their diet.

It would be vain for us to comment on
the various maladies that are about to visit
us,—colds, coughs, catarrhs, bronchitis, &c.,
&c. At least one half of these are brought
on by our own imprudence. "Fashion" will
have her own way in dictating articles of
apparel, and our fashionable women will
continue to do as they ever have done.
Hence is their punishment just. We really
have no pity for them. But we must away.
Judging from the aspect of the weather,
whilst we write, we may anticipate frost,
snow, and a severe winter. We shall gladly
bid them all welcome. We really require
an old-fashioned winter, to regenerate the
earth. The very thought of snow makes
one feel poetical; and as for hoar frost,—

What dream of beauty ever equall'd *this*?
What bands of fairy-land have sallied forth,
With all the foliage of the abundant North,
With imagery from the realms of bliss!
What visions of our boyhood do we miss

That here are not restor'd? All splendors pure,
 All loveliness, all graces that allure—
 Shapes that amaze—a paradise that is,
 Yet was not, will not in few moments be.
 Glory from nakedness, that playfully
 Mimics, with passing life, each summer boon:
 Clothing the ground, replenishing the tree;
 Weaving arch, bower, and radiant festoon,
 Still as a dream, and like a dream to flee.

Then there are our little pensioners, the
 birds, to be kind to in our walks; and other
 little charitable acts to be performed before
 we return,—these, and we know not how
 many other pleasing occupations, make the
 days pass away so delightfully that Spring
 has arrived almost ere Winter has departed.

We repeat it,—January is a cheerful and
 delightful month for all who have hearts to
 enjoy it, and the disposition to do good.
 We shall set a fair example in this matter.
 Let us hope it will be generally followed,—

For, as the light
 Not only serves to show, but renders us
 Mutually profitable; so our lives,
 In acts exemplary, not only win
 Ourselves good names, but do to others give
 Matter for virtuous deeds, by which we live.

FORGET THEE!—NEVER!!

“Forget thee!”—If to dream by night, and muse
 on thee by day;
 If all the worship deep and wild a poet's heart
 can pay,
 If prayers in absence, breathed for thee to
 Heaven's protecting power,
 If winged thoughts that flit to thee, a thousand
 in an hour,
 If busy Fancy blending thee with all my future
 lot,
 If this thou call'st “forgetting,” thou indeed shalt
 be forgot!

“Forget thee!”—Bid the forest birds forget their
 sweetest tune,
 “Forget thee!”—Bid the sea forget to swell
 beneath the moon;
 Bid the thirsty flowers forget to drink the eve's
 refreshing dew;
 Thyself forget thine “own dear land” and its
 “mountains wild and blue;”
 Forget each old familiar face, each long-remem-
 bered spot:
 When these things are forgot by thee, *then* thou
 shalt be forgot!

Keep, if thou wilt, thy maiden peace still calm
 and fancy free;
 For God forbid thy gladsome heart should grow
 less glad for me;
 Yet, while that heart is still unwon, Oh! bid not
 mine to rove,
 But let it muse its humble faith and uncomplaining
 love:
 If these preserved for patient years at last avail
 me not,
 Forget me, then;—but ne'er believe that THOU
 canst be forgot!

NATURE'S GIFT TO MAN AND BEAST.

THE FOLLOWING, translated from the
 German, will bear reading more than once,
 twice, or thrice:—

When the world was created—and all
 creatures assembled to have their lifetime
 appointed, the ass first advanced, and asked
 how long he would have to live. “Thirty
 years,” replied Nature; “will that be agree-
 able to thee?” “Alas!” answered the ass,
 “it is a long while! Remember what a
 wearisome existence will be mine; from
 morning until night I shall have to bear
 heavy burdens, dragging corn sacks to the
 mill, that others may eat bread; while I shall
 have no encouragement, nor be refreshed by
 anything but blows and kicks. Give me but
 a portion of that time, I pray!” Nature was
 moved with compassion, and presented but
 eighteen years.

The ass went away comforted, and the dog
 came forward. “How long dost thou require
 to live?” asked Nature. “Thirty years were
 too many for the ass, but wilt thou be con-
 tented with them?” “Is it thy will that
 it should?” replied the dog. “Think how
 much I shall have to run about; my feet will
 not last for so long a time; and when I shall
 have lost my voice for barking, and my
 teeth for biting, what else shall I be fit for
 but to lie in a corner and growl?” Nature
 thought he was right, and gave him twelve
 years.

The ape appeared. “Thou wilt, doubtless,
 willingly live the thirty years,” said Nature;
 “thou wilt not have to labor as the ass and
 the dog. Life will be pleasant to thee.”
 “Ah, no!” cried he, “so it may seem to
 others, but it will not be! Should puddings
 ever rain down, I shall have no spoon! I
 shall play merry tricks, and excite laughter
 by my grimaces, and then be rewarded with
 a sour apple.” (How often sorrow lies con-
 cealed behind a jest!) “I shall not be able to
 endure for thirty years.” Nature was
 gracious, and he received but ten.

At last came Man, healthy and strong, and
 asked the measure of his days. “Will thirty
 years content thee?” “How short a time!”
 exclaimed Man. “When I shall have built
 my house, and kindled a fire on my own
 hearth; when the trees I shall have planted
 are about to bloom and bear fruit; when life
 will seem to me most desirable, I shall die!
 O Nature, grant me a longer period!” “Thou
 shalt have the eighteen years of the ass be-
 side.” “That is not yet enough,” replied
 Man. “Take likewise the twelve years of the
 dog.” “It is not yet sufficient,” reiterated Man,
 “give me more!” “I give thee, then, the
 ten years of the ape; in vain wilt thou crave
 more!” Man departed unsatisfied. Thus
 Man lives seventy years. The first thirty

are his human years, and pass swiftly by. He is then healthy and happy—he labors cheerfully and rejoices in his existence. The eighteen years of the ass come next, and burden upon burden is heaped upon him; he carries the corn that is to feed others; blows and kicks are the wages of his faithful service. The twelve years of the dog follow, and he loses his teeth, and lies in a corner and growls. When these are gone, the ape's ten years form the conclusion. Then Man—weak and silly, becomes the sport of children!

PROLIFIC POWERS OF VEGETATION.

If we cast our eyes on the surface of the earth, we shall be convinced of the prolific powers of vegetables, and of the lower order of animals, with relation to those of a higher class. One single plant of elecampane shall frequently produce, in one season, three thousand seeds; the poppy, three thousand four hundred; the sun-flower, four thousand; and the tobacco plant has been known to bring to maturity forty thousand three hundred and twenty seeds.

The astonishing power with which God has endued the vegetable creation to multiply its different species, is more especially manifested in the elm. It is stated by Dr. Clark, that this tree produces upwards of one thousand five hundred millions of seeds, and each of these seeds has the power of producing the same number. How astonishing is this produce! At first one seed is deposited in the earth; from this one a tree springs, which, in the course of its vegetative life, produces one thousand five hundred and eighty-four millions of seeds—this is the first generation.

The second generation will amount to two trillions, five hundred and ten thousand and fifty-six millions. The third generation will amount to fourteen thousand six hundred and fifty-eight quadrillions, seven hundred and twenty-seven thousand and forty trillions! And the fourth generation from these would amount to fifty-one sextillions, four hundred and eighty-one thousand three hundred and eighty-one quintillions, one hundred and twenty-three thousand one hundred and thirty six-quadrillions!—sums too immense for the human mind to conceive. And when we allow the most confined space in which a tree can grow, it appears—that the seeds of the third generation, from one elm, would be many myriads of times more than sufficient to stock the whole superficies of all the planets in the solar system!

If it were not therefore for the destruction which vegetables sustain by the various animals to which they afford nourishment, and to whose use they subserve,—not only the bosom, but the surface of the earth would form a vast animated column.

THE TRUE LADDER OF KNOWLEDGE.

THOUGH there were many giants of old, in physics and philosophy, yet I say, with Didacus Stella: "A dwarf, standing on the shoulders of a giant, may see further than the giant himself."
—BURTON.

LIFE, A VAPOR.

WHERE are the modest violets gone,
That grew so faintly sweet;
And, as the Queen of May passed on,
Were strew'd beneath her feet?
Maiden! Spring not long can stay;
Violets must fade away.

Where are the flowers I loved the best,
The glowing roses—say!
That decked the village maiden's breast,
And peasant's hat so gay?
Youth! the Summer months must fly,
And the brilliant roses die.

Then lead me to the streamlet's brink—
In murmurs soft and low,
It bids the thirsty blossoms drink
That on the margin grow.

The sun was fierce—the wind was high—
The streamlet's pebbled bed is dry.

Show me the bower I loved of old,
To rest in, unperceived,
Where tales of simple love were told—
By simple hearts believed.

The leaves are gone—the flowers are dead—
The cool and fragrant shade has fled.

The gentle maid, who, when she met
My gaze, her eyes ne'er raised,
But on the timid violet
(Her own sweet emblem) gazed—
Beauty withers; and the maid
Like the leaves and flowers, must fade.

But where is he who passed his hours
Lost in a pleasing dream?
Who sang the shepherdess—the flowers—
The arbour—and the stream?
Fancy flies—life soon is o'er—
The Youthful Poet is no more!

THE HUMAN FRAME.

THE number of hinge and other joints in the human frame is nearly one hundred and fifty; and we see the wisdom of the Great Creator displayed in this structure and connexion of the bones. What if the point of the knee could move in every direction with that of the shoulder? Do we not see that when we walked, the legs would have dangled about strangely, instead of moving backwards and forwards in one direction only? And is it not plain that we never could have stood firmly on the ground?

In like manner, how very inconvenient it would have been to have our finger-joints move one way as well as another! On the contrary, how confined and cramped would have been the motion of the arm, if the shoulder had been like the knee, and had only permitted the arm to swing backwards and forwards, without our being able to carry it outward from the body!

The builders of machines have sometimes made joints in their machinery very much like the shoulder-joint; but it is doubtful whether they ever could have contrived such, if they had not first looked at the bones of a man, or some other animal; for other animals have these various sorts of joints, adapted to their peculiar wants, as well as Man.

AFFLICTION—HOPE—RESIGNATION.

BY HELEN HETHERINGTON.

SHE had known better days. Fortune had smil'd
At her approach, and strew'd her path with
flow'rs.

Wealth, too, had welcomed her; and Affluence,
With that kind smile that cheers the saddest soul,
Had given her its blessing! But, alas!
These joys were gone; and she had stood alone,
A weary mourner o'er the fatal wreck,
Had not her noble spirit braved the storm,—
Breasted the billows, raised her gentle voice,
And claim'd that mercy from the hand of Time
Which Heaven administers to those who weep.
She spurn'd the tempter; heeded not the voice
That in the darkest hour of misery
Bade her "curse God and die."

Sweetly she smiled,
And murmur'd not at Fate's decree; for Hope
Had shed its lustre on the path of Life,
Smooth'd the rough track, and led her gently on
To bear affliction's scourge, to "hear the rod,"—
Meekly submitting to the will of God.
Love, too, had cheer'd her heart. Within her
breast

Existed joys that neither pain nor care,
Grief, anguish, wretchedness, torture, nor woe,—
Could ever teach her to forget.

The merry, sportive glance of her bright eye
Had mellow'd to a look of calm, serene,
And holy resignation. But her lips
Still breathed a blessing!

HABITS OF THE ANT.

A GREAT DEAL has been said about the
Ant laying up provision for winter, and there
are many who deny the received opinion that
they are thus provident. The late Mr.
Kirby thus remarks upon the subject:—

Till the manners of exotic ants are more
accurately explored, it would be rash to
affirm that no ants have magazines of pro-
visions; for although during the cold of our
winters in this country they remain in a state
of torpidity, and have no need of food; yet,
in warmer regions, during the rainy season,
when they are probably confined to their
nests, a store of provisions may be necessary
for them.

Even in northern climates, against wet
seasons they may provide in this way for
their sustenance, and that of the young
brood, which, as Mr. Smeathman observes,
are very voracious, and cannot bear to be
long deprived of their food; else why do
ants carry worms, living insects, and many
other such things into their nests? Solo-
mon's lesson to the sluggard has been gene-
rally adduced as a strong confirmation of
the ancient opinion. It can, however, only
relate to the species of a warm climate, the
habits of which, as I have just observed, are
probably different from those of a cold one;

so that his words, as commonly interpreted,
may be perfectly correct and consistent with
nature, and yet not be at all applicable to
the species that are indigenous to Europe.

But I think if Solomon's words are pro-
perly considered, it will be found that this
interpretation has been "fathered" upon them
rather than fairly deduced from them. He
does not affirm that the ant, which he pro-
poses to his sluggard as an example, laid up
in her magazine stores of *grain*—"Go to the
ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and
be wise; which having neither captain, over-
seer, nor ruler, prepareth her meat in the
summer, and gathereth her food in the
harvest." These words may very well be
interpreted simply to mean that the ant, with
commendable prudence and foresight, makes
use of the proper season to collect a *supply
of provisions sufficient for her purposes*.
There is not a word in them implying that
she stores up grain or other provision. She
prepares her bread, and gathers her food—
namely, such food as is suited to her in
summer and harvest—that is, when it is most
plentiful—and thus shows her wisdom and
prudence, by using the advantages offered to
her.

The words, thus interpreted—which they
may be, without any violence—will apply to
our European species, as well as to those
which are not indigenous.

Here is sense enough, we imagine, to quiet
all cavillers, who labor so hard to prove
Nature *unnatural*.

NATURE'S PROVISIONFOR THE SUPPORT OF
VEGETABLE LIFE.

All who love to trace the more minute
works of the Almighty will read the sub-
joined remarks, by a correspondent to an
Albany paper, with delight.

Whoever, says the writer, may have occa-
sion to wander out amongst the numerous
sphagnous swamps that diversify the sandy
plains in the neighborhood of our city, almost
at any time during the month of June—will
not fail to have his attention directed to some
singularly-beautiful clusters of reddish purple
flowers, each one nodding on a solitary foot-
stalk, that ascends from a whorl of far more
singularly-constituted leaves.

These flowers are large in size, with the
petals greatly incurved; while the pale yellow
stigma which occupies the centre expands in
such a manner as effectually to conceal the
more important organs of fructification from
the sight. The leaves, when mature, are of
a fine green color; more or less stained with
purple, and beautifully veined with tint of a
much deeper hue. In form and general ap-
pearance, they have a striking resemblance

to some of the antique lamps, so often met with in the collections of the curious. The cavity, or reservoir, as it has aptly been termed, which occupies the centre of the leaf, is at all times partially filled with water, originating from the dews or rains. Into these, numerous species of coleoptera and other insects venture, and are not unfrequently found drowned. They have met their death in pursuit of a saccharine concretion that copiously exudes from their internal surfaces.

