

The every day book : containing biographical sketches, personal adventures, incidents of travel, sketches in natural history, useful information in science, poetical selection, and other subjects fitted to interest and enrich the mind.

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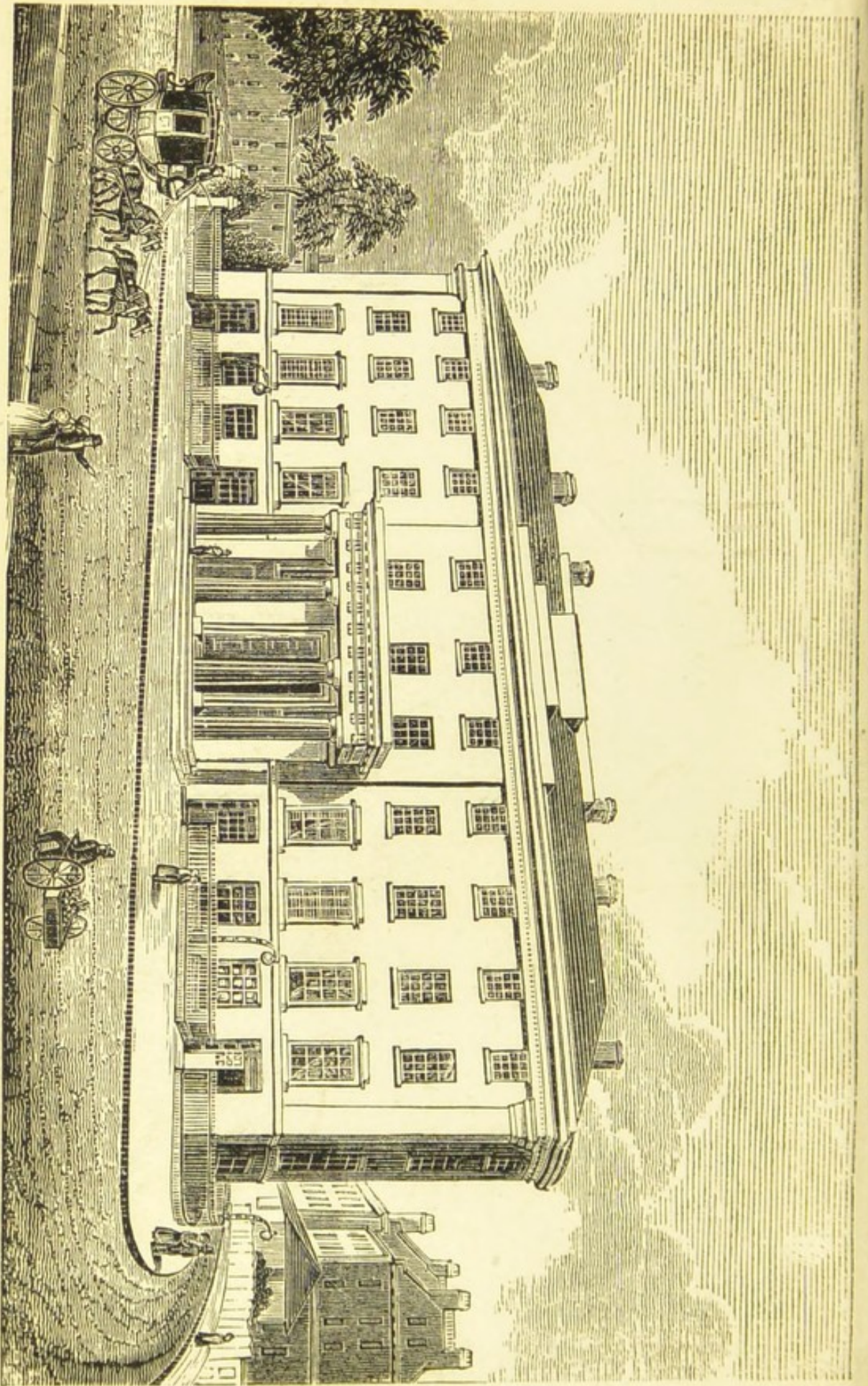
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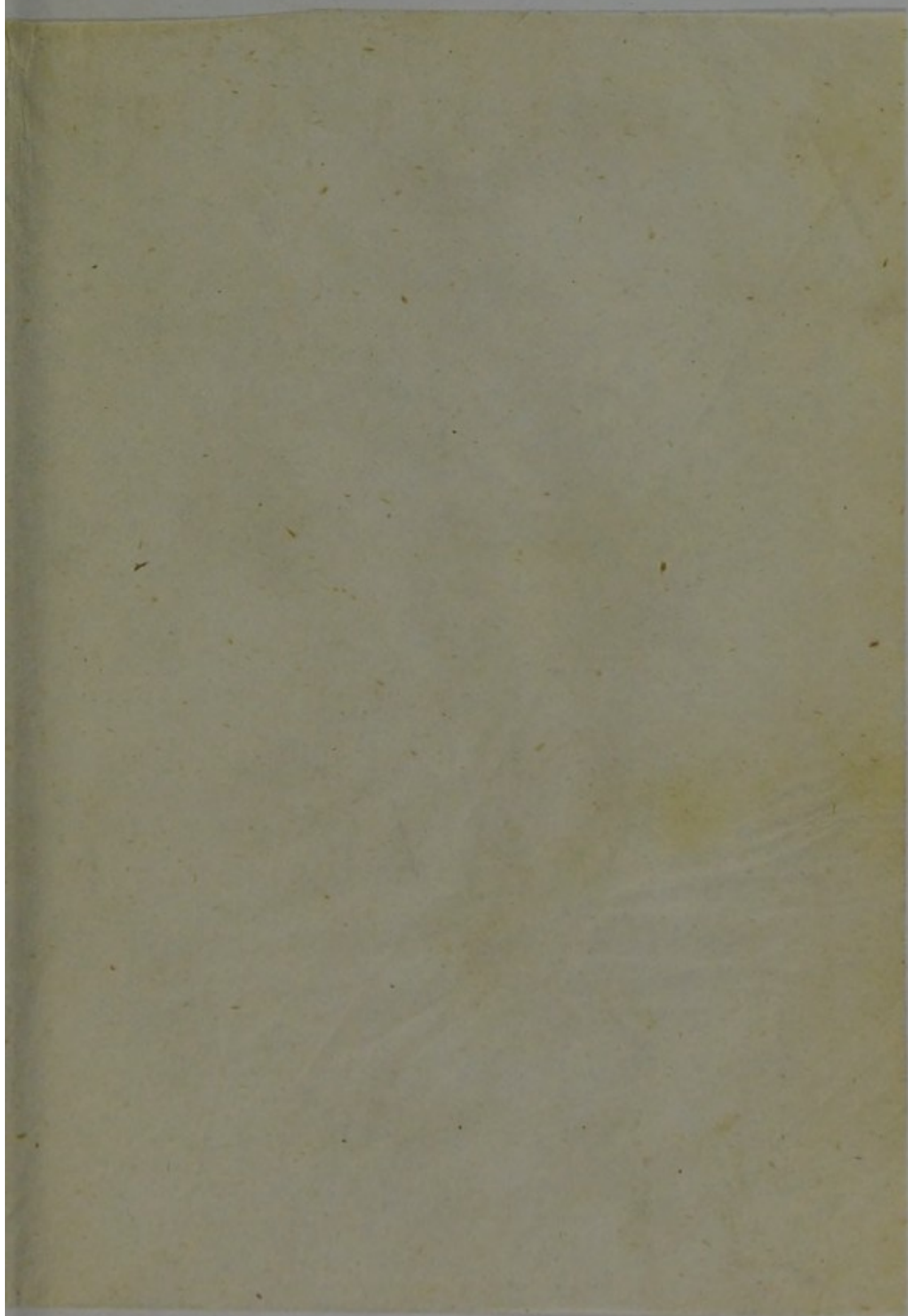
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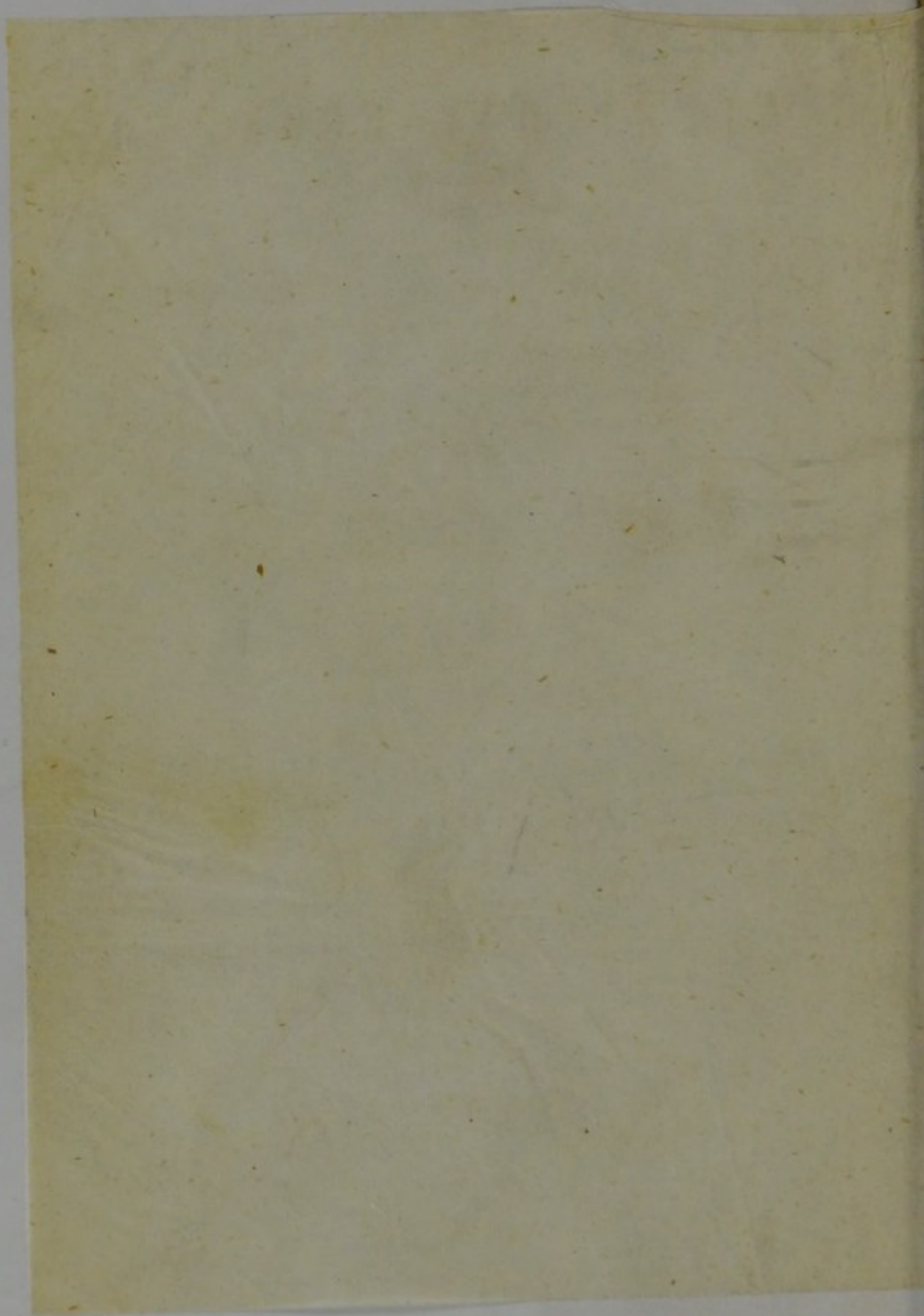
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TREMONT HOUSE, BOSTON. Page 15.





THE
EVERY DAY BOOK;

CONTAINING

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES; PERSONAL ADVENTURES; INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL; SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY; USEFUL INFORMATION IN SCIENCE; POETICAL SELECTIONS; AND OTHER SUBJECTS FITTED TO INTEREST AND ENRICH THE MIND.

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EVERY DAY BOOK.

POMPOUS PROCESSIONS.

THE historian of Alexander, misnamed the Great, describes his entry into Babylon, as amongst the most splendid displays of oriental pomp. First, the road was strewed with flowers and garlands, and adorned with silver altars, filled with frankincense. Next, are mentioned droves of cattle and horses; and lions and leopards in strong cages. Then came the Magi, or wise men, and the Chaldeans, singing hymns in praise of the conqueror; and musicians sounding their instruments loud in his honor. Lastly appeared Alexander himself, sitting in his chariot, and, as one would suppose from the engraving which we find in one of the volumes of the Library of Entertaining Knowledge, and which was taken originally from a French print, drawn by two huge elephants. It is worthy of remark, however, that the historian does not mention that any elephants were

attached to the chariot,—Alexander, as is well known, being usually found on horseback. But the fancy of ancient medallists and modern painters, has introduced the elephant into his triumphal march, as if the pomp of the procession would be diminished by the presence of less stately or less huge quadrupeds.

An inhabitant of a republican country who has never witnessed the pomp and display of royalty, will be apt, however, to imagine that the fancy of the painter or the engraver has created more of the circumstances of the scene than has really been done. There is little reason to think that any exaggeration has been made, unless it be in regard to the elephants.

One can hardly refrain from pitying the supreme folly of this prince. Endowed with great and commanding qualities, capable not only of governing others, but of governing himself, and of governing well, too; and favored with a constitution of body which might have held out to fourscore,—an inestimable blessing to mankind,—he is scarcely seated at Babylon before we find him, by his excesses, rendering himself not only incapable of directing the affairs of an immense empire, but even unable to conduct judiciously those of his own household. We behold in him that boundless ambition which led him to desire even the homage which is due only to the Great Creator; and yet ere he is scarcely beyond the age of thirty, we find him plunging into excesses which sunk him lower than the beasts to which they assimilated him; and at last dying,—emphatically so,—“as the fool dieth.”

But Alexander was by no means the only prince who was fond of display, and of pompous processions. The Roman emperor Aurelian, in his triumph

after the conquest of Palmyra, had in his train, according to Gibbon, 20 elephants, 4 royal tigers, and



200 rare and curious animals collected in foreign countries. These were followed by 1600 gladiators. The senate of Rome, also, on one occasion, voted Augustus a triumphal arch, a chariot drawn by two elephants, and a statue; and after his death his statue was drawn in a chariot, by four elephants, to the *Circus*, when the games commenced. This post-funereal honor was also celebrated by a medal, of which the *foregoing* is a representation.

It appears to have been customary to open the ancient games with some such striking procession. The following strange figure represents Romulus drawn to the circus by elephants.





Rose Laurel.

MORE FACTS ABOUT POISONOUS HONEY.

At page 150 of our LIBRARY, Vol. 3, a few remarks were made on Poisonous Honey. Some of our readers expressed much surprise, and a few seemed almost ready to doubt the correctness of our statements. But they have only to turn over a file of some substantial newspaper for the last 20 years, to find instances of the kind, on record. We recollect one well authenticated case, not three years since, in the state of Maine. But as what we lately stated was from recollection, we have

been at the pains, since that time, to glean up a few well authenticated facts, which we hope will prove satisfactory to the most skeptical.

During the memorable retreat of the 10,000 Greeks from Persia, Xenophon tells us that the soldiers, on coming to Trebizondi, where there were a great number of bee-hives, sucked some of the combs, became intoxicated in consequence, and were seized with a violent cholera morbus. We formerly mentioned that bees were supposed to feed on the flower of the monkshood, and that this was the source of the poison; but Tournefort, a celebrated French botanist, thinks it was the rose laurel, or the yellow azalea, both of which are poisonous and grow in Asia. A representation of the Rose laurel, and of the Yellow Azalea, are found above.

During the autumn and winter of 1790, the honey collected near Philadelphia was found to be so fatally deleterious to those who partook of it, that it attracted the attention of the American government, and a minute inquiry was ordered to be instituted. The result was that the poisonous honey was traced to the flowers of the *Kalmia Latifolia*, or Mountain Laurel.*

Dr. Barton enumerates several other species of laurel, azalea, and rosebay, which produce poisonous honey, that proves injurious to dogs, as was ascertained by experiment. Upon man it produces dizziness, dimness of sight, delirium, pain in the stomach and bowels, convulsions, profuse perspiration, foaming at the mouth, vomiting, purging, and

* The *Kalmia Latifolia*, or Mountain Laurel, appears to be the shrub, which, in many parts of New England, is improperly called *ivy*; and from which a large part of the wheel work of our modern wooden clocks are made.



Yellow Azalea.

sometimes a temporary palsy of the limbs. It seldom proves fatal, though it is only a few years since two persons in New York lost their lives by eating wild honey, supposed to have been collected from the American dwarf laurel.

Vegetable poisons occasionally prove fatal to the bees themselves. A large swarm having settled on a branch of the poison ash, or sumach, in West Chester, New York, was taken into a hive of fir at 3 o'clock P. M. and removed to the place where it

was to remain, at nine. About five the next morning, the bees were found dead, swelled to double their natural size, and black; except a few which appeared torpid and feeble, and soon died on exposure to the air.

It may be that honey collected from poisonous plants is only noxious in considerable quantity. Oxalic acid, in small quantity, is often used to acidulate punch; and to make an acidulous beverage not unlike lemonade, of which we ourselves have drank without injury; but when taken in the quantity of an ounce or more, it often produces death.

TENDERNESS TO ANIMALS.

“One day,” says Jesse, “I got off my horse, to kill a rat, which was only half killed. —I am shocked at the thoughtless cruelty of many people; yet I did a thing soon after, for which I have often reproached myself bitterly. As I was riding homeward, I saw a waggon standing at a door, with three horses. The two foremost were eating corn from bags tied at their noses, but I observed the third had dropped his on the ground and could not stoop to get any food. However, in my absence of mind, I rode on without assisting him. But when I had got nearly home, I felt extremely hurt at my neglect, and would have rode back, had I not thought the waggoner might have come out of the house, and relieved the horse. A man could not have had a better demand for getting off his horse, than for such an act of humanity. By absence of mind, we omit many duties.”

NEWPORT.

NEWPORT is beautifully situated on the southwest end of the island of Rhode Island, which forms a part of the State of the same name; about five miles from the sea. It is thirty miles south of Providence, and seventy-one south of Boston. The population in 1830 was 8,010; but before the revolutionary war it was more commercial, flourishing and populous than at present, containing at one time, more than 9,000 inhabitants.

The principal population of Newport are collected at the foot of a hill, which has a gradual ascent east from the water, and exhibits a beautiful view from the harbor and the neighboring hills. It is much celebrated for the salubrity of its climate, and the beauty of its situation, and during the warm months of summer, is a place of considerable resort, by people of fashion, both from the middle and southern states.

Newport contains a statehouse, a jail, several banks and insurance offices, a valuable public library and an elegant building for its accommodation, and several houses for public religious worship. The dwelling houses have a very ancient appearance. The principal street is a mile long.

The harbor of Newport is one of the finest in the world. The entrance is safe and easy, and it is so spacious that a large fleet might anchor in it, and ride in perfect safety. It is defended by three forts. On the island there is also a military hospital, belonging to the United States. A large stone mill is still standing here, which was erected before the date of the earliest records. At Newport is also a large lace manufactory.

The monument to the memory of Com. O. H. Perry is to be of gray granite, twenty-eight feet

high; the foundation is to be surrounded by a mound of earth, 160 feet in circumference.

Newport suffered severely during the revolutionary war. It was for a long time occupied by the enemy, who stripped the town and adjacent parts of the island of its fine forest trees and orchards. It has recovered in some measure from the desolation of the war, but never entirely.

Newport was first settled in 1638, by William Coddington and his associates. But it was to the wise and humane policy of Roger Williams, in no small degree, that this town had attained, at the beginning of the revolution, the rank of the fourth commercial town in the colonies. Nor is it less owing to the labors of this great and good man that the State itself, though small in point of territory, has always sustained a most honorable rank, as a member of the confederacy. Rhode Island has produced some of the most eminent men in the Union, both in the council and in the field. If BURGESS is not first in the national legislature he is second to but few, and GREENE was second to none but to Washington.

HISTORY OF AMERICA.

DISCOVERIES EARLIER THAN THOSE OF COLUMBUS.

THOUGH the honor of having discovered a continent at that time unknown, undoubtedly belongs to Columbus, yet it is due to historical truth to acknowledge that there were in existence, in his time, records of earlier discoveries made at the 'west,' many centuries before, which were regarded as authentic; but which, from the imperfect man-

ner in which they were preserved, and the numerous fables and absurdities with which they were combined, attracted little general attention. Whether Columbus was acquainted with these discoveries or not is a point which is unsettled; but if he was, it can scarcely diminish his well-earned reputation.

Of these early records of discoveries, only three are of sufficient importance to arrest our attention. These are the discoveries of Madoc; those of Biorn and Leif; and those mentioned by M. M. Zeno and Antonio.

1. *The discoveries of Madoc.* In Hakluyt's History of Voyages, is an account of certain discoveries, in the far west, by Madoc, son of Owen Guyneth, Prince of North Wales, about the year 1170. The account is said to be taken from a History of Wales, by David Powel, D. D.; and written about the year 1600. This Owen Guyneth, having deceased, his sons quarreled about who should succeed him. Meanwhile Madoc, who was of an adventurous spirit, left the contention to the rest of his brothers, fitted out an expedition of discovery in the western sea, and after sailing far west came to "a land unknown, where he saw many and strange things." As he reported the country to be "pleasant and fruitful," and "without inhabitants," he persuaded many families to unite to form a settlement, and actually made a second voyage, and leaving most of the emigrants, returned home to seek a new supply. "I am of opinion," says this Welsh historian, "that the land whereunto he came, was some part of the West Indies."

Though this account is gravely recorded as matter of Welsh history, and must in all probability have been regarded, at that day, as having at least

a foundation in truth, yet the facts which the account embraces, are so few and vague, that there is much room for doubt in regard to the whole story.—Not the least trace of any such colony, as that of Madoc, has ever been discovered.

2. *Discoveries of Biorn and Leif.* These are much more remarkable, as well as more interesting and credible than the former. They are derived from the early chronicles of Iceland, as incorporated into a Swedish book, published at Stockholm, in 1697. The chronicles, however, go back to the ninth and tenth centuries.

In the year 1001, not long after the first discovery of Greenland, an Iceland mariner by the name of Biorn, in steering for that country, (of course guided only by the stars, and his own judgment) missed his way. For several days, at first, he had pursued a westerly course, but the wind changing and blowing fresh, he was forced to run more to the southward. When the wind ceased, a flat and low country, covered with wood, was discovered at a distance, but being convinced from the description that had been given him of Greenland that it could not be that country, he did not land. He immediately bore away to the northwest, and saw a strait forming an island, but did not stop till he arrived at Greenland.

When he returned to Norway the next year, he was greatly blamed by his friends because he did not pursue his new discoveries. On his return to Iceland, he determined to make another voyage. Accordingly a ship was fitted out and manned with thirty-five men; and Biorn was joined by Leif, a young Norwegian nobleman, and son to Eric.

They soon descried one of the countries which Biorn had seen before, and immediately went on

shore. It was a flat country, and apparently destitute of vegetation. They called it Helleland, or flat land. Pursuing their voyage, they came, successively, to two other parts of the coast before noticed by Biorn. The first contained nothing but a few thickets and white sand; but the second, which was two days' sail farther on, contained vegetation; and among the rest, a sweet grain. The shore was sheltered, to the north, by an island. Leaving this, they sailed westward, in search of a harbor; and entering, at length, the mouth of a river, were swept, by the tide, into a lake from which the stream issued.

Here they landed, and pitched their tents. The soil was fruitful, and pasturage—at this season—good. The air, compared with that of Greenland, Iceland and Norway, was soft and balmy. The rivers abounded in salmon, and they found wild grapes in the woods. The days, in winter, were much longer than in Greenland, and they had less snow than in Iceland. Satisfied with their new residence, they built huts, and wintered there. From the circumstance of their finding grapes, they called the country Vinland (the land of wine.)

In the spring, they returned to Greenland, but Thorwald, a brother of Leif, thinking he had left the discovery imperfect, obtained the same vessel and thirty men, and set out on another voyage. Arriving at Vinland, his company wintered there, in the houses built by Biorn and Leif; living on fish. In the spring he prosecuted his discoveries westward, and found a very good country, but no inhabitants, and no traces of any except a huge pile of wood. In a voyage along the coast to the northeast, the second summer, his vessel was so shattered by a storm that it took all the rest of the year to repair it.

On resuming his voyage along the eastern coast, he discovered, one day, three canoes, made of hides, in each of which were three men, apparently asleep. Thorwald and his companions at once seized eight of them, and put them to death. The ninth made his escape.—How much to be regretted that all the first adventurers to America, from the north to the south, should have thus signalized themselves in cruelty, and provoked a feeling of hostility which exists to this day; and which cannot and ought not, in mere justice, to be extinguished, as long as an Anglo-American exists!

Soon afterwards, as they lay on the same coast, they were surprised by the appearance of a great number of these little vessels, covering almost the whole bay. Thorwald gave orders to his men to defend themselves, with planks and boards, against their arrows; and after an hour's battle, they fled. They were men of small stature, without much courage or strength. The Norwegian sailors called them Skraellings, or dwarfs, and said they should not fear a whole army of them. Thorwald, however, was mortally wounded, in the engagement, and died; and was buried soon after. The crew returned, the following spring, to Greenland.

Thurstin, another son of Eric, as soon as he heard of his brother's death, embarked with his wife, and a select crew of thirty men, with a view to bring home the body. But the season proved tempestuous and unfavorable, and they never reached Vinland. They were driven on the coast of Greenland, where Thurstin sickened and died. In the spring, his widow took his body, and returned home.

The next year, Thorfin, a rich Icelander, having married the widow of Thurstin, and, in her right,

succeeded to the claims of Thurstin at Vinland went thither and took possession. His wife and several other females, and sixty sailors, accompanied him; and they carried out much cattle and provisions, and many implements of husbandry. Near one year was spent in making preparation for a permanent settlement. The dwarfs came there, in great numbers, and brought furs, to trade with them. Thorfin suffered his people to trade with them in almost every thing but firearms, which they were exceedingly anxious to obtain. They were also very fond of milk, and came in crowds to obtain it for their furs.

They still insisted on having firearms, but being as constantly refused, they one day stole a hatchet and carried it off; and one of them, in his eagerness to try it, struck down and killed his companion. The crowd were thunderstruck. At last one who appeared to be a chief, took up the hatchet, examined it closely, and threw it, with indignation into the sea.

After remaining three years in Vinland, Thorfin returned home, with a cargo of dried grapes, furs, and other merchandise. The fame of his adventures spread through the north, and awakened the attention of many. But the regular history of the colony, as contained in the Icelandic chronicles, breaks off here. We are told, only, that Thorfin after many voyages, lived in splendor, and died in Iceland.

There are, however, some farther incidental notices of the colony. An Iceland vessel, about thirty years after Biorn's first discovery, having been driven far to the west into the main ocean, in a storm, came at last in sight of land, and anchored *near* the shore. The dark colored natives ap-

proached them in great numbers, took them prisoners, and conveyed them into the country, intending to put them to death. Here they met with a chief, of the complexion of the Icelanders, who also spoke the Iceland language. This white chief had them set at liberty, and sent them away, out of the country, but would not tell them his name. He gave the captain a gold ring, however, for Thurida, the daughter of Snorro, an Icelander, and a sword for her son. It was afterwards supposed that he was the lover of Thurida, who left Iceland about the time the first settlement was made at Vinland.

We know no more of Vinland, except that a Saxon priest went there on a mission and died there; and that in 1120, a Greenland bishop also went over on the same errand, but we are not told with what success. Even the European settlements in Greenland were lost after about the year 1400.

The government of Denmark has made several attempts to trace out the remains of the Greenland European colonies; but until within a few years, with no success. At last M. Graah, captain of a frigate in the Danish navy, found a few scattering inhabitants north of 60° Lat. who neither resemble the Esquimaux or the Greenlanders; but on the contrary, are closely allied, in every respect, to the Scandinavians of Europe. The color of the women and children is as white and clear as that of the northern Europeans; and their morals, manners, and customs, retain traces of their European origin. Their number does not exceed 500 or 600. This is very remarkable, and goes far towards sustaining the authenticity of the Iceland history.

But where was Vinland, and what has become of the colony; and where are the grapes? Here are difficulties. Wild grapes, in considerable

abundance, are still found as far north as New Brunswick. Might not the settlement, then, have been made on the coast of Newfoundland, and the opposite shore of Labrador? It is true that the account given of the fertility of the soil staggers us; but is not much allowance to be made for the circumstances? They would naturally compare the country with the frozen shores of Greenland. Besides, should not a little allowance also be made for the disposition common to discoverers to exaggerate?

3. *The discoveries of M. M. Zeno and Antonio.* These are found in an Italian tract, written nearly a century before Columbus's discovery.

This speaks of Etotiland, or east-out-land, and Drogio; two places on the coast of some country or other; and lying above 1,000 miles westward of the Faroe isles. It appears further that in a map made by these two travellers, two lines of coast are put down, at a considerable distance southwest from Greenland. An expedition, in one instance, was fitted out by Zichmi, and the command given to our two discoverers; who speak of finding an island, far to the west, where they were not permitted to land; also another farther west, where they landed, and Zichmi builded or proposed to build a city or village. This last place appears to have been so far west that it took twenty-three days with a fair wind, to return to the Faroe Islands! Could it then have been Greenland?

These are all the known records of discoveries in America, prior to those of Columbus, upon which we can place any reliance. Whether these are so well authenticated as to establish a conviction in the mind of every reader that, though mixed with fable, they are substantially true, is doubtful. For

ourselves, we think there is much evidence that the record is neither a work of the fancy, wholly, nor an imposture. Had we room we should like to point out some things which bear the stamp of truth and reality. And one thing, in particular, should be observed, in this place. If the second account—that of Vinland—is founded in truth, it goes far to establish a belief in the essential correctness of the two others

THE WAR WITH INSECTS,

Is almost over, for this year. While it lasted, it would have effected little good, perhaps, to have agitated the subject. But as frosty nights and cool days have done what no Peace Societies could have accomplished, it may be well to ask ourselves whether our tempers have been improved in the contest.

The hatred which every where exists against snakes and reptiles, whether venomous or harmless, we do not propose to meddle with just now; and it is about as much as an honest man's reputation is worth, to touch the subject at any time. If we happen to raise a doubt whether an innate enmity against snakes has not existed in the human breast, ever since the expulsion from Paradise, we shall expose ourselves—if nothing worse—to the charge brought by the man in the dialogue, that we "'ny the Bible:" at least that part of it which says that the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head.

But to the war with insects. We have seen individuals whose conscious pride of intellect, and

perhaps moral feeling, would have been wounded at the thought of being regarded as wanting in tenderness to their fellow men, who would yet fall into a rage with bees, wasps, flies, musquitoes, gnats, ants, fleas, or bugs, almost every day of their lives; and sometimes many times a day. We have seen their eye flash, and their face flush, and their whole frame agitated—for a few seconds—while wreaking a miserable revenge on the poor fly, or musquito. Nay more, we have heard them curse the whole insect family, and wish every member of it, by some mighty—perhaps *allmighty*—hand, struck out of existence.

But forgive such persons, Father, for “they know not what they do.” They know not—at least they heed not—how much they are doing to feed the fires which already rage strong enough in their own bosoms. He who indulges in angry feelings towards the smallest insect, is more likely, other things being equal, to indulge in angry feelings towards those who are only a little higher in the scale of existence. He is feeding and watering those plants which he ought, rather, to subdue.

Those who wish the whole insect world was annihilated, know not what they do. Or if they know, they do not consider. For though we may not believe, with the poet, that

“From nature’s chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth or ten thousandth, breaks the chain *alike*,”

yet we do believe that the sudden annihilation of any one of the insect tribes would produce very great mischief. We have facts which favor our views, but no room for them.

Suppose we destroy the race of *flies*. Who shall guarantee us another set of untiring servants to cleanse our dwellings, our yards, and our fields, of

ten thousand larger or smaller masses, tending to putrefaction, and combining with other deleterious agents, developed during a hot season, to predispose the atmosphere and the beings which inhale it, to disease?

Again, Destroy the *mosquitoes*, and what other race of God's creatures shall perform the same offices in relation to those stagnant waters where they abound, which they have hitherto performed?

Destroy the whole race of *fleas and bugs*, and if you do not remove at the same time the filth in which, and in which alone, if they are not generated, they revel; and what shall supply their place? Nothing but sickness, or the return of a colder season; nor even that. Remove both the insects and the filth, and you better merit our gratitude.

We might pursue this subject farther, but enough has been said. To him who "hears and understands" and reflects, "more" will, in all probability, "be given;" but to him who hath no "ears to hear," or "heart to receive," any thing more, whether elicited by his own reflective powers or our suggestions, would, we fear, be thrown away.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

BY A JOURNEYMAN MECHANIC.

Now, wife and children, let's be gay,
My work is done, and here's the pay:
'Twas hard to earn, but never mind it,
Hope reared the sheaf, and peace shall bind it.

Six days I've toiled, and now we meet
To share the welcome weekly treat,
Of toast and tea, of rest and joy,
Which, gained by labor, cannot clove.

Come ye who form my dear fire-side,
 My care, my comfort, and my pride ;
 Come now, and let us close the night,
 In harmless talk and fond delight.

To-morrow's dawn brings blessed peace,
 And each domestic joy's increase,
 To him who honestly maintains
 That course of life which Heaven ordains.

For this, and every blessing given,
 Thankful we 'll bow the knee to Heaven ;
 In God's own house our voices raise,
 With grateful notes of prayer and praise.

Sweet's the tranquillity of heart,
 Which public worship does impart,
 And sweet's the field, and sweet's the road,
 To him whose conscience bears no load.

Thus shall the day, as God designed,
 Promote my health, improve my mind.
 On Monday morning free from pain,
 Cheerful I 'll go to work again.

Our life is but a lengthened week,
 Through which with toil for rest we seek ;
 And he whose labor well is past,
 A joyful Sabbath finds at last !

TABLE OF CATARACTS.

IN AMERICA.

Names.		Perpendic. height.	Whole descent.
Tequendama	S. America	- 600	600
Nipegog	U. Canada	- 600	600
Montmorency	L. C.	- 250	250
Falling Spring	Va.	- 200	200
Niagara	U. C.	- 174	281
Shawenegan	L. C.	150	150

Wilberforce	Hood River U. C.	100	256
Pusambio	S. A.	-	400
Missouri	-	87	352
Passaic	N. J.	70	70
Cohos	Mohawk	70	70
Chaudiere	L. C.	-	130
Housatonic	Conn.	60	60
Great Falls	Potomac	-	76
Little Falls	Potomac	-	37
St. John	L. C.	45	45
Bellows Falls	Conn. R.	-	44
Grand Mere	L. C.	30	30
St. Anthony	Miss.	16½	74
Packagama	Miss.	20	20
Monongahela	Va.	20	20
St. Mary's	U. C.	-	22½
Grosse Pilles	L. C.	15	15
Ottawas	U. C.	-	20

IN EUROPE.

Names.		Perpendic. height.	Whole descens
Marble Cascade	Italy	300	300
Powers Court	Ireland	300	300
Pistil y Cayne,	Wales	200	200
Ceresoli	Savoy	-	2,400
Evanson	Savoy	-	1,200
Nun of Capena	Savoy	-	1,100
Staub Bach	Switz.	-	900
Sour Milk Force	Eng.	-	900
Glommen	Norway	-	500
Foyers	Scotland	-	212
Cettina	Dalmatia	150	150
Teverone	Italy	100	100
Trohletta	Sweden	-	100
In Devonshire	Eng.	-	100
Hardrow Force	Eng.	-	99
Fall of the Rhine	Switz.	70	70
Thornton Force	Eng.	-	90
Rocky Linn	Scot.	-	80
Wethercot	Eng.	-	75
Dank Cave	Eng.	-	25

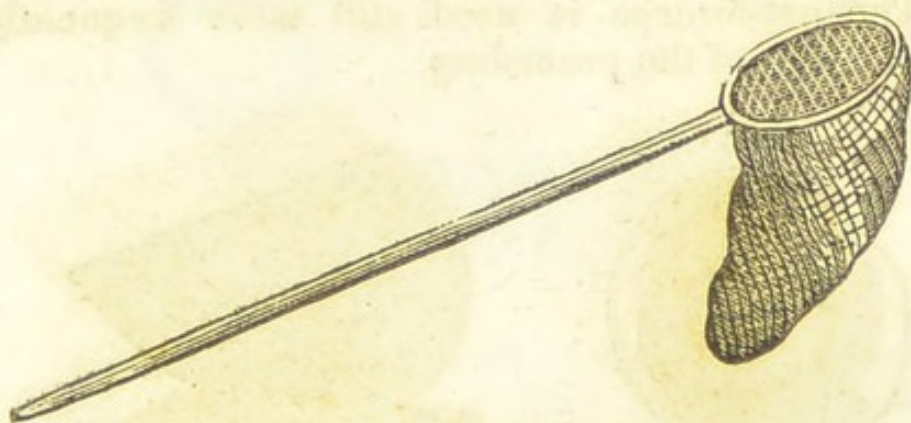
NATURAL HISTORY.

ENTOMOLOGY, OR THE STUDY OF INSECTS.

We have described, in a former article, several methods of preserving insects for the cabinet and museum. It only remains, therefore, to present our readers with some of the more common methods for securing them, and preserving them alive.

One of the most useful and convenient instruments for the purpose of taking them, is an umbrella. In walking through a meadow, for instance, when the grass is not too short, we may open the umbrella, hold the convex side uppermost, and push it through the grass. The insects which are above its level, will thus fall into it. The sides of drains, and ditch banks, may be trailed in the same manner. Or, if the insects are on the higher plants or shrubs, they may be shaken into the umbrella by the hand.

Instead of the umbrella, some use the butterfly net

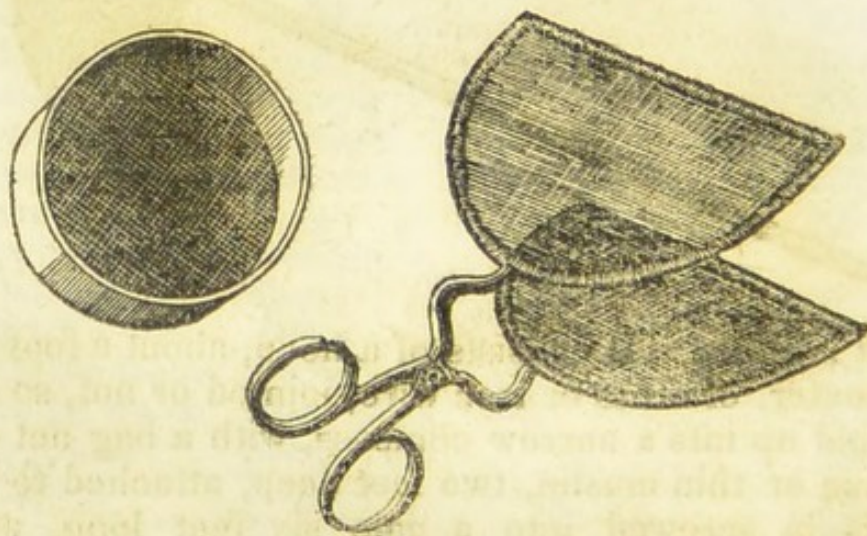


as it is called. It consists of a hoop, about a foot in diameter, of brass or iron wire, jointed or not, so as to fold up into a narrow compass, with a bag net of gauze or thin muslin, two feet deep, attached to it. This is screwed into a pole six feet long, and sometimes much longer.

Another instrument, called the clap-net, is used much oftener, however, than the butterfly net. The engraving will give you a better idea of its



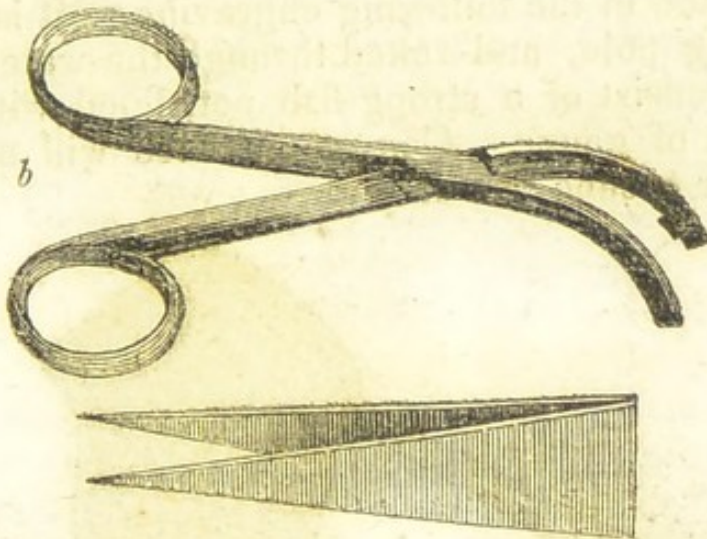
shape, than any description. For small insects, the net may be made of fine white muslin; but for moths and butterflies, green gauze is preferable. The collector holds one of the rods in each hand, and secures the insects by clapping them together. The net-forceps is used still more frequently than either of the preceding.



They may be made of an old pair of curling

irons,—and this is perhaps the best use to which curling irons were ever applied. Hoops may be fitted to the blades, covered with fine gauze, and made to close accurately, when moved, like a pair of scissors.—Some use a ring-net, instead of net-forceps; as at the left hand of the net-forceps. Either may be used, not only for other purposes, but also to secure an insect when alighted on a wall or flat surface, by merely covering it.

There are many other instruments used by naturalists, during their studies. Among these are the French beetle forceps. Their use is to take beetles and other insects out of holes where they cannot otherwise be reached.

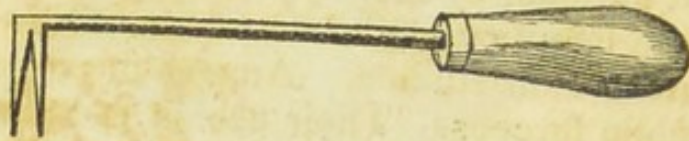


The instrument is made of steel, and resembles a pair of large scissors. They are not only useful for the purposes above mentioned, but also for seizing insects which are venomous or dangerous.

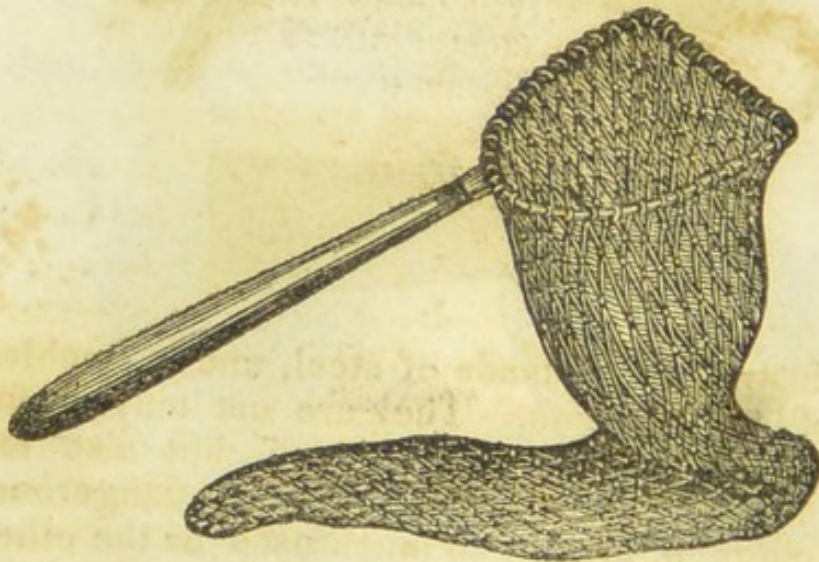
The pliers, *b*. are not so much used as the other instruments which we have described. They are small, short, and slender.

In order to come at beetles and larvae which feed under the bark, or in the wood of trees, and

also under ground, the instrument which we have found most convenient, is a very strong clasp-knife. One which has a saw-blade, a hook, file, and other instruments in the same handle, is preferable. But some, instead of this, use what they call a digger. It is made of steel; is from twelve to eighteen inches long, forked at the extremity, and fixed into a wooden handle.



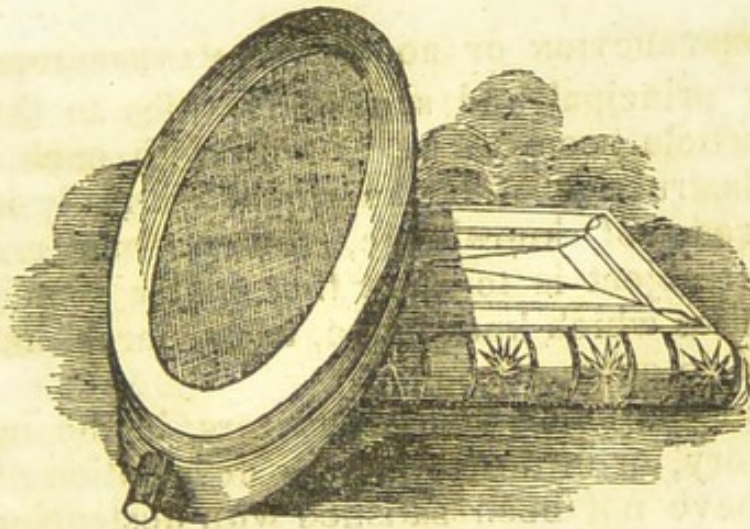
For water insects, a net is used, constructed as represented in the following engraving. It is fixed to a long pole, and raked through the water. It should consist of a strong fish net, lined with the strongest of gauze. Canvas, if used will not let the water escape fast enough.



Many water insects may be found, however, by examining the under sides of the leaves of water plants, about the edges of ditches, ponds, canals, riv-

ers, and lakes, and where the water is clear, by examining the bottom of the channel. When taken, a number of phials of water will be necessary to put them in: but they are so active that it often requires no little skill to seize them.

The following engraving represents two sorts of boxes sometimes used in collecting land insects and their larvae. That on the left hand is for the larvae; that on the right is a pocket collecting box.



Perhaps, however, a collector of insects cannot do better than to provide himself with a number of pill boxes, with pin holes in them for the admission of air. There are several advantages thus secured. We often prevent the insects devouring each other; and can better remember the different plants on which the various species were found. When caterpillars are introduced into these boxes, it is best to introduce, along with them, a bit of the fresh leaf, or other substance, upon which they had been feeding.

We have thus gone through—very briefly—with an account of some of the instruments used for

securing insects, which we wish to preserve alive, with a view to study their habits and character. In a former article we have spoken of the size and structure of cabinets. As to arranging the insects we think it best, on the whole, that every one should follow his own system.

THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

DESTRUCTION OF BOOKS AND MANUSCRIPTS.

Our principal and secondary titles to the present article seem to be at war with each other. The destruction of books would naturally imply a retrograde of knowledge, rather than *progress*. But our object is to show the reader some of the difficulties which knowledge, in its march, has been obliged to encounter.

It is remarkable that conquerors, in the moment of victory, or in the unsparing devastation of their rage, have not been satisfied with destroying *men*, but have even carried their vengeance to *books*.

Ancient history records how the Persians, from hatred of the religion of the Phœnicians and the Egyptians, destroyed their books, of which Eusebius notices they possessed a great number. A remarkable anecdote is recorded of the Grecian libraries; one at Gnidus was burnt by the sect of Hippocrates, because the Gnidians refused to follow the doctrines of their master.

The Romans burnt the books of the Jews, of the Christians, and the philosophers; the Jews burnt the books of the Christians and the Pagans; and the Christians burnt the books of the Pagans and the Jews. The greater part of the books of

Origen and other heretics were continually burnt by the orthodox party. Gibbon pathetically describes the empty library of Alexandria, after the Christians had destroyed it. 'The valuable library of Alexandria was pillaged or destroyed; and near twenty years afterwards, the appearance of the *empty shelves* excited the regret and indignation of every spectator, whose mind was not totally darkened by religious prejudice.'

The reading of the Jewish Talmud has been forbidden by various edicts, of the Emperor Justinian, of many of the French and Spanish kings, and numbers of popes. All the copies were ordered to be burnt; the intrepid perseverance of the Jews themselves preserved that work from annihilation. In 1569, twelve thousand copies were thrown into the flames at Cremona.

The first missionaries to the Mexicans, suspicious that superstition was mixed with all their paintings, attacked the chief school of these artists, and collecting, in the market-place, a little mountain of these precious records, they set fire to it, and buried in the ashes the memory of many most interesting events. Afterwards, sensible of their error, they tried to collect information from the mouths of the Indians; but the Indians were indignantly silent: when they attempted to collect the remains of these painted histories, the patriotic Mexican usually buried in concealment the remaining records of his country.

The story of the Caliph Omar proclaiming throughout the kingdom, at the taking of Alexandria, that the Koran contained every thing which was useful to believe and to know, and he therefore ordered all the books in the Alexandrian library to be distributed to the masters of the baths,

amounting to 4000, to be used in heating their stoves during a period of six months, modern paradox would attempt to deny. But the tale would not be singular even were it true: it perfectly suits the character of a bigot, a barbarian, and a block-head. A similar event once happened in Persia. When Abdoolah, who in the third century of the Mohammedan æra governed Khorasan, was presented at Nishapoor with a MS., which was shown as a literary curiosity, he asked the title of it, and was told it was the tale of Wamick and Oozra, composed by the great poet Noshirwan. On this Abdoolah observed, that those of his country and faith had nothing to do with any other book than the Koran; and that the composition of an idolater must be detestable! Not only he declined accepting it, but ordered it to be burnt in his presence; and further issued a proclamation commanding all Persian MSS., which should be found within the circle of his government to be burned! Much of the most ancient poetry of the Persians perished by this fanatical edict.

Inflamed with the blindest zeal against every thing pagan, Pope Gregory VII ordered that the library of the Palatine Apollo, a treasury of literature formed by successive emperors, should be committed to the flames! He issued this order under the notion of confining the attention of the clergy to the Holy Scriptures!

The destruction of libraries in the reign of Henry VIII, at the dissolution of the monasteries, is wept over by John Bale; those who purchased the religious houses took the libraries as part of their booty, with which they scoured their furniture, or sold the books as waste paper, or sent them abroad in ship-loads to foreign book-binders. The fear

of destruction induced many to hide manuscripts under ground, and in old walls.

Even the civilization of the eighteenth century could not preserve from the savage and destructive fury of a disorderly mob, in the most polished city of Europe, the valuable MSS. of the great Earl Mansfield, which were madly consigned to the flames during the riots of 1780.

In the year 1599, the hall of the stationers underwent as great a purgation as was carried on in Don Quixote's library. Warton gives a list of the best writers who were ordered for immediate conflagration by the prelates Whitgift and Bancroft, urged by the puritanic faction. Like thieves and outlaws, they were ordered *to be taken wheresoever they may be found*.

At the death of the learned Peiresc, a chamber in his house filled with letters from the most eminent scholars of the age was discovered. Such was the disposition of his niece, that although repeatedly entreated to permit them to be published, she preferred to regale herself occasionally with burning these learned epistles to save the expense of fire-wood!

Menage observes, on a friend having had his library destroyed by fire, in which several valuable MSS. had perished, that such a loss is one of the greatest misfortunes that can happen to a man of letters. Even in the present day, men of letters are subject to misfortunes; for though the fire-offices will insure books, they will not allow *authors to value their own manuscripts*.

The republic of letters has suffered irreparable losses by shipwrecks. Guarino Veronese, one of those learned Italians who travelled through Greece for the recovery of MSS, had his perseverance

repaid by the acquisition of many valuable works. On his return to Italy he was shipwrecked, and unfortunately for himself and the world, says Mr. Roscoe, he lost his treasures! So pungent was his grief on this occasion that, according to the relation of one of his countrymen, his hair became suddenly white.

