LITERARY EXAMINER.

Hymn of the City.

BY WM. C. BRYANT.

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
The steps, Almighty!—here, amidst the crowd
Through the great city rolled,
With everlasting murmur deep and loud—
Choking the ways that wind [kind.
'Mongst the proud piles, the work of human

Thy golden sunshine comes [lies,
From the round heaven, and on their dwellings
And lights their inner homes— [skies,
For them thou fill'st with air the unbounded
And givest them the stores
Of ocean, and the harvest 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 tempests, 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 the moment, too, is thine:
It breathes of Him who keeps
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

Long Ago.

FROM H. H. BROWNELL'S POEMS.

When at eve I sit alone,
Thinking on the Past and Gone—
While the clock, with drowsy finger,
Marks how slow the minutes linger—
And the embers, dimly burning,
Tell of Life to Dust returning—
Then my lonely chair around,
With a solemn mournful sound—
With a murmur soft and low,
Come the ghosts of Long Ago.

One by one, I count them o'er,
Voices, that are heard no more,
Tears that loving cheeks have wet,
Words, whose music lingers yet—
Holy faces, pale and fair,
Shadowy locks of waving hair—
Gentle sighs and whispers dear,
Songs forgotten many a year—
Lips of dewy fragrance—eyes
Brighter, bluer than the skies—
Odors breathed from Paradise.

And the gentle shadows glide
Softly murmuring at my side.
Till the long and gloomy day
All forgotten, fades away.

Thus, when I am all alone,
Dreaming o'er the Past and Gone,
All around me, sad and slow,
Come the ghosts of Long Ago.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

French Colonizers.

ROBERT Cavalier de La Salle,* the first colonizer of Louisiana, (he started on his discoveries A. D. 1678,) is a striking person as a colonizer and discoverer; if for no other reason, at least for the peculiar nationality of his character; and the features in him, that, throughout his course, are perpetually reminding us of the Frenchman. We do not mean the latter to be understood in an unfavorable sense. The French character has a light, gallant, affectionate side of it; and shows, in some of its specimens, a mixture of innocence and spirit which is very taking. La Salle has this remarkably. He has not the grave, plodding, energetic, persevering, diplomatic character of the English colonizer. The founders of our colonial empire were men made in a different mould, to what we see in this light-hearted, gallant, French adventurer. And the fruits of their labors have been proportionally more enduring and solid. The Frenchman has colonized for the benefit of the Anglo-Saxon in the west, and no sooner has he settled himself in his new domain, than the heavy weight of English vicinity has ousted him out of it. The Saxon shows that genius for occupation, management, and system, which alone gains permanent hold upon a new country. In the first instance, however, and in the act of exploring and finding his way from lake to lake, and forest to forest, in the new region, the Frenchman is quite as vigorous in his way as the Englishman. He mixes up the excitement of discovery, however, with pleasures and tastes quite his own. He strews flowers by the way, makes pretty scenes as he goes along, mounts his gay colors on the top of the rock, and festoons the forest stumps. He notes his progress by ornamental erections, and begins to dance when he has arrived at the end of a good day's or week's exploring, and thinks he has achieved something. He is stimulated, moreover, by the thorough French love of *la gloire*, and does not dream of adulterating the noble admixture with any base mercantile feeling. He has not shipping, and docks, and factories in view; his discovery is a fine dream to him. He is pleased with it, as he would be with a good play; and the real hardships and roughnesses he endures are mixed with something of his old opera house, stage light, side scene, and other Parisian sympathies. We hear of dancing on board, as the ship of discovery was crossing the Atlantic. "A joyous company of girls on board sought to wear away the tediousness of the voyage, and enliven the spirits of the passengers by the amusement of dancing. This was more than the grave and scrupulous Recollect (a priest of a particular order) could endure, and he took occasion to reprimand the young damsels, and check their hilarity. La Salle interposed, and said there was no harm in dancing."

His men are frightened at their first start upon their Mississippi voyage of discovery, with a picture of the horrors and dangers of that mysterious river.

"Nikanape, a man of rank in the camp, and brother to the great chief of the nation, who was absent on a hunting excursion, invited the Frenchman to an entertainment; and before sitting down to the repast, he made a long speech, the drift of which was, to advise his guests against the perilous scheme of going down the Mississippi. He said that others had perished in the attempt; that the banks were inhabited by a strong and terrible race of men, who killed everybody that came among them; that the waters swarmed with crocodiles, serpents, and frightful monsters; and that, even if the boat was large and strong enough to escape these dangers, it would be dashed in pieces by the falls and rapids, or meet with inevitable destruction in a hideous whirlpool at the river's mouth, where the river itself was swallowed up and lost. This harangue, which the orator enforced by expressions of anxious concern for the welfare of his friends, produced an obvious effect on the minds of La Salle's men."

La Salle instantly brings the image of *la gloire* before them.

