THE MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL.

BY M'CLANAHAN, TROUSDALE & DILL. MEMPHIS, SUNDAY, JULY 17, 1859. VOLUME X.—NUMBER 166.

Daily Appeal.

THE LINE OF THE MINCIO.

STRATEGICAL VIEW OF ITS DEFENCES AND IMPORTANCE.

The great plain between the Ticino and the Mincio offers no advantage for the defensive operations of an army.

The lines of the Adda, from the Lago di Lecco (the eastern bay of the Lago di Como) down to the confluence with the Po, above Cremona, as well as the lines of the Oglio, from the point where it leaves the Lago d'Iseo, near Borgoforte, down to Mantua, where it runs in the Po, are too extensive, and have too many practical fords to offer to an army a sufficient support for attacks at least in modern times, as great battle decisive the fate and possession of Italy has been fought in this plain of Lombardy. The Adda could be for some days a line of support, if the army which takes it for the basis of operations be in possession of Lodi, Pizzeghettone, and Piacenza; but even then the line is too extensive for defense against the serious attack of a large army. From the little rivers running parallel with the Adda only the Chiese (which flows out from the little Lago d'Idro, and joins near Asola the Oglio) has some strategical importance; but it belongs already to the strategical line of the Mincio, whose rideau it may be called, being parallel to this river at a distance of not more than ten or twelve miles.

The Mincio leaves at Peschiera the Lago di Garda, and runs southwest in innumerable tronks to the upper lake (Lago Superiore) of Mantua, joining the Po after having crossed the lake below Mantua (Lago Inferiore.) It is a river pretty large and deep, and offers one or two fords, if the rains have ceased at least for several weeks—that is to say, in a very dry season. But a great number of islands and islets favor the laying of pontoon bridges at many points. It is crossed by five standing bridges—at Peschiera, Borghetto (opposite Valleggio,) Goito, Rivalta, and at Mantua, over the lake of Mantua. But Peschiera and Mantua are fortresses; Rivalta is almost under the cannon of Mantua, and, therefore, a line of only sixteen English miles is to be defended against an enemy who comes to cross the Mincio. Below Mantua, from the lake to the Po, the length of the river is only seven miles, and this part is defended and protected by the southern fort of Mantua, by Pietoli.

The strategical importance of the Mincio, therefore, lays in the circumstance that it is the shortest diagonal line between the Alps and the Po, offering between the Lago di Garda in the north, and the Po in the south, only a line of twenty or twenty-four miles to be defended. On the left bank of the river, in a distance of three or four miles, are soft declivities, giving to an army ranged on their ranks and foot all the advantages of a protected position, with all facilities of debouching and dashing on the enemy who dares to cross the river. Such a side of this line are protected by two fortresses—Peschiera and Mantua; to turn this line these fortresses is rendered impossible in the north by the Alps, in the south by the swamps of the Po and the marasses of the Adige.

Peschiera, a little town of not more than 2,000 inhabitants, is situated on an island formed by the Mincio at its exit from the Lago di Garda. The fortifications consisted originally in a wall with bastions, and a deep ditch; under the French dominion the neighboring hillock, Mandella on the left bank of the river was crowned with a bastion. The Austrians constructed on the right bank the forts Wirbel, and erected since 1848 eight lunettes (Maximilian towers,) with bomb proof redoubts, protecting and dominating all access to the central fortress. The lunettes being a considerable distance from the town, Peschiera forms now a large fortified camp for a whole *corps d'armee*, which can menace the movement of the enemy who is about to cross the Mincio. A fleet of small steamers lying under the walls of Peschiera can transport troops to every point of the lake (Garda) by the enemy. Lake Garda sluices were constructed in 1849, which, if completely closed, elevate the water of the lake considerably, and, if opened, swell suddenly the river Mincio so much as to destroy Ponton or Rambridges.

The railway from Verona to Brescia crosses under the walls of Peschiera the Mincio.

This description will suffice to give a pretty clear understanding and idea of the present nature and condition of the northern end (the north key) of the Mincio line.

The southern key is Mantua (Mantova,) a city 4000 fortress for centuries renowned. It counts 25,000 inhabitants, and is situated on an island of considerable extent and circumference, occupying 175 acres of land.