By this beautiful provision of nature, these plants are not only abundantly supplied with moisture when the excessive heats of summer are likely to prevail for any length of time, and create unusual drought—but they are likewise thus furnished with the usual amount of animal food which they may necessarily require for their sustenance.

The manner in which these insects are imprisoned is curious. Immediately below the throat of these cavities, for the space of nearly an inch, the surface is highly polished; while the lower part of the tube is covered with rigid hairs, all pointing downward. When an insect, in the first instance attracted by the secretion of the plant, or perhaps even by the water—descends (as it can easily do along the declining pubescens), it appears incapable of again ascending by its feet alone; and can escape only by a flight so perpendicular as to surpass the power of most insects. Whenever they touch the bristly sides of the tube, they are precipitated again to the bottom, and have to renew their efforts; and many of them, even of the largest size, perish in this arduous and hopeless struggle.

This is "one" only of many millions of wonders, which await the eye of a curious observer and student of Nature. Let us begin the NEW YEAR with new energies, and search out more of these marvels.

NOTES ON OUR "NOBLE" BIRDS.

AN EAGLE, although he may have been trained for a long time, and with great care, for the purpose of hunting, is just as likely to swoop at and kill his master's dogs, or even to attack a man himself, as to fly at any game. In this he differs from the falcons; that is, those of the hawk tribe, who are called "noble falcons" in contradistinction to those termed "ignoble."

The Iceland, the Greenland, the peregrin, and the merlin also, are all "noble falcons." The latter, formerly in high repute for the chase, is now so seldom seen in this country, either alive or dead, that little is known as to his merits; but the other noble hawks that I have enumerated are all of a most kindly and tractable disposition; and possess

that great courage which gives them the full confidence in man which is necessary for their education. These birds have also great aptitude to receive instruction; their habits are social; and before they have been long in confinement they become perfectly contented with their lot.

When out in the field, a trained hawk is in no way flurried or alarmed by the movement of men or dogs, but sits looking, when unhooded, with calm confidence on all that is going on around him; and, although his fine dark eye evinces neither fear nor disquietude, not the smallest bird can pass without his immediately descrying it, and intently watching it until it is lost in the distance—and great must that distance be which conceals any bird from the falcon's eye! I have often, says St. John, in his Scotch Tour, fired my gun off at a bird with a hooded hawk sitting on one arm, without his evincing the least fear or uneasiness; as great a proof of his courage as need be required. In fact, a hawk, like a dog, soon learns to look upon her master as her best friend.

SELF-DENYING CHARITY.

THERE is a great talk in the world about Charity; but it is (most of it) ostentatious charity. The right hand and the left hand know all about it. Let us hear what FIELDING says touching the matter:—

"There is one degree of charity which has a singular species of merit; and that is where, from a principle of benevolence and Christian love, we bestow on one another *what we really want ourselves*; where, in order to lessen the distresses of another, we condescend to share some of them by giving what even our own necessities cannot well spare.

"This is truly meritorious. But to relieve our brethren only with our superfluities—to be charitable rather at the expense of our coffers than ourselves—to save several families from misery, rather than hang upon an extraordinary picture in our houses, or gratify any other idle ridiculous vanity—this seems to be only being human creatures. Nay, it is in some degree being epicures; for what could the greatest epicure wish, rather than to eat with many mouths instead of one? This may be predicated of any one that knows that the bread of many is owing to his own largesses."

If FIELDING were living now, how very much shocked he would be at the modern view of Charity! Our English adage,—"*Charity begins 'at home,'*" would make "each particular hair on his head to stand on end!"

THE GOLDEN SUN.

A blessed thing the golden sun,
Who kisseth morning dews away;
And blessed things the dews that run
O'er bud and blade at close of day,
To give them bloom and bid them be
Fair gems in Nature's treasury.

PHRENOLOGY FOR THE MILLION.

No. L.—PHYSIOLOGY OF THE BRAIN.

BY J. F. GALL, M.D.

(Continued from Page 293.)

WE SPOKE, IN OUR LAST, OF THE IMPORTANT obligation laid upon us to *prevent* crimes. Let us pursue the subject, and now discourse of

HOUSES OF CORRECTION AND PRISONS.

There are some organisations so defective, and some combinations of circumstances so unfortunate, that it is absolutely impossible to prevent all crimes, even the most atrocious. We can only hope, whatever means we may employ, to diminish the number of malefactors.

We have seen that the want of instruction, ignorance of moral and religious precepts, of the laws of duties toward men and toward God, are some of the principal sources of the criminal aberrations of men. We must then supply from without, what is wanting to these individuals on the part of internal organisation and education. It is necessary, in the first place, that prisons should become houses of correction. The treatment which has been used in prisons toward criminals, and which still continues the same in many places, would entirely defeat the end of all correction.

Ordinary criminals, even when their crimes were different, were commonly collected in large numbers. We have, in fact, often seen individuals merely arraigned for trial, mingled with prisoners already condemned. In certain places all were idle; ordinarily, they are occupied in labor, sometimes too easy, sometimes too difficult, often filthy and noxious, and almost always unprofitable. They avail themselves of every moment when they can escape notice, to recount to one another their adventures—each one finding great satisfaction in making known to others his own performances; and in this manner, as the prisoners themselves say, the prisons are like schools, in which all kinds of villainies are taught. The corruption of the new comer, especially when, from natural propensity, he finds pleasure in this species of instruction, is soon accomplished. He soon habituates himself to living in intimacy with the refuse of men. All shame, all horror of crime and of criminals, disappears; they become acquainted, make friends of each other, and concert joint plans for the future. Hardly are any set at liberty, when they seek to unite, to resume, with more audacity, their former mode of life. There remains, in fact, to those who leave the prison, no other course to pursue. They are sent out without money, and without being assigned any determinate occupation. In some countries, they are not even under the immediate watch of the police; many, besides, are banished; and it follows that the neighboring states are infested with banditti. It seems to me, that this last species of punishment ought, at most, to be admissible only for political offences. Is the individual subjected to the punishment of branding? he is then publicly disgraced. What will become of him? Who will work with him? Who will employ him? Not only are all these punishments without any real object, but they oblige these wretches to de-

vote themselves to crime, on pain of starving to death. Branding can serve no other purpose, than to betray those malefactors who fall again into crime, and who have escaped from the prisons to which they had been condemned for life.

The prison is not always the kind of punishment which suits the character of the criminal and his peculiar propensities to evil. The society they enjoy renders their lives less miserable. If they are ill-fed, they are at least secured from all the wants common to this class of men; they are clothed and preserved from the injuries of the air. We have even seen some who procured their own arrest, in order to find a refuge in the prison. Men and women are often left together; whence it happens that, in the prisons themselves, their numbers are multiplied. Sometimes the prisoners are permitted to have their children with them. On the other hand, the punishments in prisons are often heavier than the law prescribes; especially when the buildings are dirty, or placed in a damp soil, or constructed with stones, which attract and transmit the humidity of the atmosphere. Hence arises the so general alteration of the fluids and the solids; hence emanate tumors, glandular and cutaneous affections, pneumonia, blindness, &c. If the food is bad, and consists principally in dry pulse, this regimen is followed by dysenteries, which soon become mortal. When the punishment of a criminal is limited to a detention for a stated time, it would be in accordance with the spirit of the sentence, to inflict the punishment so as not to destroy the individual's health. Ill-constructed and badly-organised prisons injure the social state in many respects, and the prisoners who are accustomed to inaction, or to such labors as spinning wool, or sawing dye-woods, which will not answer for them when placed at liberty, often remain a long time without resource. It is not surprising, then, that we find the prisons generally peopled with persons who return to them the second and even the tenth time.

This faithful picture of places of confinement shows the urgent necessity of combining in them all the institutions, proper to furnish to those who have been seduced, and those naturally wicked, all sorts of means to induce them to act conformably to social order, and their own good.

These principles were not new at the time of the first impression of my work; and fortunately they are still less so at this moment. Men had long since insisted on the instruction of the ignorant, on the reform of the erring, on the amelioration of criminals, and the extirpation of vices. But these rules have not been very generally executed. It is at Philadelphia that they have been put in practice for the first time. The happy effects, which resulted hence, have encouraged other humane governments to imitate the example. Several States, besides prisons, have established houses of reformation and correction; where instruction is the principal object, and where they habituate the inmates to constant toil and an honest trade. On the other hand, punishment is no longer the only object in prisons; there is also regard had to the moral correction. There are daily given to the prisoners, lessons in reading, writing, calculation, morals, and religion. It is

also sought to direct their attention to the duties of the citizen, and to the mutual relations of social life. Those who know no trade, are compelled to learn one; and those who conduct in the best manner, serve afterwards as masters and overseers. Those who know a trade, practise it. We may consider a prison, conducted in this way, as a manufactory. The labor of the prisoners provides abundantly for the maintenance of the house; and by giving them better food, it follows that scarce six in a hundred are incapable of working. Hence is avoided that kind of injustice, which arises from feeding the disturbers of the public peace at the expense of society. What each individual gains above the sum prescribed, is placed in reserve; part is given to his family, if in want, or it is given to the prisoner himself at his departure, that he may not be obliged to commit any excesses while waiting for work.

In such establishments, the principle is duly regarded that food and drink have great influence on the actions of men. It is therefore attempted, by wholesome and simple diet, and by the absence of inebriating liquors, to calm the effervescence of the passions. The efficacy of all these measures, and of the employment of the noblest motives, is made manifest by a comparison of the recommitments which take place in the common prisons, and those which occur in these establishments. In the first, it is calculated that among the prisoners, there are at least one half, if not three fourths, who are there for the second time; in the second, on the contrary, of an hundred who are set at liberty, scarce two again return.

Though constant experience has taught, that such treatment is no less profitable to the state, than to the unhappy criminal, yet I have heard the remark made by some, that the only obligation of the state toward such beings was to punish them, and that, as for education and instruction, it was for them to provide for it.

"But these are precisely the men," said the generous monarch of Bavaria to us, "who have the greatest need of assistance of this kind. How, in fact, can we exact social virtues from persons who are absolutely ignorant what relations exist between their own private interests and those of society, and who are besides a prey to the violence of their own gross passions? Besides, no crime is ever committed without the life of innocent men, or their property, being the sacrifice." Let us then do that for society, which we will not do for the criminal. It will only be, when we have united to punishment the care of instructing the mind and forming the heart, that we shall be able to satisfy ourselves, that, in conformity to the law which directs us to prevent crimes, we have done for these wretches, and for the state, all that is recommended by experience, the laws of man's organisation, and the knowledge of his wants. So long as we are contented with forbidding and with punishing, we hold out an inducement to obedience, it is true; but this inducement acts only so long as the punishment appears certain. By enlightening the mind, on the contrary, by abundantly supplying it with the noblest motives drawn from morality and religion, means are given him, the force of which is never lost. Man then learns to recognise witnesses of his actions, from whose vigilance he cannot escape. Let us

never lose sight of the fact, that of two objects, man does not, without motive, choose one in preference to the other, and that the perfection of the will consists in the knowledge of the goodness and excellence of the motives.

The benefits produced for some years by the Royal Society for the Amelioration of Prisons, founded in 1819, under the ministry of the Duke of Decazes, are too striking and too well known, to make it necessary for me to dilate upon this generous enterprise. Let my readers examine the statistics, the various reports made by Counts Dru, de la Borde, &c.

Unhappily, all these generous efforts will fail of entire success, so long as criminal legislation continues to condemn to the *collar* (carcan) and to branding, for crimes which are judged insufficient to deserve perpetual imprisonment.

Of Repentance, or of the Conscience of Malefactors.

It is commonly imagined, that malefactors, who are condemned only to imprisonment of greater or less duration, end with repentance—finally resolving to renounce their evil habits and return to good behavior. Nay, more; the hope is cherished, that those condemned to perpetual imprisonment, to hard labor for life, to the punishment of death, will make a sincere confession of all their crimes and all their accomplices, and in their effort to obtain pardon, at least in the other world, will be tormented by the stings of conscience and will experience sincere repentance.

But experience, in this respect, gives a very different result. I do not deny that some criminals experience sincere repentance: there are some who have been drawn into crime by want of reflection, by an unfortunate fit of passion, by poverty and want, by seduction, and other very pressing external circumstances. If, for instance, a dishonored and abandoned mother, in an instant of wild despair, lays a trembling hand on her child, and deprives it of life—its innocent blood will always be present to her eyes, and will poison every moment of her existence. When once the fatal concurrence of circumstances has passed, the milder feelings within will again be awakened. There then appears a total contradiction between the natural sentiments and the act committed; and this contradiction is what constitutes repentance, or the *natural* conscience. We saw a man at Spandau, who had killed his wife in a violent fit of anger: this man was so unhappy, that he eagerly demanded death, to be delivered from the insupportable burden of his remorse. Charles Benzel, born of good parents and with an internal disposition to piety, had been well educated; accordingly, he was the only one of all the band of Schinderhannes who repented of his conduct.

But he who is drawn into crime by internal propensity, will rarely experience natural repentance. In such a man, the inclinations which lead to evil are predominant—if the expression may be used, they compose his proper character; consequently, all the acts which emanate from him are in harmony with his whole being, and the tranquillity of his soul is rarely disturbed by them. This depraved view of man may naturally displease some of those persons, whose dreams are

only of the dignity of the human species. But, examine the usurer, the libertine, the villain, and you will see that each of them is happy, only in proportion as he satisfies his desires. It is in vain that the cheated orphan, that betrayed and abandoned innocence, often console themselves with the idea—that such a villain will one day feel repentance for his criminal actions. I have, from my youth, made the sad and alarming observation, that the most perverse men grow proud of their talents for deceiving and abusing, and that they always dwell with a sentiment of delight on the striking traits of their disorderly course. Go into the prisons; place yourself in the midst of the prisoners; avoid the appearance of a public functionary, lest you be mocked with pretended repentance; inspire these men with frankness and confidence; with what internal satisfaction, with what joy and pride in wickedness, will the distinguished criminals recount to you their crimes, without forgetting the most insignificant details, and the particular mode they adopted in committing them! If, at any time, one of them gives himself the trouble to speak on the subject with pretended horror, there will generally escape a malignant smile, which betrays his hypocrisy. Most of them employ their wit in uttering the gayest sallies on the most atrocious actions; and frequently, at the moment you shudder with horror, they burst into a laugh. Reckon up in the prisons how many have been remanded, and you will be easily convinced how few have repented.