"He said the dangers, which had been painted in such glowing colors, bore on their face so clear a stamp of exaggeration and improbability, that he was convinced that Nikanape himself would excuse him for regarding them with utter incredulity; and, even if they were as formidable as had been represented, *the courage of Frenchmen would only be the more eager to encounter them, as crowning their enterprise with the greater glory.*"

La Salle himself starts on his voyage from France, with a patent of nobility; he is the Sieur de la Salle. The Sieur de la Salle builds his ship "Griffin," in Canada, for Mississippi discoveries. The vessel was named "The Griffin," in compliment to the Count de Frontenac, whose armorial bearings were adorned by two griffins, as supporters.

"The ship was completely finished, rigged, and equipped within six months from the day on which the keel was laid. The ornamental parts were not forgotten. The griffin with expanded wings, surmounted by an eagle, sat on the prow."

The ceremony of taking possession of a district is characteristic in the same way.—The Sieur de la Salle, it should be known by the way, always wears, on such occasions, and on all occasions of ceremony, "a scarlet coat, embroidered with gold."

"The arms of France were attached to the column, with this incription: *Louis the Great, King of France and Navarre, reigns; the 9th of April,* 1682. All the men were under arms, and, after chanting the *Te Deum*, they honored the occasion by a discharge of their muskets, and cries of *Long live the king*. The column was then erected by the Sieur de la Salle, who made a formal speech, taking possession of the whole country of Louisiana for the French king, the nations and people contained therein, the seas and harbors adjacent, and all the streams flowing into the Mississippi, which he calls the great river St. Louis. A leaden plate was buried at the foot of a tree, with a Latin inscription, containing the arms of France and the date, and purporting that La Salle, Tonty, Zenobe, and twenty Frenchmen, were the first to navigate the river from Illinois to its mouth. The cross was then erected with similar ceremonies. At the same time an account of these proceedings was drawn up, in the form of a *Proces Verbal*, certified by a notary, and signed by thirteen of the principal persons of the expedition."

This sort of harmless, amusing pomp goes on throughout, and La Salle's chivalry, and the old "chateaux" associations follow him into the new world. He carries France with him wherever he goes.

There is the same character shown in the poetical dejection of mind which comes out when he has ill luck, and expresses itself by giving a melancholy name to a station he erects, or a river he crosses; and his geographical chart, in the act of formation, expresses, by the nomenclature upon it, the different phases of mind the discoverer was in. He is deserted, on one occasion, by "six of his men, including the two sawyers, whose services were exceedingly important. The defection of so large a number was not only discouraging in itself, but a sad breach in the company." He built a fort soon after this loss, and called it, "in sympathy with his feelings, Fort Crevecœur, *Broken Heart*." Again—

"Five or six miles beyond, they came to another river, which Father Anastase says was broader and deeper than the Seine at Paris, bordered on one side by the most beautiful trees, and on the other by extensive plains. They crossed it on a raft. This was the Colorado. It was afterwards called the Maligne by La Salle, in consequence of one of his party having been devoured in it by a crocodile."

His engaging manner to his people in all distresses, and way of making speeches to them, and cheering them up, are quite in the style of French amiableness and good nature. "The Sieur de la Salle, calling the good people together, addressed them in an eloquent speech," says Anastase, "with that engaging air which was so natural to him, presenting such motives to sustain their constancy as the occasion would admit, and encouraging them to hope for his speedy return with succors to relieve their distresses."

With this gayety, gallantry, and spirit, religion comes in too, and has its place in the scene. La Salle takes out friar missionaries with him, whom he takes into his counsels, and treats as his bosom friends. They accompany the course of discovery, preaching and converting, when they have the opportunity; assisting La Salle in boat and fort-building when they have nothing better to do.

"Although La Salle had received his education at the hands of the Jesuits, and had lived with them for many years, yet his predilections seemed to have leaned towards the Recollects. From them he chose the spiritual guides who were to accompany him in his discoveries. When he arrived at Fort Frontenac, he found Fathers Gabriel, Louis Hennepin, and Zenobe Membre, awaiting his orders; as also Luke Buisset and Melithon Watteau, the former destined for the missionary station at the fort, and the latter for that at Niagara. They were all natives of the Spanish Netherlands. The most renowned of these fathers was Hennepin, who has figured in the literary world, and who will often appear in the course of this narrative. He came to Canada in the same vessel with the Sieur de la Salle, when returning after his first voyage to France; and from that time he had been employed as a missionary at Fort Frontenac, or in rambling among the Iroquios. In some of these excursions he visited Albany, then called New Orange, and other frontier settlements of New York. Being of a restless temper, it was not his humor to remain long in the same place."

The mixture in La Salle's mind of arms and religion attracts the remark of the American biographer. In a speech to a crowd of Indians on stepping out of his canoe.