On the southern side of the town is a second island, which is surrounded by water, and strongly fortified—the island Il To. It is large enough for a whole *corps d'armee*, of 50,000 or 60,000 men. Under Wurmser an army of 29,000 men was barracked on this island. The camps and barracks are fortified and bomb proof.

Around both islands in the north and east is a broad, deep lake; in the south and west a swamp, which is formed by a dried up lake, and even more difficult to pass than the lake. The distance from the wall of the fortress to the interior bank of the lake is 2,400 feet. The only approaches to the two islands are five moles or lakes—three from the right, two from the left side. The eastern mole leading to the (faubourg) Borgo di St. Giorgio consists of a long dike and a stone bridge, the latter 2,200 feet long; the northern mole, leading to Borgo di Forrezza, is 2,700 feet long, but the final is protected and constrained by the Fort St. Giorgio, the second by the great Citadelle di Porto. The moles in the west and south are under the canon of the horse-work Pradella and the strong fort Pietoli. The southern point (the nose) of the island Il To is defended by a *serbatoi* system of entrenchment and redoubts called the redoubts of Migliochetto. On the same point are the great sluices which, opened, inundate the environs to a distance of four to six miles.

This situation renders Mantua really impregnable, and as long as it is not taken it undangers all movements of an army advancing against the Mincio or operating on its left side. Napoleon the Great, who, as far as possible, despised all fortresses in his way, and left them resolutely behind, risked the same with Mantua; he was obliged to fight and gain more than twelve battles, and even then he crossed not the Julian Alps, but returned to the sight of Mantua. After eight months the fortress surrendered—famine, not the attacks of Napoleon, forcing the commander to this act, (February, 1797.) Napoleon, as soon as he was in possession of Mantua, raised Prussia and Austria proper, and could compel the Emperor to accept his conditions of peace. A great battle lost during the siege of Mantua, enforced the conquering army to return the same out delay to Piedmont, as we have seen after the battle of Custozza, lost by Charles Albert.

The immense importance of the Mincio line was recognized, as history teaches us, by the greatest of our century, and in the time of this military genius Peschiera and Verona were only a shadow of what they are now.

WHAT WILL NAPOLEON DO IF victorious?

London (June 17) correspondence of the Manchester Guardian.)

Were I to judge of English feeling by what I see and hear among what is called "society" in London, I should be forced to conclude that the news of another victory of the Allies awakens anything but gladness. In a majority of the cases inquiries are constantly addressed with politics, including officials and members of Parliament, with their immediate connections, I find suspicion of France far outweighing sympathy with Italy. There is little doubt, even so far called, will to Austria, but a wide avowal of a cordial desire to see France and Austria at hard knocks, till the power of either for the announcement of the other or of Europe is effectually crippled. This very common view of the case was pithily expressed by a great whig quidnunc, an Edinburgh reviewer—"The best thing England could do would be to subsidize France and Aus ria with a million a piece per annum, so long as they will go on fighting—only they must fight in earnest."

As you may have inferred from the tone of my letters on this war, I differ from the majority of my acquaintance in my opinion of the intentions of Louis Napoleon. As I find more inclined to agree with me in private than venture to express open adhesion to my view, I hope you will excuse my saying here, once for all, that I cannot but consider Louis Napoleon under at least as heavy recognizances to keep the peace of Europe—supposing he is allowed to push his quarrel with Austria to issue without the interference of Germany—as any other crowned head among the great Powers.

In the event of his succeeding in driving Austria into the Tyrol, it seems to me most consonant with probability that he will use the opportunity to re-habilitate himself, not only by the aid he will thus have given to the cause of liberty in Italy, but by the relaxation of his own despotic authority in France, which the popularity won for him in his Italian campaign will do more than anything else could to render possible. I cannot believe that a man who has seen as much of courts, governments and peoples as Louis Napoleon can prefer absolutism to constitutionalism for its own sake. I conclude that the sternness of his rule in France is owing to the necessities of his position; and that he would be glad to be enabled to hold his place without provoking the hatred and ill will engendered by the exercise of despotic authority. You see from this that I do not infer that Louis Napoleon must necessarily subvert or resist the establishment of Italian liberties because he is the stern despot of France.