About the year, 1700, Hudde, a Dutchman, went to China to instruct himself in the language, and in whatever was remarkable in this singular people. He succeeded to the dignity of a mandarine; travelled through the provinces under this character, and returned to Europe with a collection of observations, the cherished labor of thirty years; and all these were sunk in the bottomless sea!

The great Pinellian library, after the death of its illustrious possessor, filled three vessels, to be conveyed to Naples. Pursued by corsairs, one of the vessels was taken; but the pirates finding nothing on board but books, they threw them all into the sea; such was the fate of a great portion of this famous library. National libraries have often perished at sea, from the circumstance of conquerors transporting them into their own kingdoms.

Many works that were not destroyed by design, are also missing. Of the history of Polybius, which once contained forty books, we have now only five; of the historical library of Diodorus Siculus, fifteen books only remain out of forty; and half of the Roman antiquities of Dionysius Halicarnassensis has perished. Of the eighty books of the history of Dion Cassius, twenty-five only remain. The present opening book of Ammianus Marcellinus is entitled the fourteenth. Livy's history consisted of one hundred and forty books, and we only possess thirty-five of that pleasing historian. What

a treasure has been lost in the thirty books of Tacitus! little more than four remain.

We have lost two precious works in ancient biography: Varro wrote the lives of seven hundred illustrious Romans, and Atticus, the friend of Cicero, composed another on the actions of the great men among the Romans. These works were enriched with portraits.

The losses which the poetical world has sustained are sufficiently known by those who are conversant with the few invaluable fragments of Menander. Even of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, who each wrote about one hundred dramas, seven only have been preserved, and nineteen of Euripides. Of the one hundred and thirty comedies of Plautus, we only inherit twenty of the more imperfect.

THE MONKEYS AND THE CAMEL.

Two monkeys, passionate and vain,
 Possessed of far more tongue than brain,
 Disputed long, in language high,
 On matters of Zoology.
 Said Jacko, "Well, we live and learn.
 And you will wonder in your turn;
 To find there grows, (O wondrous luck!)
 No hunch upon a Camel's back."
 "Pooh! folly!" cried his brother ape,
 "You quite forget the Camel's shape.
 I never saw a Camel yet,
 Without a hunch—my life I'll bet!
 I rode one lately as my hack,
 And felt the hunch upon his back!"
 "'Tis false, Sir Pug, and very hard
 Thus to be doubted: here 's my card,
 I'll say no more about the brute;
 Let pistols settle the dispute"

And then, as all was fitly timed,
 The paces measured, pistols primed,
 The world had held two monkeys less,
 All through this mutual redress,
 Had not the seconds interfered,
 And thus the point of quarrel cleared :
 " Error and truth to each belong,
 You both are right, and both are wrong.
 The Camel's hunch by Nature's laws,
 When food has failed, and hunger gnaws,
 Oft proves a gift benignly sent,
 To aid the creature's nourishment.
 And guarding thus from famine's shock,
 Contributes to the general stock.
 The very hunch, Sir Pug admired
 In yonder Camel, had retired ;
 And when that hunch had ceased to be,
 Then Jacko, 'twas not seen by thee.
 Put up your pistols, use your eyes,
 And learn from Nature to be wise."

The positive and angry wight,
 Is seldom altogether right.

SINGULAR CURE OF A MADMAN.

A famous watchmaker of Paris who had long puzzled his brains about "perpetual motion," at length became insane. He imagined that he had lost his head upon the scaffold, that it was put in a heap with many others, that the judges, from a change of opinion, had ordered the heads to be set on their respective bodies again; but that it had fallen to his unhappy lot to have a wrong head set upon his shoulders. He was admitted in to one of the hospitals, where he spent his time in mourning his sad fate, and lamenting the fine set of teeth and wholesome breath which he had exchanged for those of very different qualities.

He had somewhere heard or read the strange story of St. Denys, who after having had his head cut off, took it up in his hands and carried it about, ever and anon kissing it. For awhile this ridiculous story ran in his mind. One day some person happening to dispute the truth of the story, the madman undertook to defend it. His opponent heard him for some time, at last he burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, exclaiming; "What a fool you are to believe such a story! How could St. Denys kiss his head? Was it with his heels?"—This unexpected retort had such an effect upon the madman that he betook himself to watch-making again, and ultimately regained his health.

SCENE IN NEW ORLEANS, IN 1934.

[The writer of the following article seems disposed to ridicule the fashionable rage for rapid travelling. We are quite willing he should be heard.]

Yankee. Good morning.

Louisianan. Good morning to you. How are you?

Y. Very well, I thank you, only a little inconvenienced by your New Orleans air.

L. Just now arrived, then?

Y. Just this minute—right from Bangor.

L. And what news?

Y. Nothing stirring, when we left.

L. Of course, there would be nobody *stirring* at this hour; but what said the evening papers?

Y. Not a word of any importance, nor the morning papers either.

L. You don't say you got the morning papers before you started!

Y. Certainly; why not? What time do you think we set out?

L. Oh, a little after sunrise, I suppose.

Y. But the sun is rising here, and do you think we moved no faster than the sun?

L. To be sure I do; but we, in New Orleans, don't get our morning papers till the sun is an hour or two high.

Y. Nor we. But the sun was almost an hour and a half high, when we started. Have you never been in Bangor?

L. Yes, often; but I forget, just now, the difference of time between the two places.

Y. Why it is almost an hour and a half. Or it is 21 degrees of longitude, and $22\frac{1}{2}$ would make an hour and a half of difference, you know. We started when the sun was an hour and twenty minutes high, and should have arrived before the sun rose here, had not the friction of the machinery delayed us a little in our progress over the mountains. We seemed to be several minutes on the road.

L. Several minutes! Horrible! What a slow passage!

Y. True; but our business was not very pressing. And even this is a very good rate of travelling, compared with 100 years ago.

L. I know it is. I was just now looking over Silliman's History of the progress of the Arts and Sciences in the United States; and was not a little surprised to find that in 1834, they were just beginning to travel on Railroads in this country, by steam.

Y. Yes, yes; ignorant fellows that we were. And what a noise the papers then made about travelling twenty or thirty miles an hour! Balloons, too, only went at about the same rate. Who

would now have patience to drag along in that way? Nobody, surely, but a sick person, or an idiot.

L. It is certainly curious to look back and see how very ignorant our forefathers were. It is scarcely 100 years since electricity was first used in the arts. What an excitement it produced when it was first used to split rocks with!

Y. Is it possible that this was only 100 years ago?—Well, I believe you are right.

L. I certainly am. And I have no doubt that our grandfathers would have laughed outright at a person who should then have predicted that in 1934 cars would come from Bangor to New Orleans, by means of electricity.

Y. It is very likely. Well, there seems to be no standing still in these matters. The progress of improvement is rapid. May there not be as great progress made 100 years to come, as 100 years past?

L. Oh, I doubt that.

Y. I cannot say that I do. Just think, for a moment, how much remains to be done. The best electrical cars are several seconds in going 2000 miles. Now when we can get rid of the zigzag motion which the electric fluid sometimes gives, and the friction, what an immense difference will be made! Above all, when we learn the art of propelling balloons by electricity—a thing not to be despaired of—then there will be no friction, of course; or next to none. Then, who can say that we shall not perform a journey through the United States, in a single breath?

Nor will improvement be likely to end here. Perhaps we may travel, by electricity or something else to other worlds. More than this;—how do

we know but *light* may yet be made to propel travelling cars? Then we might make a visit to the sun and come back again to breakfast. The whole journey would, perhaps, require but sixteen minutes. Who has not read of the angel Uriel's descending on a sunbeam, with an errand, to Paradise?

PHILOSOPHY.

The human ear is so extremely sensible that it can hear a sound that lasts only the twenty-fourth thousandth part of a second.

Deaf persons may converse together through rods of wood held between the teeth, or held to their throat or breast.

In water, sound passes 4,708 feet in a second; in air from 1,130 to 1,140.

In the Arctic regions persons can converse at more than a mile distant, when the thermometer is below zero.

A drop of water can be divided into 26,000,000 of distinct parts.

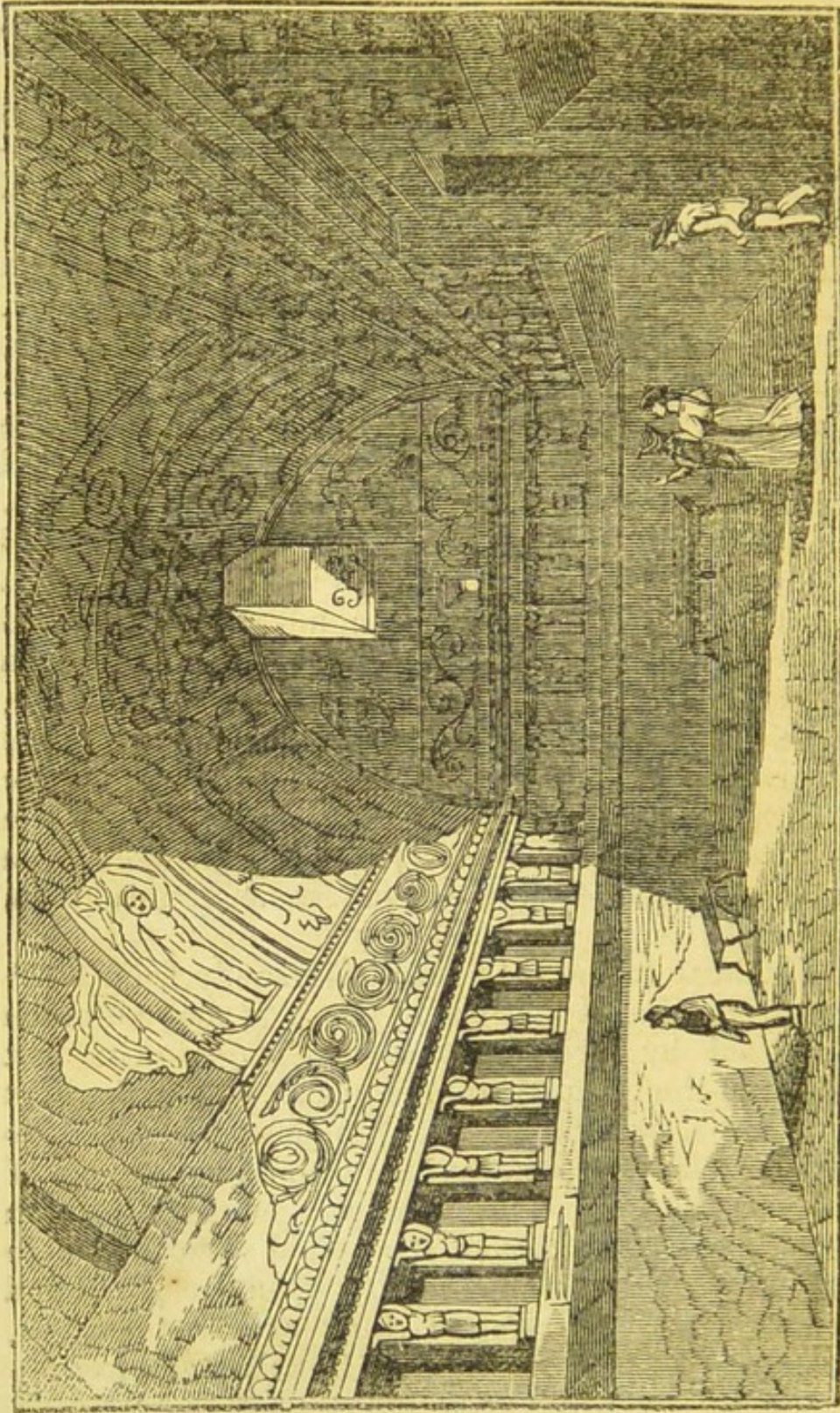
ON WARM BATHING.

MANY suppose that the Russians owe their longevity, their robust health, their little disposition to certain mortal diseases, and their happy and cheerful temper, chiefly to their habits of bathing. Such conclusions are probably premature,—climate,

aliment, habits of living, and many other circumstances having also much influence.

The Russian baths usually consist of wooden houses, situated, if possible, by the side of a running stream. In the bath room is a large vaulted oven, which, when heated, makes the paving stones, lying upon it, red hot; and adjoining the oven is a kettle for the purpose of holding boiling water. Round about the walls are three or four benches, one above another, like the seats of a scaffold. The room has little light, but here and there are apertures for letting the vapor escape; the cold water that is warmed, being let in by small channels. Some baths have an antichamber for dressing and undressing; but in general, this is done in the open court yard, which, on that account, has a boarded fence, and is provided with benches of plank. In those parts of the country where wood is scarce, these bath rooms are sometimes merely wretched caverns, dug in the earth near some river. On the other hand, in the houses of the wealthy and the palaces of the great, they are constructed with great elegance, though on the same general plan as above.

The heat in the bath room, is usually from 104° to 122° of Fahrenheit; and this heat may be much increased by throwing water on the glowing hot stones in the chamber of the oven. Thus the heat often rises, especially on the uppermost bench, to 132° . Those who bathe lie quite naked on one of the benches, where they perspire more or less, in proportion to the heat of the humid atmosphere in which they are enveloped. To open the pores and increase the perspiration, they are first rubbed, then gently flogged with leafy bunches of birch.

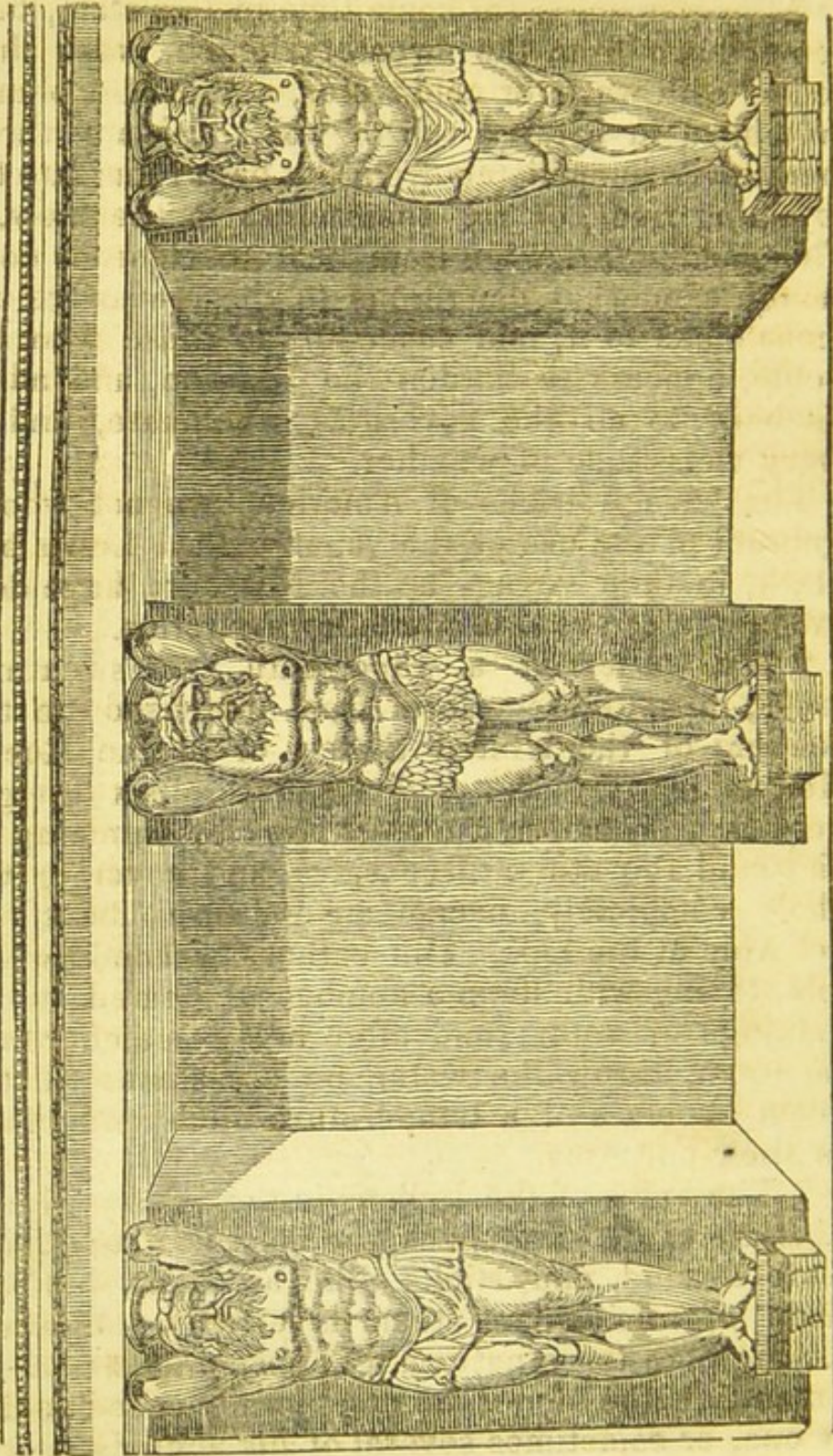


After remaining for some time in this state, they come down from the sweating bench, wash their bodies with warm or cold water, and at last plunge over head in a large tub of water. Many throw themselves immediately from the bath room into the adjoining river, or roll themselves in the snow.— This sudden transition from heat to rigorous cold, though somewhat dangerous to those who are unaccustomed to it, and especially to those who are feeble, appears to harden the Russian, and adapt his body to all the severities of climate, and to every vicissitude of weather.

The savage tribes of America, are not wholly ignorant of the use of the vapor bath. Lewis and Clark, in their voyage up the Missouri, have described one of these in the following terms.

“ We observed a vapor-bath, or sweating-house, in a different form from that used on the frontiers of the United States, or in the Rocky Mountains. It was a hollow square of six or eight feet deep, formed in the river bank by damming up with mud the other three sides, and covering the whole completely, except an aperture about two feet wide at the top. The bathers descend by this hole, taking with them a number of heated stones and jugs of water; and after being seated round the room, throw the water on the stones till the steam becomes of a temperature sufficiently high for their purposes.

“ The baths of the Indians in the Rocky Mountains are of different sizes, the most common being made of mud and sticks, like an oven; but the mode of raising the steam is exactly the same. Among both these nations it is very uncommon for a man to bathe alone; he is generally accompanied by one, or sometimes several of his acquaintances;



indeed it is so essentially a social amusement, that to decline going in to bathe when invited by a friend, is one of the highest indignities that can be offered to him.

“The Indians on the frontiers generally use a bath which will accommodate only one person, and is formed of wicker-work, about four feet high, arched at the top, and covered with skins. In this the patient sits, till by the means of heated stones, and water, he has perspired sufficiently. Almost universally these baths are in the neighborhood of running water, into which the Indians plunge immediately on coming out of the vapor-bath, and sometimes return again and subject themselves to a second perspiration; and the bath is employed by them either for pleasure or health, being in esteem for all kinds of diseases.”

Warm baths were in great use among the Romans. We have alluded to this subject in a former article on bathing. Our purpose in recurring to the subject in this place is to present additional facts which go to show its importance, and give one or two more specimens of the immense cost at which the Romans erected and maintained these public conservatories of health.

The Romans called the building which contained their warm baths a *tepidarium*. The air of its apartments was soft and mild; and when the person who bathed in water of a cooler temperature was about to pass into the hot or vapor baths, this medium temperature prepared him for the change; and when he wished to go from a hot to a cold bath, the temperature of the *tepidarium* prepared him, in like manner for this change: for the luxurious Romans dared not venture, like the hardy Russians, from one extreme to another. Nor would it have been safe for them.

The reader will turn to the engraving on page 46, which gives a tolerable view of these tepidariums; and that on page 48 presents a specimen of their architectural structure, and shows, on a large scale, what may be seen in the first view, a number of *Telamones*, two feet high, carved in high relief, and placed against the walls, between the apartments of the tepidarium, supporting a very rich cornice. These representations are from a volume of the Library of Entertaining Knowledge, which describes Pompeii.

The remarks made in this and a former chapter, are not intended to recommend either the rash and dangerous mode of bathing on the one hand, which is adopted by savages and Russians, nor, on the other hand, the expense of civilized, but enervated Rome. But we do wish, most earnestly, that it were in our power to bring the American community to the *belief* that bathing of the whole body, in some form or other, at all seasons of the year, and in all climates, is indispensable to health; and to a *practice* which should correspond to it.

HISTORY OF AMERICA.

DISCOVERIES OF COLUMBUS.

THE early history of America is so intimately connected with that of its great discoverer, that a few facts respecting his early history will be highly useful. Though often related, they must always be interesting to every American.

Columbus was born in Genoa, about the year

1435. His father was a poor wool comber, but he gave his son Christopher a careful education. He soon evinced a great fondness for geography, as well as an irresistible inclination for the sea; and at the early age of fourteen, he began to navigate the Mediterranean.

An incident of his early life may not be out of place here. He was appointed, some time after this, to the command of a vessel, in a squadron which a friend of his had fitted out against the Mohammedans and Venetians. In an engagement, one day, Columbus's vessel took fire, and he barely escaped with his life by swimming. How much depended—to the world—on that single event of his escape!

Portugal, at this period, was much engaged in maritime enterprises, and Columbus having relations and friends in Lisbon, repaired thither. Here he married the daughter of a distinguished navigator, by means of which alliance he came into the possession of many charts and nautical instruments, which at this period of his life proved of great service to him; as we shall see in the sequel.

Columbus, when in the vigor of manhood, had an engaging appearance. He was tall, well formed, and muscular, and of an elevated and dignified demeanor. His visage was long, his nose aquiline, his eyes light gray, and apt to enkindle; and his whole countenance had an air of authority. Care and trouble had turned his hair white, at the age of thirty. He was moderate and simple in diet and apparel, eloquent in discourse, engaging and affable with strangers, and of great amiableness and suavity in domestic life. His temper was naturally irritable, but by great pains, he had subdued it. Throughout his life he was distinguished for benev-

olence, and piety, and generosity, and magnanimity. Such was the man, who was destined to open to his countrymen a new world, and become the pioneer of a new era in human affairs.

In the prosecution of his studies and employments, Columbus became convinced that there must be land far beyond eastern Asia, on the opposite side of the globe. The Portuguese, among whom he now resided, were just at this time seeking a passage to the East Indies, around the southern extremity of Africa. Columbus, from his knowledge of geography, astronomy, and navigation, was of opinion that India, and perhaps other and unknown countries, might be found by sailing in a westerly direction.

After many fruitless efforts, both in his native city, and at the court of Portugal, to obtain assistance in prosecuting discoveries in the west, he was induced to apply to Ferdinand and Isabella, the reigning monarchs of Spain. Here, after eight years of persevering effort, he succeeded in obtaining three small vessels and 120 men. Of these vessels, however, two were mere barques, (then called caravals), like the coasting craft of modern days, with forecastles and cabins for the crew, but without a deck in the centre. That which Columbus himself commanded was somewhat larger, and had a deck. With this little squadron and a year's provisions, he set sail from Palos, in Spain, Aug. 3, 1492, and after touching at the Canary islands to procure fresh water, boldly ventured into the unknown western ocean.

After twenty days had elapsed, and no land had appeared, the courage of the crews began to fail. Finding Columbus unwilling to hearken to their requests that he should immediately return, they

began to talk of throwing him into the sea. He had recourse to various expedients to compose their minds; for some time without success. The occurrence of a new phenomenon,—the variation of the magnetic needle from the pole, about a degree,—added to the terrors even of the pilots and older sailors. In this emergency, signs of land suddenly appeared. The sea was covered with grass; numbers of birds appeared; and there were signs of shoals and rocks. This revived, in some measure, their dying hopes, and they sailed on in the direction from which the birds came.

No land appearing, however, all courage again failed, and the dissatisfaction of the crews began to break out into open violence. Columbus was now compelled to exert all the powers of his daring and commanding spirit. Assuming the tone of absolute authority, he told them it was useless to murmur, for he was determined to persevere. Convinced, moreover, that he must be near the land, he promised a reward to the person who should first discover it.

On the night of October 11, Columbus himself made the long hoped for discovery. The indication was a light in the horizon, which appeared to move. Scarcely had he pointed it out to his friends, when the cry of *Land!* was raised from one of the smaller vessels, which from her superior sailing, was a little ahead. The next morning gave them the joyful sight of land. It proved to be the island of Guanahani, one of the cluster since called the Bahamas. On landing, Columbus threw himself on his knees and kissed the earth; and the crews of the ships, with tears of joy, and transports of congratulation, sang a hymn of thanksgiving to God. The natives collected around Columbus in

silent astonishment, and his own men, ashamed of their want of confidence and disobedience, threw themselves at his feet, begging his forgiveness. Columbus, drawing his sword, planted the royal standard, and in the name of his sovereigns took possession of the new country. He then received their homage as high admiral and viceroy; a favor which the court of Spain had granted to him, on setting out on the voyage.

Being informed by the natives that there was a rich gold country towards the south, Columbus directed his course that way. On the 28th of Oct., he discovered Cuba, and on the 6th of Dec., Hayti. But as one of his vessels was wrecked, and the other had separated from him, he concluded to return to Spain. Having built a wooden fort from the wood of the wrecked vessel, and left in it 39 volunteers, he set out Jan. 4, 1493, on his return to Spain. The next day he had the good fortune to meet with the vessel which had been missing.

On this voyage of return, Columbus had to encounter a storm so violent, that the crews abandoned themselves to despair, and expected every moment to be lost. Columbus, alone, remained cool, and self-collected. In order to give the world the only possible chance of hearing of his discoveries, he wrote a short account of his voyage on a piece of parchment, enclosed it in a cake of wax, secured the wax in a cask, and threw the whole overboard, in hopes it might be carried ashore. But the storm subsided soon after, and the joyous fleet re-entered the port of Palos, March 15, amid the acclamations of the people, the thunder of cannon, and the ringing of bells. From Palos, Columbus hastened to Barcelona, where the court then was, and entered the city in a triumphal pro-

cession, with the productions of the newly discovered countries, carried before him. A chair was placed for him next to the throne, and seating himself, he gave an account of his discoveries. He was created a grandee; his whole family was ennobled; and every mark of royal favor heaped upon him.

SCHOOL-MEETING DIALOGUE.

SCENE—*A School House—neighbors collecting for a School Meeting.*

Farmer P. Well, neighbor B. I believe this is about the fortieth time that I have been at school meetings on this spot, to make arrangements for the winter school.

Farmer B. Well, there have been great improvements in education in that length of time; the children have a better chance now than when you were a boy.

Farmer P. Yes, yes, by all accounts, as you say. So every body says, newspapers and all: and what every body says must be true. I had n't much chance, by all accounts—sure enough—I never went to school but three winters in my life, and only three or four weeks each.

Farmer B. Well then *you* say, I suppose, like every body else, that the chance is a great deal better now than it used to be.

Farmer P. Yes, yes, to be sure—but what puzzles me, is, that on the whole I do n't see that the young folks grow up *any wiser*, and but a precious little more *knowing*, than they did fifty years ago.

Farmer B. Why that makes me remember what I read the other day about Iceland, where they

nav'nt any schools at all. Why, neighbor, without any *school system*, the children learn to read around the family fire, sure enough, like college boys, and read, and learn too, after they have learned to read. I fairly blushed with shame, while I read the account. Why, what a wise people we should be, if we made *such* improvements of the chance we have!

Farmer P. I tell you, neighbor, something is the matter. We build school houses, we raise money, we give all the children a chance to learn—and yet all they learn is, to read, write, and cipher, which all grows rusty before they are thirty.

Farmer B. Well, I'll tell you what is the matter, in one thing at least. *We must have better teachers.* These young upstarts, who know nothing themselves, are pretty fellows to teach wisdom to the neighborhood. I'm determined, if it cost double, to have a firstrate teacher this winter. Let us try it, and see if we don't get the worth of our money.

Half a dozen voices. Ay to that—Let us try for once.

Farmer P. I agree to that—but don't say *for once.* You must give your firstrate teacher half a dozen winters in order to make fair trial, and I don't think we shall be losers by it.

Farmer C. I am willing for that—only see, that if you give double, you get a man that is worth it; at any rate do the best you can for it. But I think we can make another improvement; it will cost a little, at first, but when it is once made it will remain for several years—I mean the *school apparatus* we have read of; it will not cost more than a dollar a family.

Farmer P. I am willing, if 'tis only for the

novelty. The children will take an interest in it for a year or two at least, and I am for any thing that will stir them up.

Farmer E. Yes, and they will have something to employ themselves about. I have thought a great many times, that a school was a sort of stupefying machine. Only think of it, neighbors, to sit on these seats six hours, with nothing to do only to fix their eyes upon these jaw-cracking words, (taking up a spelling book.) How long, neighbor P., would it take a right good school-master to make a lively little fellow into a sleepy dunce?

Farmer P. Not long. I guess neighbor we were about as well off forty years ago thrashing wheat, as to be dozing here over "transubstantiation," and such long words. Why, I remember how I read to my mother in those days in the Bible, and Pilgrim's Progress; yes, and as I grew older, we got hold of Rollin's Ancient History.

Mr. F. Well, there will be another advantage from the apparatus. The scholars will know what they are about. I should be ashamed to tell how old I was, before I had a clear notion of the difference between a square and a cube; it was a great while after I could work the Cube Root.

Farmer B. There you hit my plan. You needed a better teacher to see whether you understood as you learned—to *make* you understand.

Farmer F. True, but his easiest way to do it would have been to set a square and a cube side by side.

Mr. G. There is one more thing wanted—and that is to make the children come more regularly, and through the whole season. What can the best teacher do with the best books and apparatus, if the scholars are absent so much of their time, as to

forget every lesson they are taught? And how can he teach them any thing worth remembering, if they come so irregularly that he cannot teach them in classes? If he is obliged to give sixty separate lessons of a morning, he might almost as well give none. Three minutes a piece, is about as good as no time. Let us alter in this matter; this will be a cheap and easy improvement.

Dr. H. There 's another subject, gentlemen, which I will name, if you will not be frightened. Our school house is not fit for the use you put it to. When you get sixty children into this room, the air becomes, in a short time, unfit to breathe, so that if your other arrangements are ever so good, your school house benumbs and sickens all the children's faculties.

Mr. I. The doctor would not complain for want of fresh air, if he had been sitting where I have, with a stream of cold air coming in upon me.

Dr. H. True, I forgot one evil while thinking of another; but I had good reason to remember it, and so have all my neighbors. My book tells sad tales of sore throats, and quinsies, and coughs, and fevers, very likely, by means of these very streams of air. If you build your school house as it ought to be, I may be a loser, but you will not.

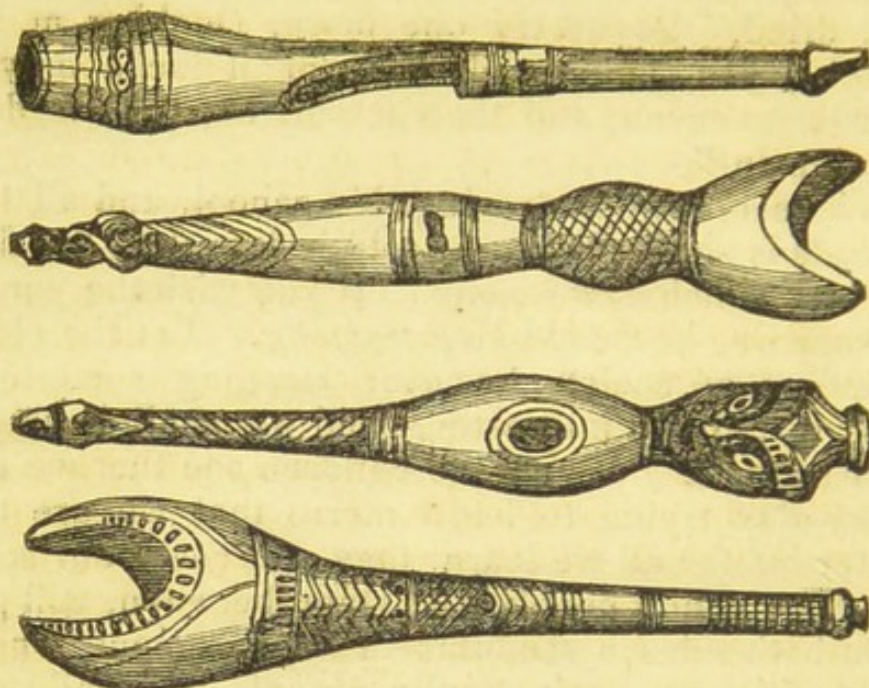
Lawyer K. Well, neighbor, saving the new school house, which we can't touch this winter, I believe we shall be unanimous in all the points which we have named; i. e. if neighbor Stingy does not come. For he would rather see the district as dark as the dark ages, than give a sixpence.

Farmer P. Well, if we are twenty to one we must not mind him. If he is stubborn, here is Lawyer K. will bear a hand at collecting, and we know it will be better for him and his children in the end.

Lawyer K. Well, if all these matters are "cut and dried," let us try one more, (looking at his watch,) yes, and quick too, for it lacks only a quarter to seven, and then it will be, "To order, gentlemen."

The secret of improving this school, and all the schools is short; it can be told in less than the five minutes which now remain. If you wish the young to improve, *let the old keep learning*. Let the elder members of society be ever learning something new, useful and interesting, and we shall have no poor schools. When the children see that we are every day trying to learn more, that we are the better off for all we learn, they will catch our spirit. The young people who stand between, will get from both sides a stimulus to improvement, which they will give back to the parents and children. The children will not be made dull by the sleepy air about the chimney corner; will not be frozen up by the cold of home; but will feel the warm glow of an Iceland family, and be better off than they, because they will have *then*, good schools, as well as good homes.

In default of the male issue of the reigning family at Constantinople, the person next in immediate succession is the Sultan of the Tartars, who has long embraced Christianity; the sultanness being a lady from Scotland.—A Christian on the throne of Mohammed!—Should such an event take place, we shall have no more pilgrimages to Mecca!



MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

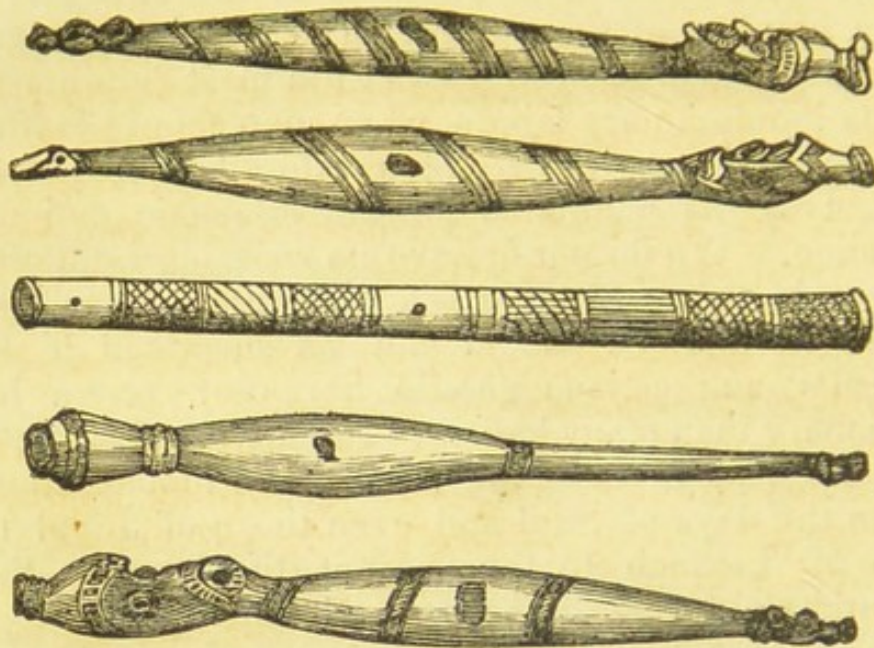
Most nations, savage and civilized, are fond of music. The Creator has so formed the brain and nervous system, that, with very few exceptions, we listen with pleasure, sometimes with rapture, not only to the tones of various kinds of instruments, but to those sweetest of tones produced by a well cultivated human voice. Even the other animals, as well as man—some of them at least—appear to have an “ear for music.” Who has not heard the wonderful stories which abound, of snake and bird charmers?—stories which, though intermixed with fiction, are believed not to be wholly without foundation? Who has not seen the domesticated horse and elephant step to the sound of drums and other instruments?

But on no human minds, perhaps does music

have more effect than on those of the savage. It was in view of this power of a wonderful agent that Dr. Rush used to predict the most salutary results in missionary labors, when men should learn to attack the uncivilized and untutored tribes of the forest by the combined powers of music and eloquence. We do not believe its soothing influences have, in this respect, been brought to bear often enough; and we should not be surprised if Dr. Rush's suggestions should hereafter prove less visionary than many have been accustomed to regard them. The power of music has been indeed known from the days of Saul and even those of Jubal the son of Lamech to the present time;—why then should we descant upon its merits or influence?

We do not believe, it is true, with a French writer, that the time will arrive when all the ills which flesh is heir to can be removed by music; but we do believe that many maladies of the body, and especially of the nervous system might at least be mitigated by a judicious application of it.

The engraving represents some of the musical instruments used by the natives of New Zealand. Those on the 60th page, are a species of wind instrument resembling our flutes or fifes. Those on page, 62 are somewhat peculiar in their structure. One of them consists of a tube six or seven inches long, open at both ends, and having three holes on one side, and one on the other. Another is formed of two pieces of wood bound together so as to form a tube inflated in the middle, at which place there is a single hole. [See the lower right hand figure but one.] It is blown into at one extremity, while the other is stopped and opened, to produce different modifications of the sound. Others are of different forms, as may be seen; and many of



Musical Instruments of the New Zealanders.

them are very curiously carved and inlaid. They are sometimes made of the bones of animals, and occasionally of those of men.

The New Zealanders are fond of vocal as well as instrumental music. Destitute as they are of the art of writing, they have, nevertheless, their song poetry, part of which is traditionary, and part the produce of such passing events as strongly excite their feelings, and prompt their fancy to this only work of composition of which they have any knowledge.

A traveller by the name of Nicholas has printed some specimens of their songs; but as he has given us merely the words, without the music or the translation, it would be nearly useless to transcribe them. The airs, he says, are generally melodious

and agreeable, resembling our chanting. One which he mentions is always sung at a feast which takes place at the commencement of planting potatoes. "It describes the havoc occasioned by the violence of an east wind:—their potatoes are destroyed by it,—they plant them again, and being more successful, they express their joy while taking them out of the ground, by the words, *ah kiki! ah kiki! ah kiki!*—eat away! eat away! eat away!—which is the conclusion of the song."

Every more remarkable circumstance of their rude and turbulent life seems to have its appropriate song. The planting of their potatoes, the gathering in of the crop, the commencement of a battle, and the interment of the dead, are all celebrated, each by its peculiar chorus.

NATIONAL PRIDE.

There is certainly much national pride in the world; and nowhere, perhaps, is it more obvious than in the United States of America. How meanly do we think of Spain, and how highly do we think of our own country! How often do we boast of its unparalleled prosperity, and the amazing increase of its population;—as if no other country in the world could in this respect approach it. Yet if the recent statements in Niles' Register are correct, Spain in Europe,—despised, catholic Spain,—notwithstanding her desolating wars, rose in population between the years 1805 and 1826, from 10 to 15 millions; or at the rate of 50 per cent: while the United States, with all her liberty, increased only about 75 per cent. during the same, or nearly the same period of time.

WINTER THOUGHTS.

Who hath ordained the chains,
 That binding streams and lakes, suspending all
 The crystal rills that flow through veins of herb,
 And plant, and tree; all but the crimson streams,
 And swelling floods that rush successive through
 The beating heart, and heave the pulse of life?
 E'en now, what power withholds the piercing frost
 From freezing up these veins, to bid no more
 To ebb and flow the purple streams within?

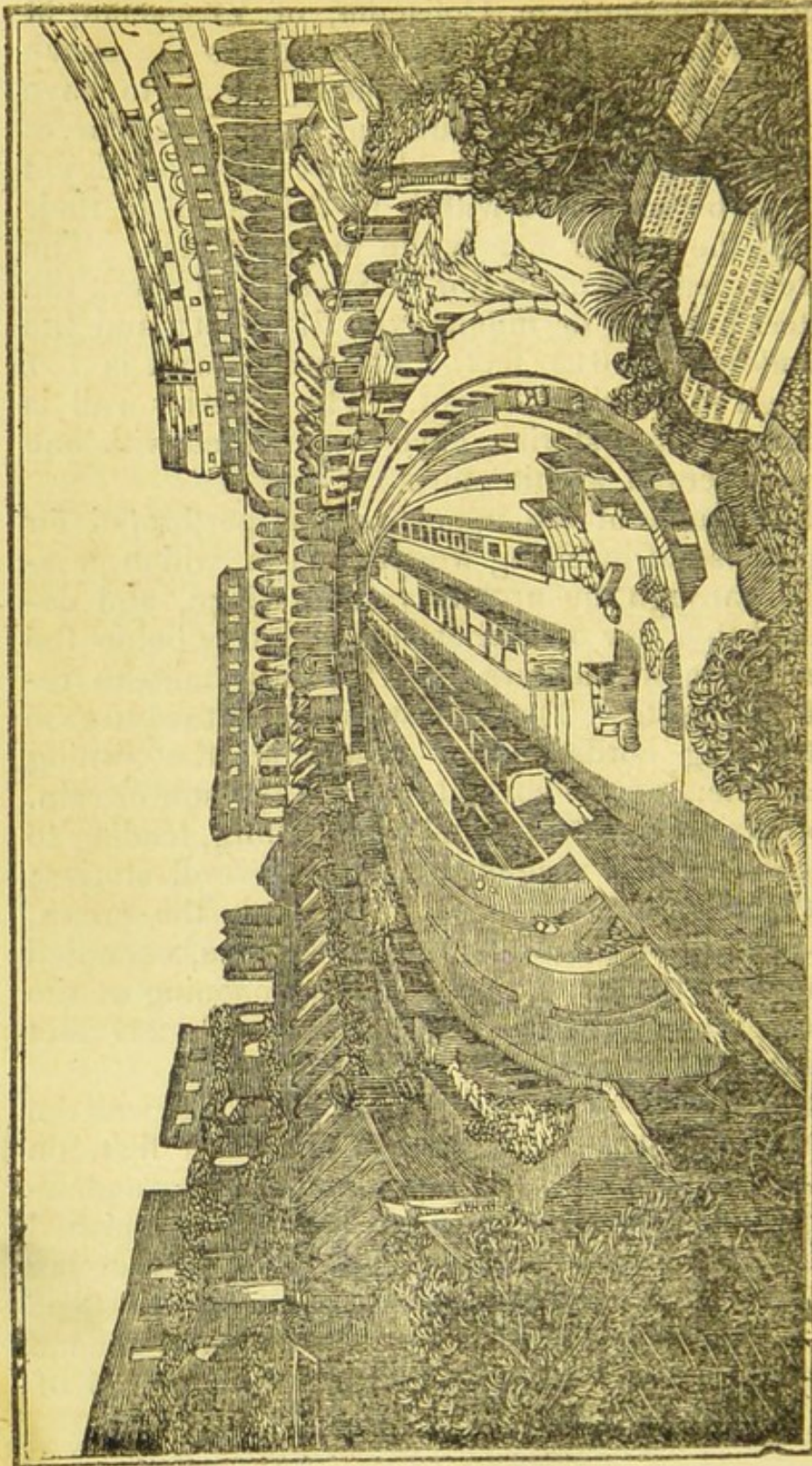
Let that Almighty Power, which "Thus far come;
 Approach no farther," said, be one short hour
 Withheld;—each tree and plant and root, nay more—
 Each limb and trunk and pulse that teem with life,
 From the minutest atom microscopic eye
 Can see, to towering elephants and men, would burst;—
 And this fair world no vernal notes would hear,
 Nor cheerful song, nor voice divine of man.
 No emblematic resurrection morn
 Would dawn upon a busy world, or light
 The paths or dwellings of a living race.

GREAT CIGAR FACTORY.—About a mile west of the city of Mexico, is a manufactory of Cigars and Tobacco, to an extent which supplies not only Mexico and the adjoining villages, but many other large cities of the Republic. The factory employs no less than 5000 to 6000 persons. The National Store, where the cigars are kept and sold, is nearly in the centre of the city; and a faint idea may be formed of the business done in the factory, when it is known that 300 mules are constantly employed in conveying cigars packed in bundles of 1000, or large boxes of 50,000, from the factory to the store; and the revenue paid by the establishment to the government, yearly, is about \$6,000,000.

THE Colosseum, or Coliseum, of Vespasian, at Rome, is of an oval form, and occupies the space of nearly six acres. It may justly be said to have been the most imposing building, from its apparent magnitude, in the world; the pyramids of Egypt can only be compared with it in the extent of their plan, as they cover nearly the same surface. The greatest length, or major axis, is 620 feet; the greatest breadth, or minor axis, 513 feet; and the circumference 1612 feet. The outer wall is 157 feet high in its whole extent. The exterior wall is divided into four stories, each ornamented with one of the orders of architecture.

The cornice of the upper story is perforated for the purpose of inserting wooden masts, which passed also through the architrave and frieze, and descended to a row of corbels immediately below the upper range of windows, on which are holes to receive the masts. These masts were for the purpose of attaching cords to, for sustaining the awning which defended the spectators from the sun or rain. Two corridors ran all round the building, leading to staircases which ascended to the several stories; and the seats which descended towards the arena, supported throughout upon eighty arches, occupied so much of the space that the clear opening of the present inner wall next the arena is only 287 feet by 180 feet.

Immediately above and around the arena was the podium, elevated about twelve or fifteen feet, on which were seated the emperor, senators, ambassadors of foreign nations, and other distinguished personages in that city of distinctions. From the podium to the top of the second story were seats of marble for the equestrian order; above the second story the seats appear to have been constructed of



Interior view of Vespasian's Coliseum

wood. In these various seats eighty thousand spectators might be arranged according to their respective ranks; and indeed it appears from inscriptions, as well as from expressions in Roman writers, that many of the places in this immense theatre were assigned to particular individuals, and that each might find his seat without confusion.

This wonderful building was commenced by Vespasian, but was completed by Titus, in the year of our Lord 79. It is said to have cost as much as would have been required for the building of a capital city; although it was only three years in erecting. This last fact is the more surprising, since the famous temple of Diana, at Ephesus which was only 425 feet long, and 200 broad was 200 years in building, and some say 400; and even Solomon's temple as rebuilt by Herod the Great, and only 150 feet square besides the porch, required nearly 50 years in its erection. But the fact that Vespasian employed 12,000 men on it constantly, if it was indeed so, may serve to explain how this happened. Except the Egyptian pyramids, the Coliseum was regarded as the most magnificent building in the world.

The descriptions left by historians and other writers of the variety and extent of the shows, clearly indicate that a vast space and ample conveniences were required in the arena of these buildings, for their exhibition. Perhaps the reader will gain as clear a conception of the purposes of the Coliseum and other similar buildings, used as theatres, from the following extracts from the writings of Montaigne.

“It was doubtless a fine thing to bring and plant within the theatre a great number of vast trees, with all their branches, in their full verdure, repre-

senting a great shady forest, disposed in excellent order, and the first day to throw into it a thousand ostriches, a thousand stags, a thousand boars, and a thousand fallow deer, to be killed and disposed of by the people: the next day, to cause an hundred great lions, an hundred leopards, and three hundred bears to be killed in his presence: and for the third day, to make three hundred pair of fencers to fight it out to the last,—as the Emperor Probus did. It was also very fine to see those vast amphitheatres, all faced with marble without, curiously wrought with figures and statues, and the inside sparkling with rare decorations and enrichments,

‘Behold a belt with jewels glorious made,
And a brave portico with gold o’erlaid;’

all the sides of this vast space filled and environed from the bottom to the top, with three or fourscore ranks of seats, all of marble also, and covered with cushions, where an hundred thousand men might sit placed at their ease; and, the place below, where the plays were played, to make it by art first open and cleft into chinks, representing caves that vomited out the beasts designed for the spectacle; and then secondly, to be overflowed with a profound sea, full of sea monsters, and loaded with ships of war, to represent a naval battle: and thirdly, to make it dry and even again, for the combats of the gladiators; and for the fourth scene, to have it strewed with vermillion and storax, instead of sand, there to make a solemn feast for all that infinite number of people—the last act of one only day.

‘How often, when spectators, have we seen
One corner of the theatre sink in;
And from a dreadful chasm in the earth
Vomit wild beasts; then presently give birth
Unto a glittering grove of golden bowers,
That put forth blossoms of enamelled flowers.

Nor yet of sylvan monsters had we sight
 Alone. I saw sea-calves with wild bears fight,
 And a deformed sort of monsters came,
 Which, by their shape, we might sea-horses name.'

“ Sometimes they have made a high mountain advance itself, full of fruit-trees and other flourishing sorts of woods, sending down rivulets of water from the top, as from the mouth of a fountain: other whiles, a great ship was seen to come rolling in, which opened and divided of itself; and after having disgorged from the hold four or five hundred beasts for fight, closed again, and vanished without help. At other times, from the floor of this place, they made spouts of perfumed waters dart their streams upward, and so high as to besprinkle all that infinite multitude. To defend themselves from the injuries of the weather, they had that vast place one while covered over with purple curtains of needle-work, and by and by with silk of another color, which they could draw off or on in a moment, as they had a mind.

‘ The curtains, though the sun does scorch the skin,
 Are, when Hermogenes appears, drawn in.’

The net-work also that was set before the people to defend them from the violence of these turned out beasts, was also woven of gold.

‘ And woven nets refulgent are with gold.’

“ Fortunately for the real enjoyments of mankind, even under the sway of a Roman despot, ‘ the novelty and invention ’ had very narrow limits when applied to matters so utterly unworthy and unintellectual as the cruel sports of the amphitheatre. Probus, indeed, transplanted trees to the arena, so that it had the appearance of a verdant grove; and Severus introduced four hundred fero-

erious animals in one ship sailing in the little lake which the arena formed. This was a rare exercise of invention: and it was commemorated accordingly in a medal.

“But on ordinary occasions, profusion,—tasteless, haughty, and uninventive profusion,—the gorgeousness of brute power, the pomp of satiated luxury—these constituted the only claim to the popular admiration. If Titus exhibited five thousand wild beasts at the dedication of the amphitheatre, Trajan bestowed ten thousand on the people at the conclusion of the Dacian war. If the younger Gordian collected together bears, elks, zebras, ostriches, boars, and wild horses, he was an imitator only of the spectacles of Carinus, in which the rarity of the animals was as much considered as their fierceness.

“The prodigal waste of the public riches, however, was not the weightiest evil of the sports of the Circus. The public morality was sacrificed upon the same shrine as its wealth. The destruction of beasts became a fit preparation for the destruction of men.”

Such a building as the Colosseum, says the Library of Entertaining Knowledge, can never again appear in the world, because mankind have learned that the expenditure of princes upon useless monuments to their own pride and power, can only be wrung from the hard labors of the people themselves, and that the wealth thus diverted from the channels of usefulness, perpetuates the abuses of misgovernment, and at the same time impedes the progress of the many in knowledge and comfort. Public happiness and the ostentation of despotism cannot exist together. Even in the case of old Rome, when 5,000 beasts of all kinds were slaugh-

ferred at the dedication of the Colosseum of Vespasian, and 80,000 spectators looking down securely from their marble seats shouted with a ferocious joy at the dying agonies of the mangled victims, the Roman courage was gone;—the Roman liberty was trampled upon;—public magnificence and private wretchedness went hand in hand;—the purpled senator and the ragged citizen were equally corrupted and degraded by a brutal despotism.

SKETCHES OF NEW ENGLAND HISTORY.