"La Salle took the first opportunity to explain to them the objects that had brought him to their country, which he could do with the more facility as he was accompanied by two interpreters. He told them that he had come from Canada to impart to them a knowledge af the true God, to assist them against their enemies, and to supply them with arms and with the conveniences of life. At this interview he said nothing about his proposed voyage to the Mississippi. In fact, his aim seems only to have been to quell their apprehensions and rivet their friendship. The idea of teaching them the Christian religion, and at the same time putting fire-arms in their hands to excite their passion for war, is so incongruous, that this report might be doubted, if it were not confirmed by two of the missionaries who were present, and who relate the circumstance without comment."

However, the preaching of the missionaries produces an impression, in spite, too, of the great difficulty of their not understanding the Indian language, nor the Indians theirs. They find the cross respected, though they cannot discover why.

"No demonstrations of hostility were shown by the natives, who cordially accepted the calmet of peace, visited the Frenchmen in their camp, and invited them to their village. The shore was lined by a concourse of people to receive them, cabins were assigned for their accommodation, fuel was supplied for their fires, abundance of provisions was brought to them, and for three days they were regaled with a continual feast. These Indians, it was remarked, were of a much gayer humor than those of the north, more frank and open-hearted, more gentle in their manners, and decorous in their deportment. Their Sieur de la Salle was treated with marked deference and respect. He took possession of the country in the name of his king, erected a cross, and adorned it with the arms of France. This was done with much pomp and ceremony, at which the savages testified great joy, and doubtless supposed it to be intended for their amusement. Father Zenobe also performed his part, by endeavoring to impress upon the multitude some of the mysteries of hisfaith, as far as he could do it without understanding a word of their language; and he did not despair of having produced good effects, especially as he observed, on his return, that the cross stood untouched, and had been surrounded by the Indians with a line of palisades."

Such is the character of La Salle's course of adventure. He is a gallant adventurer in the first place; he is a converter and missionary in the next: and he and his "Recollects" act together with perfect harmony and brotherly spirit. He goes through his difficulties with a light heart. "It would be impossible," says one of his missionary fathers of him, "to find in history an instance of a more intrepid and invincible courage than that of the Sieur de la Salle. He was never cast down, and he constantly hoped, with the aid of Heaven, to accomplish his enterprise." He did accomplish it, and discovered and founded the colony of Louisiana, now one of the United States; but he did not live to enjoy his discovery. If French gayety and lightheartedness accompanied the course of his dscovery, a French tragedy closed it. He was murdered by a clique of his own men. Poor La Salle certainly claims our pity as much as any one we know of; he so little deserved his fate. He was so perfectly unfitted to be the mark of an assassin. A murderous knot amongst his own followers, however, having killed in revenge some of their own companions, feared La Salle's discovering the crime.

"As the conspirators had begun the work of blood, they laid a scheme on the spot for destroying the Sieur de La Salle, in conformity, it may be, with a previous design, and under the dread of suffering the just punishment of their guilt at his hands.

They deliberated on the method of doing it for two or three days. Meantime La Salle expressed anxiety at the long absence of Moragnet, and seemed to have forebodings of some unhappy event, for he asked whether Duhaut and his associates had not shown symptoms of dissatisfaction. He feared, also, that the whole party might have been cut off by the savages.

"Finally, he determined to go himself in search of them, leaving the camp, on the 19th of March, under the charge of Joutel. He was accompanied by father Anastase, and two natives, who had served him as guides. After travelling about six miles, they found the bloody cravat of Saget near the bank of a river, and, at the same time, two eagles were seen hovering over their heads, as if attracted by food on the ground. La Salle fired his gun, which was heard by the conspirators on the other side of the river. Duhaut and Larcheveque immediately crossed over at some distance in advance. La Salle approached, and, meeting Larcheveque, asked for Moragnet, and was answered vaguely that he was along the river. At that moment, Duhaut, who was concealed in the high grass discharged his musket and shot him through the head. Father Anastase was standing by his side, and expected to share the same fate, till the conspirators told him they had no design upon his life.

"La Salle survived about an hour, unable to speak, but pressing the hand of the good father, to signify that he understood what was said to him. The same kind friend dug his grave, and buried him, and erected a cross over his remains. 'Thus perished,' says he, 'our wise conductor, constant in adversities, intrepid, generous, engaging, adroit, skilful, and capable of anything. He who, during a period of twenty years, had softened the fierce temper of a vast number of savage nations, was massacred by his own people, whom he had loaded with benefits. He died in the vigor of life, in the midst of his career, and his labors, without the consolation of having seen their results.'"

*Library of American Biography, conducted by Jared Sparks, Boston.

From Chambers' Journal.

Stray Notes in Zoology.