Again, he has no member of his family to provide for but Prince Napoleon Jerome. Now, he has no particular reason either to love or to fear that young gentleman. I cannot think it likely he will sink anything either for the sake of putting Plon Plon on the throne of a new Eutropian kingdom, or of reviving a descendant of Murat at Naples. Looking beyond Italy, I cannot imagine Louis Napoleon mad enough to dream of repeating his great uncle's self-destructive attempt upon Russian dominion, or willing to draw upon himself the hostility of Germany by the effort to extend the French frontier to the Rhine. Nor, if he is able to grapple with united Germany, by the hostile action of Prussia at this moment, all my fabric of speculation falls to the ground. In that case I believe Louis Napoleon's policy will be shaped by events, and that these may involve at once the death struggle for him, wide-spread convulsion for Europe, and such complications as it is impossible for the most sagacious political prophet to foresee.

Can the War Endure long after Solferino

From the Manchester Guardian, June 20.)

In venturing to allude, however, to the end of this gigantic struggle, we cannot but feel that we are speaking of something in the obscure and possibly distant future. The favorable effect which the battle of Solferino appears to have exercised on the stock exchanges of Europe is only the last instance of the battle with which public opinion leaps to sanguine or despondent conclusions, as accident may direct. It argues little reflection on the character of the war to assume, as some of our contemporaries are disposed, that it must be nearing its termination because the Austrian army has been signally worsted in a great encounter without being routed or destroyed. The beaten forces have now retired into the position on the boasted strength of which they have always rested their ultimate hope of retaining the dominion of Italy. They are behind a line defended in front by a carefully guarded river, and closed up at each end by powerful fortresses. At their back they have undisturbed communication with the quarter from which all their supplies must be drawn; and the resources of Austria, in all respects except the matter of money, are practically inexhaustible.

Whatever may have been their losses in the bloody fields of Magenta and Solferino, it is probable that they are even now fully as numerous as the Allies. In military considerations, therefore, there is nothing to justify the expectation that they will speedily accumulate. They have attempted a movement for their own relief similar in many respects to that which the Russians essayed at Inkermann, and they have been similarly repulsed. It by no means follows that they will not be able to hold their own, with the advantages of an almost impregnable position, as sturdy and perhaps as long as did the defenders of Sebastopol. Their sally from the stronghold of the Mincio to meet the danger which was gathering round them was made under circumstances wearing more hundred than that great effort of the Russians to compel the abandonment of the siege of their Crimean fortress; and though they have signally failed in their immediate object, they failed with honor, and we have no reason to doubt that they retired in good order. We should be doing injustice to the qualities they have displayed in the field as well as to the stubborn tenacity of their national policy if we assumed that either their power or their inclination to offer resistance was exhausted. It is now the turn of the French to be tried in the character of assailants.

We sympathize with the aspiration of Italy for freedom; we discern the real origin of the war in the profound misgovernment of that unfortunate country; and we do not believe that any termination of the pending contest which involved the exclusion of Austria from supremacy could afford security for the maintenance of peace. But, on the other hand, we talk, cannot Austria be induced to yield to the clear dictates of political secretiny without allowing her defeat to be the means of aggrandizing to a dangerous hight the prestige and power of France. It is not to be forgotten that the battle of Solferino was fought and won by a great army of Frenchmen, under the eye of Napoleon. After eight months the fortress surrendered—famine, not the attacks of Napoleon, forcing the commander to this act, (February, 1797.) Napoleon, as soon as he was in possession of Mantua, raised Prussia and Austria proper, and could compel the Emperor to accept his conditions of peace. A great battle lost during the siege of Mantua, enforced the conquering army to return the same out delay to Piedmont, as we have seen after the battle of Custozza, lost by Charles Albert.

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PHILOSOPHY OF DRESS.

M. Chevreul, the Gallic Owen Jones, has recently published a work entitled "The Laws of Contrast of Color." Among the subjects treated is one of universal interest—female clothing. M. Chevreul discusses this with all the care it demands. And, first, he established certain distinctions; that of the two types known as brunette and blonde; that of the juxtaposition of the articles of toilet, whether pertaining to the hair or to the complexion; and that of modifications of the complexion, by colored rays emanating from the head-dress, and which, being reflected on the skin, tinge it with their peculiar color. He says:

The color of light hair being essentially the result of a mixture of red, yellow, and brown, we must consider it a very pale subdued orange brown; the color of the skin, although a lower tone, is analogous to the color of the hair. Blue eyes are really the only parts of the fair type which form a contrast of color with the whole; for the red parts predominate, with the rest of the skin, only a harmony of analogy of hue, or at least a contrast of hue, and not of color; and the part of the skin contiguous to the hair, the eye-brows, and eye-lashes give rise only to a harmony of analogy, either of scale or of hue. The harmonies of analogy, then, evidently predominate in the fair type over the harmonies of contrast.

