LITERARY EXAMINER.

Mountain Streams.

AN ASPIRATION FROM TOWN.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

What time the fern puts forth its rings,
What time the early throstle sings,
I love to fly the murky town,
And tread the moorlands, bare and brown;
From greenest level of the glens
To barest summit of the Bens,
To trace the torrents where they flow,
Serene or brawling, fierce or slow;
To linger pleased, and long,
A silent listener to their song.

Farewell, ye streets! Again I'll sit
On crags to watch the shadows flit;
To list the buzzing of the bee,
Or branches waving like a sea;
To hear, far off, the cuckoo's note,
Or lark's clear carol high afloat,
And find a joy in every sound
Of air, the water, or the ground;
Of fancies full, though fixing nought,
And thinking—heedless of my thought.

Farewell! and in the teeth of care
I'll breathe the buxom mountain air,
Feed vision upon dyes and hues
That from the hill-top interfuse,
White rocks, and lichens born of spray,
Dark heather-tufts, old mosses gray,
Green grass, blue sky, and boulders brown,
With amber waters glistening down,
And early flowers, blue white, and pink,
That fringe with beauty all the brink.

Farewell, ye streets! Beneath an arch
Of drooping birch or feathery larch
Or mountain ash, that o'er it bends,
I'll watch some streamlet as it wends;
Some brook whose tune its course betrays,
Whose verdure dogs its hidden ways;
Verdure of trees, and bloom of flowers,
And music fresher than the showers,
Soft dripping where the tendrils twine;
And all its beauty shall be mine.

Ay, mine, to bring me joy and health,
And endless store of mental wealth,
Wealth ever given to hearts that warn
To loveliness of sound or form,
And that can see in Nature's face
A hope, a beauty, and a grace:
That in the city or the woods,
In thoroughfares or solitudes,
Can live their life at Nature's call,
Despising nothing, loving all.

Sweet streams, that over summits leap,
Or far in rock-hewn basins sleep;
That foaming burst in bright cascades,
Or toy with cowslips in the shades;
That shout till earth and sky grow mute,
Or tinkle lowly as a lute;
That sings a song of lusty joy,
Or murmur like a love-lorn boy,
That creep or fall, that flow or run—
I doat upon you every one.

For many a day of calm delight,
And hour of pleasure stol'n from night;
For morning freshness joy or noon,
And beauty rising with the moon;
For health, encomsoner of cheeks,
And wisdom gained on mountain peaks;
For inward light from Nature won,
And visions gilded by the sun;
For fancies fair, and waking dreams—
I love ye all, ye mountain streams.

The Donkey Drivers,

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

I live in an old tumble-down house, not a great many miles from London, and on the borders of a furzy common. Before the age of steam locomotion, this was considered the country; and even now, there is one solitary spot where, from mossy knolls rising beneath clumps of antique trees, we overlook a perfectly retired and sylvan scene. A sparkling stream, like a silver thread, winds its way amid rich pasture land, and thick beech plantations, an ivied spire, furnished with a peal of soft musical bells, peeps forth from a distant village; and in the summer evening time it is pleasant to rest on those mossy knolls, and listen to the sad distant music.

The ruins of an old church, may be traced from this point; wild roses and eglantine are around us, with violets and bluebells; a sweet honeysuckle porch is seen leading to a lowly thatched hut; and there are lowing kine and bleating flocks by our side and in the distance. In this there is nothing wonderful; but only turn back not many hundred yards, and seek another point from whence to view a very different and more widely extended panorama—the vast wilderness of London, St. Paul's Westminster Abbey, hosts of steeples, myriads of chimneys, armies of masts and shipping clustering on the almost choked-up and hidden river, good old Thames, in fine, smoke, fog, and misery without end! Seen from this common, *there* the sun sets; but the holy moon rises from behind the tall trees and the old church, which I can reach in less time than I have taken to gossip about it. Royalty for many years found a secluded and peaceful home on this ancient common, famed alike in history and legendary lore; but I know not if the ears of royalty were ever assailed by the same unearthly yells and hootings which so often disturb *our* retirement, and remind us of the descriptions we have read of the war-whoops of the Indian savages. The explanation is, that there are several stands of donkeys, where these animals are let out for hire, on different parts of the common; and the general assemblage, or grand emporium, is close to the garden wall which bounds the domain once honored by a royal presence.

One evening during the past summer, as I was returning from a ramble by the side of a dear invalid, who was drawn about in a hand-carriage, two ragged little girls loitered around our gate from idle curiosity to watch the occupant of the pretty green chariot assisted into the house. I was struck by the appearance of the elder of the two, for although with a quantity of matted black hair, a very dirty face, and still dirtier habiliments, I could trace a singular loveliness both of form and feature. She had large, languishing blue eyes, shaded by long, black, silken lashes; but notwithstanding this, the gipsy physiognomy was decided; and as there were many of that tribe in the neighborhood, I doubted not that these vagrants were wanderers from their tents. After regaling the poor little things with some tempting cakes, I asked the beauty her name, when she answered with distinctness and propriety, 'Mazelli Lee, please madam.'