Finally, examine all the remarkable criminals in state trials, judicial proceedings; follow them to the scaffold; with what obstinacy do some deny the most evident facts! with what surprising audacity do they insult the witnesses who accuse them! with what unblushing sincerity, and scrupulous exactness, do others recount a series of horrible crimes! A soldier had committed robbery in twenty churches. They led him to the scaffold, where he still expected to receive pardon. But in place of showing any repentance, he said to auditor Weldermann, at Vienna, "I see there is no more to be done here; I must try to go elsewhere." At Vienna, one Z—— murdered his mistress, in order to rob her of three hundred florins: he then cut up the body, in order to pack it more conveniently in a box. Instead of being troubled by this crime, he goes to a ball, there passes the night, spends all his money, and gives himself up to all the excesses of brutal enjoyment. M. Bruggmanns, professor at Leyden, showed us the skull of the chief of a band of Dutch robbers. This man had thrown several people into the canals, solely to see them struggle against death. "What can they do to me," said he at his trial, "am I not an honest man?" A girl who had aided her mother to kill her father, did not testify the least repentance; when they reproached her with the crime, she shrugged her shoulders and smiled. Schinderhannes, and Heckmann, his accomplice, derived great pleasure in recounting their crimes; their eyes sparkled during the recital. All the accessory circumstances, which seemed to them proper to convey a great idea of them, gave them great satisfaction.

Rossignol used to boast of his barbarity. "Look at this arm!" said he; "well, it has cut the throats of sixty-three priests at the Carnes de

Paris!" Repeatedly escaping from prison, he re-commenced, and, like all those who are born for wickedness, repeated his robberies, his cruelties, and the most revolting gluttony. Gobrino Fondulo invited Charles Cavalcato, the head of his family, to come to his country-house with nine or ten of his relations; he had them all murdered at a banquet. After this barbarous execution, becoming master of the government of the city, he there practised all sorts of cruelties, until Philip Visconti, Duke of Milan, ordered him to be beheaded. His confessor vainly exhorted him to repent of his crimes; he fiercely answered, that he had but one thing to repent of, namely, that he had not hurled from the top of the tower of Cremona, (one of the highest in Europe,) Pope John XXIII., and the Emperor Sigismund, when they had the curiosity to ascend it with him. Read the biographies of the tyrants who have desolated the earth, who have spilled torrents of blood; read the history of all the famous wretches, of the incendiaries, of the most atrocious robbers, and see if you can find one who ever abandoned crime before justice overtook him. There have even been some who, at the moment of their execution, in reviewing all the enjoyments with which they had satiated themselves, boasted that none equalled those which cruelty had caused them. But let us terminate these examples, which are revolting to humanity! All judicial proceedings justify my observation,—that a hardened criminal is rarely accessible to remorse and repentance.

This observation is even confirmed in criminals of an inferior order, whenever, through an unhappy but decided organisation, they have been powerfully urged to debauchery, fraud, theft, &c. I have never seen such a voluptuary, to whatever excess he may have carried his indulgence—such a villain, however unhappy he may have rendered numerous families—I have never seen a determined robber, &c., renounce, by sincere repentance, the horrors of his life; but I have seen many, who, being convinced of the abominable character of their habits, and feeling the impossibility of controlling them, have begged, as a favor, that they should be restrained from having it in their power to give themselves up thenceforth to their destructive propensities.

THOUGHTS ON A DEAD ROSE.

NAY—do not touch that faded flower,
Albeit both scent and hue have flown;
For it may still retain a power
Some gentle heart may joy to own:
Hidden beneath each withered leaf,
A chastening spell, to memory dear,
May yield that burthened heart relief
When Hope itself is sere!

There let it lie, 'mid records sweet,
By feeling prompted, genius graced,
Type of their fate, memorial meet
Of "young affections run to waste!"
Left on their stem—(how fugitive!)
Those cherished leaves had soon been shed;
But thus embalmed, will seem to live
Till Memory's self be dead!

AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF A DOG,—No. XX.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

(Continued from Page 298.)

I PROMISED, my dear friend, in my last, to recur to the adventures of Bombyx and myself with the worthy rural policeman; and to recount the principal scenes which led, eventually, to his complete discomfiture. The policeman was evidently very annoyed at the result of his application to the municipal tribunal; and, accordingly, made up his mind to be revenged one way or the other. War, *à l'outrance*, was the order of the day.

Before proceeding further, I must give you a little insight into the relative position of our residence, and that of a few contiguous houses. The back part of our house was on the high road; and the entire premises were enclosed within a high wall. Near the back gates, were the stabling, &c. The front gates were on a corner angle of the high road. At a considerable distance from the back gates, was the residence of "David le Dinde" (the farmer), and his sweet wife "la Nannetta," *sans oublier ses Mignons de jolis enfans*.

At about ten minutes' walk from our house, was a dirty, low "pinte," kept by a certain R—, one of the worst revolutionary Radicals you could well imagine—a scoundrel who, for a few "batzen," would undertake any job that presented itself. This horrid den was the *rendezvous* of all the thieves and vagabonds of Cour, who assembled there to concoct revolutionary plans, to concert robberies, discuss politics, and drink oceans of cheap wine. These all served to inflame their vile passions. This nest of horrors was the pest of Cour; and mine host was the prince of these demons; and being a great friend of the worthy policeman, and as great an enemy to Bombyx (whom these worthies honored with the name of "Ristou"), he readily entered into his friend's plan of revenging himself on us.

There were, also, in immediate proximity to this "pinte," a number of *Vieilles Baraques*, inhabited by the friends and customers of R—, all equally respectable with himself. However, on the opposite side of the road to our house, was the cottage of an old farmer, to whom I have already alluded (Père H.), and his Bernese domestic, la Catharina. Now, Bombyx and Père H. were always on good terms, and many and frequent were the kindly offices that passed between them. This old farmer was, at various times of the night, on the move to catch a glimpse over his premises, which had several times been robbed; and he would often make his tour well armed; and in case of need, would doubtless know how to make use of his arms. To use his own expression as nearly as may be, he would tell Bombyx—*Ch'ai soufent caché moimême terrière un arpre et ch'ai fu te bien troles te choses*; and a bottle of old "rozzo" would put Bombyx in possession of these *troles te choses*.

Besides this, Bombyx and Père H., *avec la Catherina et sa petite chivra*, were really very good friends: and now to my story.

One winter evening, about eight o'clock, when Bombyx was just going to supper (and luckily "Père H." was doing the same thing), a violent ring at the bell was heard; and the Vau-

dois servant, François (mentioned in a former number, when I gave an account of the grand Review), went out to the gate, accompanied by myself and my brother, as usual. We saw nobody in the shape of a human being; but a voice familiar to us all (which came from just round the corner), said,—that its possessor wished to speak a word to François. Not suspecting anything, he went towards the party, and was immediately knocked down and violently beaten by several of these rascals. Of course, I immediately seized one of them; but was stabbed by another cowardly villain (straight down the left fore-leg) with a sharp but thin stiletto. This put me, for a little while, *hors de combat*. The cries of "*au secours*," were at length heard; when Bombyx and his sons rushed down, well armed with double-barrelled pistols and guns. But the wretches were off,—pursued, however, by Carlo, who luckily escaped unhurt. The monsters, no doubt, were too much occupied with their own safety to think of destroying him. The servant was brought in, and a medical friend instantly sent for. Upon recovering himself a little, he declared that he perfectly recognised two of his assailants.

Most fortunately (as I have already said), Père H. and "la Catharina" were about going to supper; but seeing an unusual number of people sauntering about under Bombyx's back windows, Père H. had the good tact to slip out of his cottage by the back-door, came down unperceived close under a wall, and there recognised the whole lot. He was accompanied also by his "Catharina," who also knew most of them. They *saw* one of them ring Bombyx's bell; but, thinking it was only a foolish lark or a run-away ring, they returned in-doors. However, on hearing the row, and cries of "*au secours*," they came out again *instantanément*, just in time to see the rascals in the act of bolting.

Upon this information, obtained from Père H. and "la Catharina," Bombyx went up the next morning to the *Juge de Paix*, and got a separate warrant against each individual; charging them all, separately and collectively, with the injury done to myself, and the murderous assault on the servant. My friend, the *Juge de Paix*, however, happened to be just upon the eve of a new election, and wanted the votes of these Radicals. He therefore put off sending these warrants; hoping the election would be over, before he need offend the "gentlemen." Bombyx remonstrated with him on his tardiness; but to no effect. He then went to the British Ambassador; and the result was, that the warrants were issued the next morning; and these gentry, who had made sure that nobody could have seen them, and that François alone could recognise, and bear witness against them, were so astonished at finding every one of the actors in the plot named, that they were nearly petrified.

It must be evident, then, that they were known; and equally evident that the consequences would be most serious, as they got scent of the fact of Bombyx having requested the British Ambassador to stir up the spirit of the *Juge de Paix*. They thought it better at once to cry *Peccavi*; and depute one of their party to come forward and confess the whole business, apologising and trust-

ing to Bombyx's good-humor. Now as times go, Mr. Editor, Bombyx is not ill-tempered; but he could not maintain his position and make himself respected if he accepted a simple apology in this business. So, after a meeting with their spokesman R— (the worthy "Pinte Proprietor,") he declined having anything more to do in the matter, save through the medium of the *Juge de Paix*, who must do his duty, letting justice in this case take its natural course.

They had reckoned on their numbers and votes, and the votes of their friends. Bombyx relied upon the simple fact of the villainous assault upon his servant and myself, together with his two witnesses, and the pretty general admission of the rascals themselves. Finding it no go, and that Bombyx would have nothing to do with their apology, they became as *furiosus* as maniacs, and held their nightly meetings at the "Pinte," where future operations were discussed and arranged. Bombyx also took the precaution of requesting Jean to sleep every night at his house.

Somehow or other, Jean had got a kind of clue to another concoction of these worthies; and he determined to sift it. So one night he brought down with him a stanch friend, a certain Adolphe (you may judge what sort of a man that must be, on whom Jean could rely in case of accident); and slipping down to the lake with him, he made a complete *detour*, and came to the very "Pinte" where these worthies were assembled,—he apparently arriving from the Geneva road. Seeing "mine host" at the door, he said to his *compagnon*, "*Allons! j'ai bien soif. Allons! prendre une botella!*"

R— (knowing how Jean was with Bombyx), thought it would be a good opportunity to try and cajole him to speak to Bombyx, and to compromise matters; so (not in the least suspecting Jean's manœuvres) he began to talk them over; but finding his mistake, he denounced Jean, when one of his party showed a stiletto,—probably the very one with which I was wounded. Alphonse displayed the muzzles of a pair of fine pistols. Jean stroked his nose and showed the tip of his "serpetta;" and grinningly went on, quietly discussing his bottle.

We, however, at home, finding Jean very much later than he intended to be, and imagining the possibility of an attack upon him by these cowardly ruffians, determined to sally forth. This we did *instantly*. Bombyx provided himself with an "assomateur," one blow from which would make the most violent man as peaceable as could be desired. The sons were furnished with some of Vanaud's best bred little bull-dogs; and Pere H— was summoned *pour monter la garde* during our short absence.

We soon came close to the "Pinte," and then loitered about. It was presently known that the reinforcement had arrived, and Jean and Adolphe appeared, followed by the rascals. We, however, got peaceably home, and this still increased their wrath.

The day, however, was approaching for our appearance before the *Juge de Paix*, and R— got absolutely wild. One evening, as Bombyx and his sons were returning from a day's sport, at St. Sulpice, and passing before the "Pinte," R— jumped into the middle of the road; and placing his arms a-kimbo, deliberately and coolly

let forth such a volley of disgusting epithets, that I will not distort my mouth by attempting to repeat them; winding up his eloquent harangue by styling Bombyx a *vieux gueux*. Bombyx was just going to reply to this, by knocking the *rep-tile* on the head; but Jean intervened, and whispered to Bombyx,—He has quite done for himself! Leave him alone,—he is now quite in your power, and you can rid the neighborhood of this pest. We walked home without replying one syllable; contenting ourselves with making a *second* complaint against this worthy. At last,—the day for meeting before the *Juge de Paix* arrived. Such fun! But I must reserve this sport for my next. Adieu! *Au revoir*.

Your faithful old dog,

Tottenham, Dec. 15.

FINO.

P.S.—My best love to that unfortunate little Charlie. How could he be so silly as to let those rascals slip the chain from his collar? Bless my old master! He never put a collar round *my* neck. No: I all my life long have been as free as air. I could trace the old boy's footsteps any where. I should just like to see one of those wretches, who stole poor Charlie from his mistress, try a similar trick with me; or dare to take Old Bombyx's stick out of my mouth,—if I was commissioned to carry it, that's all! I warrant you he would either go away *minus* some of his fingers; or he would bear the impress of "*Fino—his mark*," for the remainder of his days. Charlie does not yet *half* know the world. I will take him out with *me* some day, and sharpen him up.

LINES IN PRAISE OF "BEAUTY."

She sits enthroned the stars among,

She danceth in the moonlight beam;

She trips the waving fields along,

And glideth o'er the silver stream.

She sparkleth in the ocean spray,

And shineth in the morning ray!

She gives the Heavens their azure hue,

The clouds their gold and crimson dyes;

She beams in every drop of dew,

And throws her rainbow o'er the skies.

On mount, wood, valley, river,—all,

Her smiles of bright enchantment fall!

Hers are the blossomings of Spring,

And hers the golden autumn fruit;

We see her on the insect's wing,

And trace her in the tenderest shoot.

She fires the thought, she thrills the soul,

And binds the heart with sweet control!

She sporteth 'mid the Arctic snows,

And buildeth there her crystal towers;

She roameth where the Indus flows,

And scattereth there her saffron flowers.

She showers her gifts o'er dale and hill,

On ocean, isle, and mountain rill!

Deep, deep in subterranean cave

She sleeps, unseen by mortal eye;

Beneath, the blue, transparent wave—

Above, the bright, unclouded sky;

In olive groves and sapphire cells—

In sea, sky, earth, and Heaven she dwells!

From Hogg's Instructor.

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A DOG.—No. V.

BY ONE OF THAT SUFFERING RACE.

(Continued from Page 299.)

And pressed her hand—that lingering press
Of hands, that for the last time sever;
Of hearts, whose pulse of happiness,
When that hold breaks, is dead for ever.

TOM MOORE.

OUR FRIEND, "FINO" (like yourself, my dear Mr. Editor), seems to be a jolly fellow. Like some few of the human race, he has been born for, and to pleasure; while *my* lot has been cast on a perfect sea of troubles,—where, when I had weathered the storm myself, I was compelled to witness others in distress.