AMONG the modes of punishment resorted to in Ipswich, Mass., during the first century of its history, says FELT, were the STOCKS, the PILLORY, WEARING A HALTER, the CAGE, the CLEFT STICK, and DUCKING AND GAGGING.

The *stocks*, as in many other parts of New England, stood near the meeting house, with the whipping post. They were employed as “a terror to the disorderly,” down to 1794.

Persons were required to stand on the *pillory*, “for making haste to be rich by fraudulent practices.” Besides standing upon it as a gazing stock, as long as the sentence required, “they would, for the most part, have one or both ears cropped.”

For crimes which were almost but not quite capital, the culprit was required to *wear a halter*, and sit on a gallows. One end of the halter was around his neck, and the other was tied to the gallows. Sometimes he was obliged to wear the halter, open to public view, for months and years.

The *cage* was about 16 feet long, and 10 wide; and partly covered. Sabbath breakers and other transgressors on lecture days were confined in it,

and exposed to the sight of the whole congregation, in passing and repassing. It was used in several towns in New England as late as 1718.

The *cleft stick* was used to confine tongues convicted of slander.

Ducking and gagging, were ordered by the General Court in 1672, for "exorbitancy of the tongue in railing and scolding." It was ordered that "railers and scolds be gagged or set in a ducking stool, and dipped over head and ears three times." The following curious account of a ducking instrument, is quoted from the History of Ipswich, in England, from which place our American Ipswich was named.

"It is in the form of a strong backed chair, with a wrought iron rod, about an inch in diameter, fastened to each arm in front, and meeting in a segment of a circle above. There is also another iron rod, affixed to the back, which curves over the head of the person seated in the chair, and is connected with the others at the top, to the centre of which is fastened an iron ring, for the purpose of slinging the machine into the river.

"In the chamberlain's book are various notices of money given to porters for taking down the ducking stool. In 1597, three unfortunate females underwent this opprobrious ceremony. The fee for inflicting the punishment was 1s. 6d."

TRIBUTE TO LA FAYETTE.

"In the legendary tales of Chivalry we read of tournaments at which a foreign and unknown Knight suddenly presents himself, armed in complete steel, and, with the vizor down, enters the ring to contend with the assembled flower of Knighthood for the

prize of honor, to be awarded by the hand of Beauty; bears it in triumph away, and disappears from the astonished multitude of competitors and spectators of the feats of arms.

But where, in the rolls of History, where, in the fictions of Romance, where, but in the life of Lafayette, has been seen the noble stranger, flying, with the tribute of his name, his rank, his affluence, his ease, his domestic bliss, his treasure, his blood, to the relief of a suffering and distant land, in the hour of her deepest calamity—baring his bosom to her foes; and not at the transient pageantry of a tournament, but for a succession of five years sharing all the vicissitudes of her fortunes; always eager to appear at the post of danger—tempering the glow of youthful ardor with the cold caution of a veteran commander; bold and daring in action; prompt in execution; rapid in pursuit; fertile in expedients; unattainable in retreat; often exposed, but never surprised, never disconcerted; eluding his enemy when within his fancied grasp; bearing upon him with irresistible sway, when of force to cope with him in the conflict of arms?

And what is this but the diary of Lafayette, from the day of his rallying the scattered fugitives of the Brandywine, insensible of the blood flowing from his wound, to the storming of the redoubt at Yorktown?"

CHAMOIS HUNTING.

By constant training man may attain an excellence in the employment of his senses, very little inferior to the instinctive powers of the lower animals. The chamois hunters of the Alps are remarkable examples of what he may accomplish by



courage, perseverance, and constant experiment. If he fairly bring his physical powers, and his mechanical aids into a contest even with such surprising faculties as the chamois possesses, the triumph is his; and this triumph shows us that there are few things beyond the reach of human energy.

The chamois hunter sets out upon his expedition of fatigue and danger generally in the night. His object is to find himself at the break of day in the most elevated pastures, where the chamois comes to feed before the flock shall have arrived there. The chamois feeds only at morning and evening. When the hunter has nearly reached the spot where he expects to find his prey, he reconnoitres with a telescope. If he finds not the chamois, he mounts still higher;—but if he discovers him, he

endeavors to climb above him and to get nearer, by passing round some ravine, or gliding behind some eminence or rock.

When he is near enough to distinguish the horns of the animal (which are small, round pointed, and bent backward like a hook, as in the cut,) he rests his rifle upon a rock, and takes his aim with great coolness. He rarely misses. This rifle is often double-barrelled. If the chamois falls, he runs to his prey—makes sure of him by cutting the ham-strings—and applies himself to consider by what way he may best regain his village. If the route is very difficult, he contents himself with skinning the chamois;—but if the way is at all practicable with a load, he throws the animal over his shoulder, and bears it home to his family, undaunted by the distance he has to go, and the precipices he has to cross.

But when, as is more frequently the case, the vigilant animal perceives the hunter, he flies with the greatest swiftness into the glaciers, leaping with incredible speed over the frozen snows and pointed rocks.

It is particularly difficult to approach the chamois when there are many together. While the herd graze, one of them is planted as a sentinel on the point of some rock, which commands all the avenues of their pasturage;—and when he perceives an object of alarm, he makes a sharp hissing noise, at the sound of which all the rest run towards him, to judge for themselves of the nature of the danger. If they discover a beast of prey or a hunter, the most experienced puts himself at their head—and they bound along, one after the other, into the most inaccessible places.

It is then that the labors of the hunter com-



mence; for then, carried away by the excitement, he knows no danger. He crosses the snows, without thinking of the abysses which they may cover; he plunges into the most dangerous passes of the mountains—he climbs up, he leaps from rock to rock, without considering how he can return. The night often finds him in the heat of the pursuit; but he does not give it up for this obstacle. He considers that the chamois will stop during the darkness, as well as himself, and that on the morrow he may again reach them.

He passes then the night—not at the foot of a tree, nor in a cave covered with verdure, as does the hunter of the plain—but upon a naked rock, or upon a heap of rough stones, without any sort of shelter. He is alone, without fire, without light; but he takes from his bag a bit of cheese and some of the barley-bread, which is his ordinary food—bread so hard that he is obliged to break it between two stones, or to cleave it with the axe which he always carries with him to cut steps which shall serve for his ladder up the rocks of ice. His frugal meal being soon ended, he puts a stone under his head, and is presently asleep, dreaming of the way the chamois has taken.

He is awakened by the freshness of the morning air; he rises, pierced through with cold; he measures with his eyes the precipices which he must yet climb to reach the chamois; he drinks a little brandy, (of which he always carries a small provision,) throws his bag across his shoulder, and again rushes forward to encounter new dangers.

These daring and persevering hunters often remain whole days in the dreariest solitudes; and during this time, their families, and, above all, their unhappy wives, feel the keenest alarm for their safety.

And yet, with the full knowledge of the dangers to be encountered, the chase of the chamois is the object of an insurmountable passion.

Saussure knew a handsome young man, of the district of Chamouni, who was about to be married; and the adventurous hunter thus addressed the naturalist:—“My grandfather was killed in the chase of the chamois; my father was killed also; and I am so certain that I shall be killed myself, that I call this bag, which I always carry hunting,

my winding sheet: I am sure that I shall have no other; and yet if you were to offer to make my fortune, upon the condition that I should renounce the chase of the chamois, I should refuse your kindness." Saussure adds, that he went several journeys in the Alps with this young man; that he possessed astonishing skill and strength; but that his temerity was greater than either; and that two years afterwards he met the fate which he anticipated, by his foot failing on the brink of a precipice to which he had leaped. It is the chase itself which attracts these people, more than the value of the prey; it is the alternation of hope and fear—the continual excitement—the very dangers themselves—which render the chamois-hunter indifferent to all other pleasures.

The same passion for hardy adventure constitutes the chief charm of the soldier's and the sailor's life; and, like all other passions, to be safe and innocent, it must be indulged in great moderation—near akin as it is to one of our most senseless and mischievous propensities, gambling.

SINK-HOLES.

These, we believe, are found nowhere but in Kentucky. They are holes in the earth from ten to two hundred feet in diameter, and from 10 to 30, and sometimes many more in depth. They are somewhat in the form of a tunnel. Some of them have been very lately formed; others, from the size of the trees on the sides and at the bottom, are evidently of long standing. They are supposed to be formed in the following manner.

The bed of limestone, lying six or eight feet be-

low the surface of Kentucky, has innumerable holes or crevices in it. After heavy rains, large masses of water are collected in basins in the clayey soil which covers the limestone. Sometimes the water works its way through the clay to the bed of limestone, and finding one of these fissures, immediately flows through it. As the water descends through the earth beneath, it removes some of it, and thus partially undermines the limestone. After this process has been repeated a sufficient number of times, the limestone, having lost its support, and become too thin to bear its own weight and that of the trees and earth above, breaks and falls in.

This account will prepare our readers to understand a story which first appeared in a Lexington (Ky.) paper, but is now going the round of the papers generally. Whether it is true or untrue, we do not know.

A gentleman riding across his farm, near Lexington, a short time since, was surprised to find his horse suddenly sinking into the earth. He instantly leaped from the animal, and by so doing saved his life. The horse continued to sink lower and lower, until he had descended 150 feet, when he became wedged between two rocks, and was crushed to death. It is stated that the chasm or fissure appeared to have been formed by some convulsion of nature, but to us it seems most likely that if the accident ever happened it was caused by a sink-hole.

DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

The melancholy days are come,

The saddest of the year,

Of wailing winds, and naked woods,
And meadows brown and sere.

Heaped in the hollows of the grove,
The withered leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust,
And to the rabbit's tread.

The robin and the wren are flown,
And from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow
Through all the gloomy day.

And now when comes the calm mild day
As still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee
From out their winter home;

When the sound of dropping nuts is heard
Though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light
The waters of the rill;

The south wind searches for the flowers
Whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood,
And by the stream no more.

WRITING ON NEWSPAPERS.

It is not generally known that this practice, which is quite common, (we mean the writing on the margin of newspapers and pamphlets which are sent by mail, in order to save letter postage,) is contrary to law, and subjects the offender to a fine.

The Postmaster General, in reply to some late inquiries, whether writing on a newspaper or

pamphlet, partly erased, and yet so legible as to be read, is contrary to law, and makes the pamphlet or newspaper chargeable with letter postage, states, that so long as the writing can be read, it brings the person writing it within the penalty of the 30th section of the Post Office law, which is given below.

In reply to the following inquiry, "is the following sentence written on the outside of a wrapper to a pamphlet, chargeable with letter postage?—viz: 'Receive this from your friend and brother, T. J. All well at present,'"—he says, "complimentary phrases, such as 'A. B. to C. D.,' with his respects, 'with the compliments of the author,' or like endorsements on newspapers and other printed matter sent by mail, are not considered to be in violation of the 30th section, but only such memoranda as convey intelligence of any kind that is properly the subject of letter correspondence."

"If any person shall enclose or conceal a letter, or any other thing, or any memorandum in writing, in a newspaper, pamphlet, or magazine, or in any package of papers, pamphlets, or magazines, or make any writing or memorandum thereon, which he shall have delivered into any post-office, or to any person for that purpose, in order that the same may be carried by post, free of letter postage, he shall forfeit the sum of \$5 for every such offence."

MOTION OF THE HUMAN CHEST.

The Editor of the "Moral Reformer and Teacher on the Human Constitution," in an article on 'Dress,' has the following remarks, which may deserve the attention of a portion of our readers.

Many parents have very imperfect ideas of what physicians mean, when they say that corsets impede the circulation, by preventing the full and undisturbed action of the lungs. They get no higher ideas of the *motion* of the *chest*, than what is connected with bending the body forward and backward, from right to left, &c. They know that if dressed too tightly, *this* motion is not so free as it otherwise would be; but if they are not so closely laced as to prevent that free bending of the body of which I have been speaking, they think there can be no danger; or at least, none of consequence.

Now it happens that this sort of motion is not that to which physicians refer, when they complain of corsets. Strictly speaking, this bending of the whole body is performed by the muscles of the back, and not those of the chest. The latter have very little to do with it. It is true, that even *this* motion ought not to be hindered; but if it is, the evil is one of little comparative magnitude.

Every time we breathe naturally, all the ribs, together with the breast bone, have motion. The ribs rise, and spread a little outward, especially towards the fore part. The breast bone not only rises, but swings forward a little, like a pendulum. But the moment the chest is swathed or bandaged, this motion must be hindered; and the more, in proportion to the tightness.

On this point Mrs. Phelps makes a sad mistake, in her "Lectures to Young Ladies," where she says that 'a busk not too wide or too rigid seems to correspond to the supporting spine, and assist, rather than impede the efforts of nature, to keep the body erect.' These assertions, from one who makes such liberal quotations from physicians and

surgeons, on the motion of the chest, ought to surprise us. Can Mrs. P. seriously compare the offices of the spine with those of the ribs, and suppose that because the former is fixed like a post, at the back part of the lungs, therefore an artificial post in front would be useful? Why, she might just as well argue in favor of hanging weights to a door, or a clog to a pendulum, in order to make it swing backwards and forwards more easily. She might almost as well say that the elbow ought to be made firm, to correspond with the shoulder; and thus become an advocate for letting the stays, or bandages enclose the arm above the elbow, and fasten it firmly to the side. Indeed, the consequences in the latter case, aside from a little inconvenience, would not be half so destructive to health as in the former. The ribs, where they join to the back bone, form hinges; and hinges are made for motion. But if you fasten them to a post in front, of what value are the hinges?

CHIMNEYS.—Why is a chimney in a low cottage more likely to smoke, than one attached to a house of several stories?

Because in all cases, other things being equal, the draught of a chimney is in proportion to its length. Chimneys quicken the ascent of hot air by keeping a large quantity of it together. A column of two feet high rises with twice as much force as a column of one foot; and so in proportion to all other lengths; just as two corks, strung together, and immersed in water, will tend upward with more force than a single one.



ICELAND MOSS.

Just at the present time, when so much is said of the great usefulness of Iceland moss to feeble persons or invalids, it may be interesting to hear a short account of it.

It is found growing on the mountains, and consists of upright leaves, nearly two inches high, soft and pliant, when moist, but rigid when dry. They are smooth and shining, inclining to a red color towards the roots, and having the upper or outward surface sprinkled with very small black warts.

The plant is collected and washed, after which it is either cut to pieces or dried by the fire, or in the sun, and then put up in a bag. In this condition, it is beaten to a powder by being trampled upon; and in this state it is much used by the destitute Icelanders for food, instead of bread. If it is designed for exportation it is not beaten to a powder, but sold in the state of dried leaves.

THE CLOUDS.

BY MARY ANN BROWNE.

The clouds! the clouds! they are beautiful,
 When they sleep on the soft spring sky,
 As if the sun could enjoy
 Their snowy company:
 And as the mind springs up they start,
 And career o'er the azure plain,
 And before the course of the breezes dart,
 To scatter their balmy rain.

The clouds! the clouds! how changed their forms
 With every passing breath;
 And now a glancing sunbeam warms,
 And now they look cold as death!
 Oh! often and often have I escaped
 From the stir of the noisy crowd,
 And a thousand fanciful visions shaped
 On the face of a passing cloud.

The clouds! the clouds! round the sun at night,
 They come like a band of slaves,
 That are only bright in their master's light,
 And each in his glory laves.
 Oh! they are lovely, lovely then,
 When the heaven around them glows;
 Now touched with a purple and amber stain,
 And now with the hue of the rose.

The clouds! the clouds! in the starlit sky,
 How they float on the light wind's wings:
 Now resting an instant, then glancing by,
 In their fickle wanderings!
 Now they hide the deep blue firmament,
 Now it shows their folds between,
 As if a silver veil were rent
 From the jewelled brow of a queen.

The clouds! the clouds! they are the lid
 To the lightning's flashing eye;

And in their fleecy folds is hid
 The thunder's majesty!
 Oh! how their warring is proclaimed
 By the shrill blast's battle song;
 And the tempest's deadliest shafts are aimed
 From the midst of the dark cloud's throng.

The clouds! the clouds;—my childish days
 Are past, my heart is old;
 But here and there a feeling stays,
 That never can grow cold,
 And the love of nature is one of these
 That Time's wave never shrouds;
 And oft and oft doth my soul find peace
 In watching the passing clouds!

THE ROTHSCHILDS.

EVERY one has heard of the Rothschilds, five Jewish brothers;—and the greatest bankers in the world. The following, from a London paper, is a brief sketch of their history.

“Amscha, or Anselmo, resides at Frankfort-on-Maine. He is the eldest and chief of the family, aged 61 years. At his house the general inventory is made out, from the private inventories furnished by the four banks. It is there, also, that their meetings are generally held.

“Solomon, the second brother, born September 9th. 1764, has passed his professional time, the last eighteen years, between Berlin and Vienna, chiefly at the latter.

“Nathan, the third brother is in his fifty-seventh year. He is the London Rothschild.

“Charles, the fourth of the five brothers is forty-six years old. He has been established at Naples since 1821.

“Jacob, the youngest in years, was born May 5th., 1792. He has carried on his business since 1812, at Paris.”

The father of these bankers was wealthy, and it is supposed that the sons owe much of their success and their wealth to his instructions. The old man died in 1812. On his death bed he called his five sons around him, gave them his dying benediction, and made them promise never to change their religion, and always to remain united among themselves. These promises they have religiously kept. Whenever they are about to undertake an affair of importance, they invoke, unitedly, the memory of their father.

We can form a faint idea of the immense wealth of the Rothschilds, when we know, that since 1813, they have negotiated in loans, subsidies, &c., upwards of 160,000,000,000 of pounds sterling; above two thirds of a million of millions of dollars!—What might not so much union and energy accomplish in the great work of doing good, instead of making money!

COMPARATIVE HUMAN STRENGTH.—Dr. Desagu-
liers, who made some observations on the strength
of Thomas Topham, an extraordinary strong man,
gives the following relative view of the strength of
individuals:

Strength of the weakest men	125 lbs.
Strength of very strong men	400 “
Strength of Topham	800 “

Topham was 5 feet 10 inches high, weighed 200 lbs., and at the time he exhibited himself was 31 years of age.

It is said that the strength of Herr Zaionczek, the Pole, who has exhibited his feats at Peale's Museum, exceeds 500 lbs.

SINGULAR CURE.—The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal contains the following story, which is rather remarkable. What physicians call an adhesion in the chest was probably broken up by the man's struggle in the water; and this caused his recovery.

“A clergyman in a town in New England, lost his voice to such a degree that he relinquished preaching, and solicited a dismissal from his pastoral charge. He lived on the bank of Connecticut river, and, one day, word came that a boy was drowning in the middle of it. He sprang into a boat, rowed to the spot, plunged in, and saved the boy. When he came to the surface, he found his voice and freedom of breathing restored, and has since resumed preaching.”

ON BATHING.

The immense importance of Bathing in some or all of its varied forms—cold, warm, shower or vapor bathing—and its almost universal neglect, throughout the United States, have led us to resolve that, in a book intended for the PEOPLE, the subject must not longer be overlooked. Some very general remarks were offered in a recent article, but in the present we intend to be much more minute.

Personal cleanliness cannot be neglected with-

out immense hazard. Who does not know that the skin contains innumerable openings, or pores, intended by the Creator, as outlets to fluids that cannot, with safety to the health, be long retained in the body; and that if no unnatural obstructions exist, these fluids are passing off,—not merely when we sweat profusely, but in the form of a gentle, but invisible moisture,—at every moment of our lives?

But if this is admitted; if every square inch of the surface — nails of course excepted — ought constantly to perform the office of a sieve or drain to allow the escape of acrid or poisonous particles, is it not an evil that even so small a portion of surface should cease to perform its office? Or if it is a small evil that this blockade of thousands of outlets should continue, uninterrupted, for *one* day, may it safely continue for three hundred and sixty-five days? Or still worse, for *seventy times* that period? But does it not thus happen? Are there not hundreds among us, in city and country, who never washed the entire surface of their bodies *once*, in their whole lives?

Can this neglect be the result of ignorance? Or is it the result of habit, rather? Converse with people on the subject, and urge its importance, and it is at once admitted. No one doubts it. No one ventures to question the importance of a clean skin, in the abstract. Tell them that as surely as the lungs suffer from the constant application of bad air, or the stomach from bad food and drink, just so surely must the skin suffer, and through it the general health, by continuing in a filthy state from day to day and from year to year, —and they universally assent. But alas, how do they act!

The case is discouraging, but not desperate. Reformation is never, perhaps, more hopeless, than when every body admits, in words, its necessity, while no one feels it. To rouse the public mind, in such circumstances, is obviously, a work of difficulty. But is it, therefore, impossible?

The subject must be reiterated. There are the remains, at the least, of a public conscience to act upon. Facts must be elicited and laid before the people, both new and old. The old must be presented in a new light, and the new in their true one. The human structure, and its relations and dependencies, must be better understood. Gradually, in this way, the general conscience of the community may be made to feel. And let this point be but once gained, and there is hope.

The cholera will, very probably, come in aid of our endeavors. When it first entered the United States, and the inquiry was, "What shall we do," to secure temporal salvation, personal cleanliness was esteemed by physicians as one of the most important preventives. So much confidence was placed in it, that the subject of instituting public baths, in one or two of our large cities, was agitated. We regret to say that nothing generally effectual was done; but there is reason to believe that amid the universal terror that prevailed, a few human hides had a thorough cleansing: probably in many instances for the first time.

There is one point, however, on which we apprehend there is not a little popular ignorance. The perspirable matter of the skin is of an unctuous or greasy nature, and so obstructs the pores that notwithstanding the friction of the clothing, unless we often wash, thoroughly, when once closed, they are apt to remain closed permanently. Now the

point on which the public are ignorant is this: these pores left in a state of inaction, by being so long blocked up, are in danger of losing their capacity to act. Or to those who do not quite understand what we mean by their *acting*, we might say that their mouths become shrivelled, and effectually shut up.*

Hence it is that though the cholera, in mercy to us as a race, has entered the country, and will be likely to linger among us many years, making its occasional depredations upon the abodes of intemperance, and gluttony, and sensuality, and filth, and vice generally, (carrying off, it is true, like every other natural punishment on a grand scale, some good and virtuous citizens) it comes rather late for the uncleanly. It is not enough to betake ourselves to the bath, when the sword of justice is at our doors. Would we prevent cholera by personal cleanliness, now is the time to begin. And though we may do a little for ourselves, late in the day as it is, let us especially remember our children. Let their whole bodies be washed several times a week, winter and summer, from the first month of their existence. The most effectual means of preventing cholera and every other disease, is correct physical education, begun at the threshold of life and continued till its termination.

*“ Those who doubt, on this subject, would do well to read No. 71 of Harper’s Family Library, by Dr. Combe. In it we find the following anecdote.

“ A lady who is in other respects very cleanly in her habits, has never been accustomed to the use of the bath, or to general ablution of any kind; and in consequence, *the skin acts very imperfectly*. As a *substitute*, however, for its exhalation (perspiration) she has all her life been affected with a *bowel complaint*, which no *treatment* directed to the bowels has been able to remove. It is probable that the natural course of the exhalation could not now be restored.”

On this anecdote, the reader may make his own comments.

There are many who cannot endure the cold bath. We have shown, on a former occasion, that unless so managed as to produce a glow upon the surface of the body, immediately after its use, it is of doubtful efficacy. But the warm bath, if not above the temperature of 100 of Fahrenheit, and if not used more than once a day, can seldom be injurious.

Many, however, can bear the shower bath† who cannot endure the common cold bath; and should parsimony contrive to say that warm bathing is too expensive, then let shower bathing, or *ablution*, at least, be attended to. Sponging the body with cold water and vinegar, or salt water, once or twice a day, in the warm season, is a very tolerable substitute for cold bathing, or where the cold cannot be endured at all, the water may be warmed. Some very feeble persons, however, are able, from habit, to use ablution daily with cold water; and in such a manner as to secure a subsequent glow upon the surface. The great point, that of cleansing the skin effectually several times a week, must be secured some how or other; and the parent who neglects the subject wholly, neglects a matter of more importance in the education of his son, than Greek, or Latin, or mathematics.

In regard to bathing, there is reason to believe that the Romans of 2000 years ago, were before the moderns. We know that it is customary, at the present day, when we point to the past as a source of wisdom on any point whatever, to charge it to years or temperament. The old, they tell

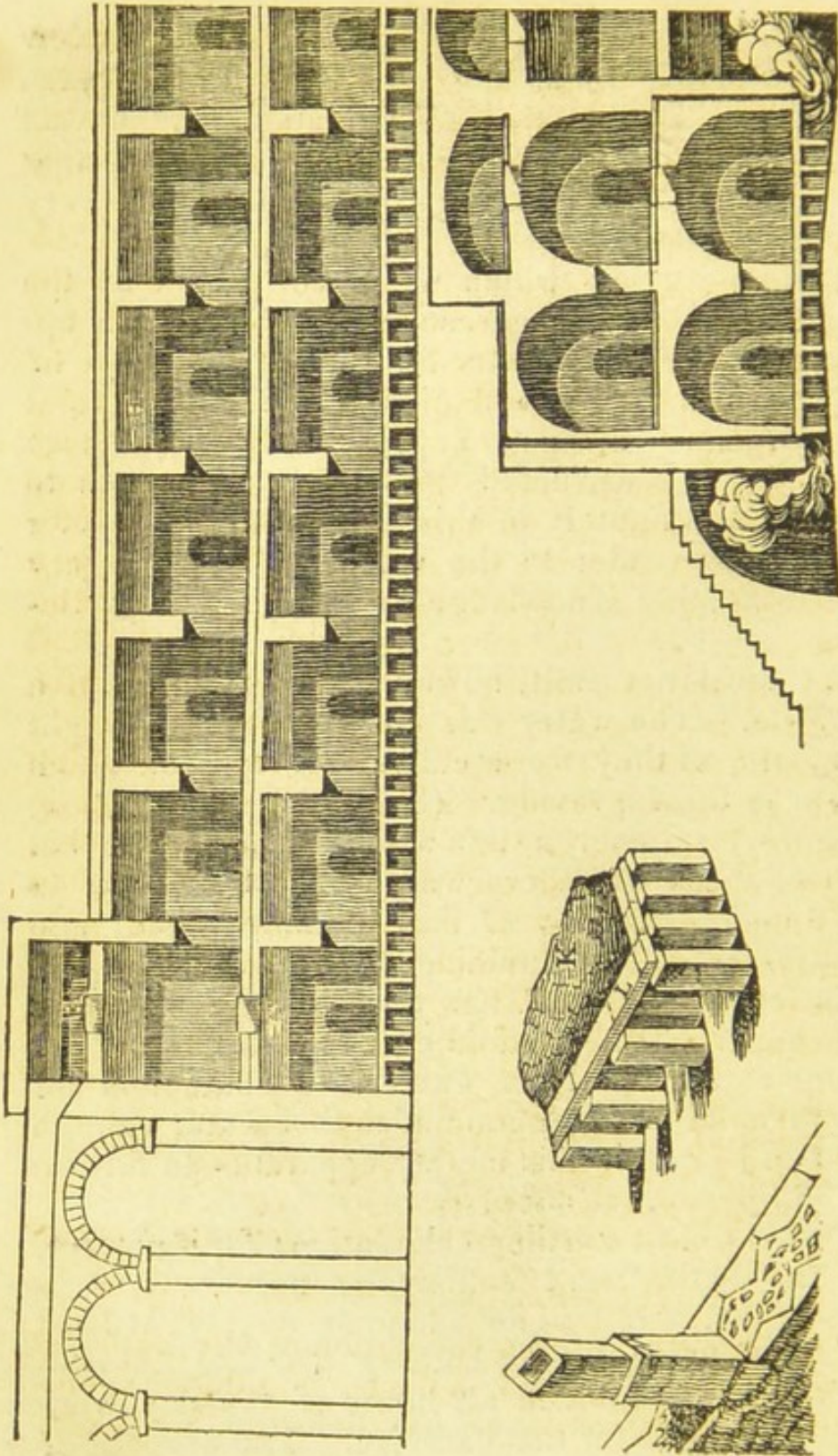
† Any person of common ingenuity can contrive to enjoy the benefits of a shower bath. It needs no costly apparatus. A pail of water in a basket, suspended over your head in a closet may, by means of a cord, be easily overturned.

us, always place the golden age in the past. Now it happens that we do not yet belong to the ranks of the old, so that this consideration may be set aside. The truth, in regard to ourselves, is, that we are not ashamed to learn wisdom from every age and country.

The engraving which we have placed on the page following this, represents sections of the apparatus for heating water for the public baths of Antoninus at Rome, and gives the reader a faint idea of the enormous expense at which those baths were constructed. We have not room to describe it minutely in this place, but must refer the curious reader to the volume of the Library of Entertaining Knowledge on Pompeii, for particulars.

We must not omit, however, the mention of a few facts. The water was heated in twenty-eight chambers, as they were called, fourteen of which appear in the engraving. (See the upper division, or figure.) Cameron, in a work on baths, says that each of these chambers was, within the walls, 49 feet 6 inches long, by 27 feet 6 inches wide; and about 30 feet high; containing in the whole 1,143,450 cubic feet of water. Then there were also twenty-eight upper chambers holding as much more. Allowing eight feet of *hot* water to be sufficient for an individual, he thus concludes that water enough could be heated in this mighty apparatus to furnish 285,862 persons at once!

This is a most startling calculation; for if correct, and the baths were sufficiently numerous, it is obvious that here was an adequate supply, at least of the *hot* water, for the bathing of 5,000,000 people in a day; provided all hours of the day were a proper season for the exercise. The account of



Sections of bathing apparatus, used in ancient Rome.

Dioclesian's baths, however, which would actually admit 18,000 persons at once, nobody doubts the truth of, so far as we know. But at *this* rate, 360,000 persons might have bathed in them in a day.

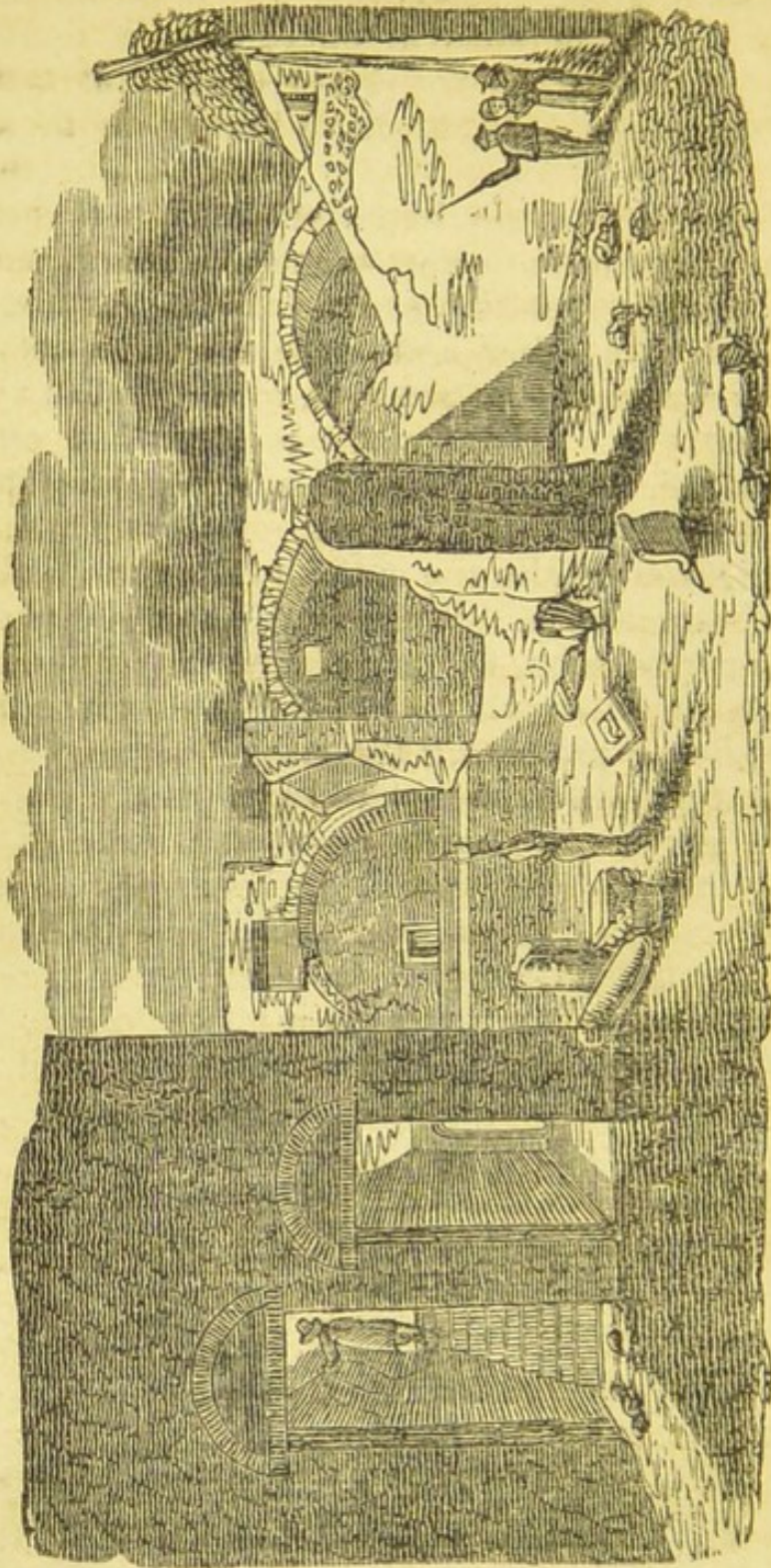
We wish for no imperial decrees to establish public baths in our cities which would accommodate their whole population every twenty-four hours, for it would take other and more effective decrees to induce a people who are sold, as it were, to avarice, to use them. But we do believe that our city authorities, who are more wise and public spirited, or at least would be thought so, than Roman emperors, would take the subject of public baths into full consideration. We believe that they expend sums every year, for more unworthy objects, that would be an everlasting honor to their names if expended in promoting the public health.

On the 96th or the next page is an engraving which gives an exterior view of a suite of public baths in Pompeii, found during the excavations, ten years ago. On a wall of the court of the baths was found an inscription, announcing a great public entertainment; of which inscription the following is a fac-simile. We insert it because it seems to throw a reality round the whole subject.

DEDICATIONE MAIO
 PRINCIPALIS CIVITAE
 FELICITER
 RYM MVNERIS OMALLEINICIDMAL
 VEYATIO ATHLETAES PARSIONES VEIA FRVNT

The translation is as follows:

“ On occasion of the dedication of the baths, at the expense of Cnæus Alleius Nigidius Maius, there will be the chase of wild beasts, athletic con-



tests, sprinkling of perfumes, and an awning. Prosperity to Maius, chief of the colony.”

It appears that the provincial towns were all in the habit of solemnizing the completion of any edifices or public monuments, erected for the public service, by dedicating them. The expense of these dedications, was paid, either by the individual who erected the edifice, or by the public.

The following account of the Roman manner of bathing will, we trust, prove both amusing and instructive.

The season usually selected was from two o'clock in the afternoon till the dusk of the evening; at which time the baths were shut till two the next day; though the latter practice was sometimes varied. Notice was given when the baths were ready by the ringing of a bell. But when bathing became a universal practice, this part of the day was insufficient, and the hours were gradually extended.* The Emperor Hadrian forbid any persons but those who were sick, to enter before two o'clock, and few of the Emperors allowed of any going in, after five.

The usual price of a bath—for though called *public*, a small fee appears to have been demanded—was a *quadrantis*, or something less than a cent; but Martial, the historian, says that after four o'clock they were allowed to demand a fee of a hundred *quadrantes*.—Nero's baths were said to be open, and very hot, at twelve o'clock; and Alexander Severus, to gratify the increasing passion among the people for bathing, not only suffered

* The Romans, at one period of their history, divided their day, from sunrise to sunset, into twelve hours, at all seasons of the year. Of course, the hours of a summer's day were longer than those of a winter's day.

them to be open *before break of day*, but furnished the lamps with oil, for their convenience.

There is no good thing but what is liable to abuse. Thus bathing, a blessing to the community, soon became a source of evil to the Roman people. It introduced, or at least fostered, indolence, enervation, dissipation and debauchery. Much as we value it, and ardently as we desire its introduction among us, we do not wish it, if the time were likely ever to arrive when the old and the young, and both sexes were to be allowed to bathe together. We should prefer, rather, none but private baths, for families.

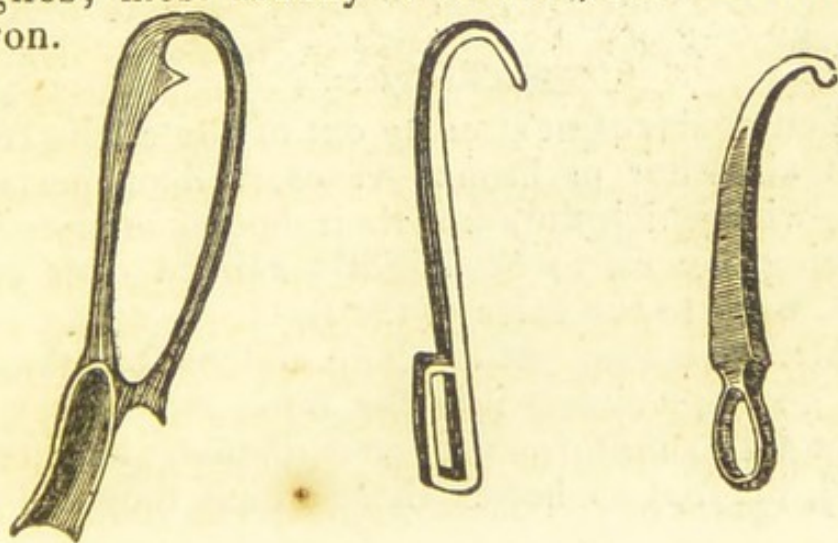
On entering the building which covered the baths, which was usually thronged with people, the bathers first proceeded to undress, when it became necessary to hire somebody to guard their clothes. They went, next, to the perfume chamber, which was quite full of pots and jars, like an apothecary's shop; and those who wished to do so, after having first anointed themselves with a coarser and cheaper oil, received perfumes. They were made of roses, lilies, foxglove, myrrh, sweet marjoram, lavender, cinnamon, thyme, mint, &c. Some of the finer were used on coming out of the bath, as well as on entering. Some kinds were chiefly used on the eyebrows, hair, neck, and head, and others on the arms and muscles; but all were rubbed in. This rubbing was performed, for the great and rich, by their slaves.

A curious story is related, relative to this anointing. The Emperor Hadrian, who went to the public baths, and bathed with the common people, one day seeing a veteran, whom he had known among the Roman troops, rubbing his back and other parts of his body against the marble, asked

him why he did so. The soldier answered, that he had no slave to rub him; upon which the Emperor gave him two slaves, and property enough to maintain them.—A few days afterward, several other old men, encouraged by the good fortune of their comrade, rubbed themselves also before the Emperor; but the latter discovering their object, instead of making them any presents, caused them to be told that they might rub each other.

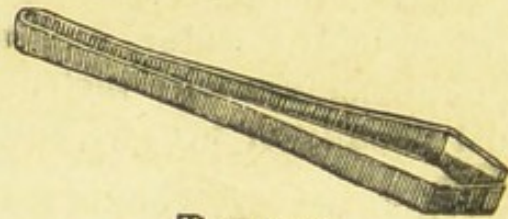
When people were anointed, they immediately passed into another apartment, which was very light and extensive, and when its situation permitted, it was exposed to the afternoon sun. Here were performed the many kinds of exercises to which this third part of the baths was appropriated, among which the most favorite one was the *ball*. So says history; but we confess our own inability to make any sense of this part of the account.

After these “exercises” were finished, they went at once to the adjoining warm bath, in which they sat and washed themselves. The seat was below the surface of the water, and upon it they used to scrape themselves with instruments called strigiles; most usually of bronze, but sometimes of iron.



This operation was sometimes performed by the bathers themselves, and sometimes by attendant slaves. It is said to have been done much in the way that hostlers treat horses when they arrive hot; and was by no means a very agreeable, though it was no doubt a very useful operation. The Emperor Augustus, used to complain much of hard usage.—The Turks use, for this purpose, a sort of bag or glove, of camel's hair, which, without any pain, peels off the perspirable matter in large flakes, and leaves the skin in a most luxurious state of softness and polish.

After the scraping was completed, they rubbed themselves with their hands, and were then washed thoroughly, from head to foot, by having pails of water poured over them. They were then carefully dried with linen and cotton cloths, and covered with a light shaggy mantle. Effeminate persons had the hairs of their bodies pulled out with tweezers, after which they were thoroughly dried, and their nails cut.



Tweezers.

Young slaves next came out of one of the rooms with alabaster or bronze vases, full of perfumed oils, with which they had their bodies anointed, by causing the oil to be slightly rubbed over every part, even to the soles of the feet.

After this they put on their clothes, but they did not go immediately into the open air. They first went into other rooms, some of them warmed, in deed, but not so hot as those which they had just



Vases, for perfumes.

left; and thus they were gradually prepared for exposure to the surrounding atmosphere.

The Romans appear to have had their cold, their warm or tepid, and their vapor baths. We have more to say on this subject, particularly on certain peculiarities in the modes of bathing at Pompeii; but our remarks have been extended to such an immoderate length already, that we must close, for the present.

ORGANIC REMAINS.

It is well known that the bones of animals occur in countries where animals of the same species now no longer exist. One mode of accounting for this fact, given by M. Cuvier, appears so natural, that we shall quote his own words:

“For example, let us suppose that a great irruption of the sea shall now cover the continent of New Holland with a mass of sand, or other debris; the bodies of kangaroos, woombats, dasuri, peramels, flying phalangiste, echidnæ, and orethorynca, will be buried under it, and it will entirely destroy every species of these genera, since none of them exist in other countries. Let this same revolution dry up the sea which covers the

numerous straits between New Holland and the continent of Asia; it will open a way for the elephant, the rhinoceros, the buffalo, the horse, the camel, the tiger, and all other Asiatic quadrupeds, who will people a country where they have hitherto been unknown. A naturalist afterwards living among them, and by chance searching into the depth of the soil in which this new nature lives, will find the remains of beings wholly different. That which New Holland would be in the above case, Europe, Siberia, and a great part of America are now; and, perhaps, when other countries, and New Holland itself, shall be examined, we shall find that they have all undergone similar revolutions—I could almost say, a mutual exchange of productions—for, carrying the supposition still further, after this transportation of Asiatic animals into New Holland, let us imagine a second revolution, which shall destroy Asia, their primitive country; those who afterwards see them in New Holland, their second country, will be as much embarrassed to know whence they came, as we are now to find the origin of our own.”

ASTONISHING MEMORY.

The following story, though almost incredible, is found in the English papers.

There is still living, at Stirling, a blind old beggar known to all the country round by the name of Blind Alick, who possesses a memory of almost incredible strength. It was observed with astonishment, that when he was a man, and obliged, by the death of his parents, to gain a livelihood by begging through the streets of his native town of

Stirling, he knew the whole of the Bible, both old and New Testaments, by heart! from which you may repeat any passage, and he will tell you the chapter and verse, or you may tell him the chapter and verse, and he will repeat to you the passage, word for word. Not long since a gentleman, to puzzle him, read, with a slight verbal alteration, a verse of the Bible. Alick hesitated a moment, and then told where it was to be found, but said it had not been correctly delivered; he then gave it as it stood in the book, correcting the slight error that had been purposely introduced. The gentleman then asked him for the ninetieth verse of the seventh chapter of Numbers. Alick was again puzzled for a moment, but then said hastily, "You are fooling me, sirs! there is no such verse—That chapter has only eighty-nine verses." Several other experiments of the sort were tried, upon him, with the same success. He has often been questioned the day after any particular sermon or speech; and his examiners have invariably found, that, had their patience allowed, Blind Alick would have given them the sermon or speech over again.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—Mahomet IV. in 1663, boasted that Constantinople contained 1,659 streets, 1,000 public baths, 997 fountains, 480 inns for foreigners, 120 markets, 115 stables for mules, 90 hospitals, 1,652 great and small schools, and 4,122 mosques and churches. He also stated that the city was 20 miles in circumference, and had, on its walls, 360 strong towers.

Commodore Tucker.—The venerable *Samuel Tucker* of Bremen Me., who died on the 10th of March, 1833, in the 86th year of his age, was the last surviving commodore of the revolution. He was a Marblehead mariner, and continued his seafaring course until the commencement of the difficulties with the mother country. He received the first written commission as commodore, which was issued during the Revolution, and was selected by Washington to convey John Adams, our first minister to France. It was on this occasion that he remained at the helm, while chased by a frigate of the enemy, *seventy-two hours at one time*, until nature absolutely sunk under the weight of fatigue and exhaustion. A kinder heart than the Commodore's never beat in the bosom of man. He was as hospitable, as sociable, and as peaceable in private life, as he was restless, vehement and strict in the discharge of his official duties. A pension of 600 dollars a year was recently settled by government on Commodore Tucker. "It came too late."

Singular Experiment.—One of the most remarkable and inexplicable experiments relative to the strength of the human frame, says Sir David Brewster, is that in which a heavy man is raised with the greatest facility, when he is lifted up the instant that his own lungs and those of the persons who raise him are inflated with air. This experiment was, I believe, first shown in England a few years ago by Major H., who saw it performed in a large party at Venice under the direction of an officer of the American Navy. As Major H. performed it more than once in my presence, I shall describe as nearly as possible the method which he prescribed. The heaviest person in the party lies down upon two chairs, his legs being supported by the one and his back by the other. Four persons, one at each leg, and one at each shoulder, then try to raise him, and they find his dead weight to be very great, from the difficulty they experience in supporting him. When he is replaced in the chair, each of the four persons takes hold of the body as before, and the person to be lifted gives two signals by clapping his hands. At the first signal he himself and the four lifters begin to draw a long and full breath, and when the inhalation is completed, or the lungs filled, the second signal is given, for raising the person from the chair. To his own surprise and that of his bearers, he rises with the greatest facility, as if he were no heavier than a feather.

EXTRAORDINARY ABSTINENCE.

THE more that animals enjoy the qualities of youth, strength, and activity, the greater is the increase and development of their parts, and the greater the necessity for an abundant supply of food. Of many individuals exposed to an absolute abstinence of many days, the young are always the first to perish. Of this the history of war and shipwreck offers in all ages too many frightful examples.

There are several instances on record of an almost total abstinence from food for an extraordinary length of time. Captain Bligh, of the *Bounty*, sailed nearly 4000 miles in a open boat, with occasionally a single small bird, not many ounces in weight, for the daily sustenance of 17 people; and it is even alleged, that 14 men and women of the *Juno*, having suffered shipwreck on the coast of Arracan, lived 23 days without any food. Two people first died of want on the fifth day.

In the opinion of Rhedi, animals support want much longer than is generally believed. A civet cat lived 10 days without food, an antelope 20, and a very large wild cat also 20; an eagle survived 28 days, a badger one month, and several dogs 36 days. In the memoirs of the academy of Sciences there is an account of a bitch, which having been accidentally shut up alone in a country-house, existed for 40 days without any other nourishment than the stuff on the wool of a matress which she had torn to pieces. A crocodile will live two months without food, a scorpion three, a bear six, a chameleon eight, and a viper ten.

Vaillant had a spider that lived nearly a year without food, and was so far from being weakened by abstinence, that it immediately killed another

large spider, equally vigorous, but not so hungry, which was put in along with it. John Hunter inclosed a toad between two stone flower-pots, and found it was as lively as ever after 14 months. Land tortoises have lived without food for 18 months; and Baker is known to have kept a beetle in a state of total abstinence for 3 years. It afterwards made its escape. Dr. Shaw gives an account of two serpents which lived in a bottle without any food for five years.

ANIMAL BODIES IN PEAT.

THE power of peat to preserve animal bodies from putrefaction is very great. According to a respectable English journal, two human bodies buried in peat, and dug up 39 years afterward, were quite fresh. The skin was fair, and of its natural color, and the flesh as soft as that of persons just dead. In the beginning of the last century the perfect body of a man in the ancient Saxon costume was discovered buried in peat, in Yorkshire; but it soon perished, on exposure to the air. It is stated in the Philosophical Transactions of 1734, that two human bodies were preserved in peat for 59 years.

In 1747, the body of a woman was found six feet deep, in a peat moor, in Lincolnshire. The old fashioned sandals on her feet showed that she had been buried there for many ages, yet there were very few marks of decay.

A body was dug up in Ireland, fresh and unimpaired, which had been buried under a foot of gravel and eleven feet of moss, and had on garments of hair. Many centuries ago, before the

use of wool was known in Ireland, the people wore hair garments.

At the battle of Solway, in the time of Henry VIII. in 1542, a troop of horse were driven into a morass, which instantly closed upon them. This story was not generally believed to be authentic till the bodies of a man and horse, in complete armor were dug up there, many years afterwards.—We might add that in digging a well in Somershire, pigs were dug up well preserved in peat, their bodies entire, and in various postures.

CARRYING BURDENS ON THE HEAD.

It is possible for a traveller to pass through the whole of New England without seeing a single individual carrying a burden on the head. But the practice is as common in the southern states as it is uncommon at the North. You no sooner set foot in one of our southern cities, than you see the colored population, and often the whites, with burdens of all sorts, sometimes of immense weight, on their heads; preserved in an upright position by one of their hands, or in some cases without either.

A person who should for the first time take a close view of the human cranium, and observe how its parts are fitted together, might very naturally suppose that the great strength of this box of bones was given it for the very purpose of enabling its possessor to carry weights upon it. There is another consideration which might even strengthen

this belief. We allude to the structure of the spine. This curious pile consists of no less than twenty-four separate pieces of bone; the whole supported by the strong bone of the pelvis, called the sacrum.

Now this spine is so constructed as to be susceptible of motion of every kind, and to almost any extent; as we see in the case of rope dancers, tumblers, &c. It is also very remarkable that between every two separate pieces of it, there is a thick mass of substance interposed, which has an effect not unlike that of interposing thick pieces of leather between two bodies, lying and moving upon each other, with this additional advantage, that while the pieces of leather, in such cases, are inelastic, and when once made thinner by compression, remain in that state, the substance between the parts of the back bone, after being compressed ever so long, springs back again, and returns to its original thickness. Hence it is that though an adult is a little shorter at evening than in the morning, especially after much standing or walking, when these 24 leather-like pieces are compressed, he resumes his original height the next morning.

The motion of these numerous bones, and indeed of all other movable parts of the body, depends on what we call muscles. Now these muscles are stronger and more active, in proportion as they are more extensively and frequently used, provided we do not proceed to the other extreme of over or excessive action.

The main conclusion, then, to which we think a philosophic observer of the human structure would come, is, that the head is the very part of the frame, on which weights ought to be carried. Not in early infancy, it is true, for the bones are

so soft, and so loosely connected, that they might be easily displaced or injured.—This conclusion might be strengthened by observing that those who carry them on their shoulders, or in their hands, with the arms hanging pendulous at the side, if much in this habit, almost always become round shouldered, or have one shoulder depressed;—and sometimes the spine or breast bone becomes distorted: while those who carry weights on their heads are straight and symmetrical, throughout.

We do not say, positively, that all this proves that weights ought usually to be carried on the head. Indeed we know that one prominent design of the Creator, in this remarkable structure, must have been to guard the soft mass of brain, exposed as it is, from frequent and lasting injury from falling bodies. Still we cannot help thinking that after the *sutures* or open parts of the head have become closed, and the whole becomes like one firm solid box, it would be useful to carry light burdens in this manner, especially to those individuals whose habits and occupations lead them to sit or stand in positions that put the spine or any part of it, or the shoulders, in unnatural positions. Nor are we sure that if the burdens were exceedingly light, the practice might not be properly begun before ten years of age.