The following anecdote, told by Mr. Featherstonhaugh, in his "Canoe Voyage up the Minnay Sotor," places the pig at a respectable elevation in the scale of discriminating intelligence:—"As we approached a farm on the American side of the St. Clair river, belonging to the captain of our steamer, a curious fact fell under my observation. The pigs belonging to the farm came squealing down to the waterside, a thing which the persons at the farm assured me they never did when other steamers passed. The captain explained this singular recognition on the part of the pigs, by stating that the swill of his steamer was always preserved for them, and that, on reaching the landing-place, it was immediately put on shore to feed them. The animals having been accustomed to this valuable importation during the whole summer months, had learned to distinguish the peculiar sound which the steam made in rushing through the pipe of the steamer; and as they could do this at the distance of half a mile, they immediately, upon hearing it, hastened down to the river, whilst the noise made by the other steamers was disregarded." This is a curious instance of the possibility of sharpening the faculties of the lower animals by an appeal to their appetites, and a conclusive proof that the readiest way to make all swinish animals reasonable, is to provide plenty of swill for them.

Every one is aware of the ferocious contests which often take place among the higher animals during the season of love and gallantry; but few, we believe, will be prepared to find the same feeling raging as fiercely among the cold-blooded denizens of the waters, though the poet has long ago given his word for it, "that even an oyster may be crossed in love." Such, however, is the case, if we may credit the subjoined paragraph from the "Elgin Courier:"—"While several cutter-men (of the preventive service) were on their rounds the other day, and bearing along the Findhorn, between Glenferness and Dulcie Bridge, they observed an unusual commotion among the spawning beds of the ford. On approaching the spot, two large male salmon were seen engaged in mortal combat for the possession of a female. Never did chivalric knights contest for the hand of 'ladye fair' more fiercely than these burdly lords of the flood. The tranquil bosom of the stream was lashed into foam by the struggles of the finny antagonists; in the mean time the object of the fray was beating silently about, 'spectatress of the fight.' From the appearance of the stream—dyed with blood, and gradually assuming its former smooth surface—it was evident that the contest was over. One of the salmon at last flounders on the surface—dead; and the victor, it may be conjectured, exhaustedly bore off his prize. The men, who had the curiosity to watch the fight, as a proof of their story, conveyed the dead salmon to the nearest dwelling. The victor had torn off the flesh along the back, from head to tail, to the very bone. In the movement of salmon-spawning, the males have often been seen chasing each other; but such a fray as this has not been witnessed by the oldest fisher or poacher on the Findhorn."

Mr. Gardner, in his recently-published "Travels in Brazil," furnishes some additional information respecting the habits and character of the electric eel:—"In the Rio de Palma," says he, "as in all the rivers within the province of Goyaz, the *Gymnotus electricus* is exceedingly common. They are of all sizes, from a foot to six feet in length, and are frequently caught on the lines which are set for fishes; they are sometimes eaten, but not generally, although their flesh is said to be very good. Horses as well as men, by coming in contact with them in the water, are not unfrequently thrown down by the shock which they impart: they are called by the inhabitants *Treme-treme*. In rainy weather, those who fish in these rivers often receive a shock, which is communicated along the moisture upon the rod and line, when one of them happens to seize the hook. I saw one in a state of captivity, about six feet long, which was so tame, that it would allow any one to put his hand upon it, and even slide for its whole length through the fingers; but if irritated in the smallest degree, by pinching it a little, it instantly communicated a smart shock."

The same authority confirms the early accounts respecting the prodigious swallowing capacity of the boa-constrictor—accounts which certain naturalists, whose researches never extended beyond the galleries of a museum, are in the habit of treating with ridicule and unbelief. "The boa," says he, "is not uncommon throughout the whole province of Goyaz, particularly by the wooded margins of lakes, marshes, and streams. Sometimes they attain the enormous length of forty feet: the largest I ever saw was at this place, but it was not alive. Some weeks before our arrival at Sape, the favorite riding-horse of Senhor Lagoeira, which had been put out to pasture not far from the house, could not be found, although strict search was made for it all over the fazienda. Shortly after this, one of his vaqueiros, in going through a wood by the side of a small river, saw an enormous boa suspended in the fork of a tree which hung over the water: it was dead, but had evidently been floated down alive by a recent flood; and being in an inert state, it had not been able to extricate itself from the fork before the waters fell. It was dragged out to the open country by two horses, and was found to measure thirty-seven feet in length. On opening it, the bones of a horse, in a somewhat broken condition, and the flesh in a half-digested state, were found within it, the bones of the head being uninjured. From these circumstances, it was concluded that the boa had devoured the horse entire. In all kinds of snakes the capacity for swallowing is prodigious. I have often seen one not thicker than my thumb swallow a frog as large as my fist; and I once killed a rattlesnake, about four feet long, and of no great thickness, which had swallowed not less than three large frogs, one of which swelled out its sides to nearly twice the thickness of the other parts. I have also seen a very slender snake that frequents the roofs of houses, swallow an entire bat three times its own thickness. If such be the case with these smaller kinds, it is not to be wondered at that one thirty-seven feet long should be able to swallow a horse, particularly when it is known that, previously to doing so, it breaks the bones of the animal by coiling itself round it, and afterwards lubricates it with a slimy matter which it has the power of secreting in its mouth."