The Major called in the morning; and I, as usual, ran by the side of "Neptune," to welcome him as he entered the room. But how different was our reception! How altered was the man! No word for either. His heart was full. He put his hand on "Neptune's" head, and tried to smile on me. But I could see that some great grief oppressed him, and I ran to Miss Emily, thinking she was the most likely person to explain the cause. Looking in her face, and in those of my master and mistress, I read the same wonder exhibited as to what could have caused the light-hearted, high-spirited Major to be so depressed—so pensive. We had not long to wait for a solution of this apparent mystery. After silently shaking hands with Mr. and Mrs. Vandelour, and while in the act of doing so with Miss Emily, he dropped upon his knee; and kissing that fair hand a thousand times in rapid succession, he told her that he had received commands to join his regiment on receipt; and that he was ordered to sail in three days from that date, for service in India.

Now, although present on most of these occasions, I am not going to tell you all the loving converse, protestations of eternal fidelity, &c., &c., that took place between my dear young mistress and the Major, before parting. Nor how he scorned the idea when suggested to him, as a common occurrence with gentlemen under such circumstances, of exchanging his commission.

The answer he made to Captain Decimal, when he suggested this idea to him, was worthy of a Wellington. Holding up his left hand, he read the inscription on a signet ring he wore—"suaviter in modo, et fortiter in re." This, he said, looking the captain full in the face, being literally translated, meant "a soldier and a gentleman;" and he considered the man who had too much of either, was unworthy a commission in Her Majesty's service.

Mr. Vandelour complimented him on the nobleness of his nature; and I am sure, from the sweet pensive smile, and bright, flashing

eye of Miss Emily, that he did not suffer in her estimation. The same day a brother officer read a communication he had received from the Horse Guards, to this effect: "Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington's compliments to Captain —, and he must either *sell* or *sail*."

That evening the Major joined his regiment at Portsmouth; and a dull evening it was at our house. We all missed him. "Neptune" lay by the side of the room door, as though expecting him; and would not quit his post, even for the tempting morsel offered him from the dinner-table. Miss Emily opened the piano, ran over an air or two, and tried to sing. But *he* was not there to sing to. The harp was indeed unstrung! Had *you*, my dear Mr. Editor, known her, methinks that some of your remarks (as read to me by my doctor from OUR JOURNAL), touching the want of affection, would have been more tempered; and you would have been compelled to admit that the love of an Englishwoman *can be* as warm, and as sincere as that of any nation under Heaven's canopy, be it Spanish or Italian. [Oh, yes, CHARLIE. Some Englishwomen have a heart—a very tender, loving heart. We cut at the "fools-cap outsides,"—not at the feelings within, of the choice few.]

In the morning we went out for a walk. I ran and barked; then I jumped up to Miss Emily's hand, for her to throw a stone for me to run after. But she was dull, and did not even notice me. "Neptune," too, on all former occasions, was scarcely out of the door before the whole parade rang with his joyous "Bow! wow! wow!" To-day, he walked out just like one of those men that I have seen striding along by the side of a mourning-coach, with a long stick in his hand; and all my attempts to get him to play with me were useless. I bit his legs, jumped up at his nose, pulled at his tail, (which hung down between his legs); but all to no purpose. He walked on, in what I thought was sullen silence. I knew not what dangers an officer encounters when on active service. But "Nep" had been in the mess-room scores of times, when his master's brothers-in-arms had recounted the privations, fatigue, and hair-breadth 'scapes they had experienced in the Peninsular war;—and therefore he was sad.

Our party, of course, met several friends during the walk, one of whom had with her a little acquaintance of mine. Glad of the opportunity to find some one alive, and fond of a bit of fun, he and I had a famous scamper after one another. On resuming our walk, "Neptune" was nowhere to be seen. He was gone, no one knew whither. The same course was adopted as was used to find me when I was lost. But even the

"general dealer" could not restore "Neptune." He suggested that some of the London hands had been down, and that he had been sent to Town. The Electric Telegraph and "*the Times*" were set to work; but no news of poor "Nep."—until the third day, when Mr. Vandellour received a letter from town, stating that a dog with a piece of rope round his neck, answering the description given in "*the Times*," had that day walked into the "Senior United Service Club," in Piccadilly, where he now was, howling, and rushing at every gentleman that came in,—refusing to be turned out, in a most convincing manner, peculiar to the canine race; and after looking well at, and sniffing their clothes, he then laid sulkily down before the fire.

How he got there was for some time a puzzle to everybody, or where he had been during the three days; but on his being sent back to Brighton, according to Mr. Vandellour's orders, he was recognised by the engineer of the train, at the station, who, on learning to whom he belonged, called at our house, and stated that on Tuesday morning, as the train was about to start for London, a Newfoundland dog was noticed running about the platform as if in search of his owner, whom failing to find, he tried to gain admission into several carriages, but the guard would not allow him. He then came to the engine, and fancying his master was in the train, I allowed him, said the engineer, to go to town with me, expecting some gentleman would own him on our arrival. But as no one inquired for him, I took him home with me, and a hard job I had to get him along. He pulled and fought with a giant's strength. I offered him food; he would not touch it, but lay howling all night, so that I could not sleep. On Thursday I saw your advertisement in the *Times*, and went home, intending to take him down with me, but found no dog. He had gnawed the rope, jumped over our yard wall, and was off. Nor did I ever see him again until yesterday, when I recognised him on the platform, with your address on a ticket round his neck. He knew me, and seemed pleased to see me. I was on duty, or would then have gone with him to your house; and fearing lest you might attribute a wrong motive if you heard of his going to town with me, I have taken the first opportunity of calling to explain, and hope you will excuse me if I have caused you any anxiety. I am fond of dogs, and could not help feeling for one in such evident distress.

The delight was great in our establishment, when Neptune, the keepsake of the noble Major, was returned safe; but a gloom was spread over all, when it was discovered that he could not be prevailed upon to touch food of any kind. Every time we went out,

Neptune made off, as quick as his legs would carry him, to the Railway Station. Thus things went on for about one week, every one trying to induce "Nep," to eat; but all to no purpose. He was ever on the watch by the door—either expecting, or waiting an opportunity to get out on the search for his late master. Of course he could not live if he would not eat; and he began to look like a perfect skeleton covered with hair. It was therefore decided to go to town for professional advice, and Dr. KENT was again sent for to our house. Adieu, for the present.

Yours, as ever,

CHARLIE.

December 14th, 1853.

THE LIGHT OF THE STARS.

THE LIGHT OF THE STARS is not uniform. The ray of Sirius, for instance, differs not merely in intensity, but in kind from the ray of Vega; and in countries where the atmosphere is less humid and hazy than ours, the difference is striking to the naked eye—one star shining as an emerald, another as a ruby, and the whole Heavens sparkling as with various gems.

The attribute of variety of color also characterises the double stars; but the most remarkable thing is that, in many instances, where one star is of one marked color, its companion is of the opposite. Instances abound in which a red and a green star are associated, or a yellow and blue. When the stars are of different degrees of brilliancy, this contrast may originate in an optical delusion—in that tendency which disposes the eye, when gazing on any bright color, to endow fainter objects near it with the opposite, or complimentary color, by way of relief. But the explanation is not universally borne out; inasmuch as many couples, in precisely similar circumstances, show no such contrasts.

Sir John Herschell was at first decidedly inclined to attribute the phenomenon to an actual difference of color; and although he has since, perhaps on good grounds, half relinquished that conclusion, we have the acquiescing testimony of Struve, whose clearness has never yet been rivalled—so that we may not absolutely part with the early, pleasing speculations of the British astronomer. It may more easily be suggested in words (says Sir John), than conceived in imagination, what variety of illumination two stars—a red and a green, or a yellow and a blue one, must afford a planet circulating around either; and what cheering contrasts, and graceful vicissitudes, (a red and a green day, for instance, alternating with a white one, and with darkness,) might arise from the presence or absence, or both, from the horizon.

STANZAS

OCCASIONED BY THE VISIT OF AN OLD FRIEND.
BY A. SMITH.

Pledge me a health, my "leal old friend,"
And drink to other days;
Our friendship is no summer flower
That speedily decays.
Then fill, fill up the sparkling glass,
Raise to thy lips once more;
And gaily let the moments pass
As aye they pass'd of yore.

Give me a hand, old friend and true,
My own may warmly clasp;
A long-lost feeling to renew
In friendship's fervent grasp.
Full seven long years have glided by
Since we were friends together;
Yet all unchang'd art thou and I,
Whate'er the wind or weather.

From friendship's list drops many a name
Each swiftly circling year;
A few have pass'd the "silent bourne,"—
We miss their faces here;
Whilst some, and happier be their lot,
Have cross'd the deep, blue sea;
And some, perhaps, have half forgot
My quondam friend and me.

But ne'er thee mind, my "leal old friend,"
But "gie's a hand of thine;"
And from thine inmost heart repeat
This wish, this hope of mine:
Whate'er our future lot may be,
Tho' distant, long and far,—
We ne'er may prove, such friends as we,
Less friendly than we are!

THE STUDY OF ZOOLOGY.

AT ONE TIME we see before us, extracted from a solid mass of rock, a model of the softest, most delicate, and least easily preserved parts of animal structure. At another time, the actual bones, teeth, and scales, scarcely altered from their condition in the living animal. The very skin, the eye, the footprints of the creature in the mud, and the food that it was digesting at the time of its death, together with those portions that had been separated by the digestive organs as containing no further nutriment—all are as clearly exhibited as if death had within a few hours performed its commission, and all had been instantly prepared for our investigation. We find the remains of fish so perfect that not one bone, not one scale, is out of place or wanting; and others, in the same bed, presenting the outline of a skeleton, or various disjointed fragments. We have insects, the delicate nervures of whose wings are permanently impressed upon the stone in which they are embedded; and we see occasionally shells, not merely retaining their shape, but perpetuating their very colors—the most fleeting, one would think, of all characteristics; and offering evidence of the brilliancy and beauty of creation at a time when man was not yet an inhabitant of the earth, and there seemed no one to appreciate beauties which we are perhaps too apt to think were called into existence for our admiration.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

OUR MORAL NATURE.

THOUGH OUR MORAL NATURE possesses no restorative principle in itself, yet the delicate susceptibilities which distinguish the earlier periods of our experience plainly indicate our original fitness for higher ends than the scenes of this world afford us. The better feelings of childhood and youth lose their bloom and loveliness by the necessary associations of maturer years.

Earth is not a fit place to train us in perfect keeping with our capacity of enjoyment. The functional and criminal are too nearly connected, in consequence of hereditary corruption. We feel, as we advance in life, that neither our positions nor our pursuits are quite compatible with freedom of spirit; since we are obliged to calculate on consequences, instead of obeying impulses—simply because we are not pure.

Who desires not to regain the acute and delightful sensibilities of opening existence, when the passions, harmonising together, awoke responsively to every touch of tenderness and love? The past, however, returns not with a wish; but yet, all that was good in it shall return to be lost no more. The finer spirits (to use a figure) have indeed evaporated in the more heated atmosphere of manhood. Nevertheless, there is probably in the heart of every human being a portion of created excellence, which can never wholly waste away; there is always some germinal atom—some pure element—some light within us—which has a natural affinity for all that is lovely and truthful, both as regards affection and intellect; which, in a proper atmosphere, would expand into glory by commerce with the skies.

But the selfishness which, like a petrification, or rather iciness, hardens about our hearts while engaged in worldly pursuits, cannot be broken or melted off but by some violence to our habits. It is necessary for us to be brought into the helplessness of childhood, to feel again a child-like spirit. The spring of health which, bounding from our eager bosoms, sustained our more selfish passions in their vigor, must be diminished in its gushings. Disease must reduce us to the extremity of weakness, ere the acquired wilfulness of our wayward souls quite yields attention to the still-small voice that whispers the remembrance of a mother's loving care, or a father's earnest prayers; and thus brings back upon our memories the thousand lovely visions that haunted the heart of our childhood.

It is in this way, if ever, that we get a retrospective glance at the love of Him that originated our being, and again invites us to

his bosom, saying—"Suffer little children to come unto me." G. M.

[The foregoing requires to be read—not once, but often. We direct special attention to it.]

FOND HEARTS,—LISTEN!

[WE CANNOT forbear introducing, at this particular season of the year (when people meet together to cement the bond of Love and Friendship), the following exquisite Lines from "Lalla Rookh." There is "a voice" in them, to which it behoves ALL of us to listen; and, it must be remembered, "we are never too old to learn."]

ALAS!—how light a cause may move
 Dissension between hearts that love!
 Hearts that the world in vain has tried,
 And sorrow but more closely tied;
 That stood the storm when waves were rough,
 Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
 Like ships that have gone down at sea,
 When Heaven was all tranquillity!
 A something light as air—a look,
 A word unkind or wrongly taken—
 O! love that tempests never shook,
 A breath, a touch like this has shaken—
 And ruder words will soon rush in
 To spread the breach that words begin;
 And eyes forget the gentle ray
 They wore in courtship's smiling day;
 And voices lose the tone that shed
 A tenderness round all they said;
 Till fast declining, one by one,
 The sweetnesses of love are gone,
 And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
 Like broken clouds—or like the stream
 That smiling left the mountain's brow,"
 As though its waters ne'er could sever;
 Yet, ere it reach the plain below,
 Breaks into floods that part for ever!

O, you that have the charge of Love,
 Keep him in rosy bondage bound;
 As in the fields of bliss above
 He sits, with flow'rets fetter'd round:—
 Loose not a tie that round him clings,
 Nor ever let him use his wings;
 For even an hour, a minute's flight,
 Will rob the plumes of half their light;
 Like that celestial bird, whose nest
 Is found below far Eastern skies,—
 Whose wings, though radiant when at rest,
 Lose all their glory when he flies!
 Some difference of this dangerous kind,—
 By which, though light, the links that bind
 The fondest hearts may soon be riven;
 Some shadow in Love's summer Heaven,
 Which, though a fleecy speck at first,
 May yet in awful thunder burst.

LIFE AND DEATH.

Hast thou seen, with flash incessant,
 Bubbles gliding under ice—
 Bodied forth and evanescent,
 No one knows by what device?
 Such are Thoughts! A wind-swept meadow
 Mimicking a troubled sea.
 Such is Life; and Death a shadow
 From the rock ETERNITY!

W.

SHOULD A WIFE "ASK" FOR MONEY?

AN ADDRESS TO BENEDICTS.