The custom of carrying burdens on the head is by no means confined to the southern United States. You will find it in almost every country of the world,—but nowhere, perhaps, is it more common than in Hindostan. The engraving represents a Hindoo female employed in this manner.

It is well known that a Hindoo female is never considered as the companion of her husband, but merely as his slave. She may, indeed, sweep the

house, cook, collect fuel, wait on her lord, and feed her children;* but having discharged these offices with fidelity, the whole work of her life, as the Hindoos suppose, is accomplished! Hence it is, that as WARD informs us, in his "History," that "all India does not supply a single school for girls!" Possibly not twenty females, blest with the rudiments of even Hindoo learning, are to be found among as many million!—The pagan Hindoos, like pagan Europeans and Americans, have no idea that the ordinary employments which they assign to their females require the assistance of education.

When—Oh when, will this narrow and ruinous prejudice be dispelled, and the hour of female emancipation arrive! When will all the known and profitable instruments and processes of complete physical, intellectual, and moral developement, be deemed indispensable in the education of every individual whom God has designed to be an "help meet for man!" When, in short, will the same being who is so influential in sinking the human family, with the *first* Adam, be equally influential in elevating them, with the second!

BALLOONS.

ORIGIN. The idea of constructing a machine, which should enable us to rise into, and sail through the air, seems to have occupied the human mind even in ancient times, but it was never realized till within the last fifty years. The first who

* Alas! how much longer than this would be the catalogue of woman's duties in the United States, if this catalogue were made out in accordance with the *practice* of nine tenths of the community?

appears to have speculated rationally upon the subject was the celebrated Friar Bacon, who flourished in the thirteenth century. He described a machine, consisting of two hollow globes of thin copper, exhausted of air, which answered the expectations of the inventor.

About the year 1630, Bishop Wilkins suggested the idea of constructing a chariot upon mechanical principles, in which it would be possible to traverse the regions of air. Cotemporary with him was Francis Lana, a Jesuit, who proposed a method similar to that of Bacon.

In 1709, Gusman, a Portuguese friar, constructed a machine in the form of a bird, with tubes and bellows to supply the wings with air; the inventor was rewarded with a liberal pension, but his machine failed. Gusman, however, was not discouraged, for in 1736 he constructed a wicker basket, seven feet in diameter, and covered it with paper, which rose to the height of 200 feet in the air. The success of this experiment procured for him the reputation of being a sorcerer.

Twenty years after this, however, the science of aërostation began to be studied upon philosophical principles. Among the first who wrote upon this subject was Joseph Gallien, of Avignon, who, in 1755, published a treatise, in which he recommended the employment of a bag of cloth or leather, filled with air lighter than that of the atmosphere. The discovery of hydrogen gas, by Mr. Cavendish, in 1766, was, however, the nearest approach to success. Mr. Cavallo made trial of this gas in 1782; and Messrs. Mongolfier, in the same year, discovered the art of raising balloons by fire.

BALLOONS IN FRANCE. The first public ascent of a fire-balloon took place at Annonay, in France,

in June, 1783. Encouraged by the success of this experiment, Messrs. Robert constructed a balloon of thin silk, varnished with a solution of India rubber, which they filled with hydrogen gas; its inflation occupied several days. When completed, it was conveyed by torch-light to the Champ de Mars, and, on the 27th of August, ascended, in the presence of an immense multitude of spectators; after floating in air for three quarters of an hour, it descended in a field, fifteen miles from the place of its ascent.

Joseph Mongolfier was invited to Paris, by the Royal Academy of Sciences, and constructed a balloon of linen, lined with paper; its form was oval, seventy-five feet in height, and forty-three in width, which, when inflated by burning chopped straw and wool, was found to be capable of raising five hundred pounds' weight; a storm which took place at night destroyed the balloon and delayed the exhibition; but, in a few days after, it was placed in front of the palace at Versailles, where having been examined by the royal family, the inflation was completed, and a basket, containing a sheep, a duck, and a cock, being attached to it, it was liberated, and ascended to the height of 1500 feet. It fell about two miles from Versailles; the animals were uninjured, and the sheep was found quietly feeding near the place of its descent.

Hitherto no person had possessed sufficient courage to attempt a voyage through the air; but Mongolfier having constructed a balloon of superior strength, M. de Rozier offered to make the experiment. The machine having been inflated, he took his seat in the car, and rose to the height of 300 feet—the greatest altitude he could attain, the balloon having been secured by ropes. After

remaining stationary for several minutes, it gradually descended.

The successful issue of this and subsequent experiments, induced De Rozier to undertake an aerial voyage; and in November, 1783, he ascended from Paris, accompanied by the Marquis d'Arlandes. The balloon was visible during nearly the whole time of the voyage, and descended in safety at the distance of five miles from that city.

A contest now arose between the partisans of the Mongolfiern mode of inflation, and those who preferred hydrogen gas. The success of the late experiment gave a preponderance to the former method, but its opponents were determined to bring the affair to a practical test. Accordingly Messrs. Charles and Robert constructed a balloon of silk, varnished with a solution of elastic gum, the upper part being defended by a net, having a hoop round the centre, from which a car was suspended. The weight of the whole apparatus was 640 lbs., and on the 1st of December, 1783, they ascended from the Tuileries. They soon rose to the height of 2000 feet, and continued at that elevation for nearly two hours, when they alighted 27 miles from Paris. The balloon still retained a great ascensive power; and, on M. Robert leaving the car, reascended with M. Charles, quickly attaining an elevation of 9000 feet. The earth was now no longer perceptible; but the sun, which had set previously to his second ascent, again became visible, and he saw its parting rays as it once more sank below the horizon: vapors ascending from the earth assumed the most fantastic forms, and the pale light of the newly-risen moon communicated a thousand varying hues; the approach of night, however, warned him to descend; he therefore opened the valve and alighted in a field, three miles from Paris.

M. Blanchard, who afterwards acquired great celebrity as an aéronaut, and whose attention had long been directed to the invention of mechanical aids to the aérial voyager, made his first attempt in March, 1784, at Paris, in a balloon filled with hydrogen gas. Through the fears and imprudence of his companion, after having risen a few feet from the earth, they descended with a severe shock; but Blanchard, who now took the sole management, rose to the height of a mile; and, after having been driven through various currents of air during nearly two hours, he descended in safety. In September, 1784, the Duke of Orleans, accompanied by Messrs. Robert, ascended in a balloon furnished with oars and a rudder; to this a small balloon was attached, for the purpose of being inflated with bellows, and thus supplying the means of descent without waste of the hydrogen gas. Having attained the altitude of 1400 feet, they were greatly alarmed at the sombre aspect of the horizon, and the reverberation of distant peals of thunder; being also, for a considerable time, exposed to the fury of a whirlwind; from a sudden change of temperature they began rapidly to descend, but, on discharging some ballast, they reascended to the height of 6000 feet, the balloon continuing to be greatly agitated. Having surmounted the stormy region, the rays of the sun, unobscured by a cloud, caused so great an expansion of the gas, that they entertained serious apprehensions of a rupture of the balloon. In this exigency the duke pierced it in several places with his sword, to facilitate the escape of the gas, and, having narrowly escaped falling into a lake, they descended unhurt, after an excursion of five hours.

EXPERIMENTS IN ENGLAND. The first experiment in England was made by Count Zambecari. On the 25th of November, 1783, a balloon of oiled silk, richly gilt, and filled with hydrogen gas, ascended from Moorfields, London. At the latter end of the same year, Mr. Sadler sent up one from Oxford. But the first aërial voyage in England was made by Signor Lunardi, who ascended from London on the 21st of September, 1784; he subsequently repeated the experiment in various parts of Great Britain.

In January, 1785, M. Blanchard and Dr. Jeffries undertook an excursion from Dover across the British Channel. The balloon rose slowly, and their progress was considerably impeded by the stillness of the air. When an hour had elapsed they began to descend, and threw out the whole of their ballast; on arriving midway between England and France, they threw out their books and provisions; still the ascensive power was so greatly diminished, that they parted with their anchors and ropes, stripped off their clothes, and secured themselves with slings, intending to cut away the car, when suddenly the balloon arose and approached the French coast; and, after a perilous journey of nearly three hours, they descended in the neighborhood of Calais.

To possess the power of floating in the atmosphere, or descending at pleasure, without waste of gas or ballast, had long been a *desideratum* with the French naturalists. A combination of the two kinds of balloon was recommended for this purpose, and M. Pilatre de Rozier unfortunately undertook the task of putting the plan in execution. One of the balloons was inflated with hydrogen gas, and below it was suspended a fire-balloon, at

such a distance as to remove every apprehension of danger from the fire. A short time, however, had elapsed, when the upper balloon was seen to be rapidly expanding, while the aëronauts (M M. de Rozier and Romain) made every exertion to facilitate the escape of the gas. Soon afterwards the whole apparatus appeared to be on fire, and the remains of the machine descended from a height of three quarters of a mile with the mangled bodies of the voyagers.

In July, 1785, Major Money ascended in a balloon of his own construction, which unfortunately burst, and he was precipitated into the German Ocean. For five hours he remained in a situation of imminent suffering and peril, clinging to the wreck of the balloon, by the aid of which he contrived to keep himself floating. He was picked up by the Argus sloop of war, off the coast of Yarmouth.

The excursion of M. Testu, from Paris, in June 1786, is without a parallel, having lasted twelve hours. His balloon was furnished with wings and other apparatus for steering; when he had reached an elevation of three thousand feet, the distension of his balloon gave him serious apprehensions of a rupture; he therefore descended in a corn-field in the plain of Montmorenci. An immense crowd ran eagerly to the spot; and the proprietor of the field, exasperated at the injury his crop had sustained, seized M. Testu, and demanded indemnification; the aëronaut made no resistance, but persuaded the peasant, that having lost his wings, he could not possibly escape. The ropes were seized by a number of persons, who attempted to drag the balloon towards the village; but as, during the procession, it had acquired considerable buoyancy,

Testu cut the cords, and left the disappointed peasants overwhelmed with astonishment. The temperature was at the freezing point, and particles of ice floated around him. As night approached, the blast of a horn attracted his attention, and seeing a party of huntsmen, he suffered some gas to escape, and descended. He now resigned his wings as a useless incumbrance, and reascended through a mass of electric matter. Shrouded in darkness, he was wafted about for three hours in the gloomy region of the gathering storm. The surrounding terrors, the lightning's flash, and the roaring of thunders, accompanied by copious drifts of sleet and snow, did not damp his courage: a flag ornamented with gold frequently emitted sparks of fire, and was ultimately torn in pieces by the lightning. At length the elemental conflict ceased, and the stars began to appear; between two and three, the ruddy streaks of light in the east announced the approach of day; and after beholding the rising of the sun, he descended uninjured, about 70 miles from Paris.

In August, 1787, M. Blanchard, during a voyage from Strasburg, tried an experiment with a Parachute, to which was appended a dog in a basket: at an altitude of six thousand feet he let go the parachute, which, being caught by a whirlwind, soon disappeared. Some time afterward, he fell in with the parachute, when the dog testified his satisfaction by barking. Blanchard descended in safety, and the parachute reached the earth shortly afterwards.

In October, 1797, M. Garnerin ascended from Paris, for the purpose of descending in a parachute. When at the height of 2000 feet, he disengaged it from the balloon: at first, the motion was slow and steady; it afterwards assumed an oscillatory motion, but he reached the earth without injury.

In 1802, he visited England, and ascended from Ranelagh Gardens, London, accompanied by a naval officer. Such was the rapidity of their voyage, that in less than an hour they reached Colchester, having suffered greatly from the boisterous state of the atmosphere. In July and September of the same year, Garnerin repeated his experiments, and on the latter occasion descended in a

parachute;*the result of this voyage was similar to the one mentioned above.

In October, 1803, Count Zambecari, Dr. Grasseti, and Signor Andreoli, ascended from Bologna: the cold was so intense that the Count and the Doctor fell into a profound sleep; but Signor Andreoli, who had resisted this lethargic propensity, was able to rouse his companions previous to their descent into the sea. They immediately discharged ballast, &c., and again arose: they were afterwards driven towards the coast of Istria, and nearly across the Adriatic, remaining upon its surface for nearly five hours; at length, they were taken on board a vessel which lay at the distance of twenty miles from the coast.

Among the most perilous ascents on record, are those of Mr. Sadler, from Bristol, in 1810, and Dublin, in 1812; on both occasions the balloon descended in the sea: on the latter, the wind forced it for some time along the surface of the waves with great velocity; a flock of sea-fowl crowded around, and boldly devoured what remained of the provisions. The car now sank, and Mr. S. supported himself by the net-work; in this dangerous situation he was dragged through the water until a vessel approached; and, there being no alternative, the balloon was pierced with the bowsprit, and the sinking and nearly exhausted adventurer taken on board.

During the French revolution, an aërostatic institution was founded at Mendon, not far from Paris, for the education of a corps of aëronauts, with the view of introducing balloons into armies, as a means of watching the movements of the enemy. But they were soon laid aside

* The Parachute is an apparatus with an expanding top, somewhat similar to a large umbrella, and with a small deep basket attached to it, in which the aëronaut sits. It was suspended to the balloon by ropes, so contrived as to be loosened at the pleasure of the voyager, while sailing in the air. When this was done, the balloon rapidly ascended, and the parachute, on the contrary, dropped downwards, with a frightful rapidity, until the top was forced open by the power of the air. In this form the parachute was blown about in various directions, and a zigzag and perilous descent was effected.

as useless in this respect, for it was found that they could go only with the wind.

The first adventure of the kind, made by the Germans, was at Berlin, by Professor Jungius, in 1805 and 1806 Professor Reichard and his wife followed him, at a later period. Even in Constantinople one or more aërial voyages have been made.

BALLOONS IN THE UNITED STATES.—The first aërial voyage made in the United States was by Mr. Blanchard, Jan. 9, 1793. He ascended from Philadelphia in the presence of many thousand spectators, among whom was President Washington. Mr. Blanchard continued in the air forty-five minutes, and descended near Woodbury, in New Jersey, about 17 miles from Philadelphia.

Aërial voyages have now become very common, in Europe and America. In the latter country, no one, we believe, has been more distinguished than Mr. C. F. Durant. This gentleman, since 1830, has made eleven successful aërial voyages, and is contemplating the twelfth. He has ascended six times from New York, twice from Baltimore, and once from Albany. The tenth and eleventh ascensions were from Boston.

His first ascension from Boston was July 31st, 1834. A temporary amphitheatre had been erected near the west side of the Common, large enough to contain several thousand spectators. The balloon was inflated, and amid music and cannon and the shouts of spectators, the intrepid aëronaut proceeded on his voyage.

To see an individual step into a wicker basket, and ascend, with the utmost self-possession, among the clouds, amid the gaze and huzzas of the tens of thousands of anxious spectators that filled the amphitheatre and covered the Common, was a sight truly imposing.

At first the wind was favorable for carrying the balloon toward Salem; but as it rose higher it met with currents which wafted it over the ocean; and after a voyage of about 20 miles, he alighted in the water, about 7 miles from Marblehead. Here, after many perils, being in one instance completely immersed in water about half a minute, he was taken on board a schooner, and arrived at Boston, the next morning.

The balloon, which during his struggle with the waves had been much injured, was at length repaired, and another ascension was made from the same spot, Aug. 25th. This was a *drier* excursion than the former, but not less successful. The aërostat was carried to the westward across Cambridgeport and Cambridge, to Mount Auburn, about six miles from Boston, where, after an excursion of about 40 minutes, he landed. When over Cambridge he sent down a rabbit, by means of a parachute, which safely reached *terra firmæ*. Mr. D. ascended at half past four, and reached his lodgings again at six o'clock.

In the former of these voyages, the balloon is supposed to have risen about a mile and a half. In the latter not over a mile.

Whether there is any possibility of ever travelling in the atmosphere with the same facility that we now navigate the ocean, remains to be determined. For ourselves, we have little hope of any such result. Balloons must, we think, always be more or less at the disposition of the wind, human art and effort to the contrary, notwithstanding. Still, we are not prepared to say that the art, as now understood, may not, in some instances be turned to very great advantage in the promotion of human happiness.

CITY OF WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON became the capital of the United States, in 1800. Its population at that time was only 3,210, but it is now over 20,000, of whom about 2,300 are slaves. It is situated on the

Maryland side of the river Potomac, on a small stream, called the Anacostia, or Eastern Branch. Like the capital of ancient Rome, it has also its Tiber; a small stream running through the middle of the city.

The principal streets of Washington are ten in number, called avenues; and are named after so many different states of the Union. They diverge, five of them from the Capitol, and five of them from the President's house; and a direct line of communication is formed between these two edifices by Pennsylvania avenue, the finest street in the city. The avenues are crossed by streets running north and south, and by others running east and west. Thus the city is cut into squares by the rectangular streets, and then these squares are divided, diagonally, by the avenues. Where the avenues, by the manner of their intersection with the streets, form acute angles, there are reservations which are to remain open. The avenues and streets leading to public places, are from 120 to 160 feet wide; the others from 70 to 110 feet.

Though this city is thus regularly laid out, it is very irregularly settled. It contains over eight square miles, of which large portions are yet but thinly inhabited. The buildings are principally in three clusters or villages; one near the Capitol, one near the Navy Yard, one near the President's house, one at Greenleaf's point, and one near Georgetown. That at Greenleaf's point is the most solitary;—that near Georgetown the smallest.

The President's house, stands on a beautiful rising ground, presenting a fine view, not only of the Capitol, but of the more important parts of the city elsewhere. It has also a fine water prospect. It is built of white free stone; is two stories high,

with a lofty basement; and is 186 feet long by 85 in width. The waters of the Tiber might be easily conveyed not only to the Capitol, but to the President's house. The former President's house was destroyed by the British in August 1814.

The CAPITOL,—represented by the frontispiece, is an elegant building of freestone, standing on an eminence, with a front of 350 feet, including the wings. It cost over \$2,000,000. The library of Congress occupies one apartment of this building and contains 16,000 volumes. The rest of the government buildings are the general post office, four large buildings in which are kept the principal departments of the government, with their subordinate offices; a magazine, arsenal, and workshops, marine barracks, navy yard, navy hospital, and penitentiary.

The other public buildings are the city hall, 250 feet by 50; nineteen places of public worship; four market-houses; an infirmary; a female orphan asylum; a jail, and a theatre. There are also four banks, four extensive hotels, a foundery, breweries, museum, city library, &c. There are several newspapers published in Washington. About two miles north of the city is Columbian College.

The city is healthy, and on the whole pleasant. The water is also good. It is, almost of course, a place of considerable business for its size. Regular lines of steam boats ply from Washington to Alexandria, Norfolk, Baltimore, &c. and numerous stages to various places, among which are eight daily ones to Baltimore.

The Supreme Court of the United States holds its annual sittings in Washington, beginning on the second Monday of January. The National

Legislature meet here every year on the first Monday in December ; and remain in session some months. From the results of their deliberations much is expected by the good people of the United States—and justly. But it hardly needs the wisdom of a Rush or a Franklin to tell us that, in a republic of fourteen millions of people scattered over two millions of square miles, “mothers and teachers” are the most effectual legislators, and should be educated accordingly ; and that where the knowledge and religion of the rising millions are overlooked or neglected, the putting of laws on paper is like writing in the sands of an Arabian desert. This indeed,—the making of written laws—ought to be *done* ; but the other, above all, ought not to be left *undone*.

CURIOUS RELIC IN BIOGRAPHY.

ARCHBISHOP USHER.

MANY are familiar with the name of this truly learned and good man, but few with his history. The following paragraphs concerning him, are extracted from a memoir of his life, written by his friend nearly 200 years ago. We have preserved the writer's quaint style, as it does not alter the facts ; but on the contrary, renders the account the more interesting.

At ten years of age was the first time he could remember he found in him the true sense of religion. His reading, then, of some notes taken in writing from Mr. P. (before his works were printed) concerning the sanctifying of the Lord's day, took so with him, that he was ever after careful to keep it. He then read, in Latin, St. Augustin's

Meditations, which so moved him, that he wept often in the reading of them.

At thirteen years of age he was admitted into the college of Dublin, being the first scholar that was entered into it.

At fourteen years old he was called to the receiving of the communion. The afternoon before, his usual custom was to sequester himself into some privacy, and to spend it in strict examination and penitential humiliation of himself for his sins.

I have often heard him speak of a certain place by a water-side, whither he frequently resorted, sorrowfully to recount his sins, and with floods of tears to pour them out in the confession of them. One sin he lamented was, his too much love of his book and human learning, so that he should be as glad of Monday to go to that, as of the Lord's-day for his service. It cost him many a tear that he could not be more heavenly-minded at that age.

At fifteen years old, he had made such a proficiency in Chronology, that in Latin he drew up an exact Chronicle of the Bible, as far as the Book of the Kings.

His father left him a very good estate in land, but finding he must have involved himself in many suits in law before it could have been settled, to the withdrawing him from his studies, gave it up to the benefit of his brothers and sisters, being in those years resolved to put himself upon the providence of God, to whose service in the ministry, he had devoted himself, and did not doubt but he would provide for him; only that it might not be judged to be weakly and rashly done, he drew up a note under his hand of the state of all things that concerned it, and directions what to do in it.

The first text he preached of publicly, before the

State, after his ordination, was Rev. iii. 1. "Thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead." It fell out to be the same day with the battle of Kinsale, and it being a day specially set apart for prayer, for a good success upon that engagement, and being his first fruits in that office, might possibly be the more efficacious. The design was then known, that if the Spaniards had got the better, most of the Protestants had been slain by the Irish Papists, both in Dublin and elsewhere, but especially the ministers, without any distinction. Hence rose a temptation in him (as he termed it) to defer his ordination till the event of that battle were known, whereby he should not have been in such imminent danger; but he repelled that motion, and resolved the rather upon it, conceiving he should live in that office of the ministry, and for that cause, die the next door to martyrdom.

REMINISCENCES OF PHILADELPHIA.

NEW England, in her early days, was not alone, it seems, in her credulity. Even the good citizens of Philadelphia once believed in witchcraft and sorcery. We do not learn that any of the witches were hanged or drowned; but two poor women were tried and found guilty in 1683, and compelled to give security for their good behavior, for six months! We might also mention, that two persons were arraigned as witches in New York in 1672, and another in 1673; and one of the former was found guilty. In Virginia, too, Grace Sherwood was tried for the crime of witchcraft, at about the same period.

As late as the years 1760 to 1770, there were several reputed conjurors in and about Philadelphia. Three of these were in Germantown. The principal of them, De Witt, died in 1765. One of them displayed his skill, chiefly, in curing diseased cows and horses, and sometimes it is said, *diseased men*. If witches had always been distinguished for successful efforts to relieve sick quadrupeds and bipeds, it would be a pity that witchcraft has become, of late, so unfashionable.

About the year 1766, one Col. Forest, of Philadelphia, played off many curious pranks upon the credulity of his countrymen. His great skill lay in finding stolen money. He always kept a hazel rod, scraped and smoked, to divine with. He once lent it to a man, who for its use gave a cart load of potatoes to the poor-house. He once made his Dutch girl give up some stolen money, by touching her with the plant called cow-itch. When her skin began to itch and prickle, he began to threaten her, saying; "Now I'll put fire into your flesh, and if you do not immediately tell how and when you took my money, I'll burn you up." This induced the girl to make full confession, and the circumstance, being related abroad, added greatly to his fame.

But we have not patience to follow the writer of the *Annals of Philadelphia* farther in his account of popular superstitions. The truth is that there are enough of them prevalent, even now. You will find them in every city, town, and village of New England. Not of the same kind, to be sure. Some go farther; some not so far. Some only believe in lucky and unlucky days, and perhaps in equinoctial storms; others go as far as to believe, if they dare not avow it, in ghosts, and goblins, and

witches. It will take the light of Christianity, yet a long time to rid the world entirely of credulity and superstition.

INTEMPERANCE! INTEMPERANCE!

Permit me to say a few words, through the medium of your publication, on a species of intemperance which, though less noticed by a majority of the temperance community, is scarcely less pernicious to the bodies and souls of men, than even ardent spirit itself. Having been addicted to this sort of intemperance myself (in consequence of its having been recommended by a physician for a complaint under which I then labored) I speak from experience when I say that tobacco is one of the most deleterious as well as detestable articles with which I am acquainted. It is a canker worm gnawing at the very vitals of the community; aiming a death blow at all that is fair and comely in youth; laying a foundation for chronic diseases of the very worst type; enfeebling the body; enervating the mind; and inducing premature old age in those who have, as yet, hardly passed the meridian of life. It often renders the aged filthy and disgusting, impairing the memory, beclouding the intellect, and disabling them from imparting valuable information to the young; while the latter, at the same time that they detest the practice in the aged, and perhaps treat them with neglect on account of it, are led on by the irresistible power of example and the ungovernable desires of a depraved appetite, to tamper with this deleterious drug till they are bound in chains which cannot be broken without the efforts if not the struggles of a more determin-

ed spirit than inspires the breast of most of those who have once been enslaved to this narcotic poison.

I have intimated that the use of tobacco is contaminating the best portion of our own sex of all ages. Shall I go on to say, (delicacy forbids, while duty says proceed) that the fairer part of the community—our own mothers and sisters—have, in some instances, partaken of this debasing vice? But this is not all. It has not only besmeared those who ought to be examples of neatness,—the cook and the dairy woman—but it has even found its way into our parlors and places of public resort. Yea, more; it has entered the house of God, benumbing the sensibilities, shutting up the finer feelings of the soul, and rendering vain the exhibitions of divine truth.

Yes, let me repeat, having occasion, not long since, to make a tour through some of the New England States, and being detained during the Sabbath, in a remote town in Massachusetts, I went with a friend to the neighboring village to church.

In the morning we sat below, but in the afternoon, having an invitation to do so, I took a seat with the singing choir. I had observed in the forenoon, that the aisles were mostly carpeted over with the juice of tobacco; but on entering the seats of those who were to lead in the devotions of the people of God, the sight and smell were beyond enduring. I made many shifts in order to avoid the *pestilential miasma*, but all in vain: in whatever direction I turned my head I was nearly suffocated with the noxious vapor. The only alternative seemed to be to retreat, or to “grin and bear it.” For the sake of him at whose kind invitation I had

come in, I concluded to do the last; determined, however, to notify them of the fact, at some future time; at least before I paid them another visit. This notification I have thought it best to give through your widely circulated and useful publication. Not so much with a view to censure, however, as with the hope of doing good, and of doing it with all gentleness and humility;—aware of the strength of prejudice, when combined with a depraved appetite. Should these remarks have any tendency to preserve the visible temples of God from contamination, and his visible church from idolatry, the purpose of the writer will be fully answered.

THE GYPSIES.

The history of this extraordinary race of men is involved in much obscurity. Although they have existed as a distinct race in Europe nearly 400 years, neither time, climate, politics, nor example, have produced much change in their manners, their language, their institutions, or their religious notions. Thrown, as it were, beyond the common rights of nations, wandering about without any claims which can attach them to the soil, encamping in places remote from civilization, living by theft and deception, yet every where scattered like the Jews, in spite of persecution and contempt. The facts respecting a small colony of these people in Louisiana, detailed in a former volume of this Library, form the only known exception to the character which has usually been assigned to them, and afford almost the only ray of hope respecting their ultimate civilization and advancement.

Different writers have assigned to these people a very different origin: one traces them from the Eastern part of Tunis; another from Zanguebar; one from Mount Caucasus; one considers them as German Jews; and others bring them from Egypt, Colchos, the Ukraine, &c.

We know of but three writers who have placed this question in a true point of view. The two first, whose opinion is admitted by the learned generally, are Grellman, and David Richardson, who consider India as the cradle of the Tzengaris or Gypsies; Abbe Dubois places them among the Kouravers of Mohissoun, while others trace them to the country of the Mahrattas, as their original position; where, indeed, they are still found united in tribes.

They are in general of a dark complexion, which justifies the Persian appellation of Black Hindoos. Their religion, institutions, manners, and language, differ from those of other tribes of Hindoos. During a war, they are addicted to pillage, carry provisions for the armies, and fill them with spies and dancers: during peace, they make coarse stuffs, and deal in rice, butter, salt, opium, &c. Their women are as handsome and agreeable as the generality of Hindoos, but are very lascivious. They often carry off young girls, whom they sell to natives and Europeans. They are accused of immolating human victims to their demons, and of eating human flesh. They every where follow the trade of errand runners and procurers. The women are fortune-tellers—a business which they practice by striking on a drum, in order to invoke the demon, then pronouncing, with the air of a sibyl, and with rare volubility, a string of mystical words; and after having gazed at the sky, and examined the linea-

ments of the hand of the person who consults them, they gravely predict the good or evil which is to be his destiny. The women also practice tattooing; and the figures of stars, flowers, animals, &c., which they imprint upon the skin by puncturation and vegetable juices, cannot be effaced. They live in families, and it is not rare to see father and daughter, uncle and niece, brother and sister, living like beasts together. They are suspicious, liars, gamblers, drunkards, cowards, poltroons, and altogether illiterate; they despise religion, and have no other creed than the fear of evil genii, and of fatality.

It is not improbable that these rude travellers landed from the Black Sea and Asia Minor, in Europe, by the intervention of the Turks during their wars with the Greek Empire; and it is equally probable, that the first of them who came to Europe, sojourned in European Turkey, and proceeded thence to Wallachia and Moldavia. In 1417, they were found in Hungary, and at the conclusion of that year, they were seen in Germany and Bohemia; — the next year in Switzerland, and in 1422 in Italy. Pasquier carries their origin in France to 1417; and says that they styled themselves Christians from lower Egypt, expelled thence by the Saracens; but that in reality they came from Bohemia. From France they passed into Spain and Portugal, and afterwards, in the time of Henry VIII, into England. Their hordes commonly consist of two or three hundred persons of both sexes. Although it is difficult to explain how they acquired the name of Gypsies or Egyptians; it is certain that they have neither an Egyptian origin, nor came from Egypt to Europe.

These people constitute part of the population

of all the countries of Europe, and of a large portion of Asia. In Africa, they are found only in Egypt, Nubia, Abyssinia, Soudan, and Barbary. Few have yet appeared in America. They are most numerous in Spain, Ireland, Turkey, and Hungary, but especially in Transylvania, Moldavia, Wallachia, Sclavonia, Courland, Lithuania, and the Caucasian provinces.

In England they are still pretty numerous; but are found only in distant places—seldom coming into towns, excepting in small companies of two or three persons. In Germany, Sweden, and Denmark, they have become rare; as also in Switzerland and the Low Countries. In Italy, their numbers are diminished. In Spain, it is said that there are 50,000 to 60,000 of them; and in Hungary, according to the best information, about 50,000. In Transylvania, they are most numerous; for in a population of 1,727,000, there are reckoned 104,000 Gypsies. We do not exaggerate in estimating the Gypsy population of Europe at nearly 1,000,000: in Africa, at 400,000: in India, at 1,500,000 and about 2,000,000 in all the rest of Asia; for except in Asiatic Russia, China, Siam, Annam, and Japan, they are every where to be found. Hence we may deem the total number of these people to be five millions.

Why could a man, if a heavy anvil were placed upon his chest, allow a severe blow to be given to the anvil with a hammer, and bear it with impunity?

Because the force of the blow, from the hammer, would be diffused through the substance of the anvil, and the man would scarcely feel it.

HISTORY OF AMERICA.

IN September 1493, Columbus set out on his second voyage to the new world. In this expedition, his fleet was rather more respectable than in the former. He had three ships of heavy burden, and fourteen smaller ones; having on board, in all, 1,500 men. He arrived at Hispaniola, November 2nd, and finding the colony which he had left destroyed, he built a fortified town, which in honor of his queen, he called Isabella, and of which he made his brother Diego, the governor. He immediately left the island, to make new discoveries, and was absent five months, during which time he visited Jamaica. When he returned, he found that his brother Bartholomew had arrived from Europe with provisions and other supplies for the colony.

But troubles now arose in the colony, and among the adventurers generally. They had expected to find gold, in very great abundance, instead of which they had found hardship and labor. Many unfavorable reports were circulated against Columbus, and many unfavorable accounts given of the country. Columbus, to oppose the spread of these reports in Europe, resolved to procure treasures and send them home to his sovereigns: and it is said that in collecting gold from the natives, some violence and cruelty were used.—Thinking his presence, also, as well as his treasures, might be necessary in Europe, Columbus appointed his brother, Bartholomew, lieutenant governor of the colonies, and hastened home. This was in March 1496.

Columbus's presence in Spain, together with his treasures, had the effect to silence his enemies for a time, but not to prevent a delay of a whole yea.

in sending supplies to the new colonies, which involved the latter in much suffering.—In May 1498, Columbus set out on his third voyage, with six vessels. Three of these he sent to Hispaniola, while with the three others, he sailed southward, discovering Trinidad, and other islands, and some portions of the main land of South America. On returning to Hispaniola, he found his colony had removed from Isabella, and founded St. Domingo; and also that they were in a state of great confusion. Having by wise and prudent measures restored tranquillity, he next took a step which was less praiseworthy. “In order to supply the deficiency of laborers, he distributed the land and the inhabitants, subjecting the latter to the arbitrary will of their masters; thus laying the foundation of that system of slavery which has existed down to our own time.*

In 1499, the next year after Columbus had discovered the main land of South America, one Americus Vespucius, of Florence, under the command of Ojeda, a Spanish admiral, made a voyage to America, and according to his own account, made some discoveries. He also made two other voyages to America; one in 1501, and the other in 1503; and published a chart of America and a journal of his voyages. In the latter he claimed the honor of having first discovered the Continent, and this honor was so far conceded that the new world soon began to be called by his name. Thus was Columbus robbed of what was his undisputed right; and of what cannot now be restored to him.

In the mean time the enemies of Columbus were

* Encyclopædia Americana; article *Columbus*. There are also other charges against Columbus which the most ingenious of historians can hardly deny; and which it is difficult to reconcile with his general character for benevolence and humanity.

secretly at work, in Europe; and they finally so far succeeded that the king and queen began to believe their slanders; and Columbus and his two brothers were brought home in irons. Columbus bore this ill treatment in a very becoming manner, and as soon as he arrived in Spain, November 23, 1500, he endeavored to convince his sovereigns of his innocence. These endeavors prevailed, and he was set at liberty, and invited to court. Still, however, there was not full confidence reposed in him, and notwithstanding repeated promises that he should be reinstated in his viceroyship, he was at length convinced that there was no intention on the part of his sovereigns to do him justice. Desirous of completing the noble work which he had begun, he determined on another voyage of discovery.

Thus far, Columbus supposed the continent he had discovered to be a part of Asia; and he was of opinion that a passage existed through what is now found to be the isthmus of Darien to the East Indies. In this view he set sail on his fourth and last voyage, in four slender vessels, March 9, 1502, with his brother Bartholomew and his son Fernando. After very narrowly escaping from destruction, in a storm, off the port of St. Domingo; he attempted to find a passage through the isthmus of Darien. While engaged in this ineffectual search another gale came on, in which two of his vessels were completely destroyed, and the remaining two wrecked off Jamaica.

Here the severest trials awaited him. Separated from the rest of the world, his destruction seemed inevitable. But after considerable time had elapsed, we believe about a year, relief at last appeared. He had prevailed on several of the boldest of his men to go over to Hispaniola, in some canoes

which they procured of the natives, who after pressing the governor in vain to undertake their deliverance, had bought a vessel. In this vessel Columbus left Jamaica, June 2, 1504. After repairing his vessel in St. Domingo, he returned to Spain, sick and exhausted; and after two years more of unavailing efforts to secure his rights, he died at Valladolid, May 20, 1506, in the 70th year of his age. His remains, according to his will, were carried to St. Domingo and buried there; but afterwards transported, with great pomp, to Havana. The chains which he had worn, were, according to his request, buried with him, in his grave.

But the discoveries of Columbus had, long before his death, roused many other adventurers. We have already mentioned one—Americus. Sebastian Cabot was still more distinguished than Americus. He made his first voyage in 1496, in company with his father, John Cabot. It is singular that the particulars of this voyage should be so little known. All that can be affirmed positively, respecting it, is that he discovered and explored Newfoundland, and sailed as far as Cape Florida; and that he was actually the first who saw the main land. But in 1525, we find him employed in making discoveries in South America. He was probably the first who explored the great river La Plata.

Between the years 1500 and 1616, there were numerous other adventurers. Pedro Alvarez Cabral, in 1500, discovered Brazil. Vasco Nugnez de Balboa, in 1513, from the mountains of the isthmus of Darien, discovered the Pacific Ocean. He afterwards waded into it, and took formal possession of it, in the name of the king of Spain. In 1520 Ferdinando Magellan, a Portuguese, discovered the straits which now bear his name, and

passed through them into the Pacific Ocean. He was the first European that sailed on the great Pacific.

In 1528, Captain Behring discovered the straits which separate America from Asia, and sailed through them. James Cartier, in 1534, discovered the gulf and river St. Lawrence. Sir Francis Drake, in 1578, sailed along the whole western shore of South America, and discovered California. In 1585, John Davis made several discoveries in Greenland and America, about the region of the straits which bear his name. Henry Hudson, in 1609, after exploring the eastern shore of Greenland, sailed along the coast of New England, and discovered Hudson's river. The next year he prosecuted his discoveries in the north, and saw Hudson's Bay and Straits. Baffin's Bay was discovered by Wm Baffin, in 1616. The Frozen Sea was discovered by Mr. Hearne, as late as 1772.

Mankind undoubtedly owe the discovery of this western world to the gold, the silver, the precious stones, the spices, silks, and costly manufactures of the East. This shows why gold was made almost the first object of search, and will perhaps account for the fact that it was more than a century after the first discovery of Columbus, before any permanent settlements were made on the more sterile coasts of North America. We wish it could wipe off the stain from the character of some of the first adventurers and settlers.

THE SKIRRET.

THIS plant is small, compared with the carrot and the parsnep. It is a native of China, but was once much cultivated in Europe. The root consists of a cluster of fleshy fibres, which are connected to-



gether at the crown or head, and in the course of a few years, augment to a considerable bunch. Each separate root, or tuber, is about the thickness of the little finger. It abounds in saccharine matter— and hence is, no doubt, very nutritious. Half a pound of the root is said to have sometimes afforded more than an ounce of pure sugar.

The skirret is one of those plants which are now neglected, because we are become acquainted with others more pleasant to the taste, and more profitable in their culture. Its peculiar sweetness, so delightful to the palates of our less refined forefathers, to us appear nauseous lusciousness; and that root which the Emperor Tiberius esteemed so

much as to cause it to be brought from the banks of the Rhine for the use of his table, is little relished in the present day. Beckmann ingeniously accounts for this change of taste in the use of vegetable productions as follows.

“In the oldest times mankind were so fond of sweet things, that the goodness and agreeable taste of every kind of food was determined according to the degree of its sweetness; and such is the manner of judging, even at present, throughout all the East, in Africa, and in America. This is the case also among us with the greater part of the lower classes, who are not able to follow the mode of richer tables. In the northern countries this taste is almost every where prevalent. Thus the Swedes spoil, by the addition of sugar, costly Rhenish wines, sauer-kraut, and other articles, the agreeable tartness which is gratifying to other nations. In proportion to their population and luxury, the Swedes seem to use more sugar than the Germans, and the Germans more than the English or French; and one might almost suspect that a taste for sweet things was in the inverse ratio of culture. At any rate, one can thus explain why many vegetable productions, which some centuries ago were reckoned among the most agreeable dishes, appear to us to be nauseously sweet.”

JACK AND HARRY.

Jack. All this, Harry, don't convince me. I do not like the *principle* of total abstinence. I think ardent spirits a *creature* of God; and that we should therefore use it as a blessing.

Harry. I admit Jack, that *corn and fruit* are *creatures* of God. But gold and silver, too, are

creatures of God, and yet you don't think Aaron's *Calf* and the silver shrines that were made to the *Goddess Diana*, were *creatures* of God, do you, Jack? If not, then, you see that the *creatures* of God may by man be converted to a bad use. The *corn* is a blessing while a *creature* of God, but so soon as it is converted into man's *creature*, whiskey, it becomes a curse instead of a blessing. The same may be said of the peach or apple. While it remains the simple fruit, it is truly delightful and pleasant to the taste; but when man murders it by *beating*, *bruising*, and *boiling*, and thus changes its nature, as a *creature* of God, it may then become poisonous, and prove ruinous to the souls and bodies of men.

A WHIMSICAL HORSE.

THERE is said to be a very fine horse in possession of Sir Henry Meaux and Co., eminent brewers of London, who appears to have the strange fancy of cracking jokes upon other animals. His wit seems, however, to be chiefly expended upon pigs. There is a long deep trough in the yard where he is kept, which is kept filled with water. The horse sometimes takes a mouthful of corn, goes to the trough and stands by it, and then lets his corn fall upon the ground. In the mean time the pigs in the yard make their approach and begin their depredations upon the corn which the horse has dropped. Upon this, the latter seizes one of them by the bristles or tail, pops him into the trough, and then capers about the yard, apparently delighted with the frolic. The noise of the pig soon brings the people to his assistance. The horse after indulging himself, for some time in antic tricks, retires to the stable.

ON NIGHT.

Night is the time for rest;
 How sweet when labors close,
 To gather round an aching breast
 The curtain of repose;
 Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
 Upon our own delightful bed!

Night is the time for dreams;
 The gay romance of life,
 When truth that is, and truth that seems,
 Blend in fantastic strife;
 Ah! visions less beguiling far
 Than waking dreams by daylight are!

Night is the time for toil;
 To plough the classic field,
 Intent to find the buried spoil
 Its wealthy furrows yield,—
 Till all is ours, that sages taught,
 That poets sang, or heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep;
 To wet with unseen tears
 Those graves of memory where sleep
 The joys of other years;
 Hopes that were angels in their birth,
 But perished young, like things on earth!

Night is the time to watch,
 On Ocean's dark expanse;
 To hail the Pleiades, or catch
 The full Moon's earliest glance,
 That brings unto the home-sick mind
 All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care ;
 Brooding on hours mispent,
 To see the spectre of Despair
 Come to our lonely tent ;
 Like Brutus 'midst his slumbering host,
 Startied by Cæsar's stalwart ghost.

Night is the time to muse !
 Then from the eye the soul
 Takes flight, and with expanding views,
 Beyond the starry pole,
 Descries athwart the abyss of night
 The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray ;
 Our Savior oft withdrew
 To desert mountains far away,
 So will his followers do ;
 Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
 And hold communion there with God.

Night is the time for death ;
 When all around is peace,
 Calmly to yield the weary breath,
 From sin and suffering cease ;
 Think of Heaven's bliss, and give the sign
 To parting friends—such death be mine !

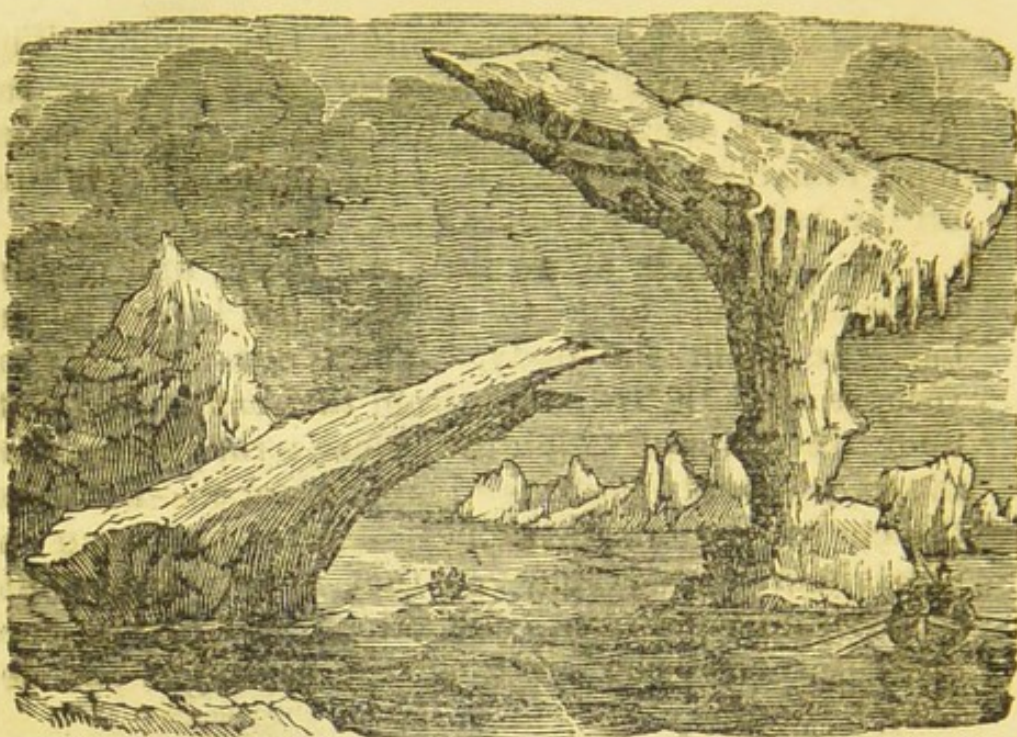
EGYPTIAN MUMMIES.

A large work has recently been published in London, called the "History of Egyptian Mummies." One would think, from the title, that it might contain the whole secret of that long lost art of embalming dead bodies. But no such thing. The writer only collects from old authors,—Herodotus, and others,—what every body already knew or might have known, and adds to them his own thoughts.

Perhaps this is saying *rather* too much. The writer not only adds his *thoughts*, but his *observations*; for he carefully examined some of the mummies himself. He describes the process of taking off the bandages, as follows:—

“ It was a task of no little difficulty, and required considerable force to separate the layers of the bandage from the body. They consisted of envelopes of cloth, extending from the head to the feet, under the soles of which they were wrapped up, and there presented a fringed appearance.—Between the cloths, a quantity of pitchy matter had been applied in a heated state, so that it was impossible to separate them from each other; and levers were absolutely necessary to raise the bandages and develop the body.

“ This, however, was most effectively and perfectly done.—The feet were first made out, the soles of which were perfectly soft, and yielded to the impression of my nails. The nails of the toes were all entire, and the upper surfaces of the feet were found to have been gilt—the same occurred on the legs, abdomen, chest and head. The specimen was found to be that of a man, rather of an advanced age. The beard was perfect and full; the hairs being about half an inch in length. It was of a reddish brown color, and similar in appearance to the hair of the head, which was scanty in quantity. The color of the whole body was of a brownish black, and on various places, it could be perceived that a quantity of resinous varnish had been smeared and applied while hot.”



ICEBERGS.

Icebergs are large bodies of ice filling the valleys between the high mountains in northern latitudes. Among the most remarkable are those of the East Coast of Spitsbergen. The frost sports wonderfully with these bodies, and gives them the most fantastic, and sometimes the most majestic forms.

Masses have been seen assuming the shape of a Gothic Church, with arched windows and doors, and all the rich drapery that an Arabian tale would scarcely dare to describe. Crystal of the richest blue, tables with one or more feet, and often immense flat-roofed temples, supported by round transparent columns, float by the astonished spectators. These icebergs are the creation of ages, and annually increase by the falling of snows, and of rain, which instantly freezes, and more than repairs the loss occasioned by the heat of the sun.

THE structure of the giraffe, sometimes called the camelopard, is very singular. It is a native of Africa; and appears to be confined to a particular district of that country, which produces its only food; the leaf of a shrub called by the natives the *kanaap*.

The giraffe, is a ruminating animal. The most beautiful part of the animal is its head. The mouth is small; the eyes brilliant and full. Between the eyes, and above the nose, is a swelling, very prominent and well defined. This prominence is an enlargement of the bony substance, and seems to be similar to the two little lumps or protuberances with which the top of its head is armed, and which being about the size of a hen's egg, spring, on each side, at the commencement of the mane.—The last mentioned protuberances may be seen by a back view of the head.



When the giraffe is very young, these bony protuberances are terminated by a knot of long hair. As they advance in years this hair disappears.

The color, at first, is a light red, but as the animal grows older, the color becomes deeper. In

the female it finally assumes a yellow brown; in the male, a brown approaching to black. The skin varies, in both sexes, as to the distribution and form of the spots.

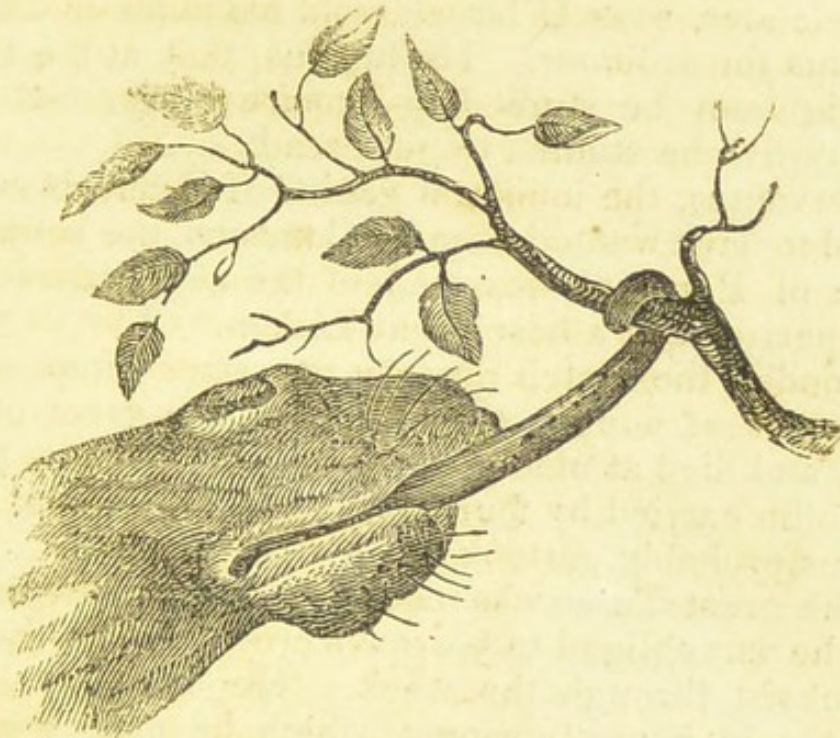
The forelegs of the giraffe appear much longer than the others, but this is a mistake; for the real difference is very slight indeed. Its legs are very slender, but the knees have a prominence, because the animal kneels, when it lies down. Its mode of lying down is singular, and perhaps may be as well learned from a cut, as from a description.



The hoofs of this animal resemble those of the ox. Its defence, like that of the horse and other hoofed animals, consists in kicks. Its hinder limbs are so small, and its blows so rapid that the eye cannot follow them. They are able, by this means to defend themselves, it is said, even against the lion.

The mouth and tongue of the giraffe are not less peculiar than the rest of its structure. The mode

of its laying hold of the branches of the shrub on which it feeds are here illustrated.



Some suppose the giraffe is unable to reach the ground. This appears to be a mistake. But it is fortunately never, or rarely ever, reduced to the necessity, in the country where it is found, of taking its food in this manner.—Many curious anecdotes might be related of this animal, but we have not further space for them.

THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

POVERTY OF LEARNED MEN.

ONE circumstance which has operated to retard the progress of knowledge, is the poverty of the learned. Fortune has rarely condescended to be the companion of genius. Though others find a hundred by-roads to her palace, there is but one

open, and that a very indifferent one, for men of letters.

Xylander, says D'Israeli, sold his notes on Dion Cassius for a dinner. He tells us, that at the age of eighteen he studied to acquire glory, but at twenty-five he studied to get bread.

Cervantes, the immortal genius of Spain, is supposed to have wanted bread. Camoens, the solitary pride of Portugal, deprived of the necessaries of life, perished in a hospital at Lisbon.

Vondel, the Dutch Shakspeare, after composing a number of popular tragedies, lived in great poverty, and died at ninety years of age; then he had his coffin carried by fourteen poets, who without his genius probably partook of his wretchedness.