This type with black hair shows the harmonies of analogy. The hair, eye-brows, eye-lashes and eyes contrast in tone and color, not only with the white of the skin, but also with the red parts, which in this type are really redder, or less roseate, than in the blonde type; and we must not forget that a decided red, associated with black, gives to the latter the character of an excessively deep color either blue or green."

The colors of the hair and head-dress are so:

The colors which are usually considered as assorting best with light or black hair are precisely those which produce great contrasts; thus sky-blue, known to accord well with blondes, is the color which approaches nearest to the complementary of orange, which is the basis of the tint of their hair and complexions. Two colors, long esteemed to accord favorably with black hair—yellow, and red more or less orange—contrast in the same manner with brown. Yellow and orange red, contrasting by color and brilliancy with black, and their complementaries, violet and blue-green, in mixing with the tint of the hair, are far from producing a harmonious effect.

The following on the colors of the complexion and the contiguous drapery, affords several valuable hints.

The juxtaposition of drapery with the different flesh tints of women offers to portrait painters a host of remarks, which are all the result of the principles already laid down. We shall state the most general thus:

Rose red cannot be put down even in contrast with the ruddiest complexions without causing them to lose some of their freshness. Rose-red, maroon, and light crimson have the so-less disadvantage of rendering the complexion more or less green. This is shown in the following experiments: Place two sheets of paper of either of the above colors beside two sheets of fresh-colored paper, when it will be seen how much they are mutually injured, the lighter becoming greenish and the darker rather of a violet hue. By substituting light green for the red, we shall find them mutually lightened and improved. The hight of tone of the green influences the result; a very deep green acting by contrast of tone, so enfeebles the complexion that the slight contrasts of tint are will be inappreciable; a deep red, by contrast of analogy, blanches the complexion. It is necessary, then, to separate the rose from the skin in some manner; and the simplest manner of doing this is to edge the draperies with a border of tulle, which produces the effect of gray by the mixture of white threads, which reflect light, and the interstices, which absorb it; there is also a mixture of light and shade, which recalls the effect of gray, like the effect of a canvasses window viewed at a great distance. Dark red is less objectionable for certain complexions than rose-red, because, being higher than the latter, it tends to impart whiteness to them in consequence of contrast of tone.

Delicate green is, on the contrary, favorable to all fair complexions which are deficient in rosy, and which may have more disparted to them without disadvantage. But it is not as favorable to complexions that are more red than rosy; nor to those that have a tint of orange mixed with brown, because the red they add to this that will be of a brick-red hue. In the latter case a dark green will be less objectionable than a delicate green.

Yellow imparts violet to a fair skin, and in this view it is less favorable than the delicate green. To those skins which are more yellow than orange it imparts white; but this combination is very dull and heavy for a fair complexion. When the skin is tinted more with orange than yellow, we can make it rosy by neutralizing the yellow. It produces this effect upon the black haired type, and it is thus that art suits brunettes.

Violet, the complementary of yellow, produces contrary effects; thus it imparts some greenish-yellow to fair complexions. It augments the yellow tint of yellow and orange skins. The little blue there may be in a complexion it makes green violet. This, then, is one of the least favorable colors to the skin, at least when it is not sufficiently deep to whiten the skin by contrast of tone.

Blue imparts orange, which combines favorably with white, and the light flesh tints of fair complexions, which have more or less a determined tint of this color. Blue is thus suitable to most blondes, and in this case justifies its reputation. It will not suit brunettes, since they have already too much of orange.

Orange is too brilliant to be elegant; it makes fair complexions blue, whitens those which have an orange tint, and gives a green hue to those of a yellow tint.

Lustreless white, such as cambric muslin, answers well with a fresh complexion, of which it relieves the rose-color; but it is unsuitable to complexions which have a disagreeable tint, because white always exalts all colors by raising their tones; consequently it is suitable to those skins which, without having this disagreeable tint, very nearly approach it.