'And what is your father, my dear?' I said.

'Father's a gipsy, please ma'am.'

'And your mother is a gipsy too, I suppose, my dear?'

'No, mother's a lady, and drives donkeys, please ma'am.'

I pressed the child to try and explain her meaning, but all the answer I could get was, 'Mother's a lady, and keeps donkeys.' She made me comprehend that the smallest and most *exclusive* donkey-stand on the border of the common, nearest our house, belonged to her mother; and that her only brother, a little bigger than herself, was also an assistant in the business. She said their home was not very far off—'in the pits near the caverns,' where a miserable collection of huts had been from time immemorial.—Moreover, on questioning Mazelli further, I found she regularly attended the Rev. Mr. L——'s Sunday school, knew her catechism, 'and said her prayers every night, when mother washed her face.' I hoped that a portion of the latter statement was true; but the face washing seemed quite incredible.

My curiosity was aroused, and the next day I walked close past the donkey-stand, which Mazelli Lee described as being kept by her mother, 'the lady;' and then I observed an individual whom I had often seen before, but without noticing her particularly, or giving her a second thought. This individual was a woman still young and good-looking, with the fresh color of unclouded health lighting up her blue eyes—eyes almost as beautiful as the little Mazelli's—and with an anxious expression flitting sometimes across the vacant but good-humored composure which was the leading character of her countenance.

Her appearance was not at all that of a conventional heroine of romance; yet I could not help fancying that there was somewhat of different breeding, shown by her general bearing and unstudied attitudes, from that usually displayed by the race of females engaged in her boisterous calling. Her two little girls were squatted on the grass beside her; and a handsome specimen of a real genuine-looking, good-for-nothing gipsy man was lolling at his ease near the group, in supreme enjoyment of a pipe. I did not like to speak to the mother and her daughters under these circumstances, because, not patronizing donkeys, and being an inhabitant, it was not a very agreeable or perhaps safe acquaintance to form; but Mazelli knew me directly, and came bounding forward, while the woman curtsied silently, and without the usual vociferations of 'Donkey to-day, ma'am? Steady donkey—quick donkey!'

One or two evenings afterwards, I was in company with a voluble lady, who had come to our neighborhood for a change of air, and was ordered by her medical attendant to take donkey exercise. She was full of a 'most singular adventure she had met with—a perfect romance in real life;' and her gossip, to my great satisfaction, related to the donkey-woman. 'Yesterday morning,' said she, 'my young friend, Miss R—— and myself, had donkeys brought to our door early for a long excursion; and while trotting along, attended by a frank, rosy looking female, we began speaking to each other in French, not wishing the driver to understand our conversation. After a while, however, the donkey-woman said very quietly, 'Ladies, it is as well to tell you that I *understand French*.' We were at first speechless from surprise, and then from not knowing what to say—afraid of something, we could not tell what; although she was by no means intrusive, but behaved with perfect propriety. By and by, in order to break the awkward silence, I remarked to Miss R—— how well the singing had been conducted at St. Mark's church on the preceding Sunday evening, when a very beautiful choral hymn had been sung, and the chanting exquisitely continued. We regretted that neither of us remembered the composer's name, as we desired to procure the music.

'I have it at home, ladies,' said the donkey driver, 'it is taken from an old oratorio, and is part of my school music. I was at St. Mark's on Sunday evening, and felt pleased to hear it again.'

'She then offered to lend us the music in question; and this was modestly and simply said, just as if we *must* know her history, and therefore ought not, or need not feel astonished at such discrepancies. However, when we did express our surprise, she simply narrated her story, which is this:—She was the only child of a wealthy farmer by his first marriage, and her mother dying during her childhood, she was placed at a boarding-school for young ladies, where she received the usual education. But she was idle, and hated learning; and when she left school, and returned home, she found a step-mother, who did not treat her kindly, and became a severe task-mistress to *her* thinking. A troop of gipsies coming into the neighborhood, she secretly formed their acquaintance, and, in the end, eloped with their chief, Mr. Johnnie Lee by name, and became his wife. After leading a wandering life for many years, she had induced her husband to settle here, from a desire that their unfortunate children should receive a "Christian education," as she termed it, and also because a relative of her husband's was a flourishing fly-proprietor in the vicinity, and might forward their views. But her husband was a rover by nature; idle and careless; and all she had been able to do was to establish a donkey business, and to attend to it herself. She declared that the pure air, and the untrammeled freedom of her mode of life, was suitable to her taste; and we pressed her no farther, poor creature!'