Listen to me! Do you remember when you were sick? Who tip-toed round your room, arranging the shutters and curtain-folds, with an instinctive knowledge of light, to a ray, that your tortured head could bear? Who turned your pillow on the cool side, and parted the thick matted locks from your hot temples? Who moved glasses and spoons and phials without collision or jingle? Who looked at you with a compassionate smile, when you persisted you "wouldn't take your medicine because it tasted so nasty;" and kept a sober face, when you lay chafing there, like a caged lion, calling for cigars and newspapers, and whisky-punch?

Who migrated, unceasingly and uncomplainingly, from the big baby before her to the little baby in the cradle, without sleep, food, or rest? Who tempted your convalescent appetite with some rare dainty of her own making, and got fretted at because there was "not sugar enough in it?" Who was omnipresent in chamber, kitchen, parlor, and nursery—keeping the domestic wheels in motion that there should be no jar in the machinery?

Who oiled the creaking door that set your quivering nerves in a twitter? Who ordered tan to be strewn before the house, that your slumbers might be unbroken by noisy carriage-wheels? Who never spoke of weary feet or shooting pains in the side or chest, as she toiled up and down stairs to satisfy imaginary wants, that "nobody but wife" could attend to? And who, when you got well and moved about the house just as good as new, choked down the tears, as you poised on your forefinger the half-sovereign she asked you for, while you inquired—"how she spent the last one?"

"Give her what money she asks for!" Fie!

We hardly need say that "Fanny Fern" is the perpetrator of the foregoing. And is there not "something in it" that speaks to many of us, in England, as well as to our American brethren? "Aye, marry is there." Who *but* a wife,—a fond, devoted, never-tiring woman, would do what is done for a grumbling, impatient husband, every day in the year?

Of a truth, man is at best but a selfish savage!

A SONG TO MY "DOVE."

My lady pluck'd a blooming rose,
 To plant upon her lily breast;
 It softly closed its crimson leaves,
 And fondly kiss'd its snowy nest.
 The silken leaves were gently stirr'd
 As her soft heaving bosom shook;
 Like the white plumage of a dove
 That coos beside some breezy brook.

Oh! had I been that waving rose
 Which on her angel bosom blush'd,
 And revell'd 'mid those heaving sighs
 Whose lovely music none hath hush'd!—
 Lived on the pantings of her heart,
 And caught her eye in tranquil rest,—
 Then, like that crimson-waving rose,
 I should have been for ever blest!

Q.

SONG,—THE FAIRY-KING.

Who says the gentle elfin race
 Hath vanished like the wind,
 Nor left a single verdant trace,
 Or flow'ry track behind?
 Who dares to say the meads no more
 With fairy gems are pearl'd?
 What treason to the conqueror
 Who rules our inner world!
 In Fairyland's most honied spring
 He dips his sceptre dart:
 Love is the only Fairy-king,
 The Oberon of the heart!

The little love-god, first of sprites,
 Wears on his sunny brow
 A crown of hopes and soft delights,
 And smiles of rosy glow.
 His elves, gay sprites, their master meet
 With airy dance, and spread
 Sweet blossoms at his sovereign feet;
 And ever 'neath his tread,
 All round the emerald fairy ring,
 Its freshness doth impart.
 Blest foot-print of our bosom king,
 Our Oberon of the heart!

His fairy-favors "kisses" are,
 His throne's a throne of hearts;
 His natural magic mightier far
 Than sorcery's mightiest arts.
 His signal flag a blush; his wand
 Of power, the lightest touch
 Of fondness from the loved one's hand—
 What wand can charm so much?
 Oh! ere thou from our sphere take wing,
 May life itself depart,—
 Love, witching Love! thou Fairy-king,
 Thou Oberon of the heart!

ONE WORD MORE ABOUT ADVERTISING.

"Penny-wise and Pound-foolish," is an old saying; but it is quite as applicable in these days as it was in days of yore.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WE ARE NOT AT ALL SURPRISED that our recent article on the ART OF ADVERTISING (see the November Number of OUR JOURNAL, page 222) should have excited so much attention. It is natural that it should have done so; for we went so thoroughly into details, and proved so very many startling facts, that the subject was one of more than common interest. It is high time that people should "think"—and "act" for themselves.

We have received a great many communications during the past month, highly approving our view of the general question,—most of the writers acknowledging that, as our Periodical is the ONLY existing work of its class, circulating largely among families, and as popular abroad as at home—we have a right to maintain its unusual claims to public favor.

There are some few persons, however, who cannot clearly understand "why" we should make a charge of 5s. for an advertisement of eight lines, when a daily newspaper, or broadsheet, charges only 3s. for an announcement of six lines. Let us briefly—but satisfactorily, explain this.

A daily, or weekly newspaper, has ample space to insert as many advertisements as they may receive. Their columns *must* be occupied,—therefore it matters not how. In no case is the cost of paper and printing increased,—let the advertisements be never so numerous.

With us, it is different. Our space *is* limited,—very. In our advertisement pages, *the cost of paper and printing is entirely extra.* This causes us to charge a trifle—a mere trifle—more than a daily newspaper (the WEEKLY newspapers are *all* far above us in their scale of prices),—but then, only consider the great additional advantages offered! There are certain families we wot of, *who never bind up their sets*,—preferring to let the numbers lie upon the table the year round, by way of ornament. This is "something."

In the case of Newspapers, the miscellaneous advertisements are jumbled together in one mass of endless confusion. Moreover, a respectable person travels in the oddest company possible. Quack medicines are above him,—below him; under-garments, too, hem him in,—wedded to the queerest of queer names, and some of them really unpronounceable. Awful Sacrifices terrify him. Then there are many Lamentable Cases of Destitution; Frigi Domo's; Ulcerated Sore Throats; Infants' Pap-boats; Aqua-Scutum(!) Regimentals; Ready-made Baby Linen; Sans-pi(!) over and under-alls; "No more Physic required;" "Cautions," &c.—These, and a host of other scrubby, scaly neighbors, rub against the side of every respectable man with a decent coat, who seeks publicity in the columns of a newspaper.

Now, we ask any sensible person,—whether, among the multitudinous announcements we speak of, there is any fair chance of his advertisement being extensively read and dwelt upon? That the public eye may glance over it, we admit; but this, only for an instant. There is too much to distract attention for any good result to be reasonably looked for. Last—not least, all newspapers are regarded as waste paper after their contents have been perused. They are either torn or burnt.

By advertising in OUR JOURNAL (which circulates all over the world, and is found *throughout the entire year* in club-houses,—reading rooms,—on the family table, and in most places of public resort)—all these drawbacks are annihilated. The very nature and plan of the work secure its popularity; whilst as a work of reference (if on matters of Natural History *only*) it is in constant use. Thus are advertisers enabled to keep their announcements continually (and profitably) before the public.

Our columns already afford pleasing evidence that our recent remarks have carried weight with them; and it is gratifying to hear our friends acknowledge that justice is on our side.

Extreme cheapness, we contend, is *not* always the grand point to be attained. If fair advantages be offered, a fair consideration should be given for them. We may not convince "the million" of the goodness of our argument. *They* love everything "cheap,"—even if it falls to pieces as soon as they become possessed of it; but all people of judgment will say that our view is the correct one.

NATURE AND ART.

A GENTLE HINT TO THE FAIR SEX.

LOVELY indeed the mimic works of ART,—
But NATURE'S works far lovelier.—COWPER.

THE fact of OUR JOURNAL being the *only* existing periodical devoted to the domestic, and other subjects we so love to discuss,—naturally brings us into intimate connection with those who think as we think; and who live (as we live) for the benefit of others as well as themselves,—the only thing, surely, worth living for.

To assist all who thus have the welfare of society at heart, is our fondest delight; and our columns shall ever be open to give currency to their experiments, of whatever kind, made for the benefit of their fellow-creatures.

We beg, to-day, to call public attention to the efforts—the most successful efforts made by Madame CAPLIN, of Berners-street, to give ease and elegance to the female figure; at the same time studying and securing the health of those who trust themselves to her care. We do not speak ignorantly on this matter. We have waited personally on Madame CAPLIN—examined with great care everything she has invented to carry out her grand object—and satisfied ourself that she has conferred on society obligations for which they can never be too grateful.

Those who understand the delicate structure of the female frame, must be aware that, habited as women have been to the present time, to be well or healthy was *impossible*. They *would* have a beautiful figure, a small waist, handsome (deformed!) symmetrical proportions, &c. &c. All *this* at a sacrifice of their own health (how often, too, of life!); and, in most cases, of deformity to their offspring.

Aware of this, and with a feeling of humanity that does her infinite honor, Madame CAPLIN has studied carefully, for many years, *the anatomy of the body*. This enables her to know *precisely* how to adapt her corsets and bodices to the human figure. She makes nothing at random; but adapts, in every case, what is worn on the body to the person who is to wear it. This knowledge of anatomy places her at the very top of her profession, for she can give ease *and* elegance united. How we could enlarge upon this, did space permit!

The conversation we had with Madame CAPLIN was truly instructive. It was positively delightful to hear her explain her principles of action; nor did she scruple to give much of her valuable time to us whilst asking the most minute—though, be it said, *not* impertinent—questions.

She showed us how needful it was, even in childhood,* to study nature; and to dress children *properly*. She exemplified this by a number of apposite illustrations; and convinced us how thoroughly she understands “first principles.” She then proceeded to another stage of life,—another—and another. In every one of these, nature requires some alteration of adaptation. This was most prettily explained to us; and we listened to the lecture, throughout, with feelings of admiration.

We must on no account omit delicately to hint at the bodices, &c., made to suit ladies during the period of gestation. It is not needful for us to explain *how* these are adapted to the ends desired; but they evidence the most consummate skill, and a thorough understanding, on the part of the very ingenious inventor, of what Nature requires,—what nature *must* have.

There now only remains for us to comment on the extreme delicacy and neatness of the workmanship. Every article submitted to us was of first-rate excellence; and when we left Madame CAPLIN (of whom, till this interview, we are ashamed to say we knew nothing), it was under the impression that she was a true philanthropist.

That the Medical Profession approve the invention, is “something.” That a Grand Medal at the “Exhibition of all Nations” was awarded Madame CAPLIN, is “something.” That she has a very large connection, is—“something.” But we go beyond all this. We have seen and *proved* the value of the invention; and this enables us to speak of it in terms of unqualified praise.

Let our women now show their good sense. It rests entirely with themselves whether they will be elegant and healthy; and as for their children, yet unborn, it is quite in their power to make THEM elegant and healthy also. Let them think of this.

* All of us who have the honor to be parents, know but too well what tricks some children have of attitudinising—standing on one leg, elevating one shoulder above the other, &c., to the distress of sundry parts of their body that ought not to be thus unduly oppressed. To meet these bad habits, Madame C. has provided “a Monitor.” This, when worn, quite corrects the evil.—ED. K. J.

FULL PURSES AND HARD HEARTS.

MONEY is good. It is the inordinate love of it (far too general) that hardens the heart. Rich people who are covetous, are like the cypress tree,—they may “look” well, albeit they are fruitless.

Let such men bear in mind that they are only trustees for what they possess; and that they must “render an account of their actions” hereafter. Those who give nothing till they die, show that they would not *then*,—if they could keep it any longer.—BISHOP HALL.

A FAMILY CHAPTER.

THE ISLAND OF PLUM-PUDDING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A CHRISTMAS DISASTER."



ONCE UPON A TIME—very long before apple-sauce had ever been eaten with goose, the good King of the Christmas Islands had occasion to despatch to the farthest of the isles over which he reigned, a great ship, in quest of provisions for an approaching festival. It will be remembered by the historical student, that each of this groupe of isles produced in abundance some one necessary of life for the Christmas King and his frolicsome subjects. One isle was famous for its ribs and sirloins, another yielded misseltoe, a third gave a splendid crop of mince-meat, nut-brown-ale flowed in a fourth, huge log-fires were imported from a fifth, and citron, sugar, turkeys, plums, with countless condiments, luxuries and delicacies, took root and flourished,—each in its separate soil.

Before we start on the voyage, it must be borne in mind that the great arts of civilisation were, in those days, unknown in the Christmas Islands. King and people enjoyed every product of the earth; but they were savages—in their infancy—raw. Cookery with them was no code of laws; each gourmand followed his own tastes, and dined in riotous freedom. It was a table-land of liberty. Thus, they ate mustard with their mince-pies, poured brandy over the roast-beef, took sugar and spices with their horse-radish; and steeped sausages, stuffed with plums, in old ale.

Of the wonder now known to civilised man as "plum-pudding," they had not an idea! The King himself, who revelled in perpetual luxuries, never dreamed of such an invention! Scattered everywhere profusely were the materials; and happily enough men munched their citron, crammed their mouths with citron, and with rasins of a fig-like size; biting nutmegs at intervals. They had flour also in pecks; and although it was dry eating, they knew that health rendered a few spoonsful as an accompaniment to the fruit and spice absolutely essential. It was difficult to get down; but milk helped them, and brandy greatly lessened the inconvenience. When they had enjoyed to repletion the endless variety of luscious materials (with a mouthful or two of fine dry flour as described), they stuck a slip of holly in their mouths. It was a custom. But of "plum-pudding" they had never heard; nor could so grand a result of many combinations of intellect be possibly imagined by a people who boiled turkeys in tea, ate spinach with hot elder-wine, and apple-sauce with salmon.

But it was now high time for the great Captain Spoon—such was the name of the King's prime minister in those times—to set sail upon his voyage among the Christmas Islands, for the gathering in of supplies.

"Set sail" is not the word, for his vessel was an enormous steamer (this was in the era of the *first* discovery of steam), with a boiler of Vesuvian proportions. He flew rapidly past several narrow shores, such as the Roasted Chesnut Isle, and many others, intending to touch at these on his return; and repaired to the Raisin Isle, the Currant Isle, the Citron and Spice Isles, and at the Islands of Milk and Eggs. Thence he sailed for the Isle of Suet, and afterwards landed at Flour Island. Of all these ingredients, and some others, he took on board a noble Christmas stock, and then steered direct for the famous Isle of Brandy. He touched also at Holly Mount. The steamer had now a magnificent freight, and fast through the deep she flies; Captain Spoon, a stirring character, anticipating for his services the honor of being made a Knight Grand Sprig of the Misseltoe, by the King of the Christmas Islands.