Very light white draperies, such as muslin or lace, appear more gray than white. We must thus regard every white drapery which allows the light to pass through its interstices, and which is only apparent to the eyes by the surface opposed to that which receives incident light.

Black draperies, by lowering the tone of the colors with which they are in juxtaposition, whiten the skin; but if the vermilion or rosy parts are somewhat distant from the drapery, it will follow that, although lowered in tone, they appear relatively to the white parts of the skin contiguous to the same drapery redder than if not contiguous to the black.

WITTY, WASHY, AND WASHISH.

The weather is too warm to be dull in; it will not do to lose flesh from sunshine and spirits from melancholy at the same time; let us try a good laugh, we shall be physically better for the exercise and emotionally better disposed towards the world in general.

We think there was never more newspaper wit in the market than at the present. *Charivari* has dropped down, and *Punch* grown dull, but newspapers shine occasionally; here is a specimen:

Bulwer says that "death often changes aversion into love." Certainly it does; we may have an antipathy to sheep and swine, and yet love mutton and pork.

Here is another, from a married editor of course, anybody can see that sticking out:

It is bad meddling with a train of gunpowder; but if you want to be blown up to a dead certainty just tread on a lady's train. We have tried it, and know.

The blessing of newspaper jokings and smart things, is that the writer has always time to burnish himself up to the brilliant point. It is not so in conversation and debate, as the editor who wrote the following found out, evidently by his sorrow:

One of the miseries of human life—the being beaten in argument, and afterwards thinking of some happy retort or very appropriate joke, which would have smashed your adversary to smithereens.

While quoting newspaper wit we ought to insert a "good one" from the Brunswick *Telegraph* which declares that the hen is immortal, giving as proof that "her son never sets."

Prentice, of the Louisville *Journal*, figures among the first at newspaper funyism; here is one of his:

"What shall we call our little boy?" said a wife to her husband. "Call him Peter," "Oh, no, I never knew anybody named Peter that could earn his salt." "Well, call him Salt Peter, then."

Johnson, of the Louisville *Courier*, amuses himself by making witty fun of Prentice's funny wit. He "lets off" the following upon the above:

"What shall we name our little boy?" said a wife to her husband. "Call him Peter." "Oh, no; Peter denied his master; call him Joseph." "Oh, no; Joseph denied his master."

We conclude our newspaper specimens with the following, which we pronounce decidedly first rate:

An infallible remedy for redundancy of style, is for the diffuse author to form the habit of writing advertisements, and paying for their insertion.

Wit hates itself greatly with the "dear creatures," and wit is evidently puzzled what to make of them; sometimes they are all that is "angelicous and splendiferous," and then again, as Tomkins said when he took wine before breakfasting with his wife, "they aint." The following is a specimen of the "they aint" order:

"Woman, lovely woman," said Brown, "what is the world without woman? Yes if there were no women in the world, we should all be miserable! They are the primeval cause of all happiness!" "No doubt," put in that cynic Robinson, "for they are the primeval themselves."

Talking of breakfasting, the following is almost equal to Boswell's leg of mutton and Johnston's pudding, eaten on a certain occasion during their Scotch travels. The master in the case is an East India Nabob; the boy a native:

Master—Why don't the washerwoman wash my socks better? Look at this! (holding up a worn-out sock.)

Boy—No washerwoman, sir; that's coffee color!

Master—What, you scoundrel! you strain the coffee through a sock?

Boy—I never take master's clean sock. When master's done wearing it, I takes it for to strain coffee.

That is too distressing; we cannot remain in India another minute. We will seek relief in a case of distress in Ireland:

"Well, Patrick," asked the doctor, "how do you feel to-day?" "Och, doctor dear, I enjoy very poor health entirely. The rhumatics are very distressing, indade; when I gotu asleep, I lay awake all night, and me toes is swilling up as big as a goose hen's egg, so whin I stand up I fall down immediately."

From distress to disappointment is only a step; Here is a case:

"Colonel, will you lend me a hundred to-day?" "Can't it all." "I never loan a man money the second time, when he disappoints me the first." "Some mistake, I reckon, Colonel. I said you the fifty I had last week." "That's just it, I never expected it back, so you disappointed me. Can't do it, sir; sorry to say I can't do it on principle."