The great Tasso was reduced to such a dilemma, that he was obliged to borrow a crown from a friend to subsist through the week. He alludes to his distress in a pretty sonnet, which he addresses to his cat, entreating her to assist him, during the night, with the lustre of her eyes,—having no candle to see to write his verses!

The illustrious Cardinal Bentivoglio, the ornament of Italy and of literature, languished, in his old age, in the most distressful poverty; and having sold his palace to satisfy his creditors, left nothing behind him but his reputation. The learned Pomponius Lætus lived in such a state of poverty, that his friend Platina who wrote the lives of the popes, and also a book of cookery, introduces him into the cookery book by a facetious observation, that if Pomponius Lætus should be robbed of a couple of eggs, he would not have wherewithal to purchase two other eggs. The history of Aldrovandus is noble and pathetic; having expended a large fortune in forming his collections of natural history, and

employing the first artists in Europe, he was suffered to die in the hospital of that city, to whose fame he had eminently contributed.

Du Ryer, a celebrated French poet, was constrained to labor with rapidity, and to live in the cottage of an obscure village. His bookseller bought his heroic verses for one hundred sols the hundred lines, and the smaller ones for fifty sols. What an interesting picture has a contemporary given of his reception by a poor and ingenious author in a visit he paid to Du Ryer!

‘On a fine summer day we went to him, at some distance from town. He received us with joy, talked to us of his numerous projects, and showed us several of his works. But what more interested us was, that though dreading to show us his poverty, he contrived to give us some refreshments. We seated ourselves under a wide oak, the table-cloth was spread on the grass, his wife brought us some milk, with fresh water and brown bread, and he picked a basket of cherries. He welcomed us with gaiety, but we could not take leave of this amiable man, now grown old, without tears, to see him so ill treated by fortune, and to have nothing left but literary honor!’

Vaugelas, the most polished writer of the French language, who devoted thirty years to his translation of Quintus Curtius, died possessed of nothing valuable but his precious manuscripts. This ingenious scholar left his corpse to the surgeons, for the benefit of his creditors!

Louis the Fourteenth honored Racine and Boileau with a private monthly audience. One day, the king asked what there was new in the literary world? Racine answered, that he had seen a melancholy spectacle in the house of Corneille,

whom he found dying, deprived even of a little broth! The king preserved a profound silence: and sent the dying poet a sum of money.

Dryden, for less than three hundred pounds, sold Tonson ten thousand verses, as may be seen by the agreement which has been published.

Purchas, who, in the reign of king James I, had spent his life in travels and study to form his *Relation of the World*, when he gave it to the public, for the reward of his labors was thrown into prison, at the suit of his printer.

It appears by the Harleian MSS, 7524, that Rushworth, the author of 'Historical Collections,' passed the last years of his life in jail, where indeed he died.

Rymer, the collector of the *Fœdera*, was forced to part with all his choice printed books to subsist himself; and to sell all his MS, collections, fifty volumes, in folio, to the best bidder.

Spenser, the child of Fancy, languished out his life in misery. 'Lord Burleigh,' says Granger, 'who it is said prevented the queen giving him a hundred pounds, seems to have thought the lowest clerk in his office a more deserving person.'

Dr. Edmund Castell spent a great part of his life in compiling his *Lexicon Heptaglotton*, on which he bestowed incredible pains, and expended on it no less than £ 12,000, and broke his constitution, and exhausted his fortune. At length it was printed, but the copies remained *unsold* on his hands. He exhibits a curious picture of literary labor in his preface. 'As for myself, I have been unceasingly occupied for such a number of years in this work, that that day seemed, as it were, a holiday in which I have not labored as much as sixteen or eighteen hours in these lexicons and Polyglot Bibles.'

QUACKERY.

“WHAT ails thy friend Hawkins?” said an aged Quaker lady to me one day. “His liver is probably a little diseased, madam,” I replied. “Ay,” said she, “I know what the matter is. He has got the *jandlers* (jaundice); and now if thee would introduce me to the family, I can cure him, at once.”

“What is the matter with Mr. Hawkins?” said a gentleman, presently afterward. So I told him all I knew. “Has he a good appetite?” “Oh, no: very little appetite.” “Why do n’t he take the Hygiene pills? My wife was lately just so, and she took the pills, and is a great deal better. She can eat now, whereas a little while ago, she could scarcely eat any thing at all.” “In what respects is she better than before she took the pills?” “Why she has a good appetite, as I have already told you; and I would not have her set back again to where she was, for a thousand dollars.”

So, had I met with fifty of Mr. Hawkins’ neighbors, who had observed his yellow appearance, each would probably have had a certain cure for him at their tongue’s end; even without ever asking him or his friends another question. He was yellow, and therefore must be treated like some other person who was once yellow, and recovered, while in the use of some particular medicine! He had no appetite, and must therefore be *physicked* till an appetite came!

Now this is all downright quackery, and the world is full of it. I ought rather to have said, the disposition which I have mentioned lays a foundation for quackery. I have seen twenty persons

present at the dressing of a common wound in the flesh; and every one had his supposed cure for it. But the surgeon just put the divided edges together, as they were before, and fastened them there by his dressings or bandages; and nature soon did the cure. Had the prescription of any of the good neighbors, who stood around, been followed—had molasses, or rum, or balm, or a peach leaf, or a piece of snake-skin, or any thing else been applied to the wound, after the edges were put together, nature would still have effected her work; at least if the person was healthy. The wound might have been a *little* slower in healing, it is true; but not much. Applications on the surface, except to defend the wound from being irritated, can have but a very trifling effect, either one way or another.

The truth is that from ignorance of the human constitution, and the laws which prevail, both in health and disease, people every where mistake, in regard to the manner in which cures are effected. If a person uses a certain medicine, or medical application, and recovers while using it, they think it cured him. And if the disorder was called jaundice, by the physician, and they fancy—no matter how slight the proof—that another person has the jaundice, why he must use the same medicine which cured, as they suppose, the other.—*Perhaps*, indeed, he *might* get well while using it; but *perhaps*, too, it might do neither good nor harm, except to poison his constitution, and sow the seeds of another disease. But *perhaps*, still, it might send him to his grave.

My friend, the Quaker lady, would gladly have given Mr. Hawkins, an infusion of the contents of the sheepfold in cider (a very common prescription for jaundice in many places); and if his stomach

were strong enough to bear it, he might not have been injured. Nay, if nature happened, just then, to be beginning a cure, the man might have got well soon afterward, and the Quaker lady's tea might have had the credit of curing him!

The gentleman's pills *might* have given him an appetite. But suppose they had. Would this, as a matter of course, have done him good? When the appetite fails, it often shows that the individual ought to abstain from almost all food for a time. But if the appetite of a child or an adult begins to flag a little, every one is ready to cry out; "Oh, you must eat, or you will be sick;" and to force a load upon the stomach, contrary to the intentions of its Author, who evidently wishes to have it rest.

It is by no means certain, therefore, that when you excite the appetite by medicine, you do an individual any permanent good. In a majority of cases, it is even believed that you do him an injury. A person may have a strong appetite—in cases of this kind—and may take ever so much nutritious food, and yet not be nourished by it, at all; while the task imposed on the stomach in reducing it to a pulp only wears out the strength of the system, and prepares the individual to sink—as soon as the artificial appetite is gone—a great deal lower than he was before.

ORIGIN OF NEGRO SLAVERY.

THE Portuguese first imported African slaves into Europe, in 1444. Spain soon engaged in the traffic, and negro slaves abounded in some places in that kingdom. After America was discovered, the Indians of Hispaniola were imported into Spain

and made slaves. The Spaniards visited the coasts of North America, and kidnapped thousands of the Indians, whom they transported into slavery in Europe and the West Indies. It is said by Bancroft, in his history of the United States, that Columbus himself enslaved five hundred native Americans and sent them to Spain, that they might be publicly sold at Seville.

The practice of selling North American Indians into foreign bondage continued near two centuries. Negro slavery was first introduced into America in 1501, by Spanish slaveholders, who emigrated with their negroes. A royal edict of Spain authorized negro slavery in America in 1603. King Ferdinand himself sent from Seville fifty slaves to labor in mines.—In 1511 the direct traffic in slaves between Africa and Hispaniola was enjoined by a royal ordinance.

Sir John Hawkins was the first Englishman that engaged in the slave trade. In 1562, he transported a large cargo of Africans to Hispaniola. In 1587, another expedition was prepared, Queen Elizabeth protected and shared in the traffic. Hawkins, in one of his expeditions, set fire to an African city, and out of 8000 inhabitants, succeeded in seizing 205.

James Smith, of Boston, and Thomas Keyser, first brought upon the colonies the guilt of participating in the African slave trade. In 1545 they imported a cargo of negroes from Africa. Throughout Massachusetts the cry of justice was raised against them as malefactors and murderers. The guilty men were committed for the offence, and the representatives of the people ordered the negroes to be restored to their native country, at the public charge. At a later period, there were both Indian

and negro slaves in Massachusetts. In 1620, a Dutch ship entered James river, and landed twenty negroes for sale. This is the sad epoch of the introduction of negro slavery into Virginia.



FRAGMENT OF ENTOMOLOGY.

SOME of the insect tribes appear only at particular hours of the day. One species of butterfly

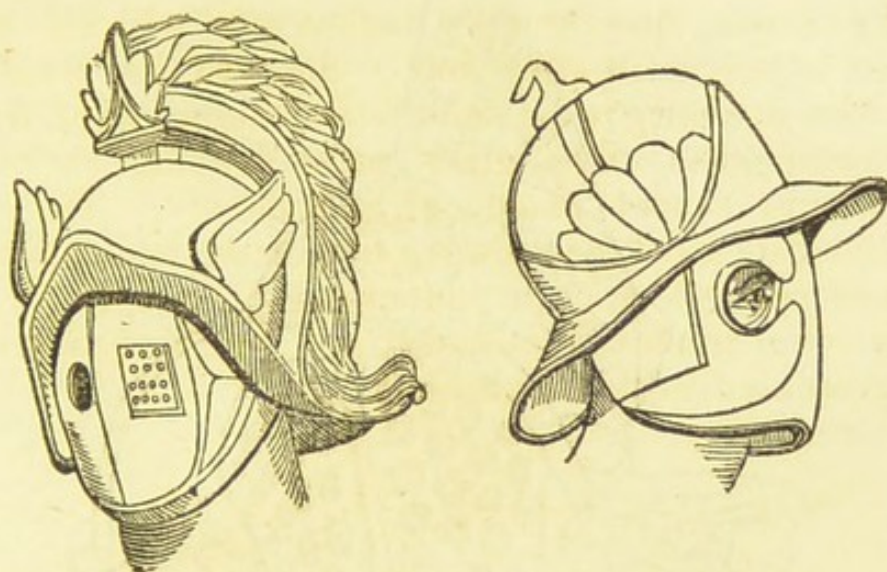
for example, does not fly before two o'clock, and goes to rest soon after four. Some of the smaller beetles are only to be seen before noon; when they all disappear. The gnats, after dancing an hour or two at sunset, disappear as suddenly. The red underwing moth has always been observed at about six or seven o'clock in the morning; and never at any other time. This insect and its caterpillar are represented in the engraving.

IMPORTANT TO MARINERS.

THE Mercantile Journal of this city gives the following account of a cheap method of converting salt water to fresh, invented many years ago, by an American ship master. The advantages of such an invention are of very great importance; and ought to be universally known.

Make a wooden cover to the largest boiler in the camboose; in the centre of which insert an inverted tea-kettle, after knocking off the bail, and thus a *boiler* and a *still head* are formed without difficulty. To the spout of the tea-kettle attach a common gun-barrel, to pass through a bucket or tub of cold water, which may be easily contrived, by changing the water in the tub occasionally.

The consequence of course may be easily anticipated. The steam from the boiler, when the water is heated in the ordinary process of cooking, collects into the tea-kettle, and passes from thence into the gun barrel, where it is condensed, and may be caught at the end of the gun-barrel in the shape of a small trickling stream of tolerably good *fresh water*.

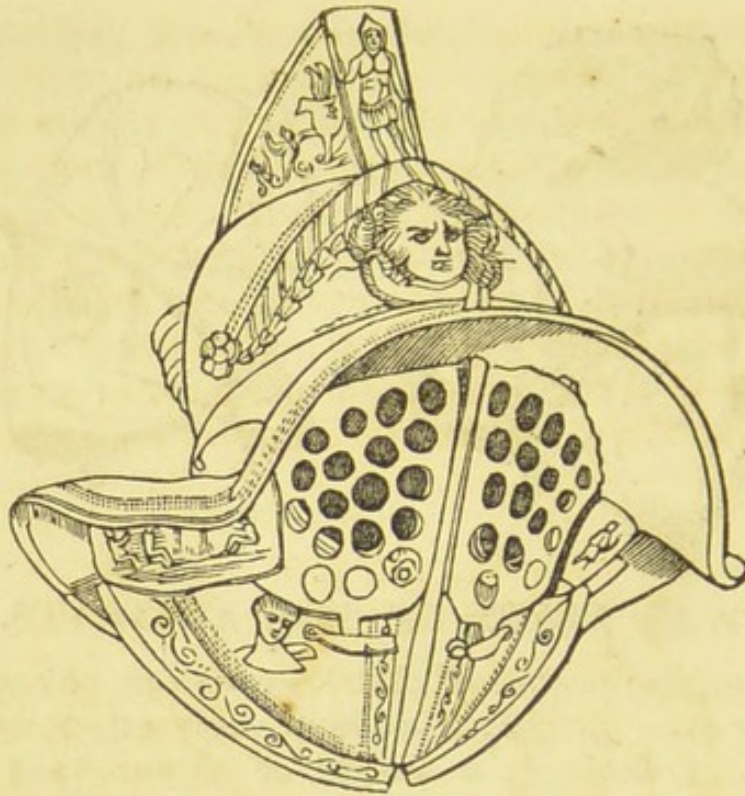


WAR DRESS OF THE ANCIENTS.

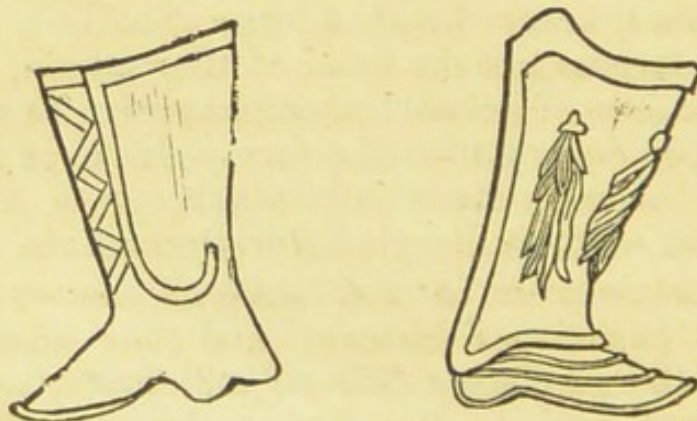
When the people of 2000 years ago engaged in war or even in single combat, they often wore as means of defence, a weight of armor that many modern soldiers could not even carry a whole day. Who has not been struck with the great weight of their helmet or head dress, as they have observed these relics of antiquity lying on the shelves of some of our museums? But they had besides the helmet, the breast plate, the cuirass or buckler, bands for the arms and thighs, and greaves or heavy boots for the legs. In addition to these they carried, in one hand, a large shield.

The engraving at the head of this article, represents one form of helmet; accompanied with a vizor or mask, to defend also the face. Here is a more splendid helmet, made of bronze, such as was sometimes worn in the gladiatorial combats.

The armor worn in war differed somewhat at different periods of history; and that which was worn by the gladiators differed still more, not only at different periods, but during the same period.



Those of the latter who fought on horseback, were occasionally armed with a light lance, and covered with a short and light cloak;—their horses were also singularly caparisoned. Their legs were often entirely bare; though they usually wore something on their feet.—The following cut represents one form of greaves or boots worn by the gladiators.



But their armor did not wholly protect them, of course. There were parts of the body which were penetrable. The next cut represents two gladiators, in complete armor, except their swords, (which are improperly omitted) one of whom has just received at the hand of the other a mortal wound. We have introduced the representation here, because it gives a tolerable idea of the great amount of armor with which the body of a gladiator was loaded; and as *we* should think encumbered.



How have the customs of war changed! How much more quickly, since the omission of a heavy covering for the body, and the introduction of fire-arms and other modern inventions, is a national contest decided! War has become much more a science than formerly. Still it is a most tremendous evil. We hope, most ardently, that the progress of refinement and improvement, will not only shorten but speedily remove a scourge so terrible.

CATHARINE I. OF RUSSIA.

The history of this female, who was exalted from a low station to the imperial throne of Russia, is well known to many.

She was in the humblest capacity, that of servant, when she attracted Peter's regards. After she became his wife her influence over him was unbounded; not from the solidity of her judgment, or brilliancy of her wit; but from the sweetness, pliability, and equanimity of her temper.

His companion in all his wars and expeditions, she alone knew how to assuage the ferocity of his temper; her gentle forbearance, her soothing tones, almost invariably served to allay his wildest transports of rage. The influence she possessed she never abused, and used it only for purposes of mercy and beneficence, and many a miserable wretch owed his life to her interference.

Sensible, good tempered, and ever willing to oblige, Catharine never forgot a benefit. She had been, before her marriage, protected in the family of Gluck; and when Wurb, who had been tutor to Gluck's children, presented himself before her, after her exaltation to the throne, she said, "What, thou good man, art thou alive still? I will provide for thee;" and she gave him a handsome pension.

Gluck finally died a prisoner at Moscow. Catharine did all she could for his distressed family;—she pensioned his widow; made his son a page; portioned his two eldest daughters; and appointed the youngest to be her maid of honor.

Without the smallest pretensions to beauty, Catharine was nevertheless engaging. Her light hair she dyed black; her form in youth, was finely turned and peculiarly delicate, but she grew extremely

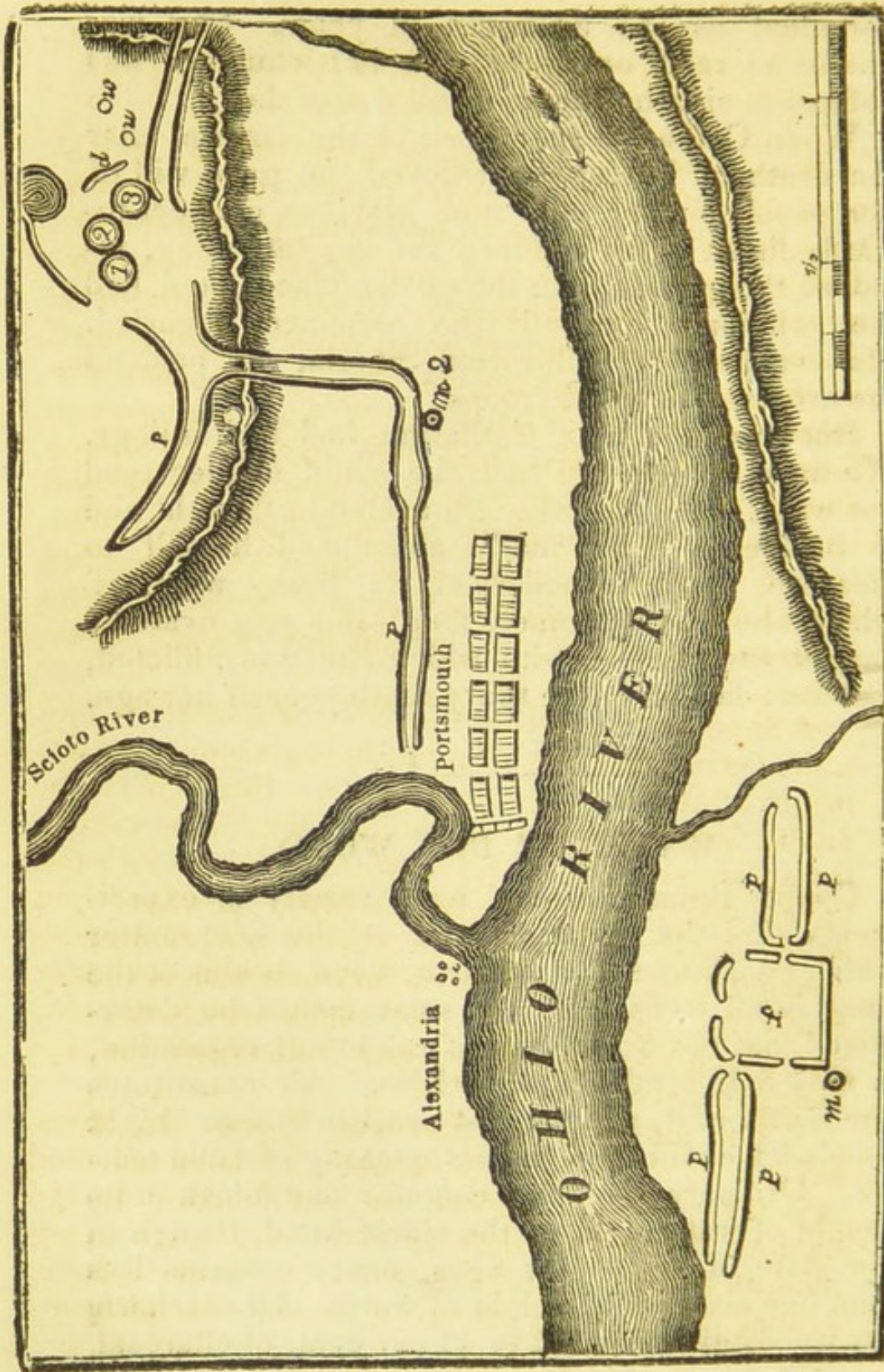
corpulent as she advanced in years. She was unable to read or write; and her daughter was obliged to sign her name to all despatches.

When Catharine succeeded to the empire, after the death of Peter, she enjoyed the good-will of her people by her mild and gracious conduct towards them. She reduced the capitation tax, removed the gibbets from the public places, and had the criminals interred who remained unburied. She recalled the exiles from Siberia, and paid all the arrears due to the troops.

But even the mild Catharine had her failings. We have already said that she could neither read nor write. But she was also averse to thought and to business. She finally abandoned herself to pleasure, drank immoderately of Tokay wine, of which she was extremely fond; this aggravated a cancer and dropsy, with which she was afflicted, and took her off in the thirty-ninth year of her age.

WATER IN DRY WOOD.

Count Rumford found by a variety of experiments, that the specific gravity of the solid matter which constitutes the *timber* of wood, is almost the same in all trees. By the same means he determined that the woody part of oak in full vegetation, is only four tenths of the whole. Air constitutes one fourth of it, and the rest consists in sap. Light woods have still a much less quantity of solid matter. Ordinary dry wood contains one fourth of its weight of water. Even the oldest wood, though in the state of timber for ages, never contains less than one sixth of its weight of water. All *absolutely* dry woods give from 42 to 43 per cent. of charcoal.



HISTORY OF AMERICA.

WE have already seen at what points, and at what different periods, most of the principal countries in America began to be settled by Europeans. But we must never forget that Europeans were by no means the first inhabitants of this vast continent. A copper colored race of men, every where known by the name of Indians, simply because when the country was first discovered it was supposed to form a part of India, had preoccupied the shores and hills and valleys which we now call ours, and had remained—we know not how long—in undisturbed possession. At least they had remained for a long time unmolested by any nation like the modern Europeans; and at war only among themselves.

A thousand conjectures have been hazarded, and a thousand more are likely to be so, respecting the origin of these native Americans. Some of them, as the Mexicans, had made considerable advances towards civilization. So it was evidently with the tribes which, many centuries ago, inhabited the valley of the Ohio. But they were not all equally advanced in the march of improvement, as may easily be inferred from the relics which remain, and which are constantly found, both above the surface and below it.

“The antiquities of the west,” says Dr. Ramsay of Tennessee, “have been properly divided into three classes. First, those belonging to the modern Indian population; these are neither numerous nor interesting; such as rude axes of stone, pestles and mortars, heads of arrows, earthen ves-

sels, pipes, war clubs, idols carved out of a species of serpentine, calumets, &c. &c. Secondly, those belonging to, or constructed by a people of European descent, such as medals, coins, furnaces, &c. &c. Third, those belonging to or made by, a people evidently demi-civilized, who formerly inhabited the western parts of the United States; such as forts, cemeteries, mounds, temples, altars, camps, towns, videttes, fortifications, watch-towers, &c. &c."

Of the latter class of antiquities some have been already mentioned in former articles of this work. But the very great interest which this curious subject elicits in the minds of many readers, encourages us to present a short account of the ancient works, on both sides of the river, at Portsmouth, Ohio. We shall begin with those on the Kentucky, or southern side. In our description we shall make much use of the collections of the American Antiquarian Society.

Exactly opposite the mouth of the Scioto river, on the Kentucky side of the Ohio, is a large fort, with an elevated, large mound of earth, near its southwestern outside angle, and parallel walls of earth, represented in the above engraving, by *p. p.* *p. p.* The eastern parallel walls have a gateway leading down a high steep bank to the river. They are about ten rods apart, and, at the present time, from four to six in height; and connected with the fort by a gateway. Two small rivulets have worn for themselves channels quite through these walls, which shows that considerable time has elapsed since they were deserted.

The fort itself is represented in the engraving by *f*, which is nearly a square, with five gateways, whose walls are now from fourteen to twenty feet in height.

From the gateway at the northwest corner of this fort, commenced two parallel walls of earth, extending nearly to the Ohio, in a bend of that river, where in some low grounds near the bank, they disappear. The river seems to have changed its bed a little since these walls were thrown up. A large elevated mound at the southwest corner of the fort, on the outside of the fortification, is represented by *m*. It appears too large to have been used as a place of sepulture. It is not only large, but raised twenty feet or more, and very level on its surface. It is supposed to contain half an acre of ground. Between these works and the Ohio is a body of fine interval land which was nearly inclosed by them.

Buried in the walls of this fort have been found and taken out large quantities of iron manufactured into pick axes, shovels, gun barrels, &c., evidently secreted there by the French, when they fled from the victorious and combined forces of England and America, at the time that fort Du Quesne, afterwards fort Pitt, was taken from them. Excavations made in quest of these hidden treasures are to be seen on these walls, and in many other places near them.

On the north side of the Ohio, and a little to the northeast of Portsmouth, are works still more extensive than the former. They are also more intricate and more difficult to describe.

Commencing in the low ground, near the bank of the Scioto river, are two parallel walls of earth quite similar in regard to height to those which we have already described, on the other bank of the Ohio. Like the latter, too, they were evidently made of earth taken up uniformly from the surface, so as not to leave any traces by which we can dis-

cover whence it was taken: owing, probably, to the rudeness of the tools used in constructing these walls. From the bank of the Scioto, these walls lead eastwardly, for a considerable distance, continuing about eight or ten rods apart, when suddenly they separate to the distance of about twenty rods, with a curve to the north towards the more elevated ground, as represented in the engraving. This elevation is quite steep, and forty or fifty feet high.

Here, near a curve in the parallel walls, is a well on the brow of the hill, perhaps 25 feet in depth; but from the immense quantity of rounded pebbles and sand, of which the earth here consists, after passing through the deep black vegetable mould on the surface, we are involuntarily led to believe that this well was once quite deep enough to have its bottom on a level with the surface of the river.

The figures 1, 2, 3, represent three circular mounds, elevated about six feet above the adjacent plain. Each of them contains about an acre. Not far from these, at 4, is a work more than 20 feet high, and contains nearly an acre. This elevated circular work, with raised walks, to ascend and descend to and from its elevated area, was not used as a cemetery. There is one, however, not far from it, near *m*, which is a conical mound of earth, brought to a point at its apex, at least twenty-five feet high; filled with the mouldering ashes of the people who probably constructed these works.

In a northwestern direction from the last, is a similar one, just begun. It is surrounded by a ditch about six feet deep, with a hole in the centre. This work is represented by *c*. Two other wells, \bigcirc *w*, \bigcirc *w*, are now ten or twelve feet in depth, and appear to have been dug for water, and are similar

to the one already described. Near these, at *d*, is a wall of earth, raised so high, that a spectator standing on its summit, may have a full view of whatever is transacting on the works at 1, 2, 3, and 4.

From these extensive works are two parallel walls of earth, leading to the margin of the Ohio, about two miles in length. They are from six to ten feet high. They are lost in the low ground of the river, which appears to have receded from them since they were constructed. The surface of the earth, between all the parallel walls, is quite smooth, and appears to have been made so by art, and was used as a road by those coming down either of the rivers for the purpose of ascending to the "High Place," situated upon the hill. The walls might have served as fences also, to enclose the interval, which was probably cultivated.

On the low land there is but one mound, *m*, 2. This is a small cemetery. It appears to have belonged to the "common people," probably to those who resided near it, on the plain.

ANCIENT CUSTOMS IN NEW ENGLAND.

THERE is much that is curious in the early history of any country, especially in that of New England. A book has recently appeared, entitled, "History of Ipswich, Essex, and Hamilton. By Joseph Felt." Ipswich was first settled in 1633, by thirteen persons. The "History" contains a minute and highly interesting account of Ipswich from its first settlement to the close of 1833; a period of two centuries. We have collected from this curious work, the following fragments in rela-

tion to ancient manners and customs. They will apply, with very little modification, to most other parts of New England.

FOOD.—Dinners have never essentially varied. The suppers and breakfasts of our former inhabitants have been very much altered. For more than a century and a half the most of them had pea and bean porridge, or broth, made of the liquor of boiled salt meat and pork, and mixed with meal; and sometimes hasty pudding and milk—both morning and evening. With regard to bread stuffs, rye and Indian corn were long the only ones used. In 1720, flour of wheat was baked in a few rich families as a rare treat.

TRAVELLING.—At the first settlement of Ipswich, as horses were scarce, walking was common with all classes. When such animals became plenty, two persons would ride on one of them, fitted out with a saddle and a pillion. Females also rode singly on side-saddles, much more commonly than in ancient times. These customs continued till the introduction of small wagons and chaises.

About 1770, it began to be the practice to trot horses. Previously these animals had paced. It had been common to pay individuals for learning them to go in this manner. The way in which a horse was learned to pace, was by fastening his two right and two left feet with leather straps, so that the two former might step together, and then the two latter.

RAISING POTATOES.—Potatoes, though of American origin, were not cultivated in this town till 1733, and then but seldom. They were kept as a rarity, to eat with roast meat. They were at first planted in beds, like beets and carrots. Three bushels of them were considered a large crop for

one farmer's family. Now a hundred bushels of them are not thought so much of, as one was then.

USE OF TOBACCO.—Tobacco was considered hurtful by the legislature, and was, by their acts, forbidden. The following appear to be extracts from the statute on this subject.

“1634. No person shall take tobacco publicly, on fine of 2s. 6d., or privately in his own or another's house before acquaintances or strangers.”

“1635. It is enacted that no one shall buy or sell this commodity on penalty of 10s, after September.”

These restrictions did not avail. What Josselyn said, in 1663, as to the consumption of tobacco in England was applicable to our people: “It hath made more slaves than Mahomet.”

Segars were very little used till after the war of the revolution. Then, pipes and a large box of tobacco for smoking, were in daily and extensive use.

HUNTING WOLVES.—Many and long were the efforts of our fathers to extirpate wolves, which often preyed upon their flocks. For this purpose, Ipswich received, in 1635, twenty-five wolf-hooks, as their proportion of those sent over (we suppose from England) by Mr. Wilson. The following was the method of taking them.

“Four mackerel hooks across are bound with a brown thread, and then some wool is wrapped round them, and they are dipped into melted tallow, till they be as big and round as an egg. This thing, thus prepared, is laid by some dead carcass, which toles the wolves. It is swallowed by them, and is the means of their being taken.”

As late as 1678, the town paid £3. 10s. for killing 70 wolves in the course of a year

SHEPHERDS.—Sheep were formerly under the care of shepherds. The shepherds had their cottages adjoining the sheep walks, so as to be near their flocks. It was customary for each shepherd to put his flock in a pen every Friday afternoon, so that the owners might take what they wanted for family use, or for market.

DOGS.—It was enacted by the General Court in 1642 that if a dog kill a sheep, double damages shall be paid by his owner, and the dog be hung immediately. It is also said, (we doubt the fact) that in 1693, dogs were hanged, in that vicinity, for witchcraft.

BODILY PUNISHMENT.

THE Annals of Education, some time ago, contained the following anecdote, which we believe originally appeared in the Encyclopedia Americana.

“Hauberle and Neuman relate, that John James Hauberle, the schoolmaster of a small Suabian town, during the 51 years and 7 months in which he performed the duties of his office, according to a *moderate calculation*, gave the youth entrusted to his charge, 911,517 blows with a stick—24,010 strokes with a rod—20,989 ferulings—136,715 blows with the hand—10,235 slaps upon the chops—7905 boxes on the ears—1,115,800 raps on the head—and, 12,763 notabenes with the Bible, Catechism, Psalm Book, and Grammar; 777 times he made boys kneel upon peas, and 613 times upon a three cornered piece of wood. He obliged 5001 scholars to wear the picture of an ass upon the breast, and 1707 to hold out the rod; not to mention the punishments which were inflicted *ex tempore*.

Of the blows with a stick, 800,000 were for not learning Latin vocabularies, and of the strokes with a rod, 7,600 were for not learning passages of the Bible and Hymns."

The Editor of the *Plough Boy*, an agricultural paper published in New York, also relates that in his young school days, he was, like most other boys, fond of relief from copy-hand and Dilworth; and sought it in "cutting letters," drawing sloops, and ships, and other objects on his slate. One day, the teacher passing his "rounds," caught him at his sport, and without any warning, inflicted punishment on his head with the end of a sharp handled knife. This teacher is now an extensive and respectable merchant in New York, and almost every day, the editor meets him in the vicinity of Wall street, and whenever he sees him, the shape and appearance of the knife are immediately presented to his mind; although it is more than twenty years since the occurrence.

For our own part we believe that many parents and teachers who scrupulously—we were going to say *religiously*—abominate the rod, and yet do not hesitate to strike the heads of their children of all ages, not only with the flat hand, but even with penknife handles, rules, books, and any thing else they can get hold of, would do well to consider this subject. We have seen hundreds who could give a lecture of an hour's length against whipping, whose children were by no means more promising than those of others. We have even seen whole families who were accustomed to heavy raps on the head, many times a day, who were as remarkable for their dulness, as other families were for their sprightliness. It is difficult to say, precisely, what connection there was between the state of the mind

and this boxing of ears and pounding on the head; but we will say, without fear of contradiction, that there are brains in the head, which may be injured by such violent concussion; and that there are no brains in the legs, or in the *glutei muscles*.

We have not observed, however, that children are better, morally, in exact proportion to the number of blows on their heads or elsewhere. Were this the case, John James Hauberle must have made—one would think,—as great a concussion in the moral world, as he did in the physical.

But this is too serious a matter to trifle with. Though we do not see what wonderful evil or what mighty degradation there *can* be in giving a child *bodily* pain, by a small—very small—stick, in a proper place, provided we could be sure that a little momentary bodily suffering would save him months and years of mental anguish; yet we still say that it is ridiculous to be always flogging, besides being offensive in the sight of Heaven; and we honestly think that $\frac{99}{100}$ of the physical punishment at present inflicted does harm instead of good.

Prevention, after all, is better than cure. Whole families were well educated in the eighteenth century without positive punishment of any sort. Whole families are now, in the nineteenth century, educating in the same manner. How many—whether more or less than formerly—we cannot say. But we believe the number will be greater, just in proportion as people learn to take things in time, and prevent that which it is often troublesome to cure



Fig. A, represents two carder-bees heckling moss for their nests
 B, exterior view of the nest of the carder-bee.

CARDER-BEES, AND THEIR NESTS.

The carder-bees select for their nest a shallow excavation about half a foot in diameter; but when they cannot find one to suit their purpose, they undertake the Herculean task of digging one themselves. They cover this hollow with a dome of moss—sometimes, as we have ascertained, of withered grass. They make use, indeed, of whatever materials may be within their reach; for they

do not attempt to bring any thing from a distance, not even when they are deprived of the greater portion by an experimental naturalist. Their only method of transporting materials to the building is by pushing them along the ground—the bee, for that purpose, working backwards, with its head turned from the nest. If there is only one bee engaged in this labor, as usually happens in the early spring when a nest is founded by a solitary female who has outlived the winter, she transports her little bundles of moss or grass by successive backward pushes, till she gets them home.

In the latter part of the season, when the hive is populous and can afford more hands, there is an ingenious division of this labor. A file of bees, to the number sometimes of half a dozen, is established, from the nest to the moss or grass which they intend to use, the heads of all the file of bees being turned from the nest and towards the material. The last bee of the file lays hold of some of the moss with her mandibles, disentangles it from the rest, and having *carded* it with her fore-legs into a sort of felt or small bundle, she pushes it under her body to the next bee, who passes it in the same manner to the next, and so on till it is brought to the border of the nest—in the same way, as we sometimes see sugar-loaves conveyed from a cart to a warehouse, by a file of porters throwing them from one to another.

The elevation of the dome, which is all built from the interior, is from four to six inches above the level of the field. Beside the moss or grass, they frequently employ coarse wax to form the ceiling of the vault, for the purpose of keeping out rain, and preventing high winds from destroying it. Before this finishing is given to the nest we have



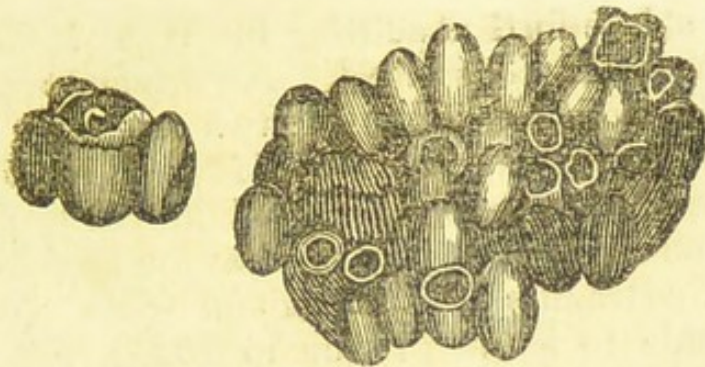
Interior views of Carder-bee's Nests.

remarked, that on a fine sunshiny day, the upper portion of the dome was opened to the extent of more than an inch, in order, we suppose, to forward the hatching of the eggs in the interior; but on the approach of night, this was carefully covered in again. It was remarkable that the opening which we have just mentioned was never used by the bees for either their entrance or their exit from

the nest, though they were all at work there, and, of course would have found it the readiest and easiest passage. But they invariably made their exit and their entrance through the covert-way or gallery which opens at the bottom of the nest, and in some nests, is about a foot long and half an inch wide. This is, no doubt, intended for concealment from field-mice, polecats, wasps, and other depredators.

On removing a portion of the dome and bringing the interior of the structure into view, we find little of the architectural regularity so conspicuous in the combs of a common bee-hive. Instead of this symmetry, there are only a few egg-shaped, dark-colored cells, placed somewhat irregularly, but approaching more to the horizontal than to the vertical position, and connected together with small shapeless columns of brown wax. Sometimes there are two or three of these oval cells placed one above another, without anything to unite them.

These cells are not, however, the workmanship of the old bees, but of their young grubs, who spin them when they are about to change into nymphs. But, from these cases, when they are spun, the enclosed insects have no means of escaping, and they depend for their liberation on the old bees gnawing off the covering, as is done also by ants in the same circumstances. The instinct with which they know the precise time when it is proper to do this, is truly wonderful. It is no less so, that these cocoons are by no means useless when thus untenanted, for they subsequently serve for honey-pots, and are indeed the only store-cells in the nest. For this purpose the edge of the cell is repaired and strengthened with a ring of wax.



Breeding Cells.

The true breeding cells are contained in several shapeless masses of brown colored wax, varying in dimensions, but of a somewhat flat and globular shape. On opening any of these, a number of eggs or grubs are found, on whose account the mother bee has collected the masses of wax, which also contain a supply of pollen moistened with honey, for their subsistence.

The number of eggs or grubs found in one spheroid of wax varies from three to thirty, and the bees in a whole nest seldom exceed sixty. There are three sizes of bees, of which the females are the largest; but neither these nor the males are, as in the case of the hive-bee, exempt from labor. The females, indeed, always found the nests, since they alone survive the winter, all the rest perishing with cold. In each nest, also, are several females, that live in harmony together.

HISTORY OF AMERICA.

SETTLEMENTS ON THE CONTINENT.

THE early European settlements in Greenland and Labrador, have been mentioned. The discoveries of Columbus and other early navigators, and

a few feeble efforts at settling the West Indies have also been briefly described. An attempt was made by the Catholics to establish two missions at Cumaua, in South America, in 1512, and in 1517, but the missionaries were massacred in 1519, and the scheme abandoned. A colony was founded in Peru, in 1532. Brazil was settled about 1550. Attempts were made to settle Florida in 1524, 1528, 1539, and 1562. Between this period and 1570, the settlements were broken up; but they were soon recommenced. No permanent settlements were made about Buenos Ayres, till about 1580. St. Jago, in Chili, was founded about 1540. Mexico was subdued by Cortez, and of course began to be settled in 1521.—But these early establishments of the Spaniards, French, and Portuguese, were not made, without long and bloody wars, and without much cruelty and treachery. The natives were butchered by hundreds and thousands; and those who were taken prisoners were often condemned to a slavery worse than death. In one instance, 10,000 out of an army of 15,000 Indians, which had been compelled to assist in subduing a neighboring nation, perished by the severity of the weather.

We have already shown that the more sterile coasts of North America—except Mexico and Florida,—were settled still later than South America; and not until a century had elapsed, after the discoveries of Columbus. Canada was settled and Quebec fortified, in 1607. Maine* and Virginia

* Morse, in his *Universal Geography*, says expressly that in 1607, two ships, with 100 men, under the command of George Popham, and Raleigh Gilbert, sailed to the mouth of the river Kennebec, and began a settlement; and that they built a fort on the peninsula, which they called Fort St. George.

began to be settled the same year. Forty English planters established themselves at Newfoundland in 1610.

We are now come to the origin of the history of New England, so far as the European population is concerned. In 1620, Plymouth in Massachusetts was settled by the English emigrants. Three years afterward, an English colony was planted at the mouth of the Piscataqua river, not far from the present site of Portsmouth. In 1628, Salem and Charlestown in Massachusetts were both settled; and Windsor, Hartford, and Saybrook in Connecticut, and Providence in Rhode Island, in 1635.

The middle states were settled a few years later than Virginia and New England. A colony of Swedes and Finns landed at Cape Henlopen, and fixed themselves on both sides of the Delaware river and bay, within the present limits of Delaware, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, in 1627. New York was first settled by the Dutch, who landed on Manhattan island. This was in the year 1629.

Maryland was settled by a colony of Roman Catholics, from England, in 1634; South Carolina by an English colony, under Gov. Sayle, in 1669.—In 1682, William Penn founded the colony of Pennsylvania, by the society of Friends. North Carolina was first permanently settled about 1660. An English colony had, indeed, been established on the island of Roanoke, in Pamlico sound, as early as 1585, but it was broken up the next year. It is said to have been the first English colony ever planted in America. Georgia was not settled till 1732; Vermont till 1764; Kentucky till 1775; Ohio, 1787. Louisiana appears to have been settled, by the French, as early as 1699.



THE CHICK PEA.

Peas are very nutritious, but they are not more wholesome than many kinds of food which are less nutritious. There are many varieties of the pea. Of those which we have seen, the CHICK PEA is the most singular. It is cultivated in the south of Europe, especially in Spain; and is used as a dyeing ingredient, as well as an article of food. It is known there, and on the opposite coast of the Mediterranean, by the name of *garavance* or *garvanzos*. These seeds do not, like most other pulse, become of a soft and pulpy consistence by boiling, and therefore they never constitute a dish by themselves, but are strewed singly as a garnish over

certain savory viands, and form part of the *olla*, a dish composed of bacon, cabbage, pumpkin, and garvanzos, with which a Spanish dinner almost invariably commences. The chick-pea, when parched, has been much esteemed among many nations from the earliest periods of history, and in that state it still continues an article of great consumption. According to Bellonius, this pea was the parched pulse which formed the common provision of the Hebrews when they took the field.

In those warm and arid countries where travelers are constrained to carry their scanty provisions with them across vast desert tracts, they gladly supply themselves with small dried substances which require much mastication, and thus stimulate the salivary glands. Under these circumstances parched chick-peas, or *leblebby*, are in great demand, and are as common in the shops as biscuits in those of England. In Grand Cairo and Damascus there are many persons who make it their sole business to fry peas, for the supply of those who traverse the desert.

REMINISCENCES OF PHILADELPHIA.

The "Annals of Philadelphia," which we mentioned at pages 125 and 126 of this volume, gives a long and curious account of amusements. From this it appears that even in that goodly city, only a hundred years ago, horse-racing, bull-baiting, cock-fighting, and bear-baiting were frequent.

Is it possible, some of our readers may say, that the cruel practice of bull-baiting were ever tolerated there? It certainly was, according to Mr. Watson. It was broken up as follows.

The custom had been sustained by the butchers,

who, as it appears, were not so respectable a class of men formerly, as they now are. One day the Mayor of the city appeared in the crowd of spectators; but the butchers supposed he came as a spectator. However, when all was prepared for the onset of the dogs, he stepped suddenly into the ring, and, calling aloud, said he would, at the peril of his life seize and commit to prison the first man who should begin the cruel sport. Calling on several persons present, by their names, to support him, at their peril, he boldly advanced to the bull, and unloosed him from the stake; declaring at the same time that he never would desist from bringing every one who should be concerned in such exercises to condign punishment. There has been no bull-baiting in Philadelphia, since that time. There was, indeed, an instance of the kind, four miles from the city only a year or two since; but nobody of respectability attended it.

Happy would it be for mankind if all public officers had the courage to sustain the laws, as this Mayor of Philadelphia had! His name was Wharton: and he deserved a monument.

Slack rope and tight rope dancing were practised in Philadelphia, as late as 1724. Also a play was very common at fairs, called "throwing at the joke:" but we have not room to describe it. "Skying a copper," or "hustling" as we have sometimes heard it called, and "pitching cents," were also common among the boys in the streets of the city, but all these sports have been for sometime laid aside.

Shooting, skating, and swimming were regarded as favorite sports somewhat longer. In skating, the Philadelphians fancied they could "beat the Dutch." May-days were very generally observed.

The young people went out into the country, on foot, to gather flowers. The lads of the city and vicinity would sometimes put up fifty May Poles, of their own cutting.

Another sport was called the "Belsh Nichel," which in German means, "Nicholas in his fur" or sheep skin clothing. He is always supposed to bring good things at night to good children, and a rod for those who are bad.—We should have said that the Belch Nichel was a Christmas amusement.

The boys at the schools were full as mischievous as boys of the nineteenth century, although much is said of our degeneracy. Even at the Friends' schools, where they were gravely disciplined, they used to play many pranks. Jonah Thompson, a teacher, was accustomed to walk at the head of his boys, two by two, in a long line, to week day meetings. Even these young Quakers had their wooden guns in those days; for it turned out that one day when they were walking along to meeting, in solemn train, behind their teacher, they contrived to take up, by the way, without the knowledge of Master Thompson, their wooden guns, and a flag! Thus equipped, they walked on, to the great surprise of every body who saw them: the master not deigning to look back to see the battle array behind him.

There was a period, too, in the history of the city of brotherly love, when the "up-town" and "down-town boys" were rival clans, as much as the Jackson and anti-Jackson parties ever were. They used to have their regular night battles with sticks and stones, making the panes of glass occasionally to jingle. These were among the fruits of the revolutionary war. Their ears had been

filled with the echoes of battles lost or won, and they, too, must needs have their battles. But the appearance of "old Carlisle," and the famous "West," the constables, would usually scatter them all to their hiding places.

SUBSTANCES USED FOR HUMAN FOOD.

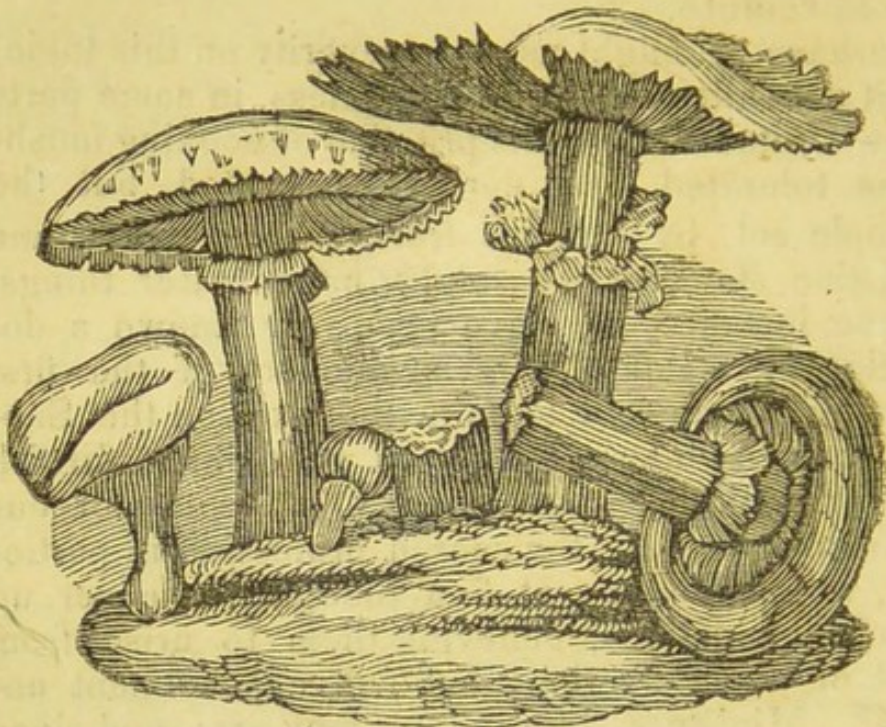
We have classed mushrooms, and the rest of the fungi, among eatable substances; but it is a painful necessity which compels us to do so. We are positively ashamed of those who, despising the rich and nutritious and simple dishes, which the Author of nature has proffered them in such abundance, will waste time, and strength, and talent in devising and executing plans, at great expense, for rendering substances grateful to a capricious and perverted appetite, which are naturally useless, if not pernicious. We know of no instance of this abuse, which strikes us more unfavorably, than the practice of cooking mushrooms. To take saw dust or powdered wood, or any other substance containing little or no taste or nutriment, and prepare it in butter and spices, and other condiments, till it becomes savoury, is a crime of less magnitude. But to use, for this purpose, those substances in regard to which we have undoubted testimony that the "most of them, when grown in any situation, and all of them, in some situations, are hurtful and even poisonous;" and that "their poison, cannot be separated by boiling," like that of cassava; is going a step farther in the face of reason and the

laws of Him who gave it, than we, ourselves, should dare to venture.