Much has been said and written both for and against the ingenuity and imitative faculties of monkeys—these accounts, however, generally referring to the animals in a state of domestication and training. We have little recorded of their natural state beyond their chattering frolicksomeness, their shyness, their affection for their young, or their occasionally pelting some obtrusive traveller with rotten twigs or palm-nuts from the branches overhead. The following extract from the same traveller not only adds to our knowledge on this score, but exhibits the monkey tribe as capable of employing implements, if we may so speak, for the attainment of a certain end:—"The moist and marshy campos produce various kinds of palm-trees, which bear large clusters of small nuts, greatly resembling miniature cocoa-nuts. When ripe, these are covered externally with a fibrous oily substance, which has a sweetish taste, and constitutes the favorite food of the little ring-tailed monkeys, which are no less fond of the internal part of the nut, which contains a kernel similar to that of the cocoa. In several parts of the interior, I had been told that, to get at this kernel, the shell being too hard to break with their teeth, the monkeys carry the nuts to a rocky place, and there break them with a stone; and I even met with persons who assured me that they had watched them in such places, and actually seen them engaged in this operation. This account I always considered to be fabulous till I arrived at Sape. In an excursion we made over the Serra, where it is composed of nearly bare, rugged lime-stone peaks, in several almost inaccessible places, we came upon large heaps of the broken shells of nuts, generally on a bare, open part of the rock, and along with them a number of roundish pieces of stone, larger than the fist, which had evidently been employed in breaking the shells. These, Senhor Lagoeira told me, were the places resorted to by the monkeys for the purpose of breaking the nuts collected in the low grounds; and that, in his shooting excursions over the mountains, he has frequently seen them take flight on his approach. That they both can, and really do, make use of a stone in order to break that which is too hard for their teeth, I have frequently witnessed in a little pet monkey that accompanied me on my journey. I obtained it in Piauhy, and it was the only one of the many tame animals I carried with me that reached Rio de Janeiro alive: it was a female of the species we are now speaking of, and ultimately became very gentle. Jerry was the favorite with all, and indeed, in all respects fared like ourselves; it became so fond of tea, which it drank every morning and evening, that it would not go to sleep without its usual allowance. Its favorite food was farinha, boiled rice, and bananas; but scarcely anything came amiss to it. A raw egg was a choice morsel, and on being given to it, it broke one end by gently knocking it on the floor, and completed the hole by picking off the broken bits of shell, and putting it on the point of its long slender finger; throwing back its head, and holding the egg erect between its two hands, it soon contrived to suck out the whole contents. Whenever anything was given to it that was too hard to break with its teeth, it always looked about for a stone, which it would hold in both its hands, and rising erect on its legs, would let it fall, leaping backwards at the same time, to avoid any injury to its toes."

We are occasionally assailed by the anonymous abuse of parlor naturalists for repeating what certain travellers have written respecting the dimensions and habits of the so-called bird-catching spiders of South America: what do such authorities say to the recent testimony of Dr. Von Tschudi? "At Quibe," he says, "I saw a bird-catching spider (*mygale*) of extraordinary large size. The back-part of the body alone measured two inches! Being at some distance, I supposed it to be one of the rodent animals, and I fired at it. To my mortification I discovered my mistake when too late, for the specimen was completely destroyed by the shot, and was useless for my collection. The Indians assured me that on the margin of the stream which flowed near the plantation, many larger individuals were to be found; but I never saw another of such remarkable size as the one I inadvertently destroyed."

The vampire, or blood-sucking bats, which were also so long regarded as fabulous, are thus spoken of by the same recent authority:—"Not less troublesome are the leaf-nosed bats, (*phyllostoma*,) which attack both man and beast. This bat rubs up the skin of his victim, from which he sucks the blood. The domestic animals suffer greatly from the nocturnal attacks of these creatures, and many are destroyed by the exhaustion consequent on the repeated blood-sucking. The blood drawn by the bat itself does not exceed a few ounces; but if, when satisfied, it drops down to the ground, or flies away, the wound continues to bleed for a long time, and in the morning the animal is often found in a very weak condition, and covered with blood. One of my mules, on which a leaf-nosed bat made a nightly attack, was only saved by having his back rubbed with an ointment made of spirits of camphor, soap, and petroleum. The blood-suckers have such an aversion to the smell of this ointment, that on its application they ceased to approach the mule. These bats are very mischievous in the plantations of the forests, where beasts of burden and horned cattle are exposed to their attacks. Whether they venture to assail man, has been a much-disputed question. Several travellers declare they do not. I may, however, mention a case which occurred within my own knowledge. A bat fastened on the nose of an Indian lying intoxicated in a plantation, and sucked so much blood, that it was unable to fly away. The slight wound was followed by such severe inflammation and swelling that the features of the Cholo were not recognizable." This account is confirmed by Mr. Gardner, the Brazilian traveller, who believes that the puncture which the vampire makes in the skin of the animals is effected by the sharp-hooked nail of its thumb, and that from the wound thus made it abstracts the blood by the suctorial powers of its lips and tongue."