Disappointment naturally leads to the sentimental; here we have it, and very properly, in poetry:

To take her all in all, Miss Rachel Paul,
Was not the worst upon the earthly ball,
But then she was so very big and tall
That no one liked to take her all in all.

We conclude with a little catechetical instruction for the juveniles:

Has the cup of sorrow a saucer?

Was ever any man strangled who hung on a doubt?

Why is a newly born babe like a gale of wind? Because it begins with a squall.

If oranges can be purchased for twenty-five cents a piece, how much would a whole one cost?

What is the difference between a carriage wheel and a carriage horse? One goes better when it is tired—the other don't.

Why is it that the trees can put on a new dress every spring without opening their trunks?

Because they *leave out* their summer clothing.

What is the difference between a cat and a document? One has paws at the end of its claws, and the other has pauses at the end of its clauses.

What is that which, supposing its greatest breadth to be four inches, length nine inches, and depth three inches, contains a solid foot? A shoe.

ENORMOUS SIEGE PREPARATIONS.—A naval expedition, possessing immense means of destruction, is on the way to Vera Cruz. One hundred and twenty flat bottomed boats, sheathed with iron and armed with rifled cannon, are, it is said, to ascend the Adige and the Po. If Venice falls, the foes may land a *corps d'armee* on the Adige, and take the Austrians in the rear, while the land army attacks them in front. There are also in Tuscany French troops, which will, at an appointed day, appear on a given point.—*English paper, June 24.*

FROM REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

"*We have known and believed the love that God hath to us.*—1 *John iv*, 16.

First, I shall look upon my text as being an *abstract of Christian experience*; secondly, I shall view it as *the summary of Christian testimony*; and after that, I shall regard it as *the groundwork of Christian encouragement*.

Times there are of thick darkness, when neither sun nor moon appear for many days; when the tempest rages exceedingly, and two seas meet in dread collision. There are seasons when the Christian, dismasted and dismantled, drifts before the storm a miserable hulk, unable to grasp the rudder or to man the yards. All strength and hope are gone. He looks upward, but he sees no helper; downward, and he beholds nothing but the utmost depths of despair; around him there is nought but terror, and all about him everything frowneth dismay. At such a time, noble is the Christian who can say, "Now it may be I do not know the love that God hath to me, but I believe it. Now I believe it," saith he; "Yes, rolling on yet waves; tell me that ye can dismiss me, but I believe not you. He who hath promised to preserve me—him I believe, and on his love will I rely, even though now I have no proof of it. Now, place yourselves first before the storm; and you, ye rocks, roar yonder with your sounding breakers; but I fear not you, for I believe the love of God toward me, I cannot be wrecked completely. Driven before the storm I may be; half a wreck and dismasted I may be, but wholly lost I never can be; and now this day, in the teeth of evidence, in opposition to everything, which goes against it, now I believe the love which God hath for me."

The first position, that of knowing God's love, is the sweetest, but that of believing God's love, is the grandest. To feel God's love is precious, but to believe it when you do not feel it is the noblest. He may be but a little Christian who knows God's love, but he is a great Christian who believes it, when the visible contradicts it, and the invisible withholds its witness. No one so grand as that prophet, who sees the olive wither, the fig tree blast, the vineyards yielding no vintage, the stalls emptied and the flocks destroyed, who sees famine staring him in the face, and yet rejoices in the Lord. O, that is honoring God. Yet that believe him in the manger, yo offer him pence; but ye that believe him in the storm, yo pay him pounds. No revenue so rich as that which comes from the fat yet seemingly barren land of affliction; God gets no honor greater than that which he receives from the trustful faith, of a cast down but not despairing heart. Blessed is the man who is perplexed but not in despair, persecuted but not forsaken, who is poor, yet, by his faith, maketh many rich; who hath nothing yet possesseth all things; who cries, "I can do nothing," and yet can add, "I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me." Mark how, in this one text, two states make up a summary of Christian experience? "We know and *believe* the love that God hath to us."

SAGACITY OF BIRDS.