Such was the tale I heard; too singular and improbable for a fictitious narrative, too extravagant for invention. It induced me to pay a visit, after the hours of donkey usage were over, to Mr. Johnnie Lee's hut 'by the caverns.' I knew by previous observation that 'the pits' contained wretched hovels, and still more wretched inhabitants; but the one I now entered was worse than I had ventured to anticipate. It consisted of only two rooms; the under one with a mud floor, and with the ceiling broken, and the upper flooring projecting through. I did not ascend the ladder leading to *that*, for I saw quite enough below to surprise and bewilder me. A scene like this so near my own comfortable home, and in the midst of the rigorous proprieties of conventional life!—and a woman of nearly the same grade originally as myself, of nearly the same bringing up, thus outraging the common decencies of life! How far beyond the saddest tales of romance or the wildest visions of fancy! Her three children were around her, supping on potatoes; but there was no snowy cloth on the tottering board, no cleanly basins of new milk, no fresh flowers in wicker-baskets; nothing as it would have been were I relating *fiction*. Outside there were no honey-bees or garden-plots, where sweet thyme, and mint, and sunflowers grow; nothing but foul donkey sheds adjoining, where, amid damp fodder and noisome stench, rested the weary animals ere they were turned out on the common to shift for themselves during the night. The gipsy husband was not there. I did not ask for him, for I guessed his haunt but too well. It was an 'owre true tale' I had heard, and this was the moral.

Johnnie Lee's wife opened a chest which stood in one corner, containing the rags of the family, and amidst them lay concealed her sole earthly treasures—her father's miniature; some school books, with her maiden name inscribed in them, which I forbear recording; and some torn and yellow looking music which she had offered the loan of to my acquaintance. She gave me no farther explanation; made no comments; but she did confess, that if it should please God to afflict her with sickness, she knew not what would become of them. To her own father and family she had been the same as dead since her disgraceful elopement. She had indeed purchased pure air and untrammeled freedom at a fearful price! Poor thing! with a smile on her lip, but with a tear in her eye, she added, 'I do wish my children to receive a Christian education; and when I look on them, particularly on my little Mazelli, and remember their *inheritance*, I dare not think. But I have chosen my lot. My husband does not beat or ill use me; he has given up many bad practices for my sake; and if he is rather fond of the shelter of the public-house, ought I to complain of that? Do not shed tears for me; I have no feeling for *myself*.' And she said truly. A woman destitute of feeling seems an anomaly in human nature; but this she *must* be, and fine sympathies are wasted when expended on her. But for the poor little children my heart still bleeds. Gentle blood flows in their veins, for the ties of relationship cannot be broken; and what a curious family party would be formed of the mingled race: the most decorous and prosperous of the middling-classes of the community in juxtaposition with the refuse of humanity—thieves, vagrants, tinkers, and donkey drivers.—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

A Bad Room for Hearing.

Mr. J. Scott Russell has thus lucidly explained one of the causes of bad qualities in the construction of a room. He shows that in a large square room, of the usual form, the reflexion of the same sound is carried to the speaker's ear by different paths and in different periods of time; the result of which, is the confusion of successive sounds and syllables with each other, and so a prolific cause of indistinct hearing. It requires another principle to afford the remedy for these evils, which Mr. Russell believes to be quite new. He calls it the principle of non-reflexion and lateral accumulation of the sound wave. It was originally suggested to him by the observation of a similar phenomenon in the wave of the first order in water. This wave he considers to be the type of the sound wave; and on examination, he finds experimental evidence of the same phenomenon in the later wave. He has observed that at angles below 45° the sound wave is no longer completely reflected from the surface on which it impinges; and, that when the obliquity of the wave to the surface is 60°, a phenomenon follows of total non-reflexion, and the wave continues merely to roll along the surface in a direction parallel to it. This fact furnishes a ready means to remedy the evils so often produced by the reflexions, and echo, and interference of sound in public buildings. Wherever it is possible to place flat or curved surfaces at such angles that the direction of the sound shall be very oblique to the surface, it may be harmlessly disposed of, and prevented from injurious reflexion. This is exactly what the stalls of a choir, the side chapels of a cathedral, and the partitions of boxes in an opera-house, do so successfully for buildings of a large class. The same principle enables Mr. Russell to explain the whispering gallery of St. Paul's (which is circular), and another equally celebrated, mentioned by Saunders, which is perfectly straight. The same principle also explains the conveyance of sound along the smooth surface of a lake, and over the flat surface of a sandy desert; as well as the extraordinary reverberation or accumulation of sound in some portions of a building.—*Sharpe's London Magazine.*

Far from the World.