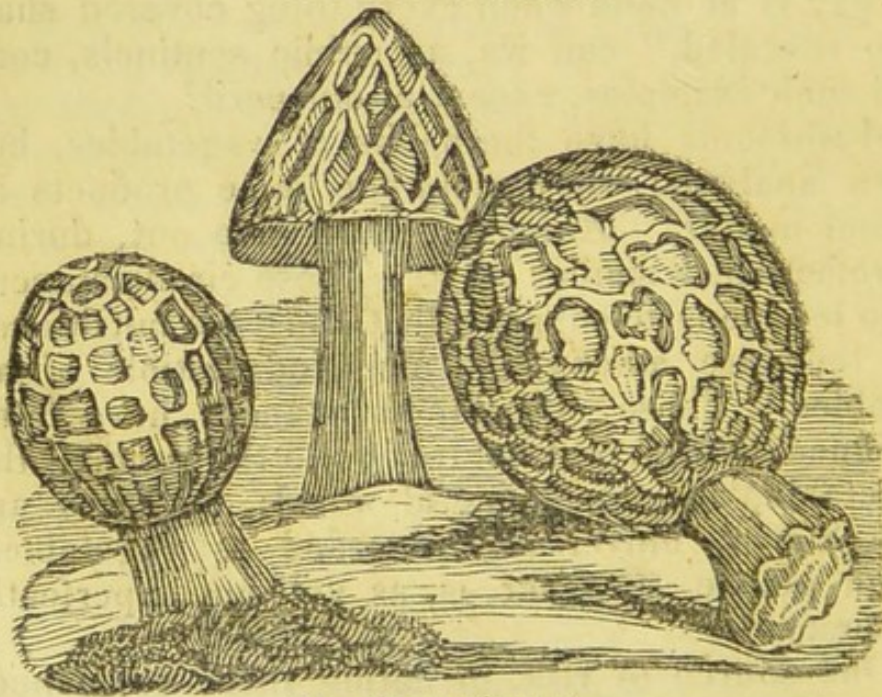
Perhaps we might use less severity on this topic, had it not fallen to our lot to witness, in some parts of the United States, this practice of cooking mushrooms tolerated, and not only tolerated, but the example set, by families from whose moral and Christian standing we might hope better things. In one instance, we have positively known a domestic, in the family of a minister of the first standing, compelled to take the axe, on the Sabbath, and recruit an exhausted woodpile to furnish fuel for cooking mushrooms. Our respect for our fellow men, and for the sacred profession in particular, would lead us, at first thought, to cover up such abominations, believing them to arise from want of due reflection; but will concealment answer? Ministers, like others, may err; and since the day is at hand when every thing covered shall "be revealed," can we, as public sentinels, conceal such examples, except at our peril?

Mushrooms have the habits of vegetables, but when analyzed, they yield the same products as animal matter. Moreover, they give out, during putrefaction, a similar odor. These circumstances have led many to suppose that they are nutritious but they are among the most indigestible of all eatables. These singular substances have been assigned by different naturalists to the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral world; but they are now almost universally regarded as vegetables. Their nature, however, is, as yet, but imperfectly understood.

One source of risk, in eating these substances arises from the fact that those sorts which are usually the least noxious, are in some soils and



Common Mushroom.



The Champignon.



The Morel.



The Truffle.

under some circumstances, highly poisonous; and there is great difficulty in distinguishing them.

We do not intend,—certainly not at the present time,—to give an account of these productions. As specimens of the Creator's handy work, and as mere objects of curiosity—substances made no doubt for useful purposes, when man shall have discovered what these purposes are—their study is interesting: but as articles of food, they are unworthy of the reader's notice.

The first engraving represents the common *mushroom*; the second, the *champignon*; the third, the *morel*; and the other, the black and white *truffle*.

The common toadstools, and the puff-ball, seem to belong to the mushroom family. There is one kind of fungus, also, which is used by the Russians and Kamtschadales to promote intoxication. For this purpose, a piece of it is rolled up, like a bolus, and swallowed without chewing. The effects of a moderate pill of it are not unlike those of a moderate dose of opium, on persons who are accustomed to its use.

We have occasionally known the mushroom eaten in New England; but it is very rare. Indeed the bulk of the yeomanry of these states, consider its use as despicable. It is true that this is but a prejudice, as few of them ever tasted it, or saw it cooked; but it is a prejudice which does not, in our own estimation, detract from their good sense. What but pampered appetites, and depraved tastes will overlook the certain, to run the risk of the doubtful?

In regard to food generally, we are anxious to enforce on the minds of our readers, a great and

important—we would say christian—rule of conduct. It is to use food in such *manner, quality, and quantity*, as, in our best judgment, will be *most conducive to our present and future happiness*.

Now if a person were shut up in a dungeon, or exiled to Siberia, and confined to food of an inferior quality, it might not be most conducive to his happiness, all things considered, to leap the walls, or burst the limits of his enclosure, to procure better. But when we have adopted the above rule as the great rule of our lives, it is neither right nor safe, in obedience to caprice, fashion, or a perverted appetite, to choose food of a doubtful character, to the exclusion of that which our own experience and that of the great mass of mankind have agreed is certainly and unquestionably wholesome.

It is said that if we select, in this way, we shall be liable to slight,—perhaps wholly neglect—many things which God has provided for our sustenance. This, however, is but begging the question in debate; for who has decided that God gave these neglected articles for human sustenance? And suppose he has, who has determined that every individual shall partake of *all* the various articles prepared? If any such determination has been made, it is vain; for no human being ever yet ate of them all, during his whole life. So that if slighted they are slighted by all; more by some, fewer by others. And to what extent of neglect may we go, before it becomes criminal? Is he the guilty, who uses fifty sorts and neglects or slights the rest? Or is it he who uses one hundred, and no more; or two hundred; or five hundred?

But to the great principle which we have laid down, should be appended another; which is, that however excellent and preferable certain kinds of

food are, *mankind need variety*. Not at the same meal, necessarily; but at different meals. Now, if the best food for this month, will not be the best for the next, and if there is no harm in variety, to a very great extent, at different meals; then the door is opened to a very extended use of what are called the gifts of God, in the progress of a year, or especially of a whole life. Surely it will not be said that he who eats fifty different dinners in the progress of a year, treats with more contempt the bounty God has given, than he who eats of fifty sorts at the same meal.

Our duty, then, is plain. Select, always, the most wholesome food in your power; use the least possible variety at the same meal, avoid excess in quantity, and masticate what you eat. A neglect of the latter rule is one of the most crying dietetic sins of New England; and the punishment is becoming almost as universal as the sin, in the prevalence of decayed and decaying teeth, throughout the whole present generation. And what is worse, the God of nature, through the organic laws which he has established, and which no power, demoniac, earthly, or angelic can evade, is visiting the sins of the fathers upon the generation which is rising to succeed us.

Christians have adopted a lower standard, in regard to eating and drinking, than St. Paul did. He said; “Whether ye *eat or drink*, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.” But does one person in a thousand,—even one Christian—have any higher object in view than to avoid those things which will produce immediate, and obvious injury?

It often happens that things which produce no *immediate* disturbance, and which we therefore suppose do us no harm, are yet silently and more

effectually undermining our health than those substances which give us immediate trouble. We do not say these things to unsettle the faith of mankind in their own experience, or because we take pleasure in driving them to the necessity of relying on the experience of others. But such reliance must be had, if we would walk safely. We are compelled to rest much on the experience of others, in almost every thing else, from the cradle to the grave; by what strange accident is it, then, that in this single matter of eating and drinking, we are universally disposed to be guided solely by our own experience? Why is it that the voice of the physicians of twenty or thirty past ages cannot be heard, for a single moment?

While, therefore, we would never advise any person to turn his own experience out of doors—no, not by any means—we would yet affirm, in full confidence of the correctness of our decision, that, in this matter, “He that trusteth to his own experience, *wholly*, is a fool;” and will sooner or later be found so.

“Our fathers did,” we are told, “*whatsoever they listed.*” They ate and drank any thing and every thing. And how healthy they were!”—Yes; but how good their habits were, in many other respects; and how those habits counteracted their bad diet, so far as *themselves* were concerned! But that was not the end of the matter. Their sins were visited upon us, their children, and grandchildren. Who does not complain of physical degeneracy? But are there not causes? And in regard to one of those causes, who can entertain a doubt? *We* cannot. Our fathers, at once, conquered for us and enslaved us; and we not only wear the chains, but rivet them, still more closely.

Combining our own experience with the testimony of physicians, we ought as Christians—if we would be consistent—to eat and drink such things, and in such quantity, as will not only do us no harm, but do us *good*; and not only do us good, but do us the *most* good, physically, intellectually, and morally:—and not only do us the most good for one day—make us the happiest just now—but through every period of our existence. Nay more, we ought so to eat and drink as will be best for our fellow beings—especially our posterity—down to that period when time shall be no longer!

Here, in the language of one of our divines, is a *great truth*. We would not represent it as a discovery of our own;—it is 1800 years old, at the least. But we do not know that its importance is diminished because it is old or neglected. It is, in our own opinion, a great truth still.

Who would not smile, at the present day, to hear a person lay claim to the Christian character, because he did no positive mischief to society? We acknowledge, most cheerfully, that even this is doing much. But it is no evidence at all of Christian character. If it were, almost the whole race of animals would be Christians--since they do no harm.

The business of the Christian is to do good. And not only to do good, but the *greatest* good in his power. But the same rule should be applied to his eating and drinking; and the Savior and St. Paul have made the application. We have no right to touch food or drink of a doubtful character, when we can get any other. This is descending lower than the Christian ought to descend. We ought—I repeat the rule—so to eat and drink as may be the best for the whole nature and character of ourselves and our fellow beings, through every possible period of their and our existence.

THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

PERSECUTION OF THE LEARNED.

Those who have labored most zealously to instruct mankind, have been those who have suffered most from ignorance; and the discoverers of new arts and sciences have hardly ever lived to see them accepted by the world. Before the times of Galileo and Harvey the world believed in the stagnation of the blood, and the diurnal immovability of the earth; and for denying these, the one was persecuted and the other ridiculed.

The intelligence and the virtue of Socrates were punished with death. Anaxagoras, when he attempted to propagate a just notion of the Supreme Being, was dragged to prison. Aristotle, after a long series of persecution, swallowed poison. Heraclitus, tormented by his countrymen, broke off all intercourse with men. The great geometricians and chemists, as Gerbert, Roger Bacon, and others, were abhorred as magicians. Pope Gerbert, as Bishop Otho gravely relates, obtained the pontificate by having given himself up entirely to the devil: others suspected him too of holding an intercourse with demons.

Virgilius, Bishop of Saltzburg, having asserted that there existed antipodes, the archbishop of Mentz declared him a heretic, and consigned him to the flames; and the Abbot Trithemius, who was fond of improving steganography, or the art of secret writing, having published several curious works on this subject, they were condemned, as works full of diabolical mysteries.

Galileo was condemned at Rome publicly to disavow sentiments, the truth of which must have

been to him abundantly manifest. 'Are these then my judges?' he exclaimed in retiring from the inquisitors, whose ignorance astonished him. He was imprisoned, and visited by Milton, who tells us he was then *poor* and *old*. The confessor of his widow, taking advantage of her piety, perused the MSS of this great philosopher, and destroyed such as in his *judgment* were not fit to be known to the world.

Cornelius Agrippa was compelled to fly his country, and the enjoyment of a large income, merely for having displayed a few philosophical experiments, which now every school-boy can perform; but more particularly for having attacked the then prevailing opinion, that St. Anne had three husbands, he was so violently persecuted, that he was obliged to fly from place to place. The people beheld him as an object of horror; and not unfrequently, when he walked, he found the streets empty at his approach. He died in an hospital.

In these times, it was a common opinion to suspect every great man of an intercourse with some familiar spirit. The favorite black dog of Agrippa was supposed to be a demon. When Urban Grandier, another victim to the age, was led to the stake, a large fly settled on his head. A monk, who had heard that Beelzebub signifies in Hebrew, the God of Flies, reported that he saw this spirit come to take possession of him. Mr. De Langear, a French minister, who employed many spies, was frequently accused of diabolical communication. Sixtus the Fifth, Marechal Faber, Roger Bacon, Cæsar Borgia, his son Alexander VI, and others, like Socrates, had their supposed diabolical attendants.

Petrarch was less desirous of the laurel for the honor, than for the hope of being sheltered by it from the thunder of the priests, by whom both he and his brother poets were continually threatened. They could not imagine a poet, without supposing him to hold an intercourse with some demon. An anti-poetic Dominican was notorious for persecuting all verse-makers; the power of which he attributed to the effects of *heresy* and *magic*.

Descartes was horribly persecuted in Holland, when he first published his opinions. Voetius, a bigot of great influence at Utrecht, accused him of atheism, and had even projected in his mind to have this philosopher burnt at Utrecht in an extraordinary fire, which, kindled on an eminence, might be observed by the seven provinces. Mr. Hallam has observed, that 'the ordeal of fire was the great purifier of books and men.' This persecution of science and genius lasted till the close of the seventeenth century.

THE MINERS OF BOIS-MONZIL.

It is well known that the most terrible accidents sometimes occur in coal mines. The explosion of gas was one of these; but this occurrence is less frequent since Sir Humphrey Davy invented the safety lamp, as it is called. Another kind of accident, which is scarcely less destructive, still sometimes occurs;—the bursting of a stream of water, perhaps a river, into the caverns where the workmen are, and surprising them before they have time to escape.

A dreadful accident of the latter kind happened, not long since, in the coal mines of Bois-Monzil,

near the town of St. Etienne, in France. A cry was suddenly heard from the affrighted workmen; "The waters! the waters!" Of twenty-six of these workmen, ten succeeded in gaining the entrance of the mines, and effecting their escape. The cries of the remaining sixteen soon ceased—and, as it was supposed, ceased in death.

These fatal and deplorable events are so common that though the accident formed a prominent topic of conversation in St. Etienne, for a day or two, yet the subject soon gave place to the politics and other fashionable topics of the city. The miners were no more talked or thought of, except by a few engineers and their pupils, who remaining on the spot and cherishing a faint hope that some of the miners might yet be discovered, exerted themselves to penetrate into these subterraneous regions.

After 30 hours of toil, a jacket was found, and some provisions belonging to the miners. At last, by crawling on their hands and feet, some of the engineers succeeded in winding their way into one of the galleries of the mine. Here they called aloud, again and again. Nothing was heard but the echo of their own voice. At length it occurred to them to strike against the roof of the mine with their pick-axes; but still they received no answer. After repeating their blows for some time, they heard the same number of blows which they had given repeated! They listen,—every heart beats, every pulse quickens, every breath is contracted;—again they strike the vaulted roof and again they are answered by a similar number of blows! There was no longer any doubt. The miners were still alive! No words can describe the feelings that prevailed in every heart!

Without losing an instant, the engineers ordered

a hole to be bored in the direction of the galleries where the miners were supposed to be. At the same time they directed, on another point, the formation of an inclined well, for the purpose of communicating with them.

Attempts were now made to use pumps for exhausting the water of the caverns, but the efforts were, at first, almost fruitless. The blows of the hapless miners continued to be heard at intervals; but the hope which remained of being able to reach them grew so faint, that those who were without sometimes fancied their condition to be even more painful than that of those who were within the mines. To render their situation still more distressing, the wives of the miners, having heard the news, now gathered around, and with heart rending cries and tears, added to the confusion of the scene.

The pumps proving of little service, aid was sought from St. Etienne. A chain of buckets, and three or four hundred men were furnished, and the workmen renewed their labors. By this time laborers from the neighboring mines had arrived; many companies of National Guards, chassieurs, grenadiers, cavalry and artillery men, were on the spot, and a great multitude of spectators. Some were singing, others lamenting, praying, hoping, despairing, &c.

It was on Tuesday that the irruption of the waters into the mines had taken place. The labors had been unremitted by day or by night, and the water in the caverns was rapidly diminishing. The miners were still living; but on Saturday morning, they were not yet reached. Suddenly a cry of joy was heard from a person at the entrance of the mine; "They are saved! They are saved! Six of them are saved!" But the rumor proved incorrect;

nothing was found but the dead bodies of two of them, who together had left eleven children to mourn their sad bereavement.

The labors were continued. At four o'clock on Monday morning, a sudden noise was heard, which was at first supposed to be the noise of a new rush of waters, but it was found, on examination, to be nothing more than a large mass of rock, which had become detached, and had fallen into a draining well. The workmen once more resumed their labors, though their courage was now rapidly diminishing.

But they had scarcely renewed their endeavors to bore through the rock, when one of them felt the instrument drawn from his hand, by the imprisoned miners! Singular to relate, their first request was neither for food nor drink, but for *light*; as if they were more eager to use their eyes than to satisfy the pressing demands of appetite. It was soon ascertained that eight of the sufferers yet survived; and the joyful news was communicated to St. Etienne.

Among the workmen, was the father of one of the men who had disappeared. This man had labored night and day with almost superhuman strength; and could not be persuaded to retire. One absorbing thought occupied his whole soul; the idea that his son, his *only* son was alive. He fancied he heard his voice; and every now and then he would call to him, but without receiving any answer. It was from his hand that the instrument was drawn; and his instant inquiry was; "Is it my child?" Alas! Alas! his child was not there; he was among the drowned!

Though the rock was bored through, they were not yet released. But by the advice of medical

men, broth and soup, in small quantities, were introduced through the auger hole, by means of long tin tubes. The poor prisoners of the mines distributed it among the oldest and weakest of their companions, for notwithstanding their situation, the spirit of concord and charity had never for one moment ceased to prevail among them. They were even comparatively cheerful; and one of them, a Frenchman, (strange as it may seem), though in a situation so horrible, indulged himself in an occasional joke.

There still remained sixteen feet of solid rock to break through; but every one labored with new courage, especially as the miners, notwithstanding the sustenance which was afforded them were now rapidly becoming faint and weak. At 6 o'clock in the evening, they grew so feeble that their voices failed them, and the last sound that was heard was; "Brothers, make haste!"

Now came the most trying crisis which had yet been experienced. But the moment of deliverance was at hand. At ten o'clock the poor prisoners, one by one, like so many walking ghosts, ascended through the gallery, their weak frames supported by the engineers. Accompanied by the physicians who were present, they were conducted to the temporary residence which had been provided for them. The whole way was illuminated; and the National Guard, the Engineers, pupils, and workmen were drawn up in two lines to form a passage. It was a most solemn and affecting scene.

From an examination of one of these men, after the restoration of his strength, the following facts were ascertained.

The water rushed into the caverns so suddenly that it barely gave the workmen time to reach the

elevated part of the upper gallery, where they were found. When the caverns were filled, and they found themselves shut up by the deep waters, and confined to their dark gallery, they gave themselves up for lost. Their lamps, which at first were burning, soon expired; and this added greatly to their affliction. They had invoked the intercession of the saints for deliverance, (for they were catholics) and prayed to God; and after their lamps went out, they redoubled their prayers. At first they thought much of their wives and children; but at length they concluded it was wiser to think of those who were departing than of those who were left behind. Those who had more courage and fortitude comforted those who had less. They also made an equal partition of their clothes.

It appears that at the moment when they heard the people without striking upon the rock, their strength and spirits were exhausted, and they were lying down awaiting that death which seemed inevitable. But weak and discouraged as they were, they no sooner heard the blows than every one was upon his feet. Soon they heard the explosions in the rocks; which greatly increased their joy.

They suffered greatly from thirst, especially towards the end of their confinement; though some of them had self command enough to drink but little, fearing it might injure them. The only nutriment they had was half a pound of bread and three tumblers of wine. This was divided equally between those who had not breakfasted before the accident. Those who had, refused to taste it, on the ground that it was proper they should all fare alike. However, they suffered very little from hunger, except on the second day. During that day one of them ate the leather of his shoulder

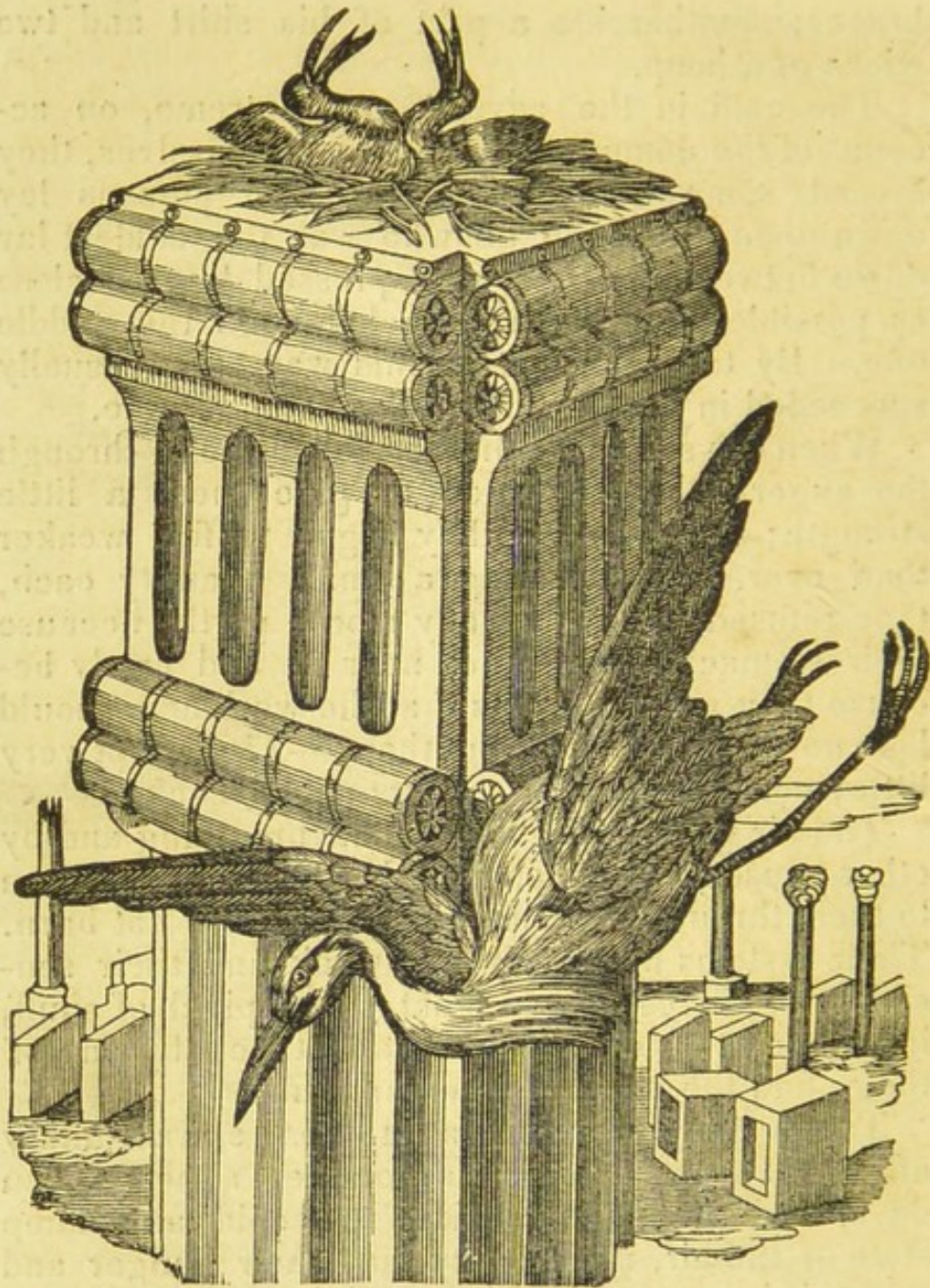
braces; another ate a part of his shirt and two wicks of a lamp.

The cold in the caverns was extreme, on account of the dampness. To warm themselves, they spread some brush-wood, and two persons lay down upon it. Then he who was the coldest lay down between the two, who pressed him as close as possible. A fourth then lay upon the middle one. By taking turns, in this way, they usually succeeded in keeping themselves comfortable.

When the soup was first furnished them, through the auger hole, it seemed to give them a little strength; but presently they began to feel weaker than ever. After taking a small quantity each, they refused to receive any more; partly because their stomachs would not bear it, and partly because they were desirous that the workmen should lose no time in delivering them.—They slept very little; not more than two hours a day, each.

The air was so vitiated by their breathing and by other causes, that when a tinder box was let down to them through the hole, a light would not burn. Their systems had become so weak and their sensibility to impressions so great, that a pinch of snuff, introduced through the hole, and taken by one of them, had the effect to intoxicate him.

Taken altogether, it was a most extraordinary affair. The survivors were confined almost seven days, and when we consider the cold and damp state of the air, its impurity, and their hunger and thirst, it is not wonderful that eight out of sixteen perished. The wonder is, rather, that any of them survived.



THE STORK'S NEST, AT PERSEPOLIS.

WE have no storks in the United States, and but few in America. Except in summer they reside mostly between the tropics. They are generally

four feet in length, from the tip of the beak to the extremity of the nails. The color is principally white, with black about the wings. These gigantic birds have a very striking resemblance to some of the herons. They walk slowly, with measured steps; but their flight is powerful, and long continued. Storks have no voice, but produce a clattering with their bills, by striking the mandibles together. Their food consists of fish, reptiles, small quadrupeds, worms and insects.

The stork is remarkable for its great affection towards its young, and especially for its attention to its parents in old age. Many wonderful stories are told on this subject, some of which are almost incredible; but it seems generally admitted that they bring their superannuated parents provisions, and endeavor to cover and warm them, when circumstances require it.

A very respectable young gentleman from Poland, now in this country, relates an anecdote of the stork, which we do not recollect to have before heard. He says that in times of great scarcity of provision, the mother stork will sometimes take her young from the nest, in her beak, and after carrying them to a great height, let them fall upon the earth. If they are not instantly destroyed by the fall, she descends, takes them up, and ascending again repeats the operation. She thus proportions the number of her family to her means of support.

Among the ancients, to kill the stork was considered a crime, which, in some places, was punished with death. This bird, like the Ibis, became, therefore, an object of idolatrous worship. The peasants of Poland and Austria, to this day, regard it with a sort of superstitious reverence.

The stork takes up its residence and breeds in

the midst of cities, and is every where protected, both on account of the reverence paid to it, and its services in destroying noxious animals. It builds its nest on rocks, or, in preference, upon houses, churches, and ruined buildings. Thus we learn from Juvenal, that a stork built its nest on the Temple of Concord at Rome, in the midst of all the noise and bustle of the capital, a circumstance which was considered remarkable enough to be commemorated in the medals of Adrian.

Southey says that in Spain the storks build their broad nests on the towers of churches, and are held sacred. At Seville almost every tower in the city is peopled with them, and they return annually to the same nests. One of the causes of their being venerated is their destroying all the vermin on the tops of the houses. At Bagdad, Niebuhr observed a nest of this sort on the roof of a decayed mosque, and tells us that hundreds of the birds are to be seen there on every house, wall, and tree, quite tame.

We are also told by Fryer that they are so exceedingly numerous among the ruins of Persepolis, in Persia, that the summit of almost every pillar of those magnificent monuments of antiquity contains a stork's nest.

The adjutant, or stork of Bengal, Calcutta, and the country about the mouth of the Ganges, is much larger than the white stork just mentioned. It is stoutly framed, and its extreme length is nearly seven feet. Its head and neck are destitute of feathers, and covered with a hard reddish skin. Its bill is enormously large. It lives on reptiles, fish, &c.; whose bones it breaks previous to swallowing. Its gluttony is sometimes extreme, and its rapacity disgusting.

FUEL AND FIRE.

WINTER, like every other season, has its appropriate advantages and even pleasures. It tones the muscles and nerves, makes us think, and speak, and act with more energy, and increases the vigor of the circulation of blood and other fluids in our bodies. Were it always summer, we should become lazy and effeminate, and perhaps diseased, as many of the people in the equatorial regions do. When a hot summer has debilitated us, a cold winter again revives and restores us.

People may be found, of every description, rejoicing at, or rather *in*, the return of winter. The school-boy that he can again—during recess—ply the snow ball, the sled and the skates: the young master and miss that they can have a sleigh-ride: the old, who live in the past, that they can spend the long winter evenings, around the heated grate or blazing fire, in telling or hearing stories.

There is one serious mistake often made in regard to fires; which ought to be universally known. These blazing fires and open grates and stoves, by their radiating heat, greatly injure the eyes. Many dislike stoves in which the fire is wholly enclosed, because they cannot see it. I wish to *see* the fire, they say. This is chiefly, if not wholly owing to early habit. The great portion of our New England people were bred to the custom of forming a semicircle around the fire-place, with their faces toward it, and when neither their employment nor cheerful conversation prevented, they were accustomed to gaze at the flame and embers. This

wretched habit has probably paved the way for that innumerable multitude of spectacles which are every where seen. It was not so always, and ought not to be so now. The eyes are ill able to bear both artificial light and heat. They bear the heat and light of the summer's sun, because the eyelids serve as a curtain to protect them from its rays, and the heat alone they can endure. But when the lighted lamp and blazing or glowing hearth are placed below, rather than above them, the eyelids can no longer act as curtains, and the tender organ of vision is inevitably injured. With those whose sight is naturally very strong, the mischief is not at once perceived; or if perceived, we blame the candle or lamp; when the latter could never have done much injury without the heat to assist it.

Let us consider the advantages and disadvantages of various kinds of fuel.

Coal for fuel—mineral coal as people call it—exposes a building to take fire much less than wood. A fire from coal imparts a steadier heat than one from wood, and needs not to be so often replenished. Sometimes two coal fires in twenty-four hours will be quite sufficient. In addition to this, coal requires no cutting or sawing,—nothing but a little breaking in pieces—and the pile occupies but little space in your wood room, or cellar.

On the other hand, wood has some advantages, especially the best sort of wood, viz. white walnut,—the kind I mean which grows sparsely in fields, and has very little of its interior of a red color. It is more cleanly—for coal is dirty stuff—you can extinguish and rebuild it more quickly than you can a coal fire, whenever you do not wish to have a fire for an hour or several hours together. That it needs sawing, and the fire-place often replenishing,

is nothing against it, in my estimation; for if I lead a sedentary life, I can do as much work, if not rather more, while I prepare my wood and make my own fires, than if somebody else did the work for me. It is a useful sort of exercise to me;—nay, I might even call it a *recreation*.

As to the economy of different kinds of fuel, having tried nearly every kind now used in this country, and under various circumstances, I am of opinion that taking into consideration the fact that I can saw and split, and bring in my own wood, without any loss of time or interruption to my business, it is my opinion that walnut wood—the kind of which I have been speaking—is as cheap as any. If you are obliged to hire it sawed and split, that might bring it a little behind coal, in point of economy; but not much. For myself, I shall never be likely to burn coal, as long as I can get wood; when the latter fails, I shall be glad to get coal.

If you burn wood, it should be as dry as you can make it, by housing it. The driest wood we usually get, contains water enough, and much more than a good economist would desire.

IMPORTANCE OF LITTLE THINGS.

WE should remember that the *world*, in its various parts and aspects, is made up of little things. So true is this that I have sometimes been fond of the paradoxical remark, that “little things are great things,” that is, in their *results*. For who does not know that throughout the physical world, the mightiest results are brought about by the silent working of small causes? It is not the tornado, or the deluge, or even the occasional storm of rain,

that renews and animates nature, so much as the gentle breeze, the soft refreshing shower, and the still softer and gentler dews of heaven.

So in human life, generally, they are the little things that produce the mightier results. It is he who takes care of pence and farthings, not he who neglects them, that thrives. It is he alone who guards his lips against the first improper word,—trifling as it may seem—that is secure against future profanity. He who indulges one little draught of alcoholic drink, is in danger of ending a tippler; he who gives loose to one impure thought, of ending the victim of lust and sensuality. Nor is it one single gross, or as it were accidental act, viewed as insulated from the rest—however injurious it may be—that injures the body, or debases the mind, so much as the frequent repetition of those smaller errors, whose habitual occurrence goes to establish the predominating choice of the mind, or affection of the soul.

Avoid then, the pernicious, the fatal error, that *little* things are of no consequence:—little sums of money, little fragments of time, little or trifling words, little or apparently unimportant actions. On this subject I cannot help adopting—and feeling its force too,—the language of a friend of temperance, in regard to those who think themselves perfectly secure, while they are believers in the harmlessness of *little* things:—“I tremble,” said he, “for the man that does not tremble for himself.”

LATE REFORMATION.

“Better late than never,” is an old maxim; and it applies with peculiar force to reformation from a vicious course of life. It is *best* to *begin* well; but if any individual is conscious that he has not begun as he ought to have done, and desires to reform, let the following examples encourage him. Such examples are rare; but there are just enough of them to show us that the thing is not impossible.

“Better late than never;” thought LEWIS CORNARO, a noble Venetian. He had injured his constitution by a debauched and voluptuous life; and brought on a severe illness. But on recovering from this, at the age of more than forty, he adopted a strictly abstemious diet, avoided the extremes of heat and cold, with all violent exercises of body or mind, as well as all undue passions; took care to live in a pure dry air, and thus preserved a tolerable share of health and activity to the age of ninety-eight. When he was eighty-three, he published a short treatise in commendation of temperance; at which time he was able to mount his horse from any rising ground, without assistance. He also wrote three other discourses at subsequent periods; one at the age of ninety-five.

So thought PETER WALSH, of New Ross, Ireland. Up to the age of thirty-six, he was a most degraded slave of drunkenness,—a bankrupt in health, circumstances and reputation. By his indulgence he had squandered a considerable estate, and reduced his family to the extremest poverty. It is stated as a fact that he has been known to con-

sume, in drams, a gallon of French brandy before ten o'clock in the forenoon.

But he suddenly reformed, and resolved no longer to taste anything stronger than tea, coffee, or milk. This resolution he kept to the end of his life—more than half a century. No fatigue, severity of weather, or solicitation of friends, or ridicule of foes, nor even the urgency of his physicians could induce him to alter his purpose. He said he preferred to die rather than pollute his lips with any intoxicating poison. He was an honorary member—and the only one—of the New Ross Temperance Society. He died March 7, 1833, at the age of 88 years.

“Better late than never,” thought Aaron Harrison of Wolcott, in Connecticut. In early and middle life he was enslaved to the use of spirituous liquors, consuming, as it is said, a quart a day. But becoming, at length, convinced of his folly, he resolved to purchase a certain number of “case bottles full” at the beginning of every year,—we think three, amounting to about one gallon—and to suffer no more within his doors, during that year. This resolution was never broken. Mr. Harrison became a temperate, healthy, industrious, and worthy citizen, and an eminent Christian; and died about ten or twelve years since at the great age of 93.

Dr. Solomon Drown of Rhode Island, though never intemperate, found his health greatly impaired at 39 years of age by his services in the army of the revolution, and by the duties of his profession subsequently; but by change of climate, great temperance, &c. prolonged a life of active usefulness to 81 years. At the age of 71 he delivered an oration in behalf of the suffering Greeks,

which partook of all the fervor and enthusiasm of youth; and which would not suffer by comparison with the best productions of the kind in our day.

THE LAST MAN.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
 The sun himself must die,
 Before this mortal shall assume
 Its immortality!
 I saw a vision in my sleep,
 That gave my spirit strength to sweep
 Adown the gulf of Time!
 I saw the last of human mould,
 That shall Creation's death behold,
 As Adam saw her prime!

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
 The Earth with age was wan,
 The skeletons of nations were
 Around that lonely man!
 Some had expired in fight,—the brands
 Still rusted in their bony hands;
 In plague and famine, some!
 Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
 And ships were drifting with the dead,
 To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet like, that lone one stood,
 With dauntless words and high,
 That shook the sere leaves from the wood,
 As if a storm passed by;
 Saying, we are twins in death, proud Sun,
 Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
 'T is mercy bids thee go.
 For thou ten thousand thousand years,
 Hast seen the tide of human tears
 That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee, man put forth
 His pomp, his pride, his skill ;
 And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,
 The vassals of his will ;—
 Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
 Thou dim discrowned king of day :
 For all those trophied arts
 And triumphs that beneath thee sprang
 Healed not a passion or a pang
 Entailed on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
 Upon the stage of men ;
 Nor with thy rising beams, recall,
 Life's tragedy again.
 Its piteous pageants bring not back ;
 Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
 Of pain, anew to writhe ;
 Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred,
 Or mown in battle by the sword,
 Like grass beneath the scythe.

Ev'n I am weary in yon skies
 To watch thy fading fire ;
 Last of all sumless agonies,
 Behold not me expire.
 My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
 Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
 To see, thou shalt not boast.
 The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall--
 The majesty of Darkness shall
 Receive my parting ghost ;

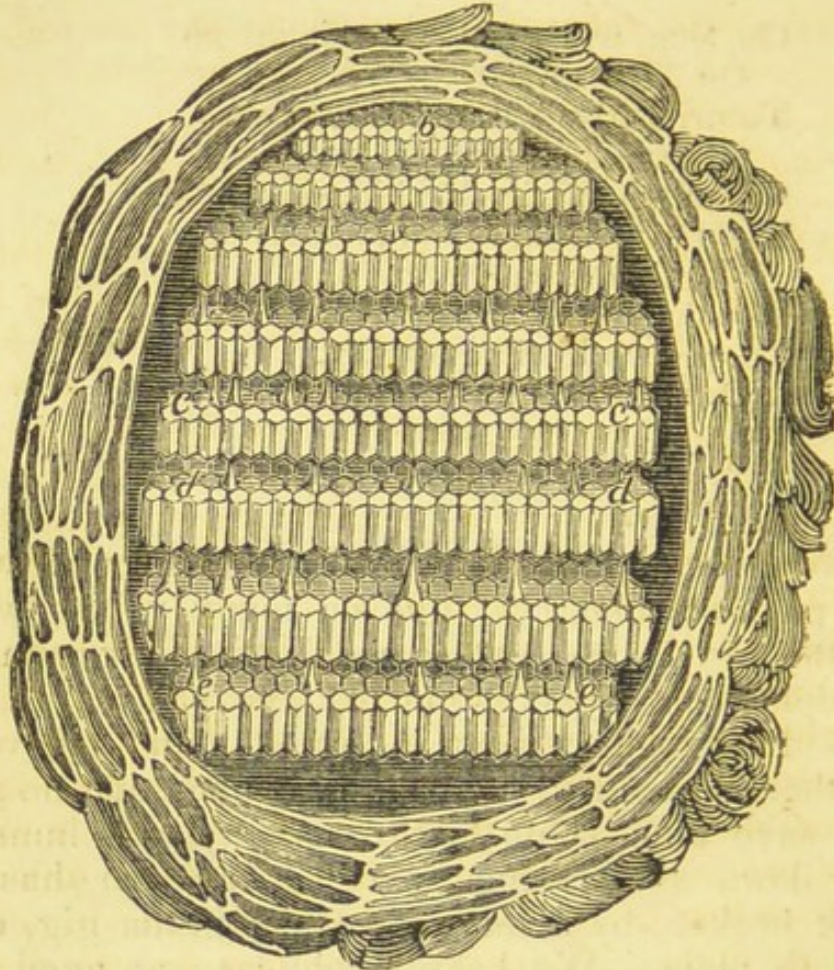
This spirit shall return to Him
 That gave its heavenly spark ;
 Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim,
 When thou thyself art dark !
 No ! it shall live again, and shine
 In bliss unknown to beams of thine ;
 By Him recalled to breath,
 Who captive led Captivity

Who robbed the grave of Victory---
And took the sting from Death!

Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
On Nature's awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief, that man shall taste—
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
On Earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy
To quench his immortality,
Or shake his trust in God!

WHAT SOME CALL LUCK. One person will swallow penknives and yet live on many years; while another, in eating, gets a small bit of liver in his windpipe and dies. One has the shaft of a gig passed completely through his body and recovers; another only runs a thorn into his hand and no skill can save him. One is thrown fifty or a hundred feet down a cliff, and survives; another has his neck broken, by a mere overturn in his gig, on a smooth plain. We have lately seen an aged and healthy minister who fell from the belfry of a common steeple to the ground a few years ago; but we have also seen a lady die in consequence of falling down gently, on a level floor. So that the race is not *always* to the swift, nor the battle always to the strong.

SOCIAL WASP'S NESTS.



Section of the Social Wasp's Nest.—*a a*, the outer wall; *b*, *c c*, five small terraces of cells for the neuter wasps; *d d*, *e e*, three rows of larger cells for the males and females.

In their general economy, the social, or republican wasps, closely resemble the humble-bee, every colony being founded by a single female who has survived the winter, to the rigors of which all her summer associates of males and working wasps uniformly fall victims. Nay, out of three hundred females which may be found in one wasp's nest, towards the close of autumn, scarcely ten or a dozen survive till the ensuing spring, at which season they awake

from their hibernal lethargy, and begin with ardor the labors of colonization.

The first care of the bee after being roused to activity by the returning warmth of the season, is to discover a place suitable for her intended colony; and, accordingly, in the spring, wasps may be seen prying into every hole of a hedge bank, particularly where field mice have burrowed.

Although we cannot assert the fact, we think it highly probable that the deserted nest of the field-mouse, which is not uncommon in these hedge banks, may be sometimes appropriated by a mother wasp as an excavation convenient for her purpose. Yet, if she does make choice of the burrow of a field-mouse, it requires to be afterward considerably enlarged in the interior chamber, and the entrance gallery very much narrowed.

In case of need, the wasp is abundantly furnished by nature with instruments for excavating a burrow out of the solid ground; as she no doubt most commonly does,—digging the earth with her strong mandibles, and carrying it off or pushing it out as she proceeds. The entrance-gallery is about an inch or less in diameter, and usually runs in a winding or zigzag direction, from one to two feet in depth. In the chamber to which this gallery leads, and which, when completed, is from one to two feet in diameter, the mother wasp lays the foundations of her city, beginning with the walls.

The building materials employed by wasps were long a matter of conjecture to scientific inquirers; M. R^èaumur, for twenty years, endeavored, without success, to find out the secret. At length, however, his perseverance was rewarded.

He remarked a female wasp alight on the sash of his window, and begin to gnaw the wood with her mandibles; and it struck him at once that she was



Wasp's Cells attached to a branch

procuring materials for building. He saw her detach from the wood a bundle of fibres about a tenth of an inch in length, and finer than a hair; and as she did not swallow these, but gathered them into a mass with her feet, he could not doubt that his first idea was correct. In a short time she shifted to another part of the window-frame, carrying with her the fibres she had collected, and to which she continued to add, when he caught her, in order to examine the nature of her bundle; and he found that it was not

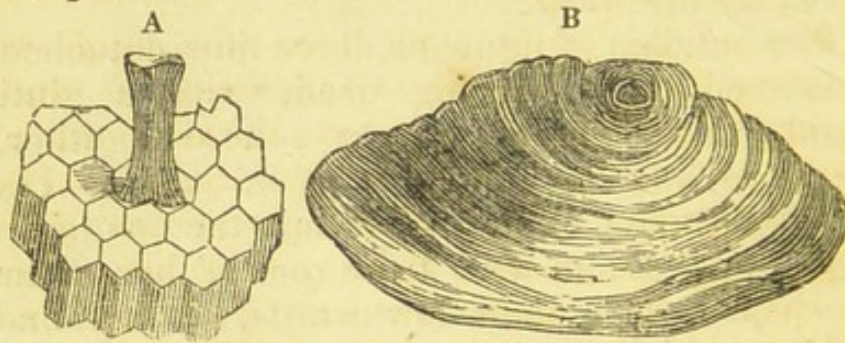
yet moistened nor rolled into a ball, as is always done before employing it in building. In every other respect it had precisely the same color and fibrous texture as the walls of a vespiary or wasp's nest. It struck him as remarkable that it bore no resemblance to wood gnawed by other insects, such as the goat-moth caterpillar, which is granular like sawdust. This would not have suited the design of the wasp, who was well aware that fibres of some length form a stronger texture. He even discovered, that before detaching the fibres, she bruised them into a sort of lint with her mandibles. All this the careful naturalist imitated by bruising and paring the same wood of the window-sash with his pen-knife, till he succeeded in making a little bundle of fibres scarcely to be distinguished from that collected by the wasp.

The bundles of ligneous fibres thus detached, are moistened, before being used, with a glutinous liquid, which causes them to adhere together, and are then kneaded into a sort of paste. Having prepared some of this material, the mother wasp begins first to line with it the roof of her chamber, for wasps always build downwards. The round ball of fibres which she has previously kneaded up with glue, she now forms into a leaf, walking backwards, and spreading it out with her mandibles, her tongue, and her feet, till it is as thin, almost, as tissue paper.

One sheet, however, of such paper as this would form but a fragile ceiling, quite insufficient to prevent the earth from falling down into the nest. The wasp, accordingly, is not satisfied with her work till she has spread fifteen or sixteen layers one above the other, rendering the wall altogether nearly two inches thick. The several layers are not placed in contact like the layers of a piece of pasteboard,

but with small intervals or open spaces between, appearing somewhat like a grotto built with bivalve shells, particularly when looked at on the outside. This is probably caused by the insect working in a curvilinear manner.

Having finished the ceiling, she next begins to build the first terrace of her city, which, under its protection, she suspends horizontally, and not like the combs in a bee-hive, in a perpendicular position. The suspension of which we speak is also light and elegant, compared with the more heavy union of the hive-bees' combs. It is in fact a hanging floor, immoveably secured by rods of similar materials with the roof, but rather stronger. From twelve to thirty of these rods, about an inch or less in length, and a quarter of an inch in diameter, are constructed



*A, represents one of the rods from which the terraces are suspended.
B, a portion of the external crust.*

for the suspension of the terrace. They are elegant in form, being made gradually narrower towards the middle, and widening at each end, in order, no doubt, to render their hold the stronger.

The terrace itself is circular, and composed of an immense number of cells, formed of the paper already described, and of almost the same size and form as those of a honey-comb, each being a perfect hexagon, mathematically exact, and every hair's breadth of the space completely filled. These cells, however, are never used as honey-pots by wasps,

as they are by bees; for wasps make no honey, and the cells are wholly appropriated to the rearing of their young.

When the foundress wasp has completed a certain number of cells, and deposited eggs in them, she soon intermits her building operations, in order to procure food for the young grubs, which now require all her care. In a few weeks these become perfect wasps, and lend their assistance in the extension of the edifice; enlarging the original coping of the foundress by side walls, and forming another platform of cells, suspended to the first by columns, as that had been suspended to the ceiling.

In this manner several platforms of combs are constructed, the outer walls being extended at the same time; and, by the end of the summer, there is generally from twelve to fifteen platforms of cells. Each contains about 1060 cells—forty-nine being contained in an inch and a half square, and, of course, making the enormous number of about 16,000 cells in one colony. Réaumur, upon these data, calculates that one vespiary may produce every year more than 30,000 wasps, reckoning only 10,000 cells, and each serving successively for the cradle of three generations. But, although the whole structure is built at the expense of so much labor and ingenuity, it has scarcely been finished before the winter sets in, when it becomes nearly useless, and serves only for the abode of a few benumbed females, who abandon it on the approach of spring, and never return; for wasps do not, like mason-bees, ever make use of the same nest for more than one season.

The whole nest is not much larger than a rose, and was composed of paper exactly similar to that employed by the common ground-wasp.

There is another species of social-wasps (see right hand side of the engraving page 216) meriting attention from the singular construction of its nest. It forms one or more terraces of cells, similar to those of the common wasp, but without the protection of an outer wall, and quite exposed to the weather. They are sometimes attached to the branch of a thorn or other shrub, or to stalks of grass.

The most remarkable circumstance in the architecture of this species of vespiary is, that it is not horizontal, like those formerly described, but nearly vertical. The reason appears to be that if it had been horizontal, the cells must have been frequently filled with rain; whereas, in the position in which it is placed, the rain runs off without lodging. It is, besides, invariably placed so as to face the north or the east, and consequently is less exposed to rains, which most frequently come with southerly or westerly winds. It is another remarkable peculiarity, that unlike the nests of other wasps, it is covered with a shining coat of varnish, to prevent moisture from soaking into the texture of the wasp's paper. The laying on this varnish, indeed, forms a considerable portion of the labor of the colony, and individuals may be seen employed for hours together spreading it on with their tongues.

WHO THE MONOPOLISTS ARE.

[We do not undertake to settle the question, "who the monopolists are," but we are quite willing the author of the following amusing and rather ironical article, should see his strange ideas in print.]

THE FARMERS are the real monopolists, after all that's said and done; groaned out Gregory, the

cobbler, as he straitened himself up on his work-bench.

The farmers, the monopolists, father! how is that? said his son.

Why don't you see how it is? Then I can tell you. Is it not the farmers that own all the land in the country? Where is there a shoemaker, or a mechanic of any kind, that has his hundreds of acres, like the farmer?

No, Jim, go where you will,—all over New England, if you please,—and the farmers have monopolized all the land. Here and there, it is true, a mechanic may own some little patch or other, after he has worked at his trade long enough, and earned money enough to buy it. But he must have a pretty round sum before he can get a single square foot of it out of their clutches, if it were to save his life.

Look over the whole town, Jim. I know every inch of it. Do you not see it cut up into farms, some fifty, some a hundred, some two or three hundred acres apiece? But do the owners use it all? —No, not a quarter of it. Fifty acres, even, are more, by half, than any one man can use, to advantage. If the soil is good, he needs it not; if bad, it is far better to cultivate and improve a little, than to spend his time in running over a great deal. Farmers admit all this; they tell you that if the population was increased by fifty, some say one hundred and fifty or two hundred per cent., the whole community would be a great deal happier for it. And yet see how they cling to it! Those who have their hundreds will not part with an acre, if they can help it, unless at a price which few mechanics or tradesmen can afford to pay; and those who have fifty, or less than fifty, stand ready to buy it, the

moment it is offered; although they already have more than they can use, agreeably to their own confessions.

Thus it comes to pass that the length and breadth of the land is occupied by a great band of monopolizers,—the farmers. It comes to pass, too, that people of all other classes must get a living as they can. As scarcely half of the community can get a foot of the soil to work upon, they must do something else. But *what* else? Some of these monopolizers—either themselves, their wives or daughters—can make their own clothes, shoes, stockings, hats, furniture, &c., and spin their own linen, cotton, and woollen; and they will do it, unless somebody else can do it nearly as well, and a great deal cheaper. So, Jim, you see how it goes. We contrive to get a hut on the corner of somebody or nobody's land, and go to work like slaves and make shoes, clothes, &c. at so cheap a rate that the monopolizers will choose to buy them from us, rather than make them in their own families. And then for these articles we buy our daily bread of them—all at their own wicked prices: and glad are many of us to get it so.

Some of us join together, perhaps, and build a factory on some barren or rocky or dangerous spot, or around some dismal cataract; and manufacture things on a larger scale. Others, in multitudes, crowded off to the very banks of the ocean or the rivers, where the soil is good for nothing, in our extremity build cities, and trade at home and abroad. A few of us contrive also to teach and preach, and doctor for a living.

Miserable men, that we are! to what straits are we not reduced? While these proud haughty monopolizers dwell in the midst of the land, eating the fat of it, and walk proudly forth to enjoy the fresh

air and abundance of pleasant and healthy exercise, we, their fellows,—of the same blood with themselves—are obliged to live in low, marshy, or sickly places, perhaps, crowded together, multitudes in a room, shut up in a bad atmosphere day by day; or compelled to herd together by thousands and tens of thousands in cities to corrupt the general atmosphere, engender disease, kill ourselves and our children, and ruin the health and morals of the tyrant monopolizers who oppress us. And the worst of the mischief is, that this state of things grows worse and worse every day. And what, Jim, are we coming to?

EDUCATION OF THE EYE.

IN the *Annals of Education* for January of the year 1833, at the commencement of an article on *the eye*, the editor has the following excellent, and we might say eloquent remarks.

“The eye is a little world of wonders, whether we consider its structure, its movements, or the noble offices it performs. In the beautiful language of the Saviour, it is ‘the light of the body!’ It watches over its members, it directs its movements, it warns of danger.—But it has higher offices. It is the messenger of the mind, sent forth to collect the materials of thought. In the words of the *Essay* before us (*Hints to students on the use of the eyes*; by Dr. Reynolds); ‘Its importance rises in value, when it is considered as the channel of most of the knowledge of nature, and through her of the wisdom, majesty, and goodness of God.’ But it is also the interpreter of the soul, and expresses its inmost feelings, and its most delicate shades of emotion, with a faithfulness and power which the pen and

tongue can never rival, although they boast of words that burn.

“ And yet this noble organ, which gives to the mind most of its knowledge of the world below, and furnishes the most beautiful imagery to shadow forth the glories of that which is above, is wretchedly neglected, and often shamefully abused. Great pains are taken to educate the limbs to move with grace and effect; the tongue is trained, with great care, to articulate every letter and combination of letters; but the eye is left to educate itself! ”

THE HISTORY OF LIFE.