While sitting on a stone, resting from thy labors, by some canal bridge, I was much amused at the behavior of a pair of tomtits, who had a nest of young ones in a hole under the stone coping of the bridge. I was attracted to the cock, in the first instance, who came fluttering out of a large oak tree which stood close by; he had something edible in his beak, and, after waiting a dole or two at the coping, he perched himself on it, seemed to look at me, and then surveyed me for a minute or two, with his little head cocked on one side, and his bright black eye twinkling with intelligence. Presently he uttered a short note, which brought his mate out of the tree to his side. She, with considerable muttering and flickering movements of her wings, seemed to remonstrate then her companion, at length encouraged by a "cheek, cheek" or two from her mate, perched herself on the edge of the coping, but farther from me. Then commenced a decided consultation—a conversation in "chip-chow, cherry-chow," as some one has aptly described the ornithological language. Her mate seemed to plead hard for me, at me. I could almost understand what they said, although I based an Æsop to translate the chirps for me. At length, apparently having satisfied their scruples with regard to me, the cock boldly made a plunge into the little hole which contained his domestic treasures, and throughout the whole business, he never ceased watching me meanwhile. At length he came out and took the hen's place, while she conveyed her offering to the little ones within. Then she came out, and hopped down to my side the oak tree, in search of more provisions for their young.

After this there was no more hesitation, they went in and out, backward and forward, without fear or the slightest apparent distrustfulness. At length two lads made their appearance, and, as they passed, one threw a stone with rural wonder; as if tomtits recognized their natural enemies at a glance, nothing could induce them to go near their nest while there was a lad in sight. The stone, however, frequent dashes to and fro over the hole—in front of it—round it—perched on the farthest extremity of the coping, and back again to the oak tree, but enter their hole they would not. There was no consultation on the matter—no twittering—"chip-chow, cherry-chow" was heard no more. The cock hopped, I gave my ragged feathered jury of two on the parties at the bar below was unanimous; and feeling myself an impartial judge in the matter, I gave my casting vote entirely in accordance with the verdict already delivered, which was banishment. The young ones were evidently hungry, and the lads were there, and yet they had executed to look at the little birds, but the cause of discovery was too great. At length, feeling desirous to end their anxiety, I sent the two lads away on some excuse, and the moment they were out of sight, the cock bird hopped without hesitation. Was ever wandering piscator so delicately flattered? If the prettiest woman in London (which is saying equivalent to saying in the world) had carefully designed and executed to the most insinuating compliment, it would not have reached the mark like the simple confidence of these birds in their nests. They trusted me with all they were worth, and I fell prouder of their trust than I have of many a one of apparently far greater magnitude, and I would not exchange that trust for any honor short of I could have stood up to prevent it. The confounded trout, though, had not the same amount of confidence in me, and I not the same trust equally as good physiognomist.—*Summer Sports in the Principalities.*

USES OF ICE.

In health no one ought to drink ice water, for it has occasioned fatal inflammation of the stomach and bowels, and sometimes sudden death. Persons who are overheated by exercise in summer, to use it at all with any safety, the person should take but a single swallow at a time, take the glass from the lips for half a minute, and then another swallow, and so on. It will be found that in this way it becomes disagreeable after a few mouthfuls.

For the sick, ice water may be taken as freely as possible, not only without injury, but with the most striking advantage in dangerous forms of disease. If broken in sizes it is best to be swallowed as fast as it is practicable, without much chewing or crushing between the teeth, it will often be efficient in checking various kinds of diarrhœa, and has cured violent cases of Asiatic cholera.

A kind of cushion and powdered ice kept to the entire scalp, has allayed violent inflammation of the brain, and arrested fearful convulsions induced by too much blood there.

Water as cold as ice can make it, applied freely to the throat, neck and chest, with a towel, very often relieves croup, and almost miraculous relief, and if this be followed by drinking copiously of the same ice-cold element, the wetted part wiped dry and the child the wrapped well in the bed clothes, it falls into a delightful and life-giving slumber.

All inflammations, internal or external, are promptly subdued by the application of ice or ice water, because it is converted into steam, and rapidly conveys away the extra heat, and also diminishes the quantity of blood in the vessels of the inflamed part.

A piece of ice laid on the wrist will often arrest violent bleeding of the nose.

The very ice-cold liquids at meals retards digestion, chills the body, and has been known to induce the most dangerous internal congestions.

If ice is put in milk or on butter, and these are not used at the time, they lose their freshness and become sour and stale, for the essential nature of both is changed, when once frozen and then thawed.—*Hall's Jour. of Health.*

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