Imagine an immense extent of country, many hundred miles broad, and many hundred miles long, covered with dense forests, expanded lakes, broad rivers, and mighty mountains; and all in a state of primeval simplicity, undefaced by the axe of civilized men, and untenanted by aught save a few roving hordes of red Indians, and myriads of wild animals. Imagine, amid this wilderness, a number of small squares, each enclosing half a dozen wooden houses and about a dozen men, and, between each of these establishments, a space of forest varying from fifty to three hundred miles in length, and you will have a pretty correct idea of the Hudson Bay Company's territories, and of the number of, and distance between their forts. The idea, however, may be still more correctly obtained by imagining populous Great Britain converted into a wilderness and planted in the middle of Rupert's Land. The company, in that case, would build *three* forts in it, one at the Land's End, one in Wales, and one in the Highlands; so that in Britain there would be but three hamlets, with a population of some thirty men, half a dozen women, and a few children! The company's posts extend, with these intervals between, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and from within the Arctic Circle to the northern boundaries of the United States. Throughout this immense country there are probably not more ladies than would suffice to form half a dozen quadrilles; and these, poor banished creatures, are chiefly the wives of the principal gentlemen connected with the fur trade. The rest of the female population consist chiefly of half-breeds and Indians; the latter entirely devoid of education, and the former as much enlightened as can be expected from those whose life is spent in such a country. Even these are not very numerous, and yet, with-out them, the men would be in a sad condition, for they are the only tailors and washerwomen in the country, and make all the mittens, moccasins, fur caps, deer-skin coats, &c., worn in the land.—*Every-day Life in the Wilds of North Carolina.*

Gentle Words.

What sweet things are gentle words—sweeter than the first young rose of summer time. Words that breathe of tenderness and love to the troubled spirit and the broken heart, are a soothing balsam, a treasure to be cherished fondly as riches, sweeter than anything earth can bestow.

"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!"

Three Poets in a Puzzle.

I led the horse to the stable, when a fresh perplexity arose. I removed the harness without difficulty, but, after many strenuous attempts, I could not remove the collar. In despair I called for assistance, when aid soon drew near. Mr. Wordsworth brought his ingenuity into exercise, but after several unsuccessful efforts, he relinquished the achievement, as a thing altogether impracticable. Mr. Coleridge now tried his hand, but showed no more grooming skill than his predecessors; for after twisting the poor horse's neck almost to strangulation, and the great danger of his eyes, he gave up the useless task, pronouncing that the horse's head must have grown (gout or dropsy) since the collar was put on, for he said it was a downright impossibility for such a huge *os frontis* to pass through so narrow a collar! Just at this moment a servant girl came near, and understanding the cause of our consternation, 'La, master,' said she, 'you don't go about the work in the right way. You should do this,' when, turning the collar completely upside down, she slipped it off in a moment, to our great humiliation and wonderment, each satisfied afresh that there were heights of knowledge in the world to which we had not attained.

[*Cottle's Life of Coleridge.*

Snail Gardens.

On this curious subject the following paper has been translated for us from the 'Leipsic Illustrated Newspaper:'

In Vorarlberg, the collecting and rearing of the large garden snails, which are so injurious to vegetation, forms a peculiar branch of agricultural industry, and amounts even to no inconsiderable trade. Whole cargoes of these snails are sent from Arlberg to the South Tyrol, where they are consumed as dainties. The mode of procedure in collecting and feeding them is as follows:—In various parts of Vorarlberg, from the beginning of June till the middle of August, the snails, which, as is well known, seek their nourishment at this season in damp places, and creep about gardens, hedges, coppices, and woods, are collected by boys and girls, and carried to the feeding places, which are commonly in the neighborhood of the dwellings of the owners. These snail gardens have usually an extent of from one to three hundred square fathoms of dry garden ground, are quite divested of trees and shrubs, and are surrounded on all sides by a stream of running water. The stream, at its exit, is made to pass through a wooden grating, in order to prevent such of the snails as happen to fall into the water from being washed away. The grating is examined once or twice a-day, generally morning and evening, and the snails found there are replaced in the interior of the garden; this is necessary, as they would otherwise collect into too large quantities, and would become weak and sickly by remaining long in the water. In the interior of the garden, little heaps of pine twigs, generally of the mountain pine, mixed loosely with wood moss, are placed on every two or three square fathoms, for the purpose of protecting the snails from cold, and especially from the scorching rays of the sun. When the pine twigs become dry, and lose their leaves, they are replaced by fresh ones.

Every day, and particularly in damp weather, the snails are fed with the kinds of grass found most suitable for them, and with cabbage leaves. In harvest, at the return of cold weather, they go under cover—that is, they collect under the heaps of twigs, and bury themselves, if the ground under these has been previously dried, two or three inches below the surface, and there they *seal themselves up* for the winter; when this is completely accomplished, they are collected, packed in suitably perforated boxes lined with straw, and sent off.

Careful foddering, and a good harvest season, are essential to the thriving of the snails; and even in spite of this a great many are lost. Wood snails are larger and more savory, but are more subject to casualties. In each garden there are generally fed from 15,000 to 40,000, and these are sold at about three florins per 1,000. This manner of making use of the snails is of double advantage—freeing, on the one hand fields and gardens from burdensome guests; and affording, on the other, to those so employing themselves, a considerable source of profit.—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

The Roman Empire.