But presently a startling change came over the sea, and also over Captain Spoon. On the steamer sped; but through waves rougher than the nutmeg-grater of the gods—whiter than frosted sugar, fiercer than turkeys mad for the honor, the rapture of the spit. Some supernatural Captain Spoon was stirring up the elements. Now the paddles touch not the water; the wheels indeed turn into wings; the smoke forms a canopy that covers the whole visible world; the vessel flies through the air;—no, through the steam—all, all, is steam. Onward she moves with incredible velocity, more and more gathers and condenses the steam, more pale grows Captain Spoon, and more in peril that rich and precious freight, without which the Christmas festival will be naught; the substitute for it being the execution of a self-appointed Knight Grand Sprig, sentenced to have ten thousand pounds' weight of sausages suspended round his neck, and to be drowned in the Great Wassail-bowl, filled with skim-milk, for his monarch's diversion!

In an instant there came a terrific whirlwind, that plumped the steamer down again into the sea, deep, deep into it—nay, under it: and under the waves the ship still drove on. Captain Spoon is soaked to the heart! Had he been pewter, he would have been wet through in that foaming surge. What is worse, the cargo is destroyed! those choice ingredients—spice, eggs, milk, plums, sugar, brandy,—all saturated, all commingled, all mixed up, all spoiled!

But now the Captain can think only of himself; for the water, through the depths of

which the vessel holds its course, is becoming strangely warm. Surely it begins to simmer! It looks and smells not like salt water—but it grows decidedly hot. Forty-six thousand knots a minute is the rate of progress; and in another quarter of an hour it is scalding work. Then the sea boils! Tremendous and unfathomable aqueous masses roll up and fall, and rise again, bursting in joint-stock bubbles. Captain Spoon and his freight are down a million of miles in a boiling Pacific. He is cooked; and his cargo is a mash, a mixture—a *merè pudding*!

Worse was behind; and it came in the form of a convulsion that seemed to blow the steamer out of the world, and himself out of the steamer. Now lay he floating many a rood in the boiling water, done to a bubble; till helpless, lost, and nigh to the condition called in culinary language “rags,” he cast about his boiled arms in despair, and touched a kind of land. Land!—Yes, some odd shore soon rose above the surface, and offered substance to his feet, as, dashed by the hot waves against its slippery side, he strove to climb it. The hapless voyager among the Christmas Islands was now washed upwards, and lay insensible on the high shore. . . .

Spoon did not know the day of the month when he awoke; but he looked about him nevertheless. He was out of the hot-bath, but reduced to “rags;” a reward not common to prime ministers, though heroic explorers may often have experienced it. But the land, the country! Well: there it lay before him, flat enough. It was a large barren Island—unpeopled of course, for it was unproductive. There was nothing on it, living or dead—no verdure on its brown speckled sides, no ruggedness of surface. Everywhere it was quite smooth, and inclining to rotundity; everywhere alike. It seemed indeed less an island than a planet—a huge, round, lifeless world—still hot and steaming, as if flung up from the boiling depths below.

To say that nothing was found on it is incorrect. As Captain Spoon reached the exact centre, he saw sticking up in it a large sprig of holly; and he identified this as part of the prodigious bunch he had brought from Holly-mount. It must have been washed on shore; and he accepted it as an omen that he should one day return to be a Knight Grand Sprig! Exhausted, he dropt upon the ground under the red berries, and again slept. The earth was still warm—and there was an odd exhalation rising from it.

He woke up ravenously hungry. What distress! what misery! There was nothing but the clay under his feet to devour. Clay it was wherever he went, but curiously and thickly speckled all over with deeper richer hues, which half shone through the dullish

brown surface. Here was a Christmas time! To be alone with famine on that desolate globe!

He flung himself on the ground, and desperately tore up the very earth with his fingers. His nails, as he clawed, brought away particles of that strange hot soil, which in these places gave forth a peculiar exhalation indeed! He must die or feed; and he at length in his anguish and despair began (horrible!) to eat the very earth! Yea, with his burnt fingers he scratched up pieces, and hurried them eagerly to his mouth. And his teeth had an easy task, but the burning clay was hot to his lips; however, he drew a long breath, and swallowed it. And his eyes sparkled with rapturous excitement, as he now looked down and stooped to pick out the speckled parts, and to dig up rich mysterious little pieces that were surpassingly delicious to the taste; and then, too hungry for these exclusive delicacies, broke off larger bits of the ground, and fed with ecstasy.—*He had discovered Plum-pudding!*

He now stuck the slip of holly more firmly in the soil, and took possession of the prize-globe in the name of the King of the Christmas Islands.

The sea was soon calm and cool; when, floating towards him, Captain Spoon espied his sometime spifficated steamer, into which he now sprang. Here, though his crew had all been boiled to an undiscoverable pulp, he found tools and implements, and speedily with spade and pickaxe he is at work on the rich shore. Huge lumps of earth are dug up—broad thick slices of the variegated soil—blocks of clay resembling in some degree the plum-pudding-stone of the naturalist; and all are safely stored in the ship. Then, too happy in his discovery, away he steamed for the Christmas palace of the King!

That monarch listened intently—with wonder and terror too, until the story told of the choice clay and nice bits of mud which his Captain had regaled himself with; whereupon he cried, “Give me, O Spoon of my soul, to partake of that strange earth, lest it be said I have a minister who eats dirt!” And the King ate!—fainting, after full three hours—not with repletion, but with pride, astonishment, and rapture.

A fleet of steamers started—carrying out knives, hatchets, saws, spades, shovels; and every implement of a cutting, hewing, digging or scraping nature; and to work the court went, with a royal laborer at their head. The good King did more than all his people: he contrived to eat more than two able hands could dig up. All dug and devoured; no; some, too eager to dig or to cut, cast them down on their faces, and bit what elsewhere is the dust!

Now there was joy throughout the Christmas Islands! And as in the pudding-planet there was enough and to spare for all generations, the King bade his subjects feed, and instituted a small allotment system; and although the globe they fed on had its origin in hot water, its influence kneaded up all bosoms in content and peace. Moreover, the King summoned his favorite, Spoon, into his presence; and delivering unto him the sprig of holly, stuck in the new brown speckled world he had discovered, bade him keep the same as a token, and bequeath it to his children with ten thousand acres of plum-pudding—suffused with inexhaustible sauce and brandy of undying strength.

And it is in that spirit that the sons of the first discoverer of plum-pudding drink, to this late day,—the “Health of the Good King of the Christmas Islands!”

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Thoughts on the Odor of Flowers.—The idea that perfumes of flowers, believed to be universally delightful, should offend certain perceptions, is often held up to ridicule and unbelief. But, my dear Sir, the following observations furnish evidence to correct this common error. They occur in Sir James Smith's valuable *Elements*. He describes himself as peculiarly affected by *honeysuckles*, which, however grateful in the open air, affected him in the house with violent pains in the temples—soon followed by sickness, and a partial loss of recollection. Yet the equally delicious and very similar fragrance of the butterfly orchis afforded him pleasure in the closest apartment! He could not perceive the scent of *Iris Persica*, though some find it extremely pleasant. Its flowers, nevertheless, affected him in a room almost to nausea and suffocation. The white lily, mezereon, lilac, and Peruvian heliotrope—with many other scents delightful in the open air, were poison in the house; and he had seen a strong healthy man greatly distressed by one carnation which had fallen down, and remained concealed by a piece of furniture, in a spacious airy drawing-room. It may be asserted, I believe, as a general rule, that plants of the same genus, or natural order, produce, by the odor of their flowers, a similar effect upon the same person. But this effect often varies in degree, according to any person's state of health. The blossoms of the Portugal laurel, when abundant, exhale, in Sir James's opinion, a nauseous fetor, which, in some of the same tribe, as hawthorn, is not too strong to be agreeable, partaking of an almond flavor. In a very different flower, *Bolemonium Ceruleum*, a similar odor, though generally not very remarkable, has proved, during illness, quite intolerable in a room. Sir James concludes by observing, that roses are universally acceptable, and scarcely noxious to anybody. But, perhaps, the odors of the various kinds of *Stapelia*, imitating carrion, decayed cheese, and foul water, may be better suited to the taste of the Hottentots, in whose country those singular plants abound. A

botanist of Sir James's acquaintance could *perceive* no scent in any flower whatever!—HONEY-SUCKLE, *Henley*.

[The above has been sent us by a young lady, who, in a beautifully-written note (enclosing other amiable contributions, two of which only we have room to insert this month), says:—“What a happy man you ought to be, my dear Sir; having so many charming correspondents conversing with you, month after month, under the names of Flowers,—eloquent, too, as fragrant! Do, I entreat you, take *me* also under your wing; and let me be associated among the ‘choice few’ of whom you so lovingly speak when ‘numbering up your jewels.’ I would be known to the public simply as—“Honeysuckle;” my dwelling—*Henley*. To *yourself*, I of course make known who and what I am. I propose beginning the New Year with you; and with all my heart (a tender one!) wish long life and prosperity to OUR NOBLE JOURNAL.”—Are we not a happy man? Oh, yes!]

An “open” Character is the best Gift of God.
—The world is made up, my dear Sir, as you say, of “odd” materials. “Men should be what they seem;” but they are not so. Hence, the artificial state of society you so much deplore. Your axiom,—“Be frank with the world,” is a good one. Frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say just what you mean to do on every occasion (this is *my* doctrine); and take it for granted you mean to do what is right. If a friend ask a favor, you should grant it, if reasonable; but if it is not, tell him plainly why you cannot. You will wrong him and wrong yourself by equivocation of any kind. Never do a wrong thing to make a friend, or keep one. *The man who requires you to do it*, is dearly purchased at a sacrifice. Deal kindly and firmly with all men. You will find it the policy that wears best. Above all, do not appear to others what you are not. If you have any fault to find with any one, tell *him* (not others) of what you complain. There is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to be one thing to a man's face, and another behind his back. We should live, act, and speak out-of-doors, as the phrase is; and say and do what we are willing should be known and read by all men. It is not only best as a matter of principle, but as a matter of policy. A good character will make us always welcome, go where we may. And *if we are known to be candid and honest*, are we not “loved” for these qualities by the good and the noble? Surely yes!—HONEY-SUCKLE, *Henley*.

[Well said! Honeysuckle. Are we not overjoyed to begin the New Year with a Flower diffusing *such* sweet odors? Judge us by your own honest heart.]

The Mocking-Bird.—I have a very tame mocking bird; nor is he less remarkable for his song, which is sweet indeed! I conclude you know all about the peculiarities of these birds. [Yes. They are most amiable little creatures, and are truly “wonderful,” in every sense of the word,—fit companions for man, woman, and child. Their intelligence and musical powers almost surpass belief.] He warbles for hours together, during the day; also when the gas is lighted. [You do not act

wisely, sir, in permitting your bird to be where gas is. His lungs can hardly be proof against its baneful influence.] Whilst I write (7 p.m.), he is pouring out a full tide of song. I never confine him to any particular food. I give him boiled egg, mashed potato [you should put no butter in it], apples, hedge fruits, preserves, fresh meat, insects, &c. Spiders he is particularly fond of. [All soft-billed birds rejoice in spiders; and they are the *very best* of food for them.] I let him come out on the table every morning. By this means, his wings get free play; and he is altogether more lively. [All birds that are tame and familiar should be allowed a daily flight,—“provided always” there be no cat in the house; and those who love birds never ought to admit a cat under the same roof with them.] He is about the size of a thrush, and marked much like the wag-tail. The colors are somewhat lighter, but the tail is equally long, and in constant motion. When he commences his song, he has all the sprightly action of the robin. He only imitates *birds*,—not animals.—J. R., *Hull*.

[You are fortunate indeed in having a mocking-bird who does not imitate animals generally. His value is thereby considerably enhanced. Their imitation of cats, owls, dogs, and the screaming of parrots, is by the multitude reckoned a mark of perfection. We readily confess that we can see no beauty in *such* performances. Many things are “wonderful,” that are not “pleasing.”]

Notes on the Season, &c., at Barnsley.—The sudden coming together of autumn and winter towards the close of the month just elapsed, having been marked by peculiarities differing in this neighborhood from those recorded in some other places,—a brief recapitulation of the meteorological phenomena of the last quarter may not be uninteresting to readers at a distance. In September we had rain on 15 days, very heavy in some instances; that on the 12th amounting to 1 inch, the quantity of the whole month being $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches. In October there was rain on 26 days; that on the 5th amounting to 1 inch, and for the whole month to 5 inches. In November there was rain on 14 days; but up to the 24th the quantity was little more than half an inch. From the snow of that day, and the rain of the following morning, was produced nearly an inch, and the quantity for the whole month was $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches of rain. The greater part of the month was fine, the rich sunlight prevailing soon removed the effect of the transient showers; so that the fears justly felt, after the unfavorable time of harvesting the grain, that the getting into the ground of the seed corn would be equally unfavorable, were soon set at rest. The rigor with which winter set in on the night of the 21st was so great that, on the 22nd, the waters on the Fleets (a low tract often overflowed by the Dearne) were sheeted with so strong a coat of ice, that the healthy sport of skating was enjoyed thereon on the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th; as excellent skating as the oldest admirers of the art had ever experienced, and unremembered by any so early in the season. The ice was from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 inches thick on the 22nd, on which day our sport was enjoyed within a charmed circle, shut out by a thick fog from observation

without. On the 24th the fog cleared up: the sun rose for a short time in a sky changing from crimson to orange and grey. But dense clouds soon gathered, and the cold thaw wind which had veered from N. to S. by E. and S. E., brought first driving hail, succeeded by snow, covering the ground to the depth of 3 or 4 inches, which was ultimately followed by drenching rain. The thermometer, which had been 43° in the shade, on the 21st, during the strongest period of the frost, stood from 25° to 30° ; the barometer, which was $30^{\circ}10'$ on the 23rd, only sank to $29^{\circ}70'$ on the 25th November. This month sets in with a mingling of November fogs, passing gleams of sun, and sometimes, when a little frost occurs at night or morning, with the shining of the crescent moon and the Queen of Night—Venus, now at her best for telescopic observation. Many birds, characteristic of the season, have been observed. The common and Jack Snipes have been more than usually abundant in the Dearne valley, where also a common Sandpiper has been shot. The far more rare green-legged Sandpiper, and a Dipper, have been taken in a net used by the unfeeling birdcatcher to snare the beautiful Kingfisher. Siskins have been seen by me among the beech-nuts and alder seeds. Bramblings, too, and Goldcrests, have been noted in abundance in Cannon Hall Park, amongst the noble beech trees which adorn that fine domain.—T. LISTER, *Barnsley, Dec. 10*.