Day dawned. Within a curtained room
Filled to faintness with perfume,
A lady lay at point of doom.

Day closed. A child had seen the light.—
As for the lady, fair and bright,
She rested in undreaming night.

Spring came. The lady's grave was green,
And near it oftentimes was seen,
A gentle boy, with thoughtless mien.

Years fled. He wore a manly face,
And struggled in the world's rough race,
And won at last a lofty place,

And then, *he* died! Behold before ye,
Humanity's brief sum, and story,
Life. Death, and all that is of—Glory .

THE MONTH OF JANUARY.

January was distinguished as the first month of the year by Numa Pompilius, the second king of Rome, when he added it and the month of February to the calendar or year of Romulus, the founder and first king of that city. This month, which consists of thirty-one days (originally only thirty), derived its appellation from the Latin *Januarius*, in honor of *Janus*, a Pagan deity, held in the highest veneration. The first month of the year was named after him, not only on account of his great reputation for judgment respecting things that were past, and his presumed foresight, or foreknowledge of events to come; but also, because he was supposed to have the gates of heaven committed to his particular charge; from which circumstance, he was always represented with a key in his right hand.

Hence, too, every Roman door or gate had the name of *Janua*; therefore the *first* month being styled JANUARIUS, many authors have considered that name to have denoted this period as a *door*, or opening to a new era, or *renewal of time*; for Janus presided over *time*, as well as over war and peace.

The statue of Janus had *two faces*, turned from each other; one *old*, and expressive of experience in, or allusive to, *things past*; the other *young*, and typical of his looking forward to the future, or into *time to come*. On some occasions, he was represented with four faces, emblematic of the *four seasons*, over which he was supposed to have control. He was still further distinguished as the deity presiding over the year, by being exhibited as sitting in the centre of *twelve altars*; to denote Numa's division of the year into twelve months. On this

occasion *figures* were engraved on his hands, to mark the extent, or number of days, to which the year was augmented by that sovereign.

Numa, who was a wise and peaceful prince, by taking away the honor of leading the year from *March*, which was dedicated to Mars, the pagan god of war, and by giving that preference to *January*, perhaps sought to induce his people to value the benefits of peace, rather than those to be expected from a state of warfare;—but he was also actuated by the desire to begin the year at that period when the Sun should reach its greatest *declension*, or fall; and so keep pace with the progress of that luminary, until it had fulfilled its course, or until the same period next year.

The temple dedicated to *Janus*, was ordered, however, to be kept *shut* in time of peace and *open* during war: and so powerfully did the amiable example and precepts of Numa operate upon his subjects, that he had the satisfaction, during his reign, of seeing this temple *closed*;—although the Romans were usually so addicted to war, that in the space of 800 years, it was closed only *six* times. It may be remarked in this place, that when Julius Cæsar made his alteration in the Roman Calendar, he made *Juno* supersede *Janus*, as the guardian deity of the month of January.

Our Saxon ancestors called this month, “WOLF-MONAT;” because persons were in greater danger of being devoured by *Wolves* in that season of the year than in any other;—for, the ground being covered with snow, and wild animals, generally, keeping within their dens and holes as much as possible, these creatures, having no flesh to feed upon, became so ravenous as to attack human beings. When Christianity began to prevail in

Britain, "ÆFTER-YULA," that is *After-Christmas* became the name of the month of January.

In old paintings, the month of JANUARY is represented by the figure of a man *clad in white*; which is typical of the snow that usually lies on the ground at this season:—he is blowing on his fingers to indicate the cold; and under his left arm he holds a billet of wood;—or a brasier lies at his feet, filled with flaming wood and glowing charcoal. Near him stands the figure which usually represents the *Sign of Aquarius*, (or that twelfth part of the *Zodiac*, or sun's apparent annual course,) into which the Sun enters on the 19th of this month.

The Anglo-Saxons, who were greatly addicted to drinking, depicted JANUARY as a man seated at a table, and drinking *ale* from a goblet: in the back ground were seen persons ploughing with oxen, sowing seed, and otherwise employed in agricultural labors peculiar to the winter season of the year.

The First of January having been observed by Pagan nations as a day of rejoicing, and for offering up sacrifices to the idol Janus, the primitive Christians celebrated it as a *Fast*, in order to avoid even the semblance of joining in their customs and worship. According to the Catholic Legends, it was held in such high esteem by the Romans, that they would not sully it even by martyring the Christians, at such a joyful period! It is still kept as a holiday throughout the several nations of Europe and America.

INDUSTRY REWARDED.

A violent Welsh squire having taken offence at a poor curate, who employed his leisure hours in mending clocks and watches, applied to the bishop of St. Asaph with a formal complaint against him for impiously carrying on a trade contrary to the statute. His lordship having heard the complaint, told the squire he might depend upon the strictest justice being done in the case: accordingly the mechanic divine was sent for a few days after, when the bishop asked him—"How he dared to disgrace the diocese by becoming a mender of clocks and watches?" The other with all humility answered—"To satisfy the wants of a wife and ten children."

"That won't do with me," rejoined the prelate, "I will inflict such a punishment upon you as shall make you leave off your pitiful trade, I promise you;" and immediately calling in his secretary, ordered him to make out a presentation for the astonished curate to a living of at least one hundred and fifty pounds per annum.

THE CHAIN OF BEING.

See through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
 All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
 Above, how high progressive life may go!
 Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
 Vast chain of being! which from God began,
 Nature's ethereal, human, angel, man,
 Beast, bird, fish, insect! what no eye can see,
 No glass can reach; from infinite to thee;
 From thee to nothing—On superior powers
 Were we to press, inferior might on ours.
 Or in the full creation leave a void,

Where, one step broken, the great scale is destroyed:
 From nature's chain whatever link you strike,
 Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And if each system in gradation roll,
 Alike essential to the amazing whole;
 The least confusion but in one, not all
 That system only, but the whole must fall.
 Let earth unbalanced from her orbit fly,
 Planets and suns run lawless through the sky;
 Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurled,
 Being on being wrecked, and world on world;
 Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,
 And nature tremble, to the throne of God:
 All this dread order break—For whom? For thee?
 Vile worm! O madness! pride! impiety!—POPE.

EMINENT SHOEMAKERS.

LINNÆUS, the founder of the Science of Botany, was apprenticed to a shoemaker in Sweden, but afterwards taken notice of in consequence of his ability, and sent to college.

The elder David Pareus, who was afterwards the celebrated Professor of Theology at Heidelberg, Germany, was at one time apprenticed to a shoemaker.

Joseph Pendrall, who died some time since at London, and who was a profound and scientific scholar, leaving an excellent Library, was bred, and pursued through life, the trade of a shoemaker.

Hans Sarchs, one of the most famous of the early German poets, was the son of a tailor, served an apprenticeship to a shoemaker, and afterwards became a weaver.

Benedict Baudouin, one of the most learned men of the 16th century, was a shoemaker, as likewise was his father. This man wrote a treatise on the

shoemaking of the Ancients, which he traced up to the time of Adam himself. According to his views, Adam was a shoemaker, and Eve a tailoress.

To these may be added those ornaments of literature, Holcraft, the author of *Critic*, and other works; Glifford, the founder and for many years the editor of the *London Quarterly Review*, one of the most profound scholars and elegant writers of the age; and Bloomfield, the author of "*The Farmer's Boy*," and other works, all of whom were shoemakers, and the pride and admiration of the literary world.

Anthony Purver, who was a teacher of the languages at Andover, England, and who received 1000*l.* for his translation of the Scriptures, served his time as a shoemaker.

Our own Roger Sherman, too, was early apprenticed to a shoemaker, and he followed the business many years. This was the man who, as Mr. Jefferson once observed, "never said a foolish thing in his life."

MOTIVES TO ACTION.

AMONG the motives to action which I would present, the first is a regard to *your own happiness*. To this you are by no means indifferent at present. Nay, the attainment of happiness is your primary object. You seek it in every desire, word, and action. But you sometimes mistake the road that leads to it, either for the want of a friendly hand to guide you, or because you refuse to be guided. Or what is most common, you grasp at a smaller good, which is near, and apparently certain, and in so doing cut yourselves off from the enjoyment of a good which is often infinitely greater, though more remote.

Let me urge, in the second place, a regard for the family to which you belong. It is true you can never fully know, unless the bitterness of ingratitude should teach you, the extent of the duty you owe to your relatives; and especially to your parents. You *cannot* know—at least till you are parents yourselves,—how their hearts are bound up in yours. But if you do not *in some measure* know it, till this late period, you are not fit to be parents.

In the third place, it is due to society, particularly to the neighborhood or sphere in which you move, and to the *associations* to which you may belong, that you strive to attain a very great elevation of character. Here, too, I am well aware that it is impossible, at your age, to perceive fully, how much you have it in your power to contribute, if you will, to the happiness of those around you; and here again let me refer you to the advice and guidance of aged friends.

But, fourthly, it is due to the nation and age to which you belong, that you fix upon a high standard of character. This work is intended for American youth. *American!* did I say? This word, alone, ought to call forth all your energies, and if there be a slumbering faculty within you, arouse it to action. Never, since the creation, were the youth of any age or country so imperiously called upon to exert themselves, as those whom I now address. Never before were there so many important interests at stake. Never were such immense results depending upon a generation of men, as upon that which is now approaching the stage of action. These rising millions are destined, according to all human probability, to form by far the greatest nation that ever constituted an entire community of freemen, since the world began. To form the character of

these millions, involves a greater amount of responsibility, individual and collective, than any other work to which humanity has ever been called. And the reasons are, it seems to me, obvious.

Now it is for you, my young friends, to determine whether these weighty responsibilities shall be fulfilled. It is for you to decide whether this *greatest* of free nations shall, at the same time, be the *best*. And as every nation is made up of individuals, you are each, in reality, called upon daily, to settle this question: "Shall the United States, possessing the most ample means of instruction within the reach of nearly all her citizens, the happiest government, the healthiest of climates, the greatest abundance of the best and most wholesome nutriment, with every other possible means for developing all the powers of human nature, be peopled with the most vigorous, powerful, and happy race of human beings which the world has ever known?"

There is another motive to which I beg leave, for one moment, to direct your attention. You are bound to fix on a high standard of action, from the desire of obeying the will of God. *He* it is who has cast your lot in a country which—all things considered—is the happiest below the sun. *He* it is who has given you such a wonderful capacity for happiness, and instituted the delightful relations of parent and child, and brother and sister, and friend and neighbor. I might add, *He* it is, too, who has given you the name *American*,—a name which alone furnishes a passport to many civilized lands, and like a good countenance, or a becoming dress, prepossesses every body in your favor.

But what young man is there, I may be asked, who is not influenced more or less, by all the motives which have been enumerated? Who is there

that does not seek his own happiness? Who does not desire to please his parents and other relatives, his friends and his neighbors? Who does not wish to be distinguished for his attachment to country and to liberty? Nay, who has not even some regard, in his conduct, to the will of God?

I grant that many young men, probably the most of those into whose hands this book will be likely to fall, are influenced, more or less, by all these considerations. All pursue their own happiness, no doubt. By far the majority of the young have, also, a general respect for the good opinion of others, and the laws of the Creator.

Still, do not thousands and tens of thousands mistake, as I have already intimated, in regard to what really promotes their own happiness? Is there any certainty that the greatest happiness of a *creature* can be secured without consulting the will of the Creator? And do not those young persons greatly err, who suppose that they can secure a full amount, even of earthly blessings, without conforming, with the utmost strictness, to those rules for conduct, which the Bible and the Book of Nature, so plainly make known?

Too many young men expect happiness from wealth. This is their great object of study and action, by night and by day. Not that they suppose there is an inherent value in the wealth itself, but only that it will secure the means of procuring the *happiness* they so ardently desire. But the farther they go, in the pursuit of wealth, for the sake of happiness, especially if successful in their plans and business, the more they forget their original purpose, and seek wealth for the *sake* of wealth. To *get rich*, is their principal motive to action.

So it is in regard to the exclusive pursuit of

sensual pleasure, or civil distinction. The farther we go, the more we lose our original character, and the more we become devoted to the objects of pursuit, and incapable of being roused by other motives.

The laws of God, whether we find them in the constitution of the universe around us, or go higher and seek them in the revealed word, are founded on a thorough knowledge of human nature, and all its tendencies. Do you study natural science—the laws which govern matter, animate and inanimate? What is the lesson which it constantly inculcates, but that it is man's highest interest not to violate or attempt to violate the rules which Infinite Wisdom has adopted; and that every violation of his laws brings punishment along with it? Do you study the laws of God, as revealed in the Bible? And do not they, too, aim to inculcate the necessity of constant and endless obedience to his will, at the same time that their rejection is accompanied by the severest penalties which heaven and earth can inflict?

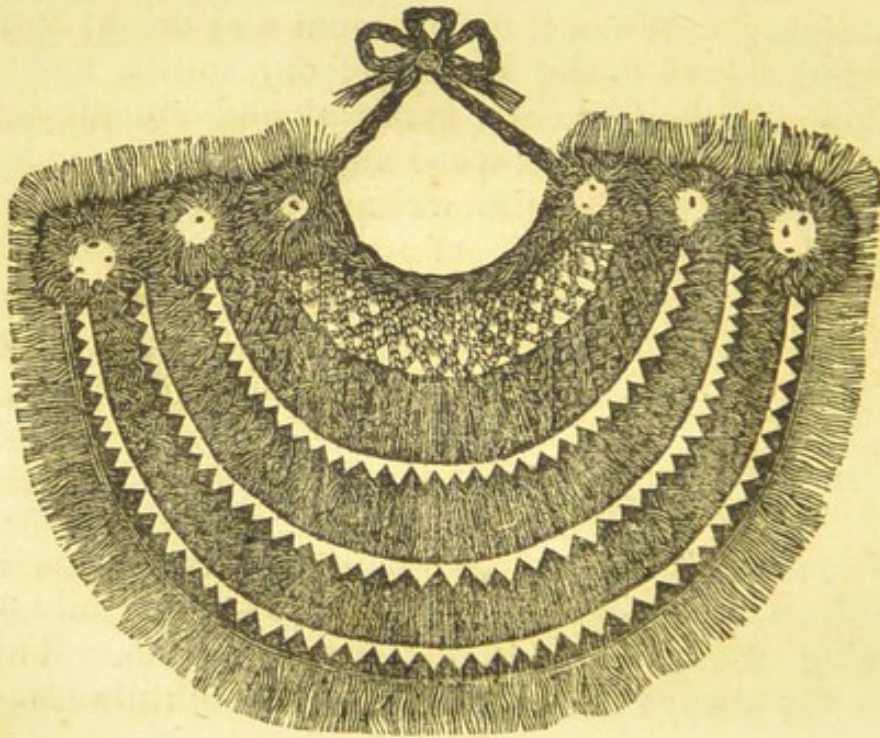
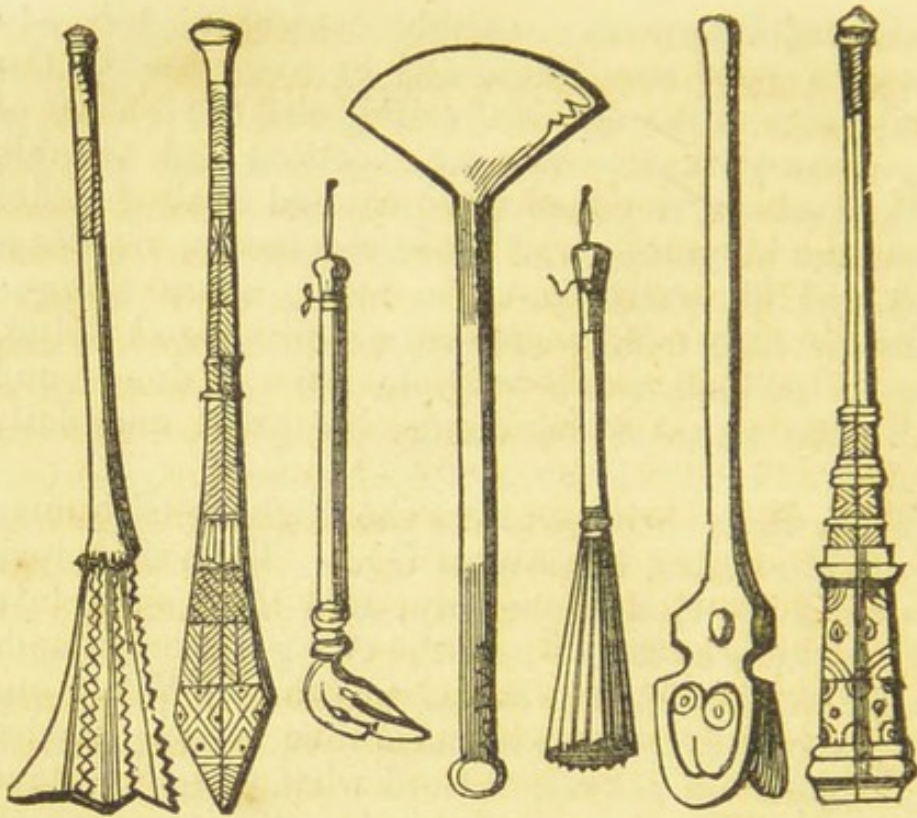
The young man whose highest motives are to seek his own happiness, and please his friends and neighbors, and the world around him, does much. This should never be denied. He merits much—not in the eye of God, for of this I have nothing to say in this volume—but from his fellow men. And although he may have never performed a single action from a desire to obey God and make his fellow men really *better*, as well as happier, he may still have been exceedingly useful, compared with a large proportion of mankind.

But suppose a young man possesses a character of this stamp—and such there are. How is he ennobled, how is the dignity of his nature advanced, how is he elevated from the rank of a mere com-

panion of creatures,—earthly creatures, too,—to that of a meet companion and fit associate for the inhabitants of the celestial world, and the Father of all; when to these traits, so excellent and amiable in themselves, is joined the pure and exalted desire to pursue his studies and his employments, his pleasures and his pastimes—in a word, every thing—even the most trifling concern which is *worth* doing, exactly as God would wish to have it done; and make the *means* of so doing, his great and daily study?

This, then, brings us to the highest of human motives to action, the love of God. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God supremely, and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself, are the two great commands which bind the human family together. When our love to God is evinced by pure love to man, and it is our constant prayer, “Lord what wilt thou have me to *do* ;” then we come under the influence of motives which are worthy of creatures destined to immortality. When it is our meat and drink, from a sacred regard to the Father of our spirits, and of all things in the universe, material and immaterial, to make every thought, word and action, do good—have a bearing upon the welfare of one or more, and the more the better—of our race, then alone do we come up to the dignity of our nature, and, by Divine aid, place ourselves in the situation for which the God of nature and of grace designed us.

UNUSUAL HEALTH.—The number of deaths in Hingham, Mass. during the year 1834, was only 30—being about 1 in 116 of the population. This town has always been noted for its healthfulness.

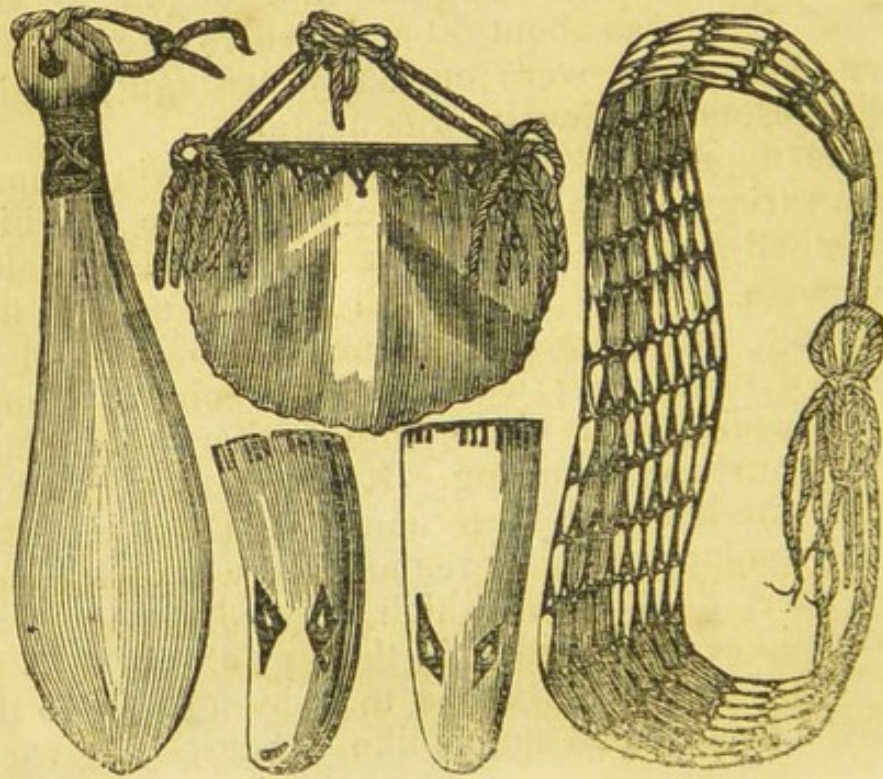


SAVAGE WEAPONS AND ORNAMENTS.

It is not a little strange that so much pains should be taken to give to the war dress of all nations, savage or civilized, an appearance of gaiety. Even the very instruments of death themselves are not unfrequently either wrought or polished in a high degree. The horses, too, of those who go to war, are often very gaily caparisoned. As if feathers, and tassels, and epaulets, and gay colors, and embroidery, and beautifully wrought weapons, by adorning this high road to destruction and death, could mitigate its horrors!

Perhaps no savage nation with rude implements of war, has made greater progress in the art of adorning them, than had the inhabitants of New Zealand, when the English first began to visit them. This was about 50 or 60 years ago. Their very war clubs were curiously wrought, highly polished, and variously ornamented.

The upper half of the above engraving represents various kinds of these clubs; some of which are called *patoos*. The latter are a sort of battle axe made of hard wood, with a shaft usually five feet long, and sharpened at one end to be used as a pike if necessary; while the other end is formed into a semicircular blade, with a sharpened blade for the purpose of cutting. It is with this that they cut off the heads of their enemies in battle. But their principal and most remarkable war instrument is a short thick club, which they all wear at all times and seasons, either in their girdle, or held in the right hand and attached to it by a string to the wrist. It is shaped much like a battledore, vary-



ing from ten to eighteen inches in length, including the handle, and generally about four or five broad. It is thick in the middle, but is worked down to a very sharp edge on both sides. It is most commonly formed of a species of green talc; but sometimes of a darker colored stone; and occasionally of whalebone.

This instrument, highly polished, is usually employed in close combat, in which they generally aim at the head. One well directed blow is quite enough to split open the hardest skull. The figure of this instrument is at the left hand of the lower part of the engraving; and those near it are various kinds of ornaments worn upon the breast.

The remaining figure, that at the right hand lower corner, represents another breast ornament, —a military gorget.—It has a faint resemblance to one species of shawl worn in enlightened countries.

View them in whatever light we may, these South Sea Islanders are a very singular people. Nothing can be more interesting than the study of their character; and few things can be more instructive. The best account of the New Zealanders with which we are acquainted, is that given in one of the early volumes of the Library of Entertaining Knowledge.

ONLY TWO DISEASES. ‘After all,’ says a witty French physician, “there are only two sorts of diseases in the world; one of which you die, and another of which you don’t.”

MAN THE WORST FOE OF MAN.

IN every clime, from Lapland to Japan,
 This truth 's confessed—That man's worst foe is man.
 The ravening tribes that crowd the sultry zone,
 Prey on all kinds and colors but their own.
 Lion with lion herds, and pard with pard.
 Instincts' first law their covenant and guard.
 But man alone, the lord of every clime,
 Whose port is godlike, and whose power sublime,
 Man, at whose birth the Almighty hand stood still,
 Pleased with the last great effort of his will;—
 Man, man alone, no tenant of the wood,
 Preys on his kind, and laps his brother's blood;
 His fellow leads where hidden pitfalls lie,
 And drinks, with ecstasy, his dying sigh.

CLEAN YOUR TEETH.—Shaw, in his "Microscopic Objects," says:—"If the whitish matter sticking between the teeth be removed by a tooth-pick, mixed with a little water and examined by the microscope, animalculæ will appear, so active and so numerous that the whole mass seems to be alive. The largest sort, but few in number, move very swiftly; the second sort, more numerous, have different motions; the third kind are roundish, and so small that a million of them are not larger than a grain of coarse sand. They move so swiftly, and in such numbers, that they seem like swarms of gnats or flies. Even when we take pains to keep the teeth clean, some of each of these three sorts may usually be found between the teeth of men women and children, especially between the grinders; but when we are negligent, besides these, a fourth sort abound, in the shape of eels. They all die, if vinegar is applied to them, hence vinegar has been supposed to be a useful gargle for the teeth, gums, and mouth generally."



THE SPRUCE.

THE NORWAY SPRUCE FIR is larger and taller than the American Spruce; and is among the tallest of the pine tribe in any country. The lofty and perfectly straight firs of Norway were long celebrated, throughout Europe, as furnishing masts for the largest ships. Milton, in describing Satan in *Paradise Lost*, says;

“The spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great admiral, were but a wand.”

Some of these trees are found in Norway to grow to the height of 150 to 200 feet. The masts of the American shipping are often made from the White Pine, which also grows to a great height, especially in Maine. The Norway firs make an excellent shelter, are always in leaf, and present a majestic appearance. The reader can form a faint idea of their appearance from the above representation of the boughs.

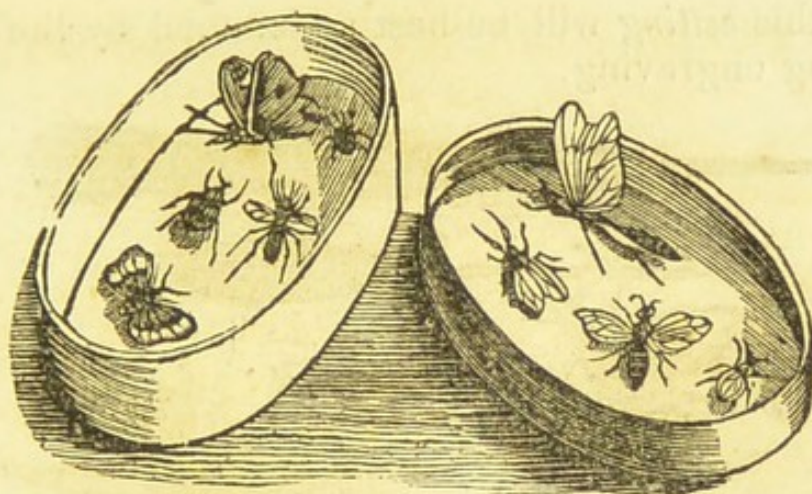
CABINETS OF NATURAL HISTORY.

COLLECTING AND PRESERVING INSECTS.

THE idea of destroying insects, even for the purpose of studying their structure, is shocking to the feelings of some individuals: and yet, can we doubt, for one moment, the propriety of doing it? We believe it is equally proper to kill them for the sake of forming museums or cabinets. Still they should always be destroyed in the easiest manner possible; and he that will inflict one unnecessary pang, is unworthy the name of a naturalist.

When insects are caught merely for the cabinet, or museum, and not with a view to study their habits and economy, naturalists provide themselves with a quill barrel, sealed at one end with wax, and having a cork stopper at the other, for very minute specimens, with a wide mouthed phial containing weak spirits of wine, into which dark colored beetles, wasps and bees are put, (the spirits instantly killing them and preserving them for future purposes,) and with a pocket collecting-box or boxes for winged insects. An oblong chip wafer-box, lined at top and bottom with cork, and covered with white paper, will form a very good collecting-box, taking care that it is neither too shallow nor too deep. Some have a square box, made of mahogany, or cedar, with hinges on one side and a spring on the other, so that it can be opened by the left hand, while an insect is held up in the right

Instead of this box, however, some collectors of insects use the crown of their hats for the purpose taking care to have it lined, on the inside, with cork. Others use neither; but only carry with them a bit of paper twisted at each end in which they put their collections.



Before insects are placed in hat crowns, boxes, or papers, it is proper to kill them; and this should be done in the speediest and least cruel manner possible. Exposing them to heat—even when the heat is not very intense,—is said to destroy them very quickly. Piercing their breasts with a pin dipped in nitric acid, will instantly destroy some kinds of insects, such as moths, &c.

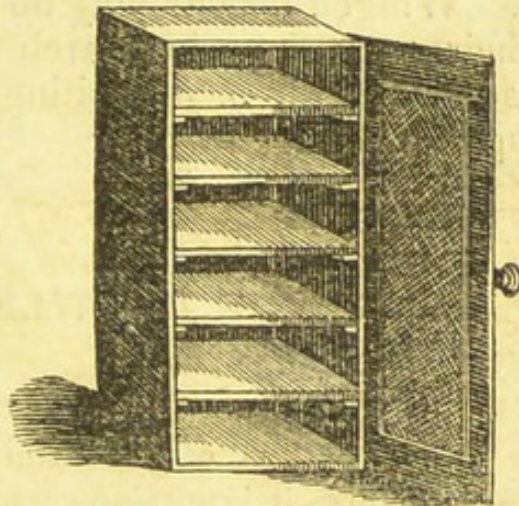
To fit insects for a cabinet, they require to be *set*, as it is termed; that is, all their parts must be so placed as will best exhibit them. For this purpose, each is pierced, when dead, with an insect-pin, of a fine slender sort, manufactured on purpose. While fresh and flexible, the legs and wings are to be stretched out with a setting needle, or a large pin, bent at the point, and fixed into a wooden handle, then stuck upon a board covered with cork and paper, and kept in their proper position by means of pins and braces, till they become dry and stiff. When insects have become stiff before being set, they may be made flexible again by covering them, for several hours, with a damp cloth, which, however, must not be allowed to touch them. A camel-hair pencil is used for brushing off dust.

But this *setting* will be best understood by the following engraving.



When insects are very small, as piercing them with a pin would destroy them, it is usual to gum them on a slip of card, or cut wafer, and to arrange this in the cabinet. Very small beetles, flies, &c. may be thus preserved.

The setting board ought to be kept where there is a free ventilation of air, till the insects are dry; but it should be kept out of the reach of spiders. The most convenient apparatus is an upright box, with grooves, into which the setting-boards may slide, with the door and the sides opposite to it covered with gauze. Here is the picture of a setting board frame.



When the insects are well set and dried, it will be well to put a little camphor in the cabinet-drawers, to prevent mites. Great care will also be necessary to keep them from damp, and moths and other insects which the camphor will not keep off.

A cabinet may have more or fewer drawers, but each drawer ought to be at least a foot square, and two inches deep. The best wood is mahogany or cedar. The doors ought to have velvet glued round the edges, to keep out dust and small insects. The bottoms of the drawers should be lined

with sheet cork, made smooth by filing, and having white paper pasted over it. The specimens are best arranged in columns, from top to bottom of the drawers, with the names attached to each.

If we should be asked, where is the best place to find insects, our answer must be, Every where. In woods, fields, lanes, hedge-rows, gardens,—wherever a flower blooms, or a green leaf grows, some of the insects which feed on living vegetables will be sure to be found. In the waters again, both running and stagnant, from the rill to the river, and from the broad lake to the little pool formed in a cow's footstep, aquatic insects of numerous varieties may be seen. Winged insects may be seen in the air, during their excursions in search of food, or for the purposes of pairing or depositing their eggs, in countless species and numbers.

THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

RECOVERY OF LOST MANUSCRIPTS.

IN tracing the progress of knowledge through the age of manuscripts, it is curious to find what a narrow escape many valuable works had, from annihilation. Many, we know, have perished; many we possess are but fragments; and chance, blind arbiter of the works of genius, has given us some, not of the highest value.

One reason why we have lost a great number of ancient authors, was the conquest of Egypt by the Saracens, which deprived Europe of the use of the *papyrus*. The ignorance of that age could find no substitute; they knew no other expedient but writing on parchment, which became every day more

scarce and costly. Ignorance and barbarism unfortunately seized on Roman manuscripts, and industriously defaced pages once imagined to have been immortal!

That, however, the monks had not in high veneration the *profane* authors, appears by a facetious anecdote. To read the classics was considered as a very idle recreation, and some held them in great horror. To distinguish them from other books, they invented a disgraceful sign; when a monk asked for a pagan author, after making the general sign they used in their manual and silent language when they wanted a book, he added a particular one, which consisted in scratching under his ear, as a dog, which feels an itching, scratches himself in that place with his paw—because, said they, an unbeliever is compared to a dog! In this manner they expressed an *itching* for those *dogs*, Virgil or Horace!

At the restoration of letters, the researches of literary men were chiefly directed to hunt out old manuscripts. Every part of Europe and Greece was ransacked, and, the glorious end considered, there was something sublime in this humble industry, which often produced a lost author of antiquity, and gave one more classic to the world. This occupation was carried on with enthusiasm, and a kind of mania possessed many, who exhausted their fortunes in distant voyages, and profuse prices.

These manuscripts were discovered in the obscurest recesses of monasteries; they were not always imprisoned in libraries, but rotting in oblivion: in dark unfrequented corners with rubbish. It required no less ingenuity to find out places where to examine, than to understand the value of the acquisition, when obtained. An universal ignorance

then prevailed in the knowledge of ancient writers. A library of six hundred volumes was considered as an extraordinary collection.

Among those whose lives were devoted to this purpose, Poggio the Florentine stands distinguished; but he complains that his zeal was not assisted by the great. He found under a heap of rubbish in a decayed coffer, in a tower, the work of Quintilian, and to his great joy drew it out of its grave.

The most valuable copy of Tacitus, of whom so much is wanting, was likewise discovered in a monastery of Westphalia. It is a curious circumstance in literary history, that we should owe Tacitus to this single copy; for the Roman emperor of that name had copies of the works of his illustrious ancestor placed in all the libraries of the empire, and every year had ten copies transcribed; but the Roman libraries seem to have been all destroyed.

The original manuscript of Justinian's code was discovered by the Pisans, accidentally, when they took a city in Calabria; that vast code of laws had been in a manner unknown from the time of that emperor. This curious book was brought to Pisa, and when Pisa was taken by the Florentines, was transferred to Florence, where it is still preserved.

It sometimes happened that manuscripts were discovered in the last agonies of existence. Papirius Masson found, in the house of a book-binder of Lyons, the works of Agobart. The mechanic was on the point of using the manuscripts to line the covers of his books. A page of the second decade of Livy it is said was found by a man of letters in the parchment of his battledore, while he was amusing himself in the country. He hastened to the maker of the battledore—but arrived too late!

The man had finished the last page of Livy—about a week before! Many works have undoubtedly perished in this manuscript state.

In this age of manuscripts, there is reason to believe, that when a man of letters accidentally obtained an unknown work, he did not make the fairest use of it, and cautiously concealed it from his contemporaries. Leonard Aretino, having found a Greek manuscript of Procopius *de Bello Gothico*, translated it into Latin, and published the work, but concealing the author's name, it passed as his own, till another manuscript of the same work being dug out of its grave, the fraud of Aretino was apparent. Barbosa, a bishop of Ugento, in 1649, has printed among his works a treatise, which, it is said, he obtained by having perceived one of his domestics bringing in a fish rolled in a leaf of written paper, which his curiosity led him to examine. He was sufficiently interested to run out and search the fish market, till he found the manuscript out of which it had been torn. He published it under the title *de Officio Episcopi*.

In more recent times, we might collect many curious anecdotes concerning manuscripts. Sir Robert Cotton one day at his tailor's, discovered that the man was holding in his hand, ready to cut up for measures—an original Magna Charta, with all its appendages of seals and signatures. He bought the singular curiosity for a trifle, and recovered in this manner what had long been given over for lost!

Cardinal Granvelle carefully preserved all his letters; he left behind him several chests filled with a prodigious quantity, written in different languages, commented, noted, and under-lined by his own hand. These curious manuscripts, after his death,

were left in a garret to the mercy of the rain and the rats. Five or six of these chests the steward sold to the grocers. It was then that a discovery was made of this treasure. Several learned men occupied themselves in collecting as many of these literary relics as they possibly could. What were saved, formed eighty thick folios. Among these original letters, are found great numbers written by almost all the crowned heads in Europe, with instructions for ambassadors, and many other state-papers.

Recently a valuable secret history by Sir George Mackenzie, the king's advocate in Scotland, has been rescued from a mass of waste paper sold to a grocer, who had the good sense to discriminate it, and communicated this curious memorial to Dr. M'Crie; the original, in the hand-writing of its author, has been deposited in the advocates' library. There is an hiatus, which contained the history of six years. This work excited inquiry after the rest of the MSS., which were found to be nothing more than the sweepings of an attorney's office.

Montaigne's journal of his travels into Italy have been but recently published. A prebendary of Perigord, travelling through this province to make researches relative to its history, arrived at the ancient *chateau* of Montaigne, in possession of a descendant of this great man. He inquired for the archives, if there had been any. He was shown an old worm-eaten coffer, which had long held papers untouched by the incurious generations of Montaigne. The prebendary, with philosophical intrepidity, stifled himself in clouds of dust, and at length drew out the original manuscript of the travels of Montaigne. Two thirds of the work are in the hand-writing of Montaigne, and the rest

is written by a servant, who served as his secretary, and who always speaks of his master in the third person. But he must have written what Montaigne dictated, as the expressions and the egotisms are all Montaigne's.

Our ancestors were great hidors of manuscripts; Dr. Dee's singular MSS. were found in the secret drawer of a chest, which had passed through many hands undiscovered; and that vast collection of state-papers of Thurloe's, the secretary of Cromwell, which formed about seventy volumes in the original manuscripts, accidentally fell out of the false ceiling of some chambers at Lincoln's Inn.

BOOK OF HEALTH.

"IN SIMPLICI SALUS."—"THERE IS SAFETY IN SIMPLES."

WE are not over fond of Latin phrases, especially in a work like this; but where we give the translation along with the original phrase, we may perhaps be pardoned, for once. But we are determined to make open war with quackery of all kinds; and if for want of merit enough to attract the public attention, we can gain our object by a queer title, who will object?

Country physicians sometimes carry their own medicines. One who was famous for finding his patients very sick, and prescribing a long list of powerful medicines, was accosted, one day, by a brother in the profession with, "Why, doctor, for heaven's sake, why all this farrago of medicine?" "Hush, you blockhead," said the other, "how else could I make out a bill?"

The practice of almost every judicious physician becomes more and more simple as long as he lives

This fact speaks volumes. Here follows the testimony of a late professor of *Materia Medica* in Brown University, after near half a century of professional labor.

“What a farrago of drugs has been, and perhaps still is, used by many physicians! ‘I have really seen in private practice, and in some public writings,’ says Huxham, ‘such a jumble of things thrown together in one prescription, that it would have puzzled *Apollo* himself to know what it was designed for.’ A certain practitioner said, that the quantity, or rather complexity of the medicines which he gave his patients, was always increased in a ratio with the obscurity of the cases;—‘If,’ said he, ‘I fire a great profusion of shot, it is very extraordinary if some do not hit the mark.’ A patient in the hands of such a practitioner, has not a much better chance than the Chinese mandarin, who upon being attacked with any disease, calls in twelve or more physicians; and then swallows, in one mixture, all the potions which each separately prescribes.

Unwilderer by thorny theories, unstable as the phases of the moon; it would be far better for the practitioner to tread the path pointed out by a strict observance of nature. On a review of my own practice, I think I have perceived greater advantages from the use of simple remedies, than of others commonly prescribed. It seems to me, that the human constitution, or corporeal frame, was not thus intricately and wonderfully formed, to require, in repairing, what some physicians call the *broad-axe*—meaning mercury, arsenic, &c.

You know that mercury, used freely, will induce a mercurial disease, more difficult to cure than that which it was designed to obviate. Sangrado, in

Gil Blas, ascribed all his fatal cases to want of sufficient bleeding and tepid draughts: so some modern physicians seem to ascribe all their success to a bold use of calomel; and, if the disorder terminates unfavorably, calomel, they say, was not pushed far enough.

What can we do more than merely to regulate the *vis medicatrix naturæ*—the self-preserving energy; by exciting it when languid, restraining it when vehement, in changing morbid action, or in obviating pain or irritation, when they oppose its salutary courses?"

We have no horror of calomel, because it happens to be a mineral, while we would, at the same time, swallow down, by wholesale, lobelia, or cicuta, or prussic acid, because they are vegetables. This propensity, abroad in the world, might be denominated *gullibility*. Calomel, judiciously managed, we believe to be one of the mildest "simples" in nature; and not the least effectual.

Nor are we prepared to assent to the broad conclusion of an aged practitioner of New England; that of two communities embracing an equal number of inhabitants, in all respects equal, one of whom should have a good physician, and the latter none, for 100 years, the former would have no advantages over the latter. Such a conclusion we deem as erroneous as it is skeptical.

Physicians, as they are, do good. We would be among the last to diminish public confidence in them. We would say, in particular, if you ask their advice, implicitly abide by it. So many valuable lives have been lost by not attending to this rule, that we tremble only to think of it. Follow their advice; it *may* do you good; follow it half way, and it will inevitably do you mischief.

Still, we would say, rely most on your physician's advice in regard to prevention. Here it is that he can be chiefly useful, after all. Do not wait till you are at death's door before you send for him. If you do, the sound of the sexton's feet may be behind him, and you or your executors may have to pay two bills instead of one.

There is one grand error in the mode of compensating physicians. Their compensation is in proportion to the amount of sickness. Now this is leading this great class of men into temptation; and that, too, where it will be for their interest to fall. They should be paid in proportion to health, and not to sickness; as we have heard is the case in China or some of the Oriental countries. Then it would be for their interest to cure us.

THE BROKEN PUNCH BOWL.

Donald. Surely it cannot be for the punch bowl, Davy, that you are grieving, in this manner?

Davy. O, Donald, Donald! my punch bowl is broken for ever!

Donald. Never mind that; had it been broken twenty years ago, it would have been all the better.

Davy. It was the dearest friend I had in the world.

Donald. It was the worst friend you ever set eyes on.

Davy. How often has it given brightness to my eye, and pleasure to my heart!

Donald. How often has it blinded you to your temporal and eternal welfare, and planted the thorns of care in your bosom

Davy. It has, not unfrequently, turned the darkness of night into the brightness of day.

Donald. It has robbed you of midnight rest, and closed your eyes in feverish slumber when the sun was in the skies.

Davy. It has made me feel a love for all mankind.

Donald. It has made you despise and break the laws of God and man, neglect your wife and children, and quarrel with your best friends.

Davy. The punch bowl increases intellect.

Donald. The punch bowl destroys reason.

Davy. It inspires the soul with generous resolves!

Donald. It fills the soul with pride, hatred, and revenge. It leads the body through poverty, rags, wretchedness and temptation, to adultery, theft, violence and murder.

Davy. I tell you, Donald, it gives the highest joy in the world.

Donald. And I tell you, Davy, that it produces the deepest misery here, and leads to everlasting misery hereafter.

Reader, you have heard both sides: which had the best?

TURKISH LIBRARIES.—Constantinople contains thirty-five libraries, the smallest of which has 1,500 volumes, and the largest 5,000. These are open at all times to visitors and copyists, except Tuesdays and Fridays. Surely it is not for Americans to complain that the Turks neglect the subject of libraries.



Esquimaux Dresses.

ESQUIMAUX INDIANS.

Strange as the Esquimaux dresses appear, a person might almost envy them the felicity of their warm fur linings; and if the uncouth appearance of the above figures strikes us unfavorably at first, it may be worth our while, when the shock is over, to consider whether, in these practical concerns of life, we or the Esquimaux most deserve to be laughed at.

In the progress of Capt. Parry's discoveries at the north, he had abundant opportunities of learning the manners and customs of the Esquimaux. Concerning their dress, as represented in the foregoing engraving, the following are some of his remarks.

“ The man's dress, which is the largest, consists of a coat, with the fur inside, and a hood over his head, coming close round the chin. The front fits close to the body, but behind it ends in a tail! The seams lead down the sides under the arms, and the cuffs and lower edges are trimmed with white fur. Mittens cover the hands; and the breeches, which sit loose, and descend below the knee, have a double row of fur trimming. A pair of boots complete the male attire, which so well balances itself, that it can nearly stand alone.

The most ridiculous by far is the female Esquimaux dress, as exhibited in the shorter figure. The hood comes round the face, and leaves only a little of it exposed, descending on each side with two enormously long ears, ending in two locks of the lady's own black hair. The vest in front falls into a stomacher point; but the most singular things are the boots, which come up higher than any fisherman's, and are nearly as large round as he

body! The fur of these, and of the garment between them and the vest, and of the mittens, is worn inside. These preposterous lady's boots, are stated to be the most essential part of an Esquimaux woman's dress, forming their pockets, their tool boxes, and even their provision cupboards! One of these pilfering ladies, being suspected of having stolen a wash-basin, was rather rudely ordered to be searched, and was detected with the basin concealed in one of her boots!

The Esquimaux tribes are represented as peaceable and good-natured, but not very affectionate, or intelligent; and, painful to relate, there were no signs of the worship of a Supreme Being among them; nor did they appear to have any distinct idea of one. Their marriages and burials seemed unattended by any religious rites; in burying, they merely covered the corpse with snow, the melting of which left them exposed to dogs and wolves; on which account, our seamen dug several graves to bury the dead out of their sight. In the summer they dig a shallow trench for a grave, and cover it with two or three flat stones; and, perhaps, the real reason why they cover the dead so slightly in winter, is their care not to allow the stones, or any thing heavy to rest upon the body, which they seem to imagine may be sensible after death, to such a burden.

Hence, when one of their deceased wives had been decently enveloped in a hammock, in the same way as is practised when a sailor dies at sea, the husband manifested much uneasiness, until he was allowed to cut all the stitches that had been sewn down the front, and give a kind of liberty to the lifeless form.

In this we perceive something like the common

hope of deliverance from all suffering after death; but they are reported to have but crude notions of a future state. A deceased female left a child, which the barbarous father wished to bury alive with its mother, alleging, that as it was a female, no woman would undertake to nurse it, and, in fact, the poor babe was starved to death."

The canoes of the Esquimaux consist of a light wooden frame, covered with seal skins, sewed together with sinews. The skins are not only extended round the bottom and sides, but likewise over the top, forming a complete deck, with only one opening to admit the rower to his seat. The oar or paddle is about ten feet long, and flat at each end. The Esquimaux are very dexterous in rowing and managing their canoes.

Sometimes they use, for canoes, the skins of the hippopotamus. In some cases a boat is made of a single skin; in others, several are sewed together. They fill them with air, as you would a bladder. When the air is expelled, the whole canoe occupies but very little space, and may easily be carried in a fishing bag.





THE CARDOON.

The Cardoon is a native of the island of Candia, whence it was introduced into England. It has however been far less valued as an article of food, in England, than on the continent.

The stems of the young leaves, rendered mild and crisp by blanching, are the only eatable parts of the plant. They are either stewed, or used as an ingredient in soups, and in sallads.—The cardoon very much resembles the artichoke, in appearance; but is larger.

The shoots of the asparagus are far more nutritive and wholesome than those of the cardoon; hence we have little occasion for regret that the latter has not been introduced in this country.

THE FIRST FRENCH REVOLUTION.

ACCOUNT of the victims of the French Revolution,
from the statements of the republican, Prudhomme.

Nobles	1,278
Noble women	750
Wives of laborers and of artisans	1,467
Religieuses	350
Priests	1,135
Common persons (not noble)	13,623
Guillotined by sentence of the Revolutionary Tribunal	18,603
Women died of premature child-birth	3,400
In child-birth from grief	348
Women killed in La Vendée	15,000
Children killed in La Vendée	22,000
Men killed in La Vendée	900,000
Victims under Carrière at Nantes	32,000
Of whom were Children shot	500
Children drowned	1500
Women shot	264
Women drowned	500
Priests shot	500
Priests drowned	460
Nobles drowned	1400
Artisans drowned	5300
Victims at Lyons	31,000
Total,	1,022,351

It is in an especial manner remarkable in this dismal catalogue, how large a proportion of the victims of the Revolution were persons in the middling and lower ranks of life. The priests and nobles guillotined are only 2,413, while the persons of plebeian origin exceed 13,000! The nobles and priests put to death at Nantes were only 2,160, while the infants drowned and shot are 2,000, the women 764, and the artisans 5,300! So rapidly in revolutionary convulsions does the career of cruelty reach the lower orders, and so wide spread is the carnage.



AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

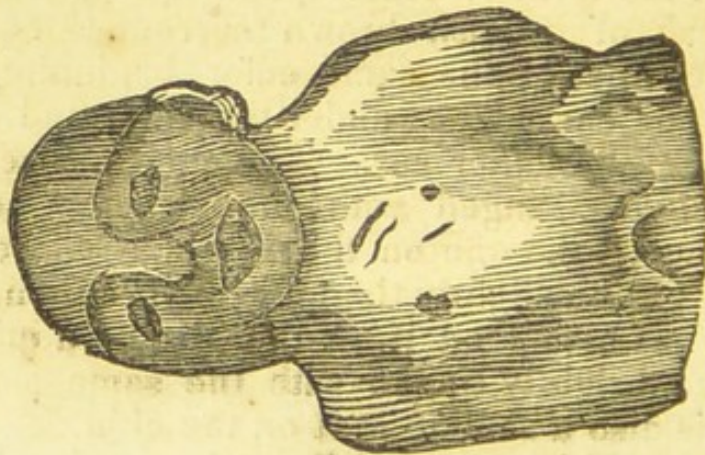
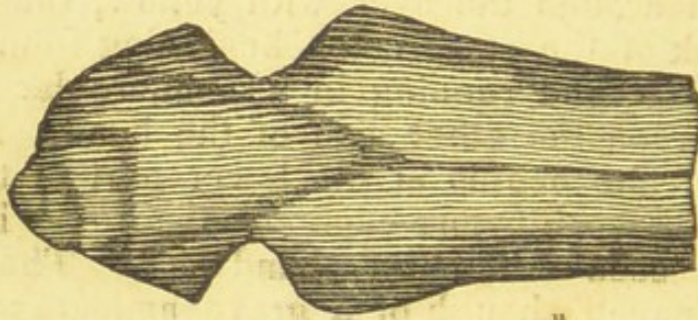
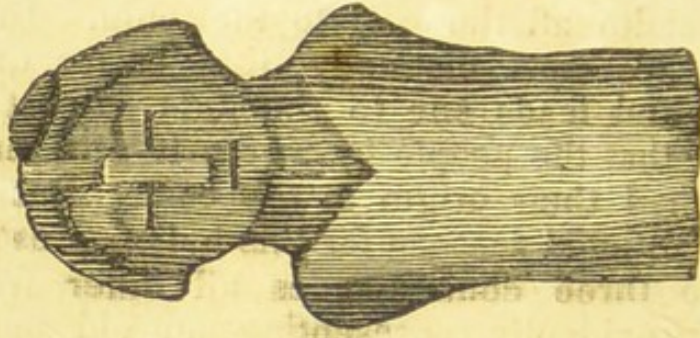
Attempts have sometimes been made to ascertain what race of men inhabited our western world 2000 years ago, by studying their religious character. The "Transactions and Collections of the American Antiquarian Society," contain the records of some of these inquiries.

A singular vessel was found many years ago, on the Caryfork of Cumberland river in Kentucky, about four feet below the surface, of the singular shape represented as nearly as possible in the above engraving. It consists of three heads, joined together at the back part of them, near the top, by a

stem or handle rising above the heads about three inches. This stem or handle is hollow, six inches in circumference at the top, but enlarging as it descends. The heads are all of the same size, being about four inches from the top to the chin. The face at the eyes is three inches broad decreasing in breadth all the way to the chin. In short it resembles most distinctly, the Tartar or Asiatic face; and leads one to conclude, almost involuntarily, that the people by whom it was made must have had their origin in the east. But we shall see additional reasons for this belief, presently.