This Empire, stretching from the western extremity of Europe to the Euphrates, from Britain and part of Caledonia to Getulia and the limits of the Libyan Desert, not only offered the greatest variety of form of ground, organic productions, and physical phenomena, but also presented mankind in every gradation from cultivation to barbarism, and from the possession of ancient knowledge and long practised arts, to the first twilight of intellectual awakening. Distant expeditions to the North and to the South, to the Amber Coasts, and (under Ælius Gallus and Balbus) to Arabia and the Garamantes, were carried out with unequal success. Measurements of the whole empire were begun even under Augustus, by Greek Geometers, Zenodorus and Polycletus; and itineraries and special topographies were prepared (as had indeed been done some centuries earlier in the Chinese empire,) for distribution amongst the several governors of provinces. These were the first statistical works which Europe produced. Many extensive prefectures were traversed by Roman roads, divided into miles; and Hadrian even visited the different parts of his empire, though not without interruption, in an eleven years' journey, from the Iberian peninsula to Judea, Egypt, and Mauritania. Thus a large portion of the globe, subject to the Roman dominion, was opened and made traversable; 'pervius orbis,' is the chorus in Seneca's Medea less justly prophecies of the whole earth. We might, perhaps, have expected that during the enjoyment of long continued peace, and the union under a single monarchy of such extensive countries and different climates, the facility and frequency with which the provinces were traversed by civil and military functionaries, often accompanied by a numerous train of educated men possessed of varied information, would have been productive of extraordinary advances, not only in geography, but also in the knowledge of nature generally, and in the formation of higher views concerning the connection of phenomena. Such high expectations were not, however, realized.—*Humboldt's Kosmos.*

Youth and Age.

The following beautiful lines originally appeared in the "Etonian," a periodical started about twenty years ago by the boys of Eton College. For truth, tenderness and melody, they are incomparable.

I often think each tottering form
That limps along in life's decline,
Once bore a heart as young, as warm,
As full of idle thoughts as mine!
And each has had its dream of joy,
His own unequall'd pure romance;
Commencing when the blushing boy
First thrills at lovely woman's glance.

And could each tell his tale of youth,
Would think its scenes of love evince
More passion, more unearthly truth,
Than any tale before or since.
Yes! they could tell of tender lays
At midnight penn'd in classic shades:
Of days more bright than modern days,
And maids more fair than modern maids:

Of whispers in a willing ear,
Of kisses on a willing cheek!
Each kiss, each whisper, far too dear
Our modern lips to give or speak:
Of passions too untimely crost,
Of passions slighted or betrayed—
Of kindred spirits early lost,
And buds that blossom but to fade:

Of beaming eyes, of tresses gay,
Elastic frame and noble brow,
And forms that have all passed away,
And left them what we see them now.
And is it thus—is human love
So very light and frail a thing?
And must Youth's brightest visions move
Forever on Time's ruthless wing?

Must all the eyes that still are bright,
And all the lips that talk of bliss,
And all the forms so fair to sight,
Hereafter only come to this?
Then what are Earth's best visions worth,
If we at length must lose them thus?
If we value most on Earth,
Ere long must fade away from us?

'I have,' says Dr. Arnold, 'just been looking over a newspaper.' One of the most painful and solemn studies in the world, if it be read thoughtfully.

Eloquence no Proof of Wisdom.

On the 24th of January, 1786, Addington, at Pitt's desire, seconded the address, but, though he appears to have acquitted himself to the satisfaction of his friends, he did not address the house during that session. He appears, as his biographer, Dr. Pellew, observes, to have participated in the feeling expressed by Gibbon:—"I shall not speak. The good speakers fill me with despair, the bad with horror." A feeling, the more general diffusion of which were a consummation most devoutly to be wished for. The first business of importance which occupied the attention of Parliament on its meeting in 1787 was the impeachment of Warren Hastings. On the 7th of February, Sheridan opened the third charge against him for his treatment of the Princesses of Oude, in that famous speech of five hours and a half, which Pitt, Fox, and Burke declared to have surpassed all they had ever read or heard of the best eloquence of ancient or modern times. But, for any aid that this speech afforded towards the advancement of business, the attainment of justice, or the investigation of truth, Sheridan's auditory might as well have been listening to one of his farces; indeed, better, since in the latter case their judgment would have remained at the end of the farce, if uninformed, likewise unperverted; whereas, in the former, it was disturbed by the perversion, exaggeration, and over-coloring of facts. And then look at the man who performed this wonderful feat of oratory. Who would have taken the opinion or judgment of Sheridan upon any point, the determination of which called for the exercise of those qualities of mind which men earnestly seek after when they have a question to determine that involves momentous interests? All this corroborates what these pages furnish but too clear evidence of—the often pernicious effect of declamation, of rhetoric, of oratory. In the case of Hastings the mischief was comparatively limited in its extent. But we shall see as we proceed the resources of a great country recklessly wasted, its blood shed like water, and its gold scattered like dust by a clique of brilliant but superficial declaimers, in a manner and to an extent which has been deeply and bitterly felt by our fathers and by us, and will be deeply and bitterly felt by our children's children. Addington had no sins of the rhetorical kind to answer for. He had set almost four whole sessions in Parliament before he made his second speech. Would that the example were generally followed. We should then see the business of Parliament performed after another fashion from what it now is.—*Westminster Review: Article, Life of Lord Sidmouth.*

The Model Husband.