Prices of Old Pictures.

In a late picture sale in London, we note some instances of price, which looked as if the appreciation of the Masters was not yet entirely lost. For example:

"The miraculous Murillo, 'The adoration of the Shepherds,' was bought by Mr. Theobalds, supposed to be for the Marquess of Hertford, for 2,875 guineas, while the next picture, a Wynant's, carried away 400 guineas. The large Vander Velde, a most fresh and vigorous picture purchased by Mr. Farrer some while since at the Earl of Litchfield's sale, at Schugborough, for about £1,350, was here carried off by the Marquess of Hertford, for 1,650 guineas; and the Rubens, 'The Holy Family,' a glowing evidence of startling genius, which was at one period in the imperial gallery of Vienna, until the Emperor Joseph II. presented it to the Counsellor Burtin, of Brussels, rose to 2,350 guineas.

"The latter picture was likewise for the Marquess of Hertford, who laid out the princely sum during this day's sale alone, of £11,000. The fear, however, was very generally expressed in the room that his lordship purposes the removal of these great gems to the palace he is now building in Paris; and, if so, the gratification of the British public, and the more important fact of their utility as works of study, will be entirely lost."

Nor do they, in this rage for Old Pictures, entirely overlook all modern excellence: take the following in proof: though here, to be sure, the artist is one who, in his particular sort of subject, has probably never been surpassed. He who of old painted for Alexander a courser so life-like that steeds at sight of it pricked up their ears and neighed, was no doubt a good animal painter: the name of Vernet, too, is vast as to all that appertains to horse-flesh. Paul Potter's bull's and his boar and lion hunts have been matchless: the Raphael of cats stands supreme in puss-portraiture: but for his exquisite monkeys, his delicious dogs, his inimitable jackasses, and, indeed, his mastery of the manners and forms of the whole animal kingdom, the monarch of the beasts might well make Landseer painter to his quadruped Court:

"PROFITS OF PAINTERS.—It is worthy of remark, as a circumstance to excite no little surprise in England, and perfect astonishment on the continent, that for the four pictures painted by Mr. Edward Landseer this year he received nearly seven thousand pounds, viz: £2,100 for the paintings, and £4,450 for the copyrights; The copyrights of the 'Peace' and 'War' were purchased for £2,650 by Mr. Alderman Moon, that of the 'Refreshment,' for £1,000, for Messrs. Henry Graves & Co.; and that of the 'Stag at Bay,' for £800, with a share of the profits, by Mr. McLean. The 'Peace' and 'War' are the property of Mr. Vernon; that of 'Refreshment' belongs to Mr. Newenhups, a Belgian dealer; and that of the 'Stag at Bay' to Lord Godolphin."—*Art Union.*

The following, as to one of the causes of the beauty of Italian coloring, looks probable enough:

"VENETIAN ATMOSPHERE.—I am acquainted with an English artist who, being struck by the vivid tints of some stuffs which he saw worn by the women, and which appeared to him precisely the same as those he admired in Titian and Paul Veronese, purchased some pieces of the same fabric and brought them to England; but he soon found that for his purpose he ought to have brought the Venetian atmosphere with him. When unpacked in London, the reds seemed as dingy, and the yellow as dirty, and the blues as smoky as our own."—*Mrs. Jameson.—Nat. Int.*

APPAREL.—A man ought, in his clothes, to conform something to those that he converses with, to the custom of the nation, and the fashion that is decent and general, to the occasion, and his own condition: for that is best that best suits with one's calling, and the rank we live in. And seeing that all men are not Œdipuses, to read the riddle of another man's inside, and most men judge by appearances, it behoves a man to barter for a good esteem, even from his clothes and outside. We guess the goodness of the pasture by the mantle we see it wears.—*Feltham.*

"A Poet is like a bird: he gives what he has, and he gives a song."

[From the Louisville Journal.]

To my Mother.

WRITTEN AT THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

Mother—I look around me in the night—
When the bright moon is sleeping on the hill,
And like the broad green earth all bathed in light,
My thoughts are gentle, and passions still!
Why is it—Mother—that I think of thee
Whene'er I wake at night?—and seem to hear
Thy voice upon the even—oh, can it be,
Thy spirit hovers in the silence near?

Or is it then—dear Mother—that the low
And gentle breathing of the midnight wind
Bear to my heart the music tones which flow
So softly, sweetly to my conscious mind?
Words thou hast breathed in hours of gentleness,
Which linger 'round me in these calm, still hours,
As the winds which love in forest nooks to rest
Bear yet the odors of a thousand flowers!

I see among the stars when silence sleeps
Over all nature, and upon my brow
Stream the cool breezes from those azure deeps,
A form like thine—oh, Mother, it is thou!
In these still halls beneath the lovely earth,
I've roamed full oft from wordly dreamings free,
And fancy lone to holy thoughts gave birth,
And oft I thought, dear Mother, then of thee!