The three countenances all differ from each other; evidently representing an old person and two younger ones. The face of the eldest is painted around the eyes with yellow, shaded with a streak of the same color, beginning from the top of the ear and running in a semicircular form to the ear on the other side of the head. Another painted line begins at the lower part of the eye, and runs down before each ear about one inch; as may be seen on the left hand side. The second countenance, though of a grave appearance, (it is hidden in the engraving) is evidently much younger than the former, and is painted very differently. A streak of reddish brown surrounds each eye. Another line, of the same color, beginning at the top of one ear, passes under the chin, and ends at the top of the other ear. The ears themselves are also slightly tinged with the same color. The third face,—the one on the right side of the vessel, appears to be slightly tinged with vermilion. Each cheek has a spot on it, of the size of a quarter of a dollar, brightly tinged with the same paint: and there is also a similar spot on the chin.

This "Triune vessel," as the work which we



Idols and earthen vessels.

have mentioned calls it, stands upon three necks, which are about an inch and a half in length. The whole is composed of fine clay, of a light umber color, which has been hardened by the action of fire. The heads are hollow, and the vessel will contain about a quart.

It is thought by many that those who look at the figure of this vessel, and then consult the "Asiatic Researches" of Sir William Jones, and Buchanan's "Star in the East," will hardly be able to avoid the conclusion that it is intended to represent the three chief gods of India; Brahma, Vishnoo, and Seva: and that its authors or their progenitors must have come from Hindostan.

Another idol, found in a mound near Nashville, Tennessee, is made of the same clay with the former, to which was evidently added a small quantity of gypsum, or plaster of Paris. It is represented by the figures on the opposite page, at the right hand side, in three different positions, to show the front, the back, and the side of it. The arms have been cut off close to the body, and the nose and chin mutilated. There is also a fillet and cake upon the head. It is in every respect, even in the manner of plaiting the hair, just such an idol as Professor Pallas found during his travels in the southern part of the Russian empire. This confirms the opinion just expressed, that the race of men in question came from southern Asia. If the Indians came from the northern parts of it, it is probable that these idolaters did not.

We have one more idol to describe. It was dug up in Natchez, Mississippi, on a piece of ground, where, according to tradition, long before Europeans visited this country, there stood an Indian temple. This idol is of stone, nineteen inch-

es high, nine wide, and seven thick. The figure at the left hand of the four idols in our engraving represents this last idol.

Many more discoveries might be mentioned, most if not all of which we think tend only to confirm the sentiment already advanced. Among these are a clay vessel, found near Nashville, with the representation of a female face on it, with Asiatic features and head dress; and nine *murex* shells—precisely such as those described by Sir William Jones, in his “Asiatic Researches” and by Symmes in his “Embassy to Ava”—which have been found within 20 miles of Lexington. These shells, so rare in India, are highly esteemed, and consecrated to their god Mahadeva, whose character is the same with the Neptune of Greece and Rome.

Some persons who have examined our western antiquities—the mounds, forts, idols, relics, &c. with great care, are of opinion that the people who first inhabited the country, worshipped the sun, like some of the Persians. Perhaps the fact ought not to be suppressed that “in clearing out a spring near some ancient ruins, a copper coin has been found on the banks of the little Miami, not far from its entrance into the Ohio, at the depth of four feet below the surface of the earth, the characters on which, from a *fac simile*, appear to be the Old Persian.”

In short, there seems to us abundant evidence that America, at a very early period of its history, was inhabited by a race of men very different from our present race of Indians, and in some respects much farther advanced in civilization. Who they were, whence they came, and why they have disappeared, time and farther discoveries may or may not more fully disclose.

Mr. Flint, and other travellers and sojourners in the West, state that the impress of the leaves of the bread fruit tree, and the bamboo, have frequently been found in peat beds, and fossil coal formations, in the neighborhood of the Ohio. Pebbles of disruption, vast masses of lead ore far from the mine, stratified rocks, earth and sands, specimens of organic, animal and vegetable remains, belonging to a tropical climate, clearly indicate some important and extensive changes, occasioned by fire or water, in the whole great valley of the Mississippi. Then the regular wells, the bricks, the medals, the implements of iron and copper, buried in a soil which must have been undisturbed for ages, with the alphabetic characters written on the cliffs, as plainly show that other races of men have existed and passed away. And what a world must that have been, when the mammoth and the megalonyx trod the plains; and monstrous lizards, whose bones are now rescued from the soil, and which must have been, at least eighty feet in length, reared their heads from the rivers and the lakes!

The mighty remains of the past, to which we have alluded, indicate the existence of three distinct races of men, previous to the arrival of the existing white settlers.

The monuments of the FIRST, or primitive race, are regular stone walls, wells stoned up, brick hearths, found in digging the Louisville canal, medals of copper and silver, swords, and other implements of iron. Mr. Flint assures us, that he has seen these strange and ancient swords. He has also examined a small iron shoe, like a horse shoe, encrusted with the rust of ages, and found far below the soil; and a copper axe weighing about two pounds, singularly tempered, and of peculiar construction,

These relics, he thinks, belonged to a race of civilized men, who must have disappeared many centuries ago. To this race, he attributes the hieroglyphic characters found on the limestone bluffs; the remains of cities and fortifications in Florida; the regular banks of ancient live oaks near them, and the bricks found at Louisville nineteen feet below the surface, in regular hearths, with the coals of the last domestic fire upon them! These bricks were hard, and regular, and longer in proportion to their width, than those of the present day.

To the SECOND race of beings are attributed the vast mounds of earth, found throughout the whole western region, from Lake Erie and West Pennsylvania to Florida and the Rocky Mountains. Some of them contain skeletons of human beings, and display immense labor. Many of them are of regular mathematical figures, parallelograms, ellipses, and sections of circles, showing the remains of gateways, and subterranean passages. Some of them are eighty feet high, and have trees grown on them apparently of the age of five hundred years. They are generally of a soil differing from that which surrounds them, and they are most common in situations where it since has been found convenient to build towns and cities.

One of these mounds was levelled in the centre of Chillicothe, and cart loads of human bones removed from it. Another may be seen in Cincinnati, in which a thin circular piece of gold, alloyed with copper, was found last year. Another at St. Louis, called the falling garden, is pointed out to strangers as a great curiosity.

Many fragments of earthen ware, some of curious workmanship, have been dug throughout this vast

region; some represented drinking vessels, some human heads, and some idols. They all appear to be moulded by the hand, and hardened in the sun. These mounds and earthen implements, indicate a race inferior to the first, which was acquainted with the use of iron.

The THIRD race are the Indians, now existing in the western territories. In the profound silence and solitude of these vast regions, and above the bones of a buried world, how must a philosophic traveller meditate upon the transitory state of human existence, when the only traces of the being of two races of men, are these strange memorials! On this very spot generation after generation has stood, has lived, has warred, grown old and passed away; and, not only their names but their nation, their language, has perished, and utter oblivion has closed over their once populous abodes! We call this country the *New World*! It is old! Age after age, and one physical revolution after another, has passed over it, but who shall tell its history!

DEVOURING BOOKS.

It is recorded of Madame de Stael Holstein, that before she was fifteen years of age, she had "devoured" 600 novels in three months; so that she must have read more than six a day, upon an average. Louis XVI., during the five months and seven days of his imprisonment, immediately preceding his death, read 157 volumes, or *one* a day.

If this species of *gluttony* is pardonable in circumstances like those of Louis, it is less so in a young lady of fourteen or fifteen. No one can have time for reflection, who reads at this rapid rate.

And whatever may be thought, these devourers of books are guilty of abusing nature, to an extent as much greater than those who overcharge their stomachs, as the intellectual powers are higher than the animal propensities.

If we find but few cases of mental gluttony equal to that of M. de Stael, there are many which fall but little short of it. Thousands of young people spend their time in perpetual reading, or rather in *devouring books*. It is true, the food is light; but it occupies the mental faculties, for the time, in fruitless efforts, and operates to exclude food of a better quality.

I should be among the last to engage in an indiscriminate warfare against reading, but when I see the rapid increase of books in our market, and their general character, and consider, that the condition of the market indicates the character and strength of the demand, when to this is added the conviction forced upon me, by facts within the range of daily observation, I cannot resist the conclusion, that it strongly behooves those who are friendly to mental as well as physical temperance, to sound an appropriate alarm.

Perpetual reading inevitably operates to exclude thought, and in the youthful mind to stint the opening mental faculties, by favoring unequal development. It is apt either to exclude social enjoyment, or render the conversation frivolous and unimportant; for to make any useful reflections, while the mind is on the gallop, is nearly out of the question; and if no useful reflections are made during the hours of reading, they cannot of course be retailed in the social circle. Besides, it leads to a neglect of domestic and other labor. *The law, that "man shall eat bread in the sweat of his face," is not to be*

violated by half or three fourths of the human race with impunity. It is a UNIVERSAL LAW; and that individual, let the sex, rank or station be what it may, who transgresses, must suffer the penalty—not mere poverty, but a loss of actual enjoyment, if not of health. Even if we do not intrude upon the hours sacred to repose, sleep becomes disturbed, unsound and unsatisfying. Food loses its relish, life its zest, and instead of seeing the fair and goodly Eden we read and dream of, the world becomes less and less interesting, and we actually begin to complain of our Creator, while the fault is in ourselves.

Such, are some of the results of a perpetual devouring of books; but it would require a volume to state them all in detail, so as to show the full extent of the evil.

I am fully aware that the error in question favors bookmakers and booksellers; for “it is an ill wind that blows nobody good;” but this should not prevent our protesting against it. And while I disclaim all fellowship with those who derive no pleasure in the contemplation of the future, but place the golden era among past ages, I do not hesitate to say, that our ancestors, at periods not very remote, were more truly wise than the children of this generation. If they read fewer novels and light periodicals, they meditated more on what they read. If they had fewer books in the community, they had more of what Locke calls, *sound, round-about sense. If they devoured less, they digested more.* It has been said of Dr. Johnson, that giant in *real literature*, that he never read a book *through*, except the Bible.

How would our mental gormandizers scout the idea, suggested by one who passes for wise, that we should always read with a pen in our hand!

How would Madame de Stael have smiled, at being told that she would probably derive more benefit from reading half a dozen pages in a day, than the same number of volumes!

But we may anticipate a better future. This book-mania is destined to pass away. There is—there must be—in a world which has been for thousands of years improving, too much good sense long to tolerate it. Let the present race of youth, of both sexes, continue to devour greedily every catchpenny publication that issues from the teeming press. But let them remember, that they are unconsciously hastening themselves from life's scenes, to give place to other, and we hope more rational actors—those who will remember that neither their mental nor physical natures can be sustained by mere gormandizing, and that digestion is no less important than mastication.

INDIAN FUNERAL.

AN Indian funeral took place near Ipswich, in Massachusetts, in 1686; of which the following is a brief description.

When the mourners came to the grave, they laid the body near by, then sat down and lamented. The tears were seen to steal successively down the cheeks both of the old and the young. After the body was laid in the grave, they made a second lamentation; then spread the mat on which the deceased had died, over the grave; put the dish there in which he had eaten, and hung a coat of skin on an adjacent tree. This coat none touched, but allowed it to consume with the dead. The relations of the persons thus buried had their faces blacked, as a sign of mourning.

THE AUTUMNAL LEAF.

THE dead leaves strow the forest walk,
 And withered are the pale wild flowers ;
 The frost hangs blackening on the stalk,
 The dew-drops fall in frozen showers.
 Gone are the spring's green sprouting bowers
 Gone summer's rich and mantling vines,
 And Autumn, with her yellow hours,
 On hill and plain no longer shines.

I learned a clear and wild-toned note,
 That rose and swelled from yonder tree—
 A gay bird, with too sweet a throat,
 There perched, and raised her song for me.
 The winter comes, and where is she ?
 The winter comes, and where is she ?
 Away—where summer wings will rove,
 Where buds are fresh, and every tree
 Is vocal with the notes of love.

Too mild the breath of southern sky ;
 Too fresh the flower that blushes there ;
 The northern breeze that rustles by,
 Finds leaves too green, and buds too fair •
 No forest-tree stands stripped and bare,
 No stream beneath the ice is dead,
 No mountain's top, with sleety hair
 Bends o'er the snows its reverend head.

Go there with all the birds—and seek
 A happier clime, with livelier flight,
 Kiss, with the sun, the evening's cheek,
 And leave me lonely with the night.
 —I'll gaze upon the cold north light,
 And mark where all its glories shone—
 See!—that it all is fair and bright,
 Feel—that it all is cold and gone.

LINES BY BISHOP HORNE.

Sweet *day*, so cool, so calm, so bright,
 Bridal of earth and sky,
 The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
 For *thou*, alas! must die!

Sweet *rose*, in air whose odours wave
 And color charms the eye,
 Thy root is ever in its grave,
 And *thou*, alas! must die!

Sweet *spring*, of days and roses made,
 Whose charms for beauty vie,
 Thy days depart, thy roses fade—
Thou, too, alas! must die!

Be wise, then, Christian, while you may
 For swiftly time is flying;
 The thoughtless man may laugh *to-day*
To-morrow may be dying!

Epithets.—The meaning of the word *Wretch* is one not generally understood. It was originally, and is now, in some parts of England, used as a term of the softest and fondest tenderness. This is not the only instance in which words in their present general acceptance bear a very opposite meaning to what they did in Shakspeare's time. The word *Wench*, formerly, was not used in that low and vulgar acceptance that it is at present. *Damsel* was the appellation of young ladies of quality, and *Dame* a title of distinction. *Knave* once signified a servant; and in an early translation of the New Testament, instead of "Paul the Servant," we read "Paul the Knave of Jesus Christ," "On the other hand, the word *Companion*, instead of being the honorable synonyme of Associate, occurs in the play of *Othello*, with the same contemptuous meaning which we now affix, in its abusive sense, to the word "Fellow," for Emilia, perceiving that some secret villain had aspersed the character of the virtuous Desdemona, thus indignantly exclaims:—

O, Heaven! that such *Companions* thou'dst unfold
 And put in every honest hand a whip,
 To lash the rascal through the world.

NEW ZEALANDERS.

THE courage of the New Zealanders, though, in a fair field, of the most fearless description, and implying extraordinary indifference to danger and death, is nevertheless mixed up with a spirit of bravado, which may seem to our notions nearly as inconsistent an accompaniment of that quality, as the ferocity and cruelty by which, among this people, its lustre is also so considerably impaired. But we must not expect from savages the refinement, either in this or any other feeling, which can only be taught by a long habit of subduing natural emotions, and of withholding their expression, by reflection, and out of deference to the customs and sentiments of a polished state of society.

In the New Zealand warrior, the hatred or contempt for his enemy, of which his heart is full, speaks out in every word, tone, and gesture. He defies him to the combat with every contortion of limb and countenance that he can think of, most significant of mockery and insult; and after he has vanquished and slain him, he vents the residue of his rage and scorn in a profusion of indignities on his dead body.

His notion of strength and courage expresses itself with the same coarse frankness on every occasion. If he deems himself to be more powerful or more valorous than another man, he is very likely to insult him for the mere sake of displaying his superiority. Even Duaterra, after he returned from his travels to New South Wales and England, enriched with the presents he had received from his friends, and with no contemptible acquaintance with the manners, and some of the most important arts of civilization, would insist, during his navigation

along the East coast of the island with Mr. Nicholas and Mr. Marsden, upon alarming every canoe that came up to the ship with the most terrific show of hostility. He concealed himself and his people by lying down on the deck till the unsuspecting visitors were alongside, when on a signal they would suddenly jump up, brandish their arms, and uttering the most horrid yells rush forward as if with an intention of indiscriminate massacre. On one occasion an old chief who was coming on board was so struck with this unexpected demonstration, that, letting go his hold of the ship's side, he fell into his canoe, and nearly upset it.

Mr. Ellis, who spent some days at the Bay of Islands, in the end of the year 1816, notices in his *Polynesian Researches*, among other traits of native character which he remarked, this disposition to terrify by way of joke. "The warriors of New Zealand," says he, "delight in swaggering and bravado; and while my companion was talking with some of Korro-korro's party, one of them came up to me, and several times brandished his patoo-patoo over my head, as if intending to strike, accompanying the action with the fiercest expressions of countenance, and the utterance of words exceedingly harsh, though to me unintelligible. After a few minutes, he desisted, but when we walked away, he ran after us, and assuming the same attitude and gestures, accompanied us till we reached another circle, where he continued for a short time these exhibitions of his skill in terrifying. When he ceased, he inquired rather significantly, if I was not afraid. I told him I was unconscious of having offended him, and that, notwithstanding his actions, I did not think he intended to injure me. The New Zealanders are fond of endeavoring to

alarm strangers, and appear to derive much satisfaction in witnessing the indications of fear they are able to excite."

The above engraving represents, in a forcible manner, the New Zealand people, in a canoe, in the attitude of endeavoring to intimidate their enemies by all the extravagant gestures they can make, and by every sign of the most contemptuous defiance.

THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

ART OF PRINTING.

It is probable that the art of printing originated in China, as it was practised there long before it was known in Europe. It is a matter of surprise to us, that the Romans did not practice the art, since they actually possessed it, in the stereotypes with which they stamped their pottery. Yet not a hint of the art appears in all their writings. When the art of printing was first discovered, leaves were used, stamped only on one side. Afterwards the blank sides were pasted together, so as to appear like a single leaf. Specimens of this kind of printing are still preserved in some of the English libraries. Their letters were carved on blocks of soft wood; but being easily broken, the expense of forming new types suggested the movable ones now in common use; which have produced such a wonderful improvement in the art. These blocks also gave the design of our stereotypes, consisting of entire pages of solid metal, not liable to be injured, as were those formerly in use, which could be used only for one work.

It was a practice not to print the first letter of a chapter, but leave it to be painted or illuminated, according to the taste of the purchaser. For those who could not meet this expense, wood cuts were used:—thus we find that one of the earliest prints was the Poor Man's Bible, ornamented with rough wood engravings.

Among the early productions of printing may also be noticed splendid editions of primers and prayer-books; embellished with cuts finished with the most elegant taste: many of them were ludicrous, and several were obscene.

The art came gradually to be understood throughout Europe, from the year 1440 to 1500. Caxton, and his successor Wynkyn de Worde, were the earliest printers in England.

The tradition of the Devil and Dr. Faustus was derived from the manner in which the Bibles of FAUST, the first printer, appeared before the world. After discovering this new art, he printed off a large number of copies, to imitate those commonly sold in MSS., and commenced the sale of them at Paris. He intended to conceal the discovery; but as he sold his Bibles for sixty crowns, while the other scribes demanded five hundred,—this raised universal astonishment, and still more when they saw the great number of copies which he produced, their diminished prices, and uniform appearance. He was soon reported to the magistrates as a magician, and in searching his lodgings a large number of copies were found. The red ink, with which he embellished his books, was said to be his blood; and it was solemnly adjudged that he was in league with the devil. In order to save himself from a bonfire, he was obliged to reveal his art to the Parliament of Paris

Among the early printers, ROBERT STEPHENS was one of the most eminent. But PLANTIN, though a learned man, is more famous as a printer. His printing-office claims our admiration; it was one of the wonders of Europe. This building was the chief ornament of the city of Antwerp. Magnificent in its structure, it presented to the spectator a great number of presses, characters of all figures and sizes, matrixes to cast letters, and all other printing materials. Publishers must then be scholars, and it is to be regretted that so large a number of our publishers are not literary men.

The invention of what is now called the *Italic* letter was made by Aldus Munitius. He observed the many inconveniences resulting from the vast number of *abbreviations* which were then so frequent among printers. He contrived an expedient by which these abbreviations might be entirely got rid of, and yet books suffer but little increase in bulk.—This he effected by introducing what is now called the *Italic* letter, formerly called *Aldine*, from the name of the inventor.

DUST TO DUST.

“ Earth to earth, and dust to dust! ”
 Here the evil and the just;
 Here the youthful and the old;
 Here the fearful and the bold;
 Here the matron and the maid,
 Side by side lie withering;
 Here the vassal and the king!
 In one silent bed are laid:
 Here the sword and sceptre rust:
 “ Earth to earth and dust to dust! ”

Age on age shall roll along,
 O'er the pale and mighty throng;
 Those that wept them, those that weep,
 All that with these sleepers sleep,
 Brothers, sisters of the worm,
 Summer's sun, or winter's storm,
 Song of peace or battle's roar,
 Ne'er shall break their slumbers more:
 Death shall keep his sullen trust,
 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

But a day is coming fast,
 Earth, thy mightiest and thy last!
 It shall come in fear and wonder,
 Heralded by trump and thunder;
 It shall come in strife, in toil;
 It shall come in blood and spoil;
 Burning temples, trampled thrones,
 Then, Ambition, rue thy lust!
 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Then shall come the judgment sign,
 In the east the king shall shine,
 Flashing from heaven's golden gate,
 Thousands, thousands round his state;
 Spirits with the crown and plume;
 Tremble then thou solemn tomb,
 Heaven shall open on our sight,
 Earth be turned to living light,
 Kingdom of the ransomed Just,
 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust."

Then thy mount, Jerusalem,
 Shall be as gorgeous as a gem;
 Then shall in the desert rise,
 Fruits of more than Paradise;
 Earth by angel feet be trod,
 One great garden of her God!
 Till are dried the martyr's tears,
 Through a thousand glorious years!
 Now in hope of him we trust,
 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

BURNING GREEN WOOD.

“I like a little green wood, along with the dry,” says Farmer Holman; “it makes a fire hold out longer.” No doubt it does, Farmer H. No doubt a fire from green wood lasts longer, but have you thought why? Would it last longer, if you did not burn a prodigious quantity of dry wood along with it? Do you not know that a great deal of heat produced by the rest of the wood is taken up in evaporating the water or sap of the green sticks?

It is estimated that an average cord of green wood, contains $142\frac{7}{8}$ gallons—more than two hogsheads—of water. Now if this calculation is correct, and if it is also true that in evaporating or drying up a gallon of water, we expend heat enough to raise the temperature of six gallons to boiling heat, then it follows that in evaporating the water in a cord of green wood, on the fire, we waste heat enough to raise more than $13\frac{1}{2}$ hogsheads of water to a boiling temperature.

If 2,000,000 families in the United States, burn, upon the average a cord of green wood each, in the compass of a year—and probably they do—the loss of heat would be sufficient to boil 27,222,222 hogsheads of water! And if it takes a cord of good wood, worth, upon the average \$400 to raise 100 hogsheads to boiling heat, the value of the loss would be \$1,088,888.

One more calculation. At the above rate it would require 16,203 teams, each drawing one ton each, to draw all the water in the aforesaid amount of one cord of green wood to each of 2,000,000 families. If each of these teams, including their vehicles occupied two rods of public road, the line would extend 73 miles, or more than half the distance from Boston to New Haven!

The following table of the comparative value of different kinds of fire wood, is from Brown's Sylvo Americana. The first column is to show the weight of a cord of different woods, seasoned; the second the comparative quantity of charcoal—real combustible matter—each will make, hickory, estimated at 100, being assumed as the standard; and the third shows the comparative value.

	lbs. in a Cord.	Comp.	Value.
Shellbark Hickory,	4469	100	\$7,40
Buttonwood,	2391	52	3,85
Maple,	2663	54	4,00
Black Birch,	3115	63	4,67
White Birch,	2369	48	3,56
White Beech,	3236	65	4,81
White Ash,	3450	77	5,70
Pignut, Hickory or } common Walnut, }	4241	95	7,03
Pitch Pine,	1904	43	3,18
White Pine,	1868	42	3,11
Lombardy Poplar,	1774	40	2,96
Appletree,	3115	70	5,18
White Oak,	3821	81	6,00
Black Oak,	3102	66	4,89
Scrub Oak,	3339	73	5,40
Spanish Oak,	2449	52	3,85
Yellow Oak,	2919	60	4,44
Red Oak,	3254	69	5,11
White Elm,	2592	58	4,29
Swamp Whortleberry,	3361	73	5,40

So much for the purchaser—and now a word to the seller.

It is estimated that a cord of wood contains when green 1443 lbs. of water. So that a farmer who brings into market a cord of green wood, has no

less load for his team, than another who should put on the top of his cord of dry white oak, *three quarters of a cord* of seasoned pine, or one hogshead and two barrels of water.

THE DEEP BLUE SEA.

The deep blue sea! how fair it seems
 When gleaming in the sun's bright beams,
 And silver clouds, like sunny dreams,
 Glide o'er its placid breast.
 The breeze sighs softly o'er the wave,
 As silent as the banks they lave,
 For every wind sleeps in its cave,
 Each billow is at rest!

The dark blue sea! how pure and bright,
 When resting in the hush of night,
 Bathed in the radiance of moonlight,
 So fair and yet so cold.
 The twinkling stars, far downward peep,
 Reflected in the tranquil deep,
 Whose bosom glows in quiet sleep,
 Like mantle decked with gold!

The proud blue sea! when winds are high,
 And darkness gathers o'er the sky,
 And the frail bark unconsciously
 Is swiftly onward borne;
 Then like a lion roused, at length,
 It shakes its mane in pride and strength,
 And its wild roar, from shore to shore,
 Resounds, as if in scorn!

The wild blue sea! how fearful now
 To gaze upon its furious brow,
 And list the dreary waves that plough
 Its billows mountain high!
 Now death and danger seem to ride,
 Presiding o'er the foaming tide,

And ocean drowns, with voice of pride,
The seamen's strangling cry!

The calm blue sea! how still the wave,
Soft breathes the wind through rock and cave,
A dirge o'er many a victim's grave!
Far 'mongst the waters free!
Oh how sublime must be the power
Of Him who bids the tempest lower,
Yet sways thee, in thy wildest hour,
Thou glorious dark blue sea!

SILVER MINES OF BARNAOULE. These are thirty-two in number, and are situated on the confines of China. They are wrought by 82,000 persons, divided into three parties, so that the operations are continued night and day. The wages of the workmen are very trifling.

SUBSTANCES USED FOR HUMAN FOOD.

THERE are several sorts of the RHUBARB plant. That which is here represented is the *true* or *medicinal* rhubarb; the roots of which are much used in medicine.

But there are other sorts of rhubarb used as articles of human sustenance. One kind was first brought into Europe in 1610, and has been since introduced into the United States. The stalks of the leaves, when young, contain a very agreeable acid; and are used for pies and tarts. Another sort was not known, even in England, till about 50 years ago. This is remarkable for the size of its leaves; some of them being more than 20 feet in circumference, without including the foot-stalk; and nearly four feet in diameter. One leaf, being cut, has been known to weigh, along with its foot-stalk,



Rhubarb.

four pounds. This species is the best; though either kind is easily cultivated.

KALE or **COLEWORT** has some resemblance in its nature and character to cabbage; but is not much used for food, in this country. The plants, when vegetating in a rich soil, grow vigorously, and attain to large dimensions; but, as it is in many other instances, the plants of moderate size are the best for culinary purposes.

It is rarely necessary—in a country of such abundance as the United States—to resort to the cultivation of rhubarb for human support. It were far better to use the soil for potatoes; or better still, for grain. There is little reason or good sense in cultivating such vegetables as rhubarb, or kale, or even cabbage; as long as our fields, with little labor, may be made to abound with wheat, rye, Indian corn, barley, potatoes, turnips, and onions; our gardens with peas, beans, beets and carrots; and our orchards with apples, pears, peaches, apricots, and plums;—and while, in addition to all this our ships bring us, every hour, the rich and wholesome and nutritious fruits and vegetables of other climes. We are bound to select our food within a more reasonable range than one which will include things containing little nutriment, and much that is known to be innutritious and indigestible, such as raw fruits, coarse and stringy leaves, pods, and husks of vegetables, and succulent grasses. That these things may afford some nutriment, when well cooked, we do not deny; but they are in no respect so useful as the most doubtful articles of the foregoing list. And why use the worse, in preference to the better?

As to taste, this is chiefly a thing of habit. Every individual who has made the experiment knows



Kale, or Colewort

that custom soon renders food, habits, manners, &c. agreeable, which were at first indifferent, if not disgusting. The great point is to fix on that food and drink which, after consulting our own experience, along with the testimony of mankind, appears to be best for us. Habit will very soon attach us to it; and the more strongly, in proportion as the course is more rational.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

STEAM SUBSTITUTED FOR HORSE-POWER.

WE have little patience with those who tell us that war, and crime, and intemperance and disease, of every kind are politically necessary; that they operate as a check upon the increase of human population, and thus prevent the tremendous evil of having the world overflow with inhabitants. We believe that in the present state of the arts, the world might sustain in comfort more than fifty times its present population. And this too, without spending one iota less than we now do for superfluities and useless domestic animals. But we believe that useless dogs and horses, and many other unnecessary items of expenditure, also stand in the way of not a few other millions of beings more rational.

It was in this spirit, and with these views and feelings, that we lately inserted an article in this work on the impolicy of rearing dogs. The following extract from the *British Quarterly Journal of Agriculture*, we think deserves at the least an equal share of our attention.

“From the parliamentary returns, the horses running in coaches in Great Britain, in 1828, amount-

ed to 178,841; and we are perhaps much within the mark when we suppose that these, with all the horses employed in drays or draught exclusively, amount at present to 600,000. It is said by some that each horse consumes what would support eight individuals. The suppression, therefore, of these horses alone (which does not include one horse employed in agriculture or for pleasure) will save what will feed 4,800,000 people. The annual consumption of grain, by human mouths, in Great Britain, is about 256,000,000 bushels, of which not one twentieth part has, during one year, been imported. But the saving of what would feed, by the removal of the horses used for travelling alone, 4,800,000 people, amounts to more than what is consumed by a fourth part of the population of the island of Great Britain.

“If the importation of grain, then, to the limited extent of one twentieth, viz. 12,800,000 bushels, has hitherto been deemed of no little magnitude by the agricultural interest, what will they think of a system which will abridge home consumption equal to one fourth, viz. 76,800,000? At first sight, this will appear to the agriculturist as involving more certain and complete ruin than even that which would follow the repeal of the corn laws. But this is taking a narrow and prejudiced view of the matter.”

The writer then goes on to show *why* the changes in question, instead of injuring the agricultural interests of the kingdom, will greatly advance and improve them. He shows that the substitution of steam for brute power will enable Britain to raise upon her own surface not only food enough to meet the consumption of her own population, but also much for export. It will also be the means of

changing Ireland, in no small degree, into a clothing country, and allow her to reap the immense wealth which Great Britain now throws into the hands of foreign growers; for it appears that she annually pays out more than \$70,000,000 for foreign cotton, hemp, flax, corn, and tobacco. He shows, moreover, that the new system would do much to break up pauperism.

But we have not room to follow the writer through the whole train of his argument and illustration, though it appears to us equally lucid and conclusive. He concludes by an intimation that if Parliament can give twenty millions (sterling) to break the chain of slavery abroad, it ought not surely, to withhold ten millions to introduce a change that will break that worse than servile bondage which is unchristianizing society at home—the chain of pauperism.

The general ideas which we mean to inculcate, are, that we need not be solicitous to retain either brute or human force in the arts, to the neglect of another power which is now held out to us, under the erroneous impression that it will throw laborers out of employ; at least we need not entertain any such fears at present: and that there is no objection to the substitution of steam for brute force, under any circumstances. If, therefore, we can diminish the number not only of useless dogs, but of beasts of draught and burden, the provision which they would otherwise consume, is so much wealth gained to the country.

But there is one idea in connection with this subject, which we regret to find almost always overlooked. We talk much of the evils of slavery; and are sometimes prone to abuse our fellow men, on account of it. And the evil is truly incalculable.

But how much less than a slave-holder, is he who under the specious plea of *right*, human or divine, dares to domineer over his beast? Are tyranny and cruelty the less tyrannical and cruel, because the subject on which they are exercised has not a human soul? We insist that his is a spirit of slavery of the most abominable kind, who, believing that his horse and ox are destined to no future state of reward for suffering in this life, does not hesitate to ill treat them daily, and not only to diminish their happiness, but shorten their lives by his cruelty. Who shall guarantee that the tyrant over quadrupeds will not, if you give him the power, abuse his fellow bipeds, whom he half believes he shall meet at a judgment to come?

BIOGRAPHY.

THE Baroness de Stael Holstein was the daughter of Necker, the celebrated financier of France under Louis the Sixteenth. Her mother, Susan Curchod, who attracted the admiration of Gibbon, during his residence in Switzerland, was the daughter of a protestant clergyman.

Madame de Stael received her education under the immediate superintendence of her parents, who devoted much care and attention to the accomplishment of this favorite object.

The Swedish ambassador, an intimate friend of Necker, introduced to his family the Baron de Stael Holstein, who was attached to the embassy. Young and handsome, he had the good fortune to supersede, in the affections of the daughter, her many admirers among the French nobility, and he soon became husband of the rich heiress. The im-

mense disparity of their talents and acquirements, however, made his situation wholly unenviable.

Her person, though not handsome, was pleasing; her deportment dignified. Her faults consisted in too great a carelessness in dress, and an extreme desire to shine in conversation.

During the perilous period of the French revolution, she passed much of her time with her father at Capot. Bonaparte, in one of his excursions to Geneva, visited them; when, it is reported, Madame de Stael spoke to him of the powerful means which his situation, as First Consul, afforded him of providing for the happiness of France; and mentioned some plans of her own, which she thought peculiarly calculated to promote that object. Bonaparte appeared to give an attentive hearing, but when she had done speaking he sarcastically asked, "Who educates your children, Madame?"

During the administration of the First Consul, she repaired to Paris as the sphere best fitted for the display of her superior attainments; but as she engaged too deeply in politics, she was banished to the distance of forty leagues from Paris. On this occasion she had the firmness to say to the Emperor, "You are giving me a cruel celebrity; I shall occupy a line in your history." She then travelled in Germany, Russia, England and Italy;—but at the restoration of Louis XVIII, she returned to Paris—where she died, in the forty-ninth year of her age.

She was one of the best writers of the age, and was one, among many females, who show conclusively, that genius and talent are not confined to one sex alone.

THE LITTLE HAND.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

THOU wak'st, my baby boy, from sleep,
 And through its silken fringe
 Thine eye, like violet, pure and deep,
 Gleams forth in azure tinge.
 With frolic smiles and gladness meek,
 Thy radiant brow is drest;
 While fondly to thy mother's cheek
 Thy little hand is prest.

That little hand! what prescient wit
 Its history may discern,
 Ere time its tiny bones shall knit
 With manhood's sinews stern?
 The artist's pencil shall it guide,
 Or spread the snowy sail?
 Or hold the plough with rural pride,
 Or ply the sounding flail?

Through music's labyrinthian maze,
 With thrilling ardor rove,
 Or weave those tender, tuneful lays,
 That beauty wins from love?
 Old Coke or Blackstone's learned tome
 With weary toil explore,
 Or trim the lamp, in classic dome,
 'Till midnight's watch be o'er?

The pulse of languid sickness press,
 Or such high honor gain,
 As in the pulpit raised to bless
 A pious listening train?
 Say, shall it find the cherished grasp
 Of friendship's fervor cold;
 Or starting, feel the envenomed clasp
 Of treachery's serpent fold?

Or linked in hallowed union, blest,
 Of changeless love benign,
 Press some fair infant to thy breast,

As thou dost cling to mine?
 But oh! may the Almighty Friend,
 From whom our being came,
 This dear and powerless hand defend,
 From deeds of guilt and shame;

From cruel war's discolored blade,
 From withering penury's pain;
 From dark oppression's direful trade,
 And from the miser's gain.
 Grant it to dry the tears of wo,
 Wild folly's course restrain;
 The alms of sympathy bestow,
 Thy righteous cause maintain.

Write wisdom on the wings of time,
 E'en 'mid the morn of youth,
 And, with benevolence sublime,
 Dispense the light of truth.
 Discharge a just and useful part,
 Through life's uncertain maze,
 Till coupled with an angel's heart,
 It strikes the lyre of praise.

WESTERN HUNTING.

OF all the large stories we have read or heard in a long time, the following is the largest. It is from the Lexington (Ky.) Intelligencer. The writer evidently meant to outdo even Gulliver himself.

He states that having become utterly discouraged with his ill success in hunting, one day, he threw his gun into a creek, and went home. The next day, however, he concluded he would get his gun again, and on taking it out of the water, where it had lain twenty-four hours, he saw, about 160 yards off, a fine buck. He let fly, notwithstanding his

wet loading and priming, and down came the buck. As the ball had cut down several large limbs of trees between him and the deer, and had passed through the head of the latter, he thought it advisable to proceed on in the direction of the ball, and see where it stopped. Soon he found a dead rabbit, but the ball had not stopped there. A little farther on, it had killed two turkeys, and wounded a third; a short distance farther, it had killed fourteen partridges. By this time he had arrived at a creek about *eighty yards* wide, which the ball evidently crossed; but on examination, a bass was found floating, about forty yards from the shore. It weighed about 60 pounds, and the ball had passed directly through its heart.

Thinking the force of the ball must have been spent by the time it arrived here, he was about to return; when, looking across the creek, he saw a curious appearance on the water. On proceeding to the spot, it was found that the ball had penetrated a sycamore *bee tree*, and the honey was running out into the creek. The tree was $47\frac{1}{2}$ feet in diameter; and to the height of 65 feet, without a limb. Climbing to this immense height, he made a hole into the tree with his tomahawk, and then cutting off a limb about 50 feet long, pushed it down the hollow trunk its whole length, without reaching the bottom. On withdrawing it, he found it had passed the whole distance through a mass of honey. Descending, he procured casks, and proceeded to draw off 522 barrels of pure honey, besides what had run through the bullet hole. The quantity of this, it was impossible to estimate, but it had converted the whole creek into metheglin, for seven and a half miles down it, and three quarters of a mile up. The quantity of the comb was so great

that it supplied the whole neighborhood with wax enough for candles, for upwards of two years. With the avails of his honey, he bought a splendid Kentucky farm, and now has a family of fine children, whom he says he means to *raise*, in habits of industry, and with a love of *truth and veracity, equal to that of their father.*

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Why is it that a door standing open, and which would readily yield on its hinges to a gentle push, would not be moved by a cannon ball passing through it?

Because although the ball would overcome the whole force of cohesion in the wood, yet its passage through the door would be so rapid it would not effect the inertia of the door, so as to produce sensible motion. A cannon ball, having great velocity, passing through a ship's side leaves but a little mark: while one with less speed breaks the wood to a considerable distance. A near shot will injure a ship less than one from a great distance.

ANECDOTE.

HANGING FOR SUICIDE.—A young lady, just from school, who knew many things, and thought she knew many more—and who was particularly fond of high sounding words, of which she scarcely understood the meaning—sat very patiently hearing an account of the hanging of a person for house-breaking. Assuming, suddenly, an air of importance, she observed; “Why, dear me, is it possible that people are ever hanged for any thing but *suicide?*”

TRICK DISCOVERED BY FULTON.

MANY of our readers will remember the period when the country rung with the accounts of Mr. Redheffer's discovery of perpetual motion. His machines had been visited by many men of ingenuity, learning, and science; but for some time no one was successful in discovering the imposture. At last a machine was put in operation in New-York. This was in 1813. Hundreds paid their dollar to see it. At last Mr. Fulton, the architect, called to see it, not to gratify his curiosity, for he was a perfect unbeliever in the case; but to detect the fraud.

He had not been long in the room before he said to some of his companions; "Why, this is a crank motion." His nice and practical ear, had enabled him to perceive that the sound was not uniform, as is usual in motion of this kind.

"After some little conversation with the showman, Mr. Fulton did not hesitate to declare that the machine was an imposition, and to tell the gentleman he was an impostor. Notwithstanding the anger and bluster which these charges excited, he assured the company that the thing was a cheat, and if they would support him in the attempt, he would detect it, at the risk of paying any penalty if he failed. Having obtained the assent of all who were present, he began by knocking away some very thin pieces of lath, which appeared to be no part of the machinery, but to go from the frame of the machine, to the wall of the room, merely to keep the machine steady. It was found that a catgut string was led through one of the laths and the frame of the machine, to the head of the upright shaft of a principal wheel; that the catgut was conducted through the wall, and along the floors of

the second story to a back cock-loft, at a distance of a number of yards from the room which contained the machine, and there was found the moving power. This was a poor old wretch, with an immense beard, and all the appearance of having suffered a long imprisonment; who, when they broke in upon him, was unconscious of what had happened below, and who, while he was seated on a stool, gnawing a crust, was with one hand turning a crank. The proprietor of the perpetual motion soon disappeared. The mob demolished his machine, the destruction of which immediately put a stop to that which had been, for so long a time, and to so much profit, exhibited in Philadelphia.

FARMERS.

There is no class in society so important to the welfare and happiness of the community as farmers. Without their aid, even science and the arts would be neglected, and commerce and manufactures languish. Some of the most distinguished characters, whose lives have been handed down to us by history, have been Agriculturists. Abraham, the highly favored of God, and most of the ancient Patriarchs, had flocks and herds;—Cincinnatus was called from the plough to lead the armies of Rome to victory, and when her enemies were vanquished, he resigned all power and returned again to his rural occupations. In modern times our own Washington and our adopted La Fayette are on the list of farmers.

It is a mistaken idea that the farmers have no need of education, or no leisure for acquiring it. Knowledge is important to all human beings; as it

enlarges the mind, and raises the thoughts above merely sensual gratification. Farmers have a better opportunity for attention to general reading, than any other class. Professional men are obliged to confine their reading, in some measure, to their particular profession; mechanics generally labor through the whole of the year; and merchants are deeply immersed in business: while it is only the farmers who have five whole months of spare time in the season best calculated for intellectual improvement.* Free from care and anxiety, and surrounded by the comforts of life which their farms afford, they may, if they will, with their families, store up rich treasures of history and biography; and become familiar with the people and customs of other countries, without departing from their own firesides. It would be highly beneficial to the interests of this country if larger numbers of men of wealth and learning should become farmers; they exert a healthful and stable influence on society, and the want of them no other class can supply.—The lines in Goldsmith's *Deserted Village* on this subject are not only beautiful, but strictly true;

“ Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold yeomanry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.”

INFLUENCE OF CITIES.—By associating in large masses, as in camps and cities, talents are improved and mind strengthened, but virtue is impaired and morality weakened.

* Nor have farmers. The writer must mean that there are five whole months during which farmers have *much* leisure.

FOSSIL REPTILES.—Near Woodstock, Eng., in calcareous slate, the remains of the *Megalosaurus*, a gigantic animal, intermediate between the crocodile and monitor, have been found, *forty feet in length*. The *Iguanodon*, another monstrous lizard, supposed to be upwards of sixty feet long, has been excavated from the iron sand of Tilgate forest. These differ very essentially from any species of reptiles now in existence. There was a time, in the history of our globe, when lizards, of enormous dimensions, seem to have had the entire possession of the earth. Upon their extinction, succeeded the creation of the present races of animals.

FOSSIL VESSEL.—The *Fossil Ship* lately discovered bedded in the earth at New Romney, on the Coast of England, has greatly excited the public curiosity. The earth has been removed so that the whole shape and form of the vessel may be inspected. It is fifty-four feet long by twenty-four wide, “clinker built and trunnel fastened,” having only one mast. Skulls and bones, human and brute, have been found on board, and, according to account, pieces of rope retaining the smell of tar. Many of the timbers are solid, and when cut with a saw, are as firm as newly used wood. Various conjectures, as to the time of the loss of this vessel have been started, based upon comparisons and analogies. An account drawn from historical annals, dates it in the month of October, 1250, in the reign of Henry the third. At that time a violent storm occurred; the shipwreck of numerous vessels is mentioned, and among them the “swallowing up” of several by the waves, at this spot. If this be correctly traced, this fossil ship has reappeared after being buried nearly *six hundred years*.

OMAI, THE YOUNG OTAHEITAN.

WHEN Captain Cook paid his second visit to Otaheite—now often called Tahiti—he brought away two young natives, by the names of Oedidee and Omai. The former appears to have been a young chief; the latter was merely one of the common people. Omai went with Captain Cook to England, and became quite attached to European manners and customs. He was much caressed by the English, whose language he easily learned; and he took back with him many valuable possessions.

On his return to Otaheite with Captain Cook during his last voyage, Omai was dissatisfied with his former residence, and earnestly begged to be carried again to England. Notwithstanding a grant of land had been made him, by the interposition of his English friends, a house built, a garden planted for his use, and every provision made for his comfort, he wept many bitter tears. He saw, plainly, that as he was only one of the common people, his new riches, instead of giving him authority, would only make him so much the more an object of their hatred. But as it was thought best that he should remain, he did all he could to conciliate the feelings of his countrymen, dividing with them all his presents. Captain Cook moreover threatened them with his vengeance, if they should dare to molest Omai.

The following lines, by the poet Cowper, describe, in a most beautiful, but pathetic manner the feelings and condition of Omai. With the sequel of the history of this amiable and interesting young man, we are unacquainted.

"The dream is past; and thou hast found again
 Thy cocoas and bananas, palms and yams,
 And homestall thatched with leaves. But hast thou found
 Their former charms? And, having seen our state,
 Our palaces, our ladies, and our pomp
 Of equipage, our gardens, and our sports,
 And heard our music, are thy simple friends,
 Thy simple fare, and all thy plain delights,
 As dear to thee as once? And have thy joys
 Lost nothing by comparison with ours?
 Rude as thou art (for we returned thee rude
 And ignorant, except of outward show)
 I cannot think thee yet so dull of heart
 And spiritless, as never to regret
 Sweets tasted here, and left as soon as known.
 Methinks I see thee straying on the beach,
 And asking of the surge that bathes thy foot,
 If ever it has washed our distant shore.
 I see thee weep, and thine are honest tears,
 A patriot's for his country: thou art sad
 At thought of her forlorn and abject state,
 From which no power of thine can raise her up."

MOUNTAIN SAILING.

A gentleman with a family of ten persons, and the necessary requisites for the comfort of a family, such as beds, tables, chairs, stoves, cooking utensils, poultry, &c. lately emigrated from the Susquehannah river, in Pennsylvania, to Hennepin in Illinois, 1,500 miles, travelling the whole distance in his own boat:—a canal boat, 29 feet long, and 7 wide. The particulars are thus related in a Pennsylvania paper.

He first proceeded down the North branch canal to the junction of the Juniata division of the Pennsylvania canal, and then up the latter to Holidaysburgh, where a rail-road car was prepared and the

boat taken from its proper element and placed on wheels. This was on Monday. At twelve o'clock the boat and cargo, together with the delighted family, began their progress over the rugged Alleghany.

It was pleasing to see the comfort and convenience that the ingenuity of man can add to the journey of the emigrant. The whole family were comfortably located in the cabin of the boat which appeared to glide up the heights of the Alleghanies, unconscious of its being a fish out of water. Whilst some of the family were preparing the coming meal, others were lying on their downy pillow, occasionally aroused by the hissing of steam from the engines at the head of the inclined planes, but they were not to be stopped by the hissing of the puffing auditory, but continued to ascend the proud eminence till the boat was seen safely resting on the summit of the Alleghany mountain.

On Tuesday, the boat and crew left the sunny summit of the Alleghany, and smoothly glided down her iron way to Johnstown, astonishing the inhabitants wherever she passed. She was safely deposited in her own element in the basin at Johnstown, on the same evening, amidst the plaudits of the congregated citizens; whence she proceeded on her journey through the crooked Ohio to Illinois.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

“FEMALES ought to have nothing to do with the business of cookery,” said a friend to me one day. I asked him why? His reply was; “They were never designed by the Creator for an employment so menial. They are sent into the world on a mission of more dignity and importance than that of preparing food for the *body*. Their great work is to train the immortal minds and hearts of the young. For what purpose is all the multiplicity of labor saving machinery of our day, but to give to parents and teachers the time and means of educating their children? Man will, ere long, be almost entirely relieved from the necessity of laboring at all; and of what he does, household concerns will form a principal item. Woman, elevated to the place for which she was designed, will take the first rank in the scale of rationality, and man will be her servant or minister. When that period arrives, she will not be required to stoop so low as to concern herself about the art of cookery.”

This harangue—for I will not call it argument—was, at the time, quite satisfactory. Female dignity, and female emancipation, are words which sound very well; and the notion of woman’s becoming the sovereign of this lower world, and of man becoming her servant or minister, looks quite plausible. It did so to a Wolstonecraft, and a Wright; and the latter could “mount the rostrum,” and figure away largely on female rights and the importance of female elevation and independence; and multitudes could be found to gape and stare at

so bold a champion of female liberty. And it is well, perhaps, for mankind that such a monster in creation should rise up, once in an age, and show us the value of plain, practical common sense, contrasted with a merely speculative philosophy, by their own want of it. It is in this way that Mary Wolstonecraft and Frances Wright have done good. The earthquake, the volcano, and the hurricane, are not more salutary in the natural world, nor an Alexander, a Cæsar, or a Napoleon in the political, than these would-be reformers are in the social and moral world.

I have said that my friend's declamatory assertions on the rights and dignity of woman, were at the time, quite satisfactory; and they were so. And I still believe with him, in female emancipation. I still believe that when woman shall be free, she will be occupied, in many respects, far differently from what she now is. I believe, with my Utopian friend, that her principal office then will be, as it ever ought to have been, the education—for earth and heaven,—of those who are committed to her charge.

But what is education? Is it confined to set lessons? Or to mere instruction of any kind? The Editor of the "Annals of Education" has been laboring for years to show us that mere instruction in science, morals, and religion, all important as it is, constitutes but a small part of the work of education. Are any of us so stupid as not to have acquired this single preliminary idea, that to *educate* is to prepare the whole being—body, mind, and soul—by every thing which operates upon or affects either, for the future?

Now if the term education is to be thus defined, and if woman is to be a principal—not to say *the*

principal educator, has she nothing to do with cookery? Is not a good physical frame the basis of all else? And has the decision of the question whether those substances, which are taken into the infantile and juvenile stomach, shall be digestible or indigestible, nutritious or innutritious, salutary or unwholesome, nothing to do with the formation and development of the physical frame? Is woman to be the early educator, and is this most important department of her office to be abandoned to others? Is she to shape the minds and hearts of the rising generation, while that which forms, as it were the basis or casts the mould of the mind and heart, is to be left to blind chance, or to the caprices of the ignorant?

There are those who believe that little substantial elevation of character can be given to the mass of mankind, any farther than we can improve the physical frame. In other words, they believe that physical education is the basis of all human improvement. They suppose that the great work of human redemption, both contemplated and included, the whole man—physical as well as moral—the former as a means, and the latter as an end.

None will deny, it is true, that you may engraft a better tree upon an inferior stem, but this will never produce any permanent amelioration of the whole stock.

THE LEAF.

See the leaves around us falling,
 Dry and withered to the ground ;
 Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
 In a sad and plaintive sound :—

“ Sons of Adam, once in Eden,
 Blighted when, like us, he fell,
 Hear the lecture we are reading,
 'Tis, alas ! the truth we tell.

Maidens, much, too much presuming
 On your boasted white and red,
 View us, late in beauty blooming,
 Numbered now among the dead.

Gripping misers, nightly waking,
 See the end of all your care ;
 Fled on wings of our own making,
 We have left our owner bare.

Sons of honor, fed on praises,
 Fluttering high in fancied worth,
 Lo ! the fickle air, that raises,
 Brings us down to parent earth.

Learned sophs, in systems jaded,
 Who for new ones daily call,
 Cease, at length, by us persuaded,
 Every leaf must have its fall.

Youths, though yet no losses grieve you
 Gay in health and manly grace,
 Let not cloudless skies deceive you,
 Summer gives to autumn place.

Venerable sires, grown hoary,
 Hither turn the unwilling eye,
 Think, amidst your falling glory,
 Autumn tells us winter's nigh.