He walks out with his wife on a week day, and is not afraid of a milliner's shop. He even has 'change' when asked for it, and never alludes to it afterwards. He is not above carrying a large brown paper parcel, or a cotton umbrella, or the clogs, or even holding the baby in his lap in the omnibus. He runs on first, to knock at the door, when it is raining. He goes outside if the cab is full. He goes to bed first in cold weather. He will get up in the middle of the night to rock the cradle, or answer the door-bell. He allows the mother-in-law to stop in the house. He takes wine with her, and lets her breakfast in her own room. He eats cold meat without a murmur, or pickles, and is indifferent about pies and pudding. The cheese is never too strong, or the bear too small, or the tea too weak for him. He believes in hysterics, and is melted instantly with a tear. He patches up a quarrel with a velvet gown, and drives away the sulks with a trip to Epsom, or a gig in the Park on Sunday. He goes to church regularly, and takes his wife to the opera once a year. He pays for her losses at cards, and gives her all his winnings. He never flies out about his buttons, or brings home friends to supper. His clothes never smell of tobacco. He respects the curtains, and never smokes in the house. He carves, but never secretes for himself 'the brown.' He respects the fiction of his wife's age, and would as soon burn his fingers as touch the bright poker. He never invades the kitchen, and would no more think of blowing up any of the servants than of ordering the dinner, or having the tray brought up after eleven. He is innocent of a latch-key.

He lets the family go out of town once every year, whilst he remains at home with one knife and fork, sits on a brown holland chair, sleeps on a curtainless bed, and has a charwoman to wait on him. He goes down on the Saturday, and comes up on the Monday, taking with him the clean linen, and bringing back the dirty clothes. He checks the washing bills. He pays the housekeeping money without a suspicion, and shuts his eye to the 'sundries.' He is very easy and affectionate, keeping the wedding anniversary punctually; never complaining if the dinner is not ready; making the breakfast himself if no one is down; letting his wife waltz, and drink porter before company.—He runs all her errands, pays all her bills, and cries like a child at her death.—*Punch.*

Muscular Exercise.

Muscular exercise is a direct source of pleasure to every one not suffering from diseased action. Every one must have felt this. The effect of using the muscles of voluntary motion, when all the processes of the economy are being justly and healthily performed, is to impart a marked and grateful stimulus to the sentient nerves of the part, and a corresponding and grateful stimulus to the nervous system generally, sufficiently noticeable by the mind when studious of its analysis, and always ministering indirectly to the happiness of the individual, coloring and brightening the thoughts and feelings. So much is this believed to be the case by some, that it has been asserted, a man may use his limbs too much to leave him in the enjoyment of his fullest capability of pure and abstract thought, and to the extent of making him unduly imaginative. Although this may well be matter of doubt, the fact, and its wise and benevolent intention, remain unaffected; that man derives an immediate pleasurable sensation from using his voluntary muscles, which not only gives to labor a zest, and even to monotonous movements some degree of enjoyment, but produces a reaction on the mind itself, embellishing a life of virtuous toil with a degree of physical enjoyment, and mental energy, buoyancy, and hopeful lightheartedness, that can never be afforded in a like degree to the drones—the mere 'fruges consumere nati'—of the human hive.—*Robertson on Diet and Regimen.*

Tearing open the Rosebud.

Certainly one of the signs of "these bad times" is what I call *tearing open the rosebud*. We seem anxious to leave as little time as possible between childhood and womanhood. We cut short by every means in our power that precious season when the mind is gradually opening to the cares of life, and by books and company we often hurry our children into these cares before we have prepared them how to conduct themselves under them.

Historical Novels: Scott and his Imitators.

With the greatest respect for Scott, for his manly, healthy tone, his genial spirit, his astonishing powers, and gratitude for the delight he has scattered over Europe, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact, that, as far as the historical portion of his novels is concerned, they have been of very questionable utility. Not to mention their inaccuracies, which, after all, were not important, inasmuch as for the most part they were what might be called external inaccuracies, matters of chronology and *coleur locale*, the picture being in the main, accurate, being true as to essentials, it is scarcely to be denied that he has damaged the study of history in two ways: Firstly, in his influence on readers; secondly, in his influence on writers. In his influence on readers, because his entertaining style has made them impatient at the more laborious and conscientious study of history, causing them to regard a serious work as "dry," making them careless of facts, and more solicitous of pictures than of ideas; in his influence on writers, because it has made them desirous of feeding this awakened taste, and led them to sacrifice the more honorable portion of their office to the vain attempt of rivaling him in picturesque effect. It would be unjust to deny, on the other hand, that Scott has done some service to historical art, in making men aware of the picturesqueness of history, as well as in indicating certain historical views with great sagacity. Thierry, a great authority, and an accomplished historian, who is certainly not open to the reproach of having shirked the labors of study and research, has deliberately pronounced Scott to be the greatest of all historical delineators. Had he employed his varied erudition and keen historical sense in essays, rather than in romances the good would have been finalloyed; as it is, we cannot acquit him of having encouraged, if he did not originate, the evils above mentioned. But if Scott, with his minute and abundant knowledge, has damaged history by his employment of it in fiction, what are we to say to his imitators? They have the worst of his vices, with none of his merits. They falsify history, they confuse the simplest notions, they fill the reader's mind with a mass of rubbish which it is very difficult to eject by a course of serious study, even if they have not enervated the mind, and made it averse to study. For observe, the error of a grave historian—and the gravest and acutest often err—nay, in so difficult a matter, it is difficult to avoid error—is, nevertheless, easily replaced by the mere presentation of the truth; but if once the novelist has succeeded in filling your mind with a false but brilliant picture, it will resist a long assault of evidence the most conclusive. The historian appeals to the judgment; the novelist enlists the sympathies and feelings; and when once he succeeds in forcing his conception of a character upon you, the most striking appeal to your judgment will scarcely destroy that impression. It has been said that "no knowledge is better than mis-knowledge; and the scraps of history picked up from the novel are just sufficient to mislead the indolent into the idea of their possessing 'information.' Either history is worth knowing, or it is not; if worth knowing, then worth studying in proper sources." Who that has ever opened the imitators of Scott can for a moment suppose that they understood anything of history!—*British Quarterly Review.*