But ah, 'tis only when my heart is pure
That thus thine image stealeth thro' my life—
A thought so beautiful may not endure
Fierce passion's troubled wilderness of strife:
So here where love is holiest, and all
Is free from taint of worldliness or guile,
The heart goes back to home, and loves to call
From all its memories a Mother's smile!

Oh, still—sweet vision—when the night is calm,
Come to my spirit—that thine influence
May to my wounded heart yield kindly balm!
So softly doth it fall upon the sense,
And steal into the heart, as gentle dreams
Steal o'er a maiden's slumbers—that with me
A talisman of love thy presence seems,
To point my heart to gentleness and thee!

August 15, 1847. R. T. COSBY.

RUSTIC MATHEMATICIAN.—My object was chiefly that of extending the small portion of mathematics which the occasional master of Town Bank had been able to give me, but without any one to apply to for assistance when I found myself at a loss, which frequently happened. I was sometimes disposed to shut my book; but, at this early period of life, I had an inherent and inveterate hatred of idleness, and that feeling has continued to haunt me until the advanced stage of human existence at which I am now writing. In the midst of this dilema I was informed that there lived, in the hills, an old farmer, of the name of Gibson, who went among his neighbors by the appellation of the *wise man*, on account of his profound knowledge on almost every subject; that he had the reputation of being a thorough mathematician; that he made his own almanac, and could calculate eclipses. In short, like the village schoolmaster,

"Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gage."

I determined to see this rustic wonder, and for that purpose walked some eight or nine miles into the hilly country, and was so much gratified with the information he gave me on certain points that had floundered me, and with such good will, urbanity, and patience withal, did he *insense* me, (as Doctor Wollaston would have said,) that I repeated my visit three or four times; and should have gone at least once more, before quitting home, had I not felt somewhat ashamed to trouble him on that occasion, which was the following:—I had puzzled myself for a couple of days and nights with a problem in Simson's *Conic Sections*, with which, without consulting any one, I found myself so much perplexed and confused, as to despair of ever being able to master. The failure preyed upon my mind. On a future night I tried once more, and, after a vain attempt, fell into a disturbed sleep, in the course of which I became busily at work with my problem, or more correctly peraphs, I dreamed to be so; and the result was, a true and satisfactory solution. In the morning, in the full recollection of my dream, I took up my slate and pencil, and easily sketched out the solution. On mentioning the circumstance in after years, to Dr. Young, he told me it was by no means an unusual case, and that many instances are on record of intricate points being unravelled in dreams or disturbed sleep.—*Autobiography of Sir John Barrow.*

ABUSE OF WIT.—It is said that the name of love is often taken in vain, compelled to stand godfather to feelings with which he has nothing to do, and made answerable for all the faults and follies which interest, vanity, and idleness commit while masquerading under such semblance. Wit is just as much put upon—blamed for a thousand impertinences over which it would not have held for a moment its glittering shield: it is like the radiant fairy doomed to wander over earth, concealed and transformed, and only allowed on rare occasions to shine forth in its true and sparkling form. It is well that wit is an impalpable and ethereal substance, or it must long since have evaporated in indignation at that peculiarly wretched and mistaken race, its imitators.

Character of the Gentleman.

Dr. Lieber, of the College of South Carolina, in a recent address before the students of that Institution, made the "Character of the Gentleman" the subject of an excellent address. If space permitted, the address should exhibit its good points by abundant extracts. In the absence, however, of larger quotations, we give the following:

"I have stated already that the forbearing use of power is a sure attribute of the true gentleman; indeed, we may say that power, physical, moral, purely social, or political, is one of the touchstones of genuine gentlemanship. The power which the husband has over the wife, in which we must include the impunity with which he may be unkind to her; the father over his children; the teacher over his pupils; the old over the young; and the young over the aged; the strong over the weak; the officer over his men; the master of a vessel over his hands; the magistrate over the citizens; the employer over the employed; the rich over the poor; the educated over the unlettered; the experienced over the confiding; the keeper of a secret over him whom it touches; the gifted over the ordinary man; even the clever over the silly—the forbearing and inoffensive use of all this power or authority, or a total abstinence from it, where the case admits will show the gentleman in a plain, unostentatious manner. Every traveller knows whether a gentlemanly or rude officer is seeking his trunks. But the use of power does not only form a touchstone; even the manner in which an individual enjoys certain advantages over others is a test. No gentleman can boast of the delights of superior health in presence of a languid patient, or speak of great good luck when in hearing of a man bent by habitual misfortune. Let a man who happily enjoys the blessings of a pure and honest life, speak of it to a fallen criminal fellow-being, and you will soon see whether he be, in addition to his honesty, a gentleman or not.—The gentleman does not needlessly and unceasingly remind an offender of a wrong he may have committed against him. He cannot only forgive; he can forget, and he strives for that nobleness of soul and manliness of character which impart sufficient strength to let the past be past. He will never use the power which the knowledge of an offence, a false step, or an unfortunate exposure of weakness give him, merely to enjoy the power of humiliating his neighbor. A true man of honor feels humbled himself, when he cannot help humbling others.