["Old Winter" seems to be in earnest this year, and determined to give us a specimen of his power. We are glad of it; and welcome him most heartily. Health follows in his footsteps, and regeneration takes place whenever his "icy morsels" are scattered over the earth. Snow, too, has preceded him; and what lovely pictures has she formed all over the country! The trees, covered with rime, are quite poetical (no joke is intended here); and the fantastic ornaments adorning the sprays and hollies are superlatively beautiful. Whilst we write (Dec. 16), the whole face of the country is gemmed with the richest jewels. The snow lies deep on the roads. The hedges are bespangled with glittering diamonds innumerable; trembling in the rays of the pale but ever-glorious sun, who peeps from behind a fleecy cloud to enjoy the work of Nature's lovely hand; in which he *will* bear a part, and on which he *will* throw an additional lustre. Oh,—if space permitted, *what* a "Mirror of the Month" we could write to-day! Our thoughts,—our existence, are fairly "poetry,"—and nothing else. We have seen sights to-day which we shall never forget. Let us here record the fact of snow falling (near London) *for the first time*, on Dec. 15. It continued that and the following day, and averaged in some places a depth of from two to four feet. In other parts of the country, the depth was from six to ten feet. The cold has been such as to make people's faces "short," crisp, healthy—jolly. Oh, may those faces never grow *longer*! A "short," merry, good-tempered, smiling countenance is *so* becoming! Does it not make even *the chin* on a fair face look provokingly-tempting? It does. And we feel angry with the frost for "pinching" it. We would most willingly *do it for him*,—if he would let us. A-hem!]

Playfulness of a Cat and Dog.—A few days ago, at the house of a near relative, I witnessed a very pretty and interesting scene. He has a beautiful little spaniel dog, of the King Charles' breed, 'yclept "Mr. Hoppy." His lady has a fine tabby cat, "Mrs. Toodles" by name. This funny pair began their games shortly after my arrival, and continued, at intervals, during the whole afternoon and evening. Never did I see cat and dog so thoroughly enjoy themselves! "Hoppy" sprang upon "Toodles." T. caught him by the neck and floored him. Then the scene was reversed,—T. being down. Now a regular wrestling; and both down together. Up again. Roll over each other. H. making a spring at T.'s tail, finds her too quick for him, and is himself caught by his own brush. T. takes up her position, with her back to the fender; and as H. makes his spring, he is thrown by T. H. now takes the exactly opposite position to T., and then the four paws of each move with wonderful rapidity. The most perfect good-humor prevails. "Toodles" never lets her claws be seen. No angry growl. No snarling nor barking. Such thorough good-temper I never before witnessed between cat and dog. I was so much interested in this charming scene, that I determined to beg a little corner in OUR JOURNAL to register the simple facts. Let me hope that others beside the feline race may take a hint from what is here recorded.—BOMBYX ATLAS, *Tottenham*.

Truffles.—The cultivation of the truffle, so long deemed an impossibility, has at length, says the "*Bath Chronicle*," been accomplished. The discovery was made at Macon, where Madame Nagel, proprietress of a chateau in the neighborhood, has, this autumn, succeeded in producing a large number of truffles in her garden. All the conditions under which the cultivation of this product must be prosecuted are known, and nothing more is required than to improve and perfect them by experiment. The Macon "*Horticultural Journal*" says:—"Like other cryptogamic plants of the same family, truffles are parasites, requiring humus of a special character. For example, a sub-stratum of chesnut or oak leaves, mixed with an argillo-calcareous soil, is just as necessary to them as a bed of horse-dung to the common mushroom. We are satisfied that if this new branch of culture were seriously studied, the production of the truffle would be easy and profitable.—F. W., *Clapham*."

Table-Turning, &c.—Have you seen the very ridiculous—nay, something worse—pamphlet by the REV. MR. DIBDIN, trying to prove that the spirit of the Prince of Darkness "animates" the legs of tables, &c., causing the said legs to "answer" *correctly* any question,—lawful or otherwise.—that may be put to them? Do read it—if you have not already done so; and tell the public what you think of it.—W. R., *Richmond*.

[We have read this inflated,—this disgusting pamphlet (is it not blasphemous?), and consider it the production of a man of unsound mind. His friends should look to him at once. We have for years been of opinion that his intellect was "weak." We have talked to him face to face ere now, and can only come to *one* charitable con-

clusion,—he is very far "gone." The Rev. F. Close, of Cheltenham, has just fallen foul of this strange, uncouth man,—"finishing" him, and four other "gentlemen in black," in the most masterly style (see the pamphlet called "The Testers Tested.") How the Christian religion does suffer by the ordination of such "daft" men,—and how very many silly fools run after them!]

The Robin a "sympathizing" Bird.—Perhaps some of your poetical correspondents may think the following simple incident worthy of notice, and marry it to "immortal verse." Some time since, the funeral of an aged and most respected lady took place in the beautiful neighborhood of Dunster. Amongst the "followers" was a robin, who took an active part in the ceremonies by singing during the entire service. His seat was on a spray close by the grave. The old lady had expressed a wish to be buried in the autumn; and it is a touching coincidence that her *requiem* should have been chanted by autumn's sole chorister. Let me add—the clergyman who officiated was much affected by this accompaniment of the church's rites.—PHILOCYON, *Braintree*.

Consumption of Ardent Spirits.—A curious calculation is made by Mr. Thomas George Shaw, of 25, Old Bond Street, relative to the quantity of spirits consumed in England, Ireland, and Scotland, in 1849. After giving the number of gallons used in each country, he says—"It is here shown, that the consumption was 28,246,987 gallons—yielding a revenue of £8,557,399. If this is divided among the whole population, it gives about one gallon to every man, woman, and child; but taking only the adult males, the proportions used in England, Ireland, and Scotland (exclusive of all that is smuggled and illegally made), proves that an Englishman drank in that year $21\frac{1}{4}$ gallons; an Irishman $3\frac{1}{4}$; and a Scotchman, 11."

[We are happy to say that the Englishman is *not* now quite such a beast. The Scotchman *far*, very far exceeds him in bestiality; as the more recent "returns" show. Glasgow, in particular,—where people are "shut up" on Sundays—wallows in liquor.]

Instinct of the House-Marten.—I was residing with my family, during the summer of 1849, in the village of Sutton, three miles from Hull. My dwelling was a neat rustic cottage on the outskirts of the village, with latticed windows in the bed-chamber. Here a pair of martens commenced building their nest; and so near to the window that I could see into it. As I never interfered with the birds beyond looking out of the window and watching their operations, they soon became familiarised to my presence; and they permitted me to look on until their habitation was completed. Just previous to this, I was startled one morning, as early as 4 o'clock, by some unusual noises proceeding from my little friends. Feeling curious, I rose to ascertain what was amiss. I then found that forcible possession had been taken of the nest by a house-sparrow (*Passer domesticus*), who, snugly ensconced in his citadel of mud, was beating off his enemies vigorously! There was quite a war of words, as well as a pitched battle, and the sparrow at last wore out his pursuers.

Fairly exhausted, they flew away, and the cock-sparrow chirped loudly in praise of his victory. His triumph was short. In less than a quarter of an hour, the sound of a multitude of strange voices broke upon my ear. A whole flock of martens had been summoned to do battle; and there they were, all marshalled in full array, attacking the sparrow. Long did he hold out; but he was at last fairly dislodged, and chased away. The champions waited awhile to see their friends restored to their lawful occupation, and then took their departure. Such a twittering there was among them! All now went well. The sparrow never returned. My little visitors were no more disturbed; and in due course they reared a fine little family.—J. R., *Hull*.

[This is one of some fifty similar cases that have come before us. Beyond all doubt, birds perfectly comprehend one another, and assist each other in cases of emergency. Why should they not? It is delightful to note these things; for they lead us on to pursue our observations with an increasing ardor. We shall have an immensity to say about these matters by and by.]

The Voice of Nature.—The most beautiful flowers are those which are double; such as double pinks, double roses, and double dahlias. What an argument is this, against the chilling deformity of single blessedness! "Go marry!" is written on everything beautiful that the eye rests upon; beginning with the birds-of-Paradise, and ending with apple-blossoms.—T.

Local Treatment of Acute Gout.—The extreme pain attending acute gouty inflammation may, it appears, be very quickly relieved by the application of pure spirits of wine. We witnessed a trial, says a writer in the *Medical Times*, of this remedy by Dr. Goolden, on a patient in St. Thomas's Hospital, who was suffering at the time agonising pain in the foot; and the result was an almost immediate relief. Dr. Goolden informed us that he was in the habit of using it very frequently in private practice, and always with the most pleasing effect. He believed it to act by being absorbed, and not by mere evaporation. The mode of application is by a piece of lint saturated in the spirit, laid over the part, and then covered with oil-silk.—HUMANITAS.

Keep the Mind employed, and the Body active.—"To be employed, is to be happy," said Gray. And if he had never said anything else, either in prose or even in verse, he would have deserved the esteem of all posterity. He certainly practised as he spoke. His library bore witness to an extent of curiosity, a perseverance of research, and an accuracy of observation (with a minute diligence in recording what he had gained) and gathering in the harvest of the day,—that is hardly to be paralleled in any one who was so gifted with original genius and the power of forming his own creations of thought.—CORIORSIS, *Clijton*.

The Dog.—I quite rejoice in reading the many interesting anecdotes of animals that find a place in your delightful columns; and observe with pleasure that the Dog, in your estimation, ranks very

high. So he does in mine. Dogs have such a habit of watching one's face—searching and reading one's thoughts! They really penetrate into our wishes and wants, and sympathise with our infirmities. A well-bred black and tan terrier of mine was possessed of a charming trait. Nothing pleased her so well as taking care of ladies when walking alone. On such occasions, she would gladly forego all her favorite amusements,—such as hunting in the fields, barking at every bird on the wing, &c., &c. She would also keep quite close to her charge; looking up every now and then into her companions' faces, as much as to say,—"Don't be afraid, I'm here. I'll take care of you." I remember this same pretty little "Rose" accompanying two ladies and myself in a walk. One of our party—an invalid—being fatigued, said she would return home. This put Rose's good qualities to a severe test. She longed for a scamper far away, on the chance of worrying a rat, or catching a weasel asleep; and at the same time she felt she had a "duty" to perform. It was amusing to watch how she deliberated. However, pleasure *did* give way to duty; and, fixing a look (I shall never forget it!) on the lady, she followed her closely home,—looking at her every now and then patronisingly, as if to say,—"All is quite right, and you know it." What an amiable trait; that this untutored brute should have left her master and mistress,—aye, quitted her favorite sport, of which Nature had given such a lively and pleasurable sense, to follow an invalid stranger! Let the human brute take a lesson in self-denial and compassion from a dog. I have observed the same endearing character in two of Rose's puppies. They are the cross of a beagle of high breed. The one that resembles the mother in appearance, exhibits the same disposition and habits,—I may say "mind;" whilst the other (which is quite a beagle to look at), has a less open way of dealing,—is sneaking and cowardly, and (like a worldly-minded person) more full of affectionate outward demonstrations.—PHILOXON.

Susceptibility of Cats to Mesmeric Influence.—Are you aware that cats are very sensitive subjects, and that they display some very curious phenomena when under the influence of Mesmerism? I should like to see something from your pen on this subject, for I imagine you can be no stranger to what I allude to.—J. E.

[We will bear your wish in active remembrance, and will gladly comply with it. We sadly lack leisure just now; but we hope soon to make headway. One head and one pair of hands—only, demand a *little* patience.]

Literary Labor, or "Drudgery."—There is no state of slavery on earth, says our excellent contemporary, the "*Liverpool Mercury*," like that attendant upon a newspaper (and literary) life, whether it be as director or subordinates. Your task is never ended, your responsibility never secured. The last day's work is forgotten at the close of the day on which it appears; and the dragon of to-morrow waits open mouthed to devour your thoughts, and snap up one morsel more of your vexed existence. Be as successful as it is in the nature of things to be—be indifferent to praise, and lion-hearted against blame—still will

the human frame wear out before its time, and your body, if not your mind, exhibit symptoms of dry rot.—How very true this is! And yet the public regard it not! You may kill yourself in their service, if you will; and when you are gathered to your fathers, they will turn to your successor as naturally as does the needle to the pole. The life of a literary man, engaged on a popular periodical, is not a matter for envy, but rather for pity. He has rarely a minute to call his own, and is for ever *talking in his sleep!*—W. K.

Fish Manufactory.—At Duinguen—the establishment for producing fish on the artificial system—there are now 200,000 eggs of the Rhine salmon, and of the large trout of the Swiss lakes, duly fecundated; and there are 100,000 of the same description of eggs, also fecundated at the College de France, in Paris. These eggs are destined for distribution amongst the departments in which money has been voted for the application of the artificial system.—GALIGNANI.

Metropolitan Fancy Rabbit-Club.—The 23rd session of this flourishing society was held on the 21st ult., at Anderton's Hotel. The show of rabbits was unusually good, and prizes were awarded to Messrs. Arnold, Parks, Lock, Bird, Stinton, and Littleton. The first prize was taken by Mr. Arnold. It was for a yellow and white buck (6 months and 19 days old), the length of whose ears was $21\frac{3}{4}$ inches by 5 inches wide. There were some very beautiful animals exhibited during the evening.—ARGUS.

The World we Live in.—I am always pleased, my dear Sir, when I note the ardor with which you pursue the follies and extravagances of life,—striving to make people “think” for what end they were born, and on what they *ought to do* for the benefit of each other whilst living. I find the following in “Household Words.” As it bears strongly upon “our” views of the question, I should like to see it transplanted into OUR JOURNAL:—“Only to think! How many thousand men and women in England—and how many millions more throughout the world—eat their daily bread by *making and vending Fashion's elegant trumpery!*—gloves, fans, spangles, scents, and bon-bons! How ships, colonies, and commerce, are all mixed up in a curious yet congruous elaboration with these fal-lals! How one end of the chain may be my lady's boudoir and its nick-nacks in Belgravia, and the other end a sloppy ship-dock on the hot strand of the Hooghly! How a ball supper, with its artificial flowers, its trifles, its barley-sugar temples, its enamelled baskets and ratifia cakes, had its beginning in the cheerless garret and the heated cellar! How the immensities of the world—its workshops, and marts, and bourses, and chambers of commerce—are, after all, only an accumulation of these fashionable little-nesses in bulk; packed into huge bales and casks, registered in ledgers and day-books, and sent and re-sent in strong ships, with bills of lading and charter-parties, to the uttermost ends of the earth!—“Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!”—EMILY P.

Market Gardens.—Within a radius of fifteen miles of London, there are 200,000 acres of land in the hands of market gardeners, all laboring for the London market. 10,000 loads of turnips, 100,000 sacks of peas, 20,000,000 heads of celery, 40,000,000 cabbages, and 100 tons of water-cresses, are said to be sold annually in Covent Garden Market, alone.—E. P.