The Nautilus.

The interesting poetical fiction connected with the argonaut or paper nautilus, wherein it is represented as sailing on the surface of the sea, its fragile shell forming the hull of its vessel, the two expanded membranous arms being erected and acting as sails, while the six tapering arms were used as oars, has, for ages, rendered that animal an object of interest; and notwithstanding that these particulars have been proved fictitious, recent researches into its true history have shown the mollusk to be no less deserving consideration from its every-day actions, than from the exploded functions poetically ascribed to it. From the excessive thinness of the beautiful shell, to which, by the way, the animal has no muscular attachment, and its extreme fragility, it is constantly liable to fracture by being tossed about at the mercy of the waves. When this happens, and it is no unusual occurrence, the animal instinctively repairs the fracture by a new deposition of shelly matter to the broken portion, by means of the membranous mantle. This circumstance, observed in a number of argonauts kept in confinement in an open cage sunk in the Bay of Messina, by Madame Power, removed the doubts of naturalists as to the animal being really the architect of its own habitation; since the regular increase in the size of the shell to correspond with the growth of the animal was witnessed, as well as the power of repairing the shell when broken either intentionally or accidentally.—*Westminster Review.*

How to Punish Those who Injure You.

Addin Ballou tells the following anecdote: 'A worthy old colored woman, in the city of New York, was one day walking along the street, quietly smoking her pipe. A jovial sailor, rendered a little mischievous by liquor, came sawing down, and when opposite the old woman, saucily pushed her aside, and with a pass of his hand, knocked the pipe out of her mouth. He then halted to hear her fret at his trick, and enjoy a laugh at her expense. But what was his astonishment when she meekly picked up the pieces of her broken pipe, without the least resentment in her manner, and giving him a dignified look of mingled sorrow, kindness, and pity, said, 'God forgive you, my son, as I do!' It touched a tender chord in the heart of the rude tar. He felt ashamed, condemned, and repentant. The tear started in his eye: he must make reparation. He heartily confessed his error, and thrusting both hands into his full pockets of change, forced the contents upon her, exclaiming, 'God bless you, kind mother, I'll never do so again!'

Singing.

In addition to the delightful influence music has upon the character, it has also a marked effect in suppressing pulmonary complaints. Dr. Rush used to say, that the reason why the Germans never died of consumption was, they were always singing.

Description of a Bad Road.

'Stranger, which is the way to —— village?' 'There's two roads,' responded the fellow. 'Well, which is the best?' 'Aint much difference; both on 'em very bad.—Take which you will, afore you've got half way, you'll wish you'd took t'other.'

Pain itself is not without its alleviations. It may be violent and frequent, but it is seldom both violent and long continued; and the pauses and intermissions become positive pleasures. It has the power of shedding a satisfaction over intervals of ease, which, I believe, few enjoyments exceed.—*Paley.*

From the Dublin University Magazine.

Summer Longings.

Las Mananas floridas
De Abril y Mayo.—Calderon.

Ah! my heart is weary waiting—
Waiting for the May—
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,
With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.
Ah! my heart is weary waiting—
Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is sick and longing,
Longing for the May—
Longing to escape from study,
To the young face fair and ruddy,
And the thousand charms belonging
To the Summer's day,
Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May—
Sighing for the sure returning,
When the Summer beams are burning,
Hopes and flowers that dead or dying,
All the winter lay.
Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May.

Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the May—
Throbbing for the sea-side billows,
Or the water-wooing willows;
Where in laughing and in sobbing
Glide the streams away.
Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
Throbbing for the May.

Waiting sad, and dejected, weary,
Waiting for the May—
Spring goes by with wasted warnings—
Moon-lit evenings, sun-bright mornings—
Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
Life still ebbs away—
Man is ever weary, weary,
Waiting for the May!

D. F. M. C.

Nobility at the Pyramids.

The season for continental tripping and touring being happily rather remote at the present period of the year, there is just a chance that, by the time the autumn comes round, the state of Europe will be sufficiently tranquil to allow one to entertain the notion of going, for pleasure, to France or Italy. Unless a change does take place, the Pyramids will be the only perfect substitute for Baden-Baden, and the port of Ascalon will be the recognised apology for Boulogne, as a foreign bathing-place. We shall be hearing of a *table d'hote* on the shelving precipices of Palmyra, and a boarding house started on the Libyan sands, with water laid on from the grand African Junction and Friendly Nile Association, for the supply of genuine Nile on equitable principles. The means of rapid locomotion are so very numerous, that the journey to these remote places will be almost as easy as it used to be formerly to visit France or Italy, and, as peace and quiet are indispensable to the full enjoyment of a holiday, nothing nearer than the Pyramids can be thought of at present, by travelers for pleasure.

[*Punch.*

Marriage for Money.

I never knew a marriage for money, that did not end unhappily. Yet managing mothers and heartless daughters are continually playing the same unlucky game. I believe that men more frequently marry for love than women, because women think they will not have a better chance, and dread being dependent. Such marriages, no doubt, sometimes prove tolerably comfortable, but a greater number would have been far happier single. If I may judge by my observations of such matters, marrying for a home makes that home a very tiresome one.—*Mrs. Child.*

A great mind may change its objects, but it cannot relinquish them; it must have something to pursue; variety is its relaxation, and amusement its repose.—*Lacon.*

AGRICULTURAL.

Cultivation of the Raspberry.—The plants are frequently set out in light and poor soils, crowded together, left untrimmed, choked up with a profuse growth of weak stems; and what little fruit they produce is nearly dried up, from the arid situation in which they are placed.—On the contrary, cool, deep and moist soils, in a sheltered and partially shaded place, the plants grow up suckers to the height of six or eight feet, and produce a profusion of large, handsome and well-flavored berries. So well assured are the most eminent English cultivators of the raspberry, of its love of a cool and moist soil, that some writers have strenuously recommended the use of bog earth and rotten leaves, in the place of richest loam. We are well assured that the many complaints which are made of the meagre produce of many raspberry plantations, may be attributed wholly to the light and droughty soils in which they are often planted.

A cool aspect is of material consequence; and to secure this, the north side of a fence or trellis, which will form a screen from the sun, is the most favorable; on the north side of a shrubbery or row of fruit trees, is also a suitable place. If neither of these situations is to be had, an open spot in the garden may be chosen, always being careful to avoid the south or east side of the fence. A temporary shade may be effected in the open garden by planting a row of running beans on the south side.—*Hovey's Magazine of Agriculture.*

Guano.—The farmers of Maryland and Virginia, upon the worn-out soil of that country, have found in the Peruvian guano a manure more directly productive than any other. The supply of guano in the country by no means equals the demand: the retail price of Peruvian guano at Washington city has been raised from forty dollars last year to fifty five dollars this year, the ton. In the use of this manure all the writers in England and this country agree upon several essential points, among which are the following:

To keep the guano from direct contact with the seeds and roots of plants:

To keep the guano from direct contact with the seeds and roots of plants:

To use it shortly before or after a rain:

To cover or mix it with the soil immediately, when not used as a top dressing:

When used as a top dressing, to mix it with three or four times its bulk of earth, or some less pungent manure, that its strength may be diluted and not burn the plants.

Guano should never be given in contact with seeds, as it kills the embryo in germination; for the same reason it may be doubtful whether it may not by being laid too near the roots of plants, force them if not burn them up, especially in a dry season. It should be carefully covered and mixed with the soil as much as practicable. As the lumps are too strong, they should be broken up and all put through a sieve—*Hill's Monthly Visiter.*

It is not known where he who invented the plough was born, or where he died, yet he has effected more for the happiness of man, than the whole race of conquerors.

A Curious Apple.—Scions of an apple tree have been received, says the Boston Cultivator, from near Ticonderoga, N. Y., where alone it is propagated, bearing a kind of apple which has neither core nor seeds. The origin was as follows: the top of a young tree was bent over and covered with earth, which took root.—The tree was then cut asunder, which stopped all connection with the natural root of the tree, and by sprouts which sprung from the top portion of the body, a regular top was formed, which produces this fine frut—a beautiful red, good sized, pleasant apple in the fall.

Economical White Paint.—Skim milk, two quarts; fresh slacked lime, eight ounces; linseed oil, six ounces; white Burgundy pitch, two ounces; Spanish white, three pounds. The lime to be slackened in water, exposed to the air, and mixed in about one-fourth of the milk; the oil in which the pitch is dissolved to be added a little at a time, the rest of the milk, and afterwards the Spanish white. This quantity is sufficient for twenty-seven square yards, two coats, and the expense a mere trifle. This paint should now be applied to all the outhouses of a farm. It will destroy many of the larvæ of insects deposited in the crevices of buildings.