THE AFFECTIONS.—It appears unaccountable that our teachers generally have directed their instructions to the head, with very little attention to the heart. From Aristotle down to Locke, books without number have been composed for cultivating and improving the understanding; but few, in proportion, for cultivating and improving the affections.

Miss Lee, the authoress of the Canterbury Tales, has for some time past taken up her residence in Clifton. This respected lady has now reached a very advanced age. During the past week she has been visited by a not less venerable and distinguished literary character—Miss Maria Edgeworth.—*London paper.*

EXAGGERATIONS.—Never to speak by superlatives is a sign of a wise man: for that way of speaking wounds either truth or prudence. Exaggerations are so many prostitutions of reputation, because they discover the weakness of understanding and the bad discerning of him that speaks. Excessive praises excite both curiosity and envy; so that, if merit answer not the value that is set upon it, as it generally happens, general opinion revolts against imposture, and makes the flatterer and the flattered both ridiculous.—*Anon.*

THE AMATEUR PERFORMANCE ON BEHALF OF MR. LEIGH HUNT.—The distinguished and kind-hearted amateurs who have undertaken to realize a sum of money, to be invested for Mr. Leigh Hunt, appeared at our Theatre, as announced, on Wednesday evening. Notwithstanding the high prices the house was crowded. The receipts were about £180. Ben Jonson's fine play *Every Man in His Humour*, which abounds in character and in amusing illustrations of the manners of the Elizabethan age, was admirably acted. Both the comedy and the farce were highly relished by the audience, who were loud in their expressions of approbation. The performance of the amateurs in Manchester was equally successful. That sum realized was £440. Supposing the expenses at both places to be £160, the nett proceeds realized at Manchester and Liverpool are about £700.—[*English Paper.*

ANOTHER NEW PLANET.—Mr. J. R. Hind announces through the London Times the discovery of a star which he has "shown, by micrometic observations to be a new planet, evidently belonging to the group between Mars and Jupiter." The amount of motion detected is stated at 2s. 5 in R. A., which, though small, is quite sufficient to establish its nature. He named it Iris.—*Balt. Amer.*

How sweet a thing is love of home. It is not acquired—it is a feeling that has its brigin elsewhere. It is born with us, brought from another world to carry us on with joy in this. It attaches to the humblest heart that ever throbbed.

AGRICULTURAL.

TOPPING CORN, OR CUTTING STALKS.—The first of September is the time when farmers usually commence cutting, though the question whether the ears continue to draw nourishment from the stalk later than this has not been fully settled. We have strong evidence however, in favor of the position that the ears fill better and the corn is heavier, when the tops are allowed to remain till the middle of September.

But a more recent fashion of harvesting now prevails to a great extent in New England. The tops are allowed to stand till it is time to cut up the whole at the surface of the ground, and the corn and stalks are put in shocks and bound at the top, as we bind piles of top stalks. The time set for cutting up the whole is just before *the hard frost comes*, if you know when that is.

The advocates of this new mode insist that the labor of harvesting is less, that the corn is less liable to injury from the frost, and that the stover is better than when harvested in the old mode.

Those who object to it say the labor is greater, and that the husks are not so easily managed, that the corn will not be so heavy.

A man who has become used to the old mode will accomplish more than by the new one. The fodder is better, we find, when the whole is cut up at the root.—*Ploughman.*

SALT FOR THE QUINCE TREE.—In making a drain from my kitchen, it so happened that it emptied its contents near the roots of one of the quince trees mentioned. The tree, the season after, came into bearing, and as a good deal of brine had been emptied into the drain, I supposed the salt might have produced a fruitful state.

Acting on this supposition, I commenced applying salt early in the spring to the other quince trees at the rate of three quarts per annum to the surface of the ground under each tree, the trunks of which were then about as large as a man's wrist. They came into bearing the following season, and have given me constant and good crops every year since. My neighbors who had never previously succeeded in growing quinces, have adopted my plan, and now find no difficulty; I have planted myself more young trees, which are now beginning to bear well.—*Downing's Horticulturist.*

CURE FOR THE FOOT-ROT IN SHEEP.—Take honey 4 ounces, nitrate of copper 1 ounce, strong acetic acid 2 drachms; rub down the nitrate of copper thoroughly in a wedgewood or porcelain mortar, and gradually mix it with honey; then add the acetic acid so as to form a mixture of uniform consistency, and apply it to the feet of the sheep.

TO PREVENT FLIES FROM INJURING PICTURE FRAMES, GLASSES, &c.—Boil three or four onions in a pint of water; then with a gilding brush daub over your glasses and frames, and the flies will not light on the article so washed. This may be used without apprehension, as it will not do the least injury to the frames.

MOCK OYSTERS OF CORN.—Take a dozen and a half ears of young corn, and grate all the grains off the cob as fine