Science and Revelation.—Science is everywhere seen hand in hand with revelation; not opposed to, but consonant with, its important truths. As the rays of the orb of day reveal in the configuration of the world beauties, which, without his beams, would exist unknown—and adorn every object by the glory of their reflected or transmitted hues, so Science, by her illuminating influence, displays, in every department of the universe, the wisdom and beneficence of its great originator; and even where the exhibition of these characters is least expected, produces, as if by a photographic process, vivid delineations of the Divine perfections. Here do we see Science accomplishing her high behests; making known to man the attributes of God, and by her light revealing the entire volume of Nature, as a vast supplemental Treatise to His written Word.—J. L. DOWN.

Genius, Talent, Cleverness.—Genius rushes like a whirlwind; talent marches like a cavalcade of heavy men and horses; cleverness skims like a swallow in a summer evening, with a sharp shrill note, and a sudden turning. The man of genius dwells with men and with nature; the man of talent in his study; but the clever man dances here, there, and everywhere—like a butterfly in a hurricane; striking everything, and enjoying nothing, but too light to be dashed to pieces. The man of talent will attack theories; the clever man assails the individual, and slanders private character. But the man of genius despises both: he heeds none, he fears none, he lives in himself, shrouded in the consciousness of his own strength—he interferes with none, and walks forth an example: “eagles fly alone, they are sheep that herd together.” It is true that, should a poisonous worm cross his path, he may tread it under his foot: should a cur snarl at him, he may chastise it; but he will not, cannot attack the privacy of another. Clever men write *verses*; men of talent write *prose*; but the man of genius writes *Poetry*.—LECTOR.

Effect of Snow on the Eyes.—An account has just been published, by one Jacques Balmot, of the effects produced on the eyes by the glare of the snow, when he and Dr. Paccord were ascending Mount Blanc. They had not the green veils on them which are recommended. He states that when he arrived at the grand plateau, he was so dazzled that he was nearly blind, and whichever way he looked he only saw large spots of blood. He sat down and closed his eyes for half-an-hour, and was then able to go on. They passed the night in the snow. On the following morning Dr. Paccord exclaimed, “I hear the birds singing, and it is quite dark;” but his eyes were open, and he was blind for the time, and only recovered after careful management for a considerable period.—F. W., *Clapham*.

Gold Fish.—The Chinese say, my dear Sir, that these fish were first brought to Amoy from Japan, where they are indigenous, being found in a tepid lake on the summit of the Laconie mountains—probably the crater of an extinct volcano. The Mandarins, we are told, avail themselves of this fairy family as garden ornaments—frequently introducing them between plates of glass in the interstices of their favorite rockwork, which they render water-tight by a varnish which they call tamfoo; or retaining them in porcelain vases, symmetrically disposed on the balustrades of their houses. They are generally fed on a sort of biscuit made of rice, with, in the colder season, a small quantity of the bark of the camphor-tree, very finely powdered—called Fangti. During the breeding season, the eggs of certain insects are liberally supplied. Rain-water agrees better with them than spring-water; for, if there be iron in the soil, they gradually lose their brilliancy, and become of an ashy-brown color; or, if chalk abounds, or porcelain clay, they become blind—the scales throw out a cottony exudation, like the American blight on the apple tree, and they die. It is a singular circumstance attending gold fish, that, under certain dispositions of their temperament, they are seized with a sort of furore, and devour each other; the stronger preying on the more feeble. The Chinese call this disease Chang-poo-Ching. I do not know whether it occurs in our latitude.—*LUCY N., Tottenham.*

[Yes, Mademoiselle, this furore *does* occasionally take place; but not very frequently.]

A NEW YEAR'S DINNER.

BY TWO "OLD HANDS."

EATING is good;—very; and DRINKING also. But let every thing be done in moderation; so that we may RATIONALLY enjoy ourselves, and have no reason to repent on the morrow what we have done to-day.—*ADDISON.*

LET US, OF COURSE, BEGIN WITH BEEF. Mighty is the baron! Beautiful too—aye, infinitely more beautiful than the laurels of sword-flourishing conquerors—is the sprig of holly here and there stuck about it, suggestive of the glory of the season. Well, then, you must buy a baron—yes, a whole baron, for you have the wherewithal. And if you have not,—why, would that you had!

But, nonsense, *you have* the means; and therefore, a whole baron must you buy, as the foundation of a New Year's dinner. There; you have given your orders like a man! And see; the butcher, blithely touching his hat, avouches that the identical baron—upon whose yellow fat your eye is now complacently reposing—shall be sent to your kitchen. That baron,—and no other.

Stay, there is a small sirloin; *that* you must buy too. You must indeed. Nay; you are about to reply that, with a baron, *what need* have you of a sirloin? Much; the greatest need. We know far better than you, what you require for the right enjoyment of this happy season. So; very well. The

butcher will send home the sirloin. "Quite right, Sir!"

Well; here we are at the poulterer's. Sir, you have an eye for a turkey. That *is* a most magnificent bird indeed! A very roc in magnitude. Norfolk-hatched and reared, and in truth worthy to represent the county. It is a good deal of money; but then, it is for the New Year. And consider the indirect applause of your magnificence and taste, when your guests applaud *that* turkey! You may for a time make common cause with the bird. Yes; when your guests shall exclaim "What a superb fellow!"—you may at least divide the compliment with the gallinaceous glory on your table. Therefore—but why talk? You *have* bought the turkey.

Wait another minute. There is a delicate goose; a nice, plump offering to the genialities of the season. Oh, we observe your surprise. Your eye speaks, and asks—"How is it possible that, with such a monster of a turkey, I can do anything with that goose?" You'll want it. We assure you, upon the credit of our philosophy, that you'll want it! That's proper. The goose, considering the season, is a great bargain, and therefore will "accompany" the turkey to your homestead.

And when you buy the ingredients for your pudding, buy not according to time-hallowed recipes, a pound of one thing—two ounces of another—and so on; showing yourself a bigot to the cookery-book. But buy a pound *and a half*—three ounces instead of two: in all things buy more—more. Rely on it, *you will want them.*

With the like largeness of heart, make mince-pies. Lay in a *stock of all things* "seasonable,"—and plenty of them.

And when you have done all this, look around you for poor friends; old helpless acquaintance—pining, pauper neighbors. To one, send your sirloin. To another, your supplementary goose. To another, ingredients for a pudding,—and so on, until, down to your neighbors' children, you have made a largess of apples, oranges, and chesnuts; and perhaps a trifle more.

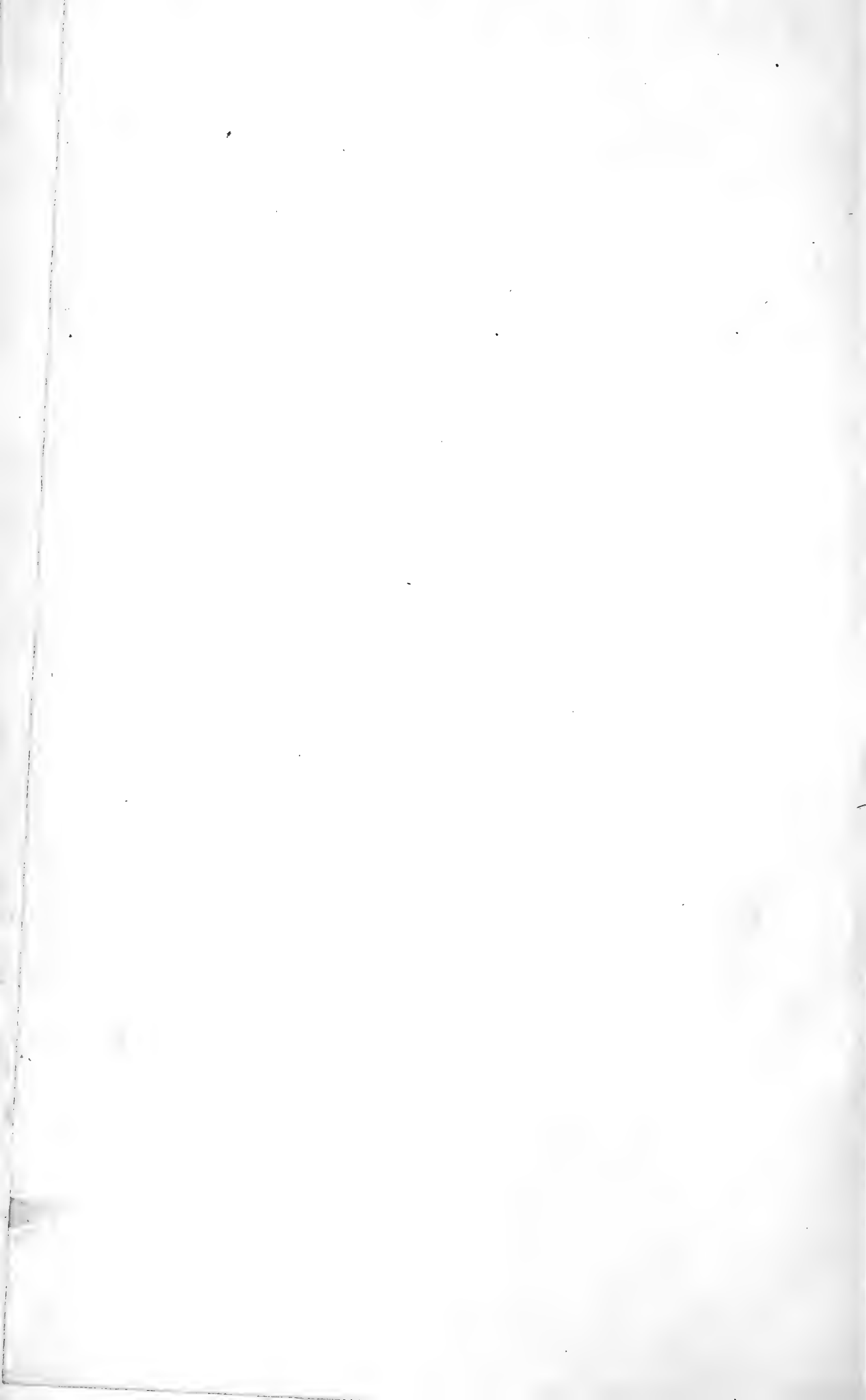
All this done, set yourself—cross-legged if you will—cosily down; and ruminate, whilst enjoying yourself among *your* friends, upon the happiness that you have been conferring upon *others.*

This is,—worth living for.

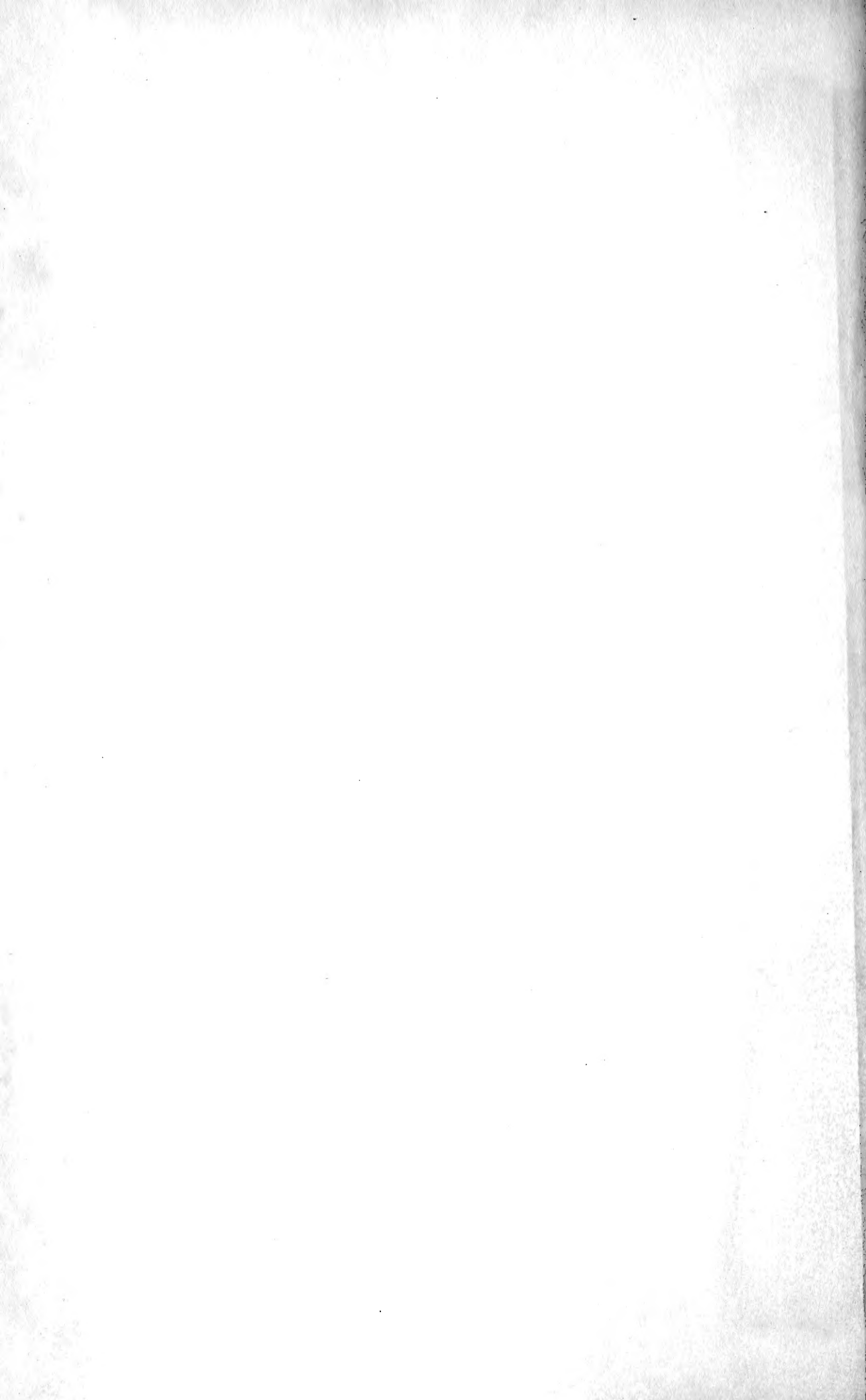
OUR ADIEU!

TO-DAY, in snow array'd, stern Winter rules
The ravag'd plain. Anon, the teeming earth
Unlocks her stores, and Spring adorns the year.
So let us,—Friends, while Fate like Winter frowns,
EXPECT REVOLVING BLISS!

AU REVOIR.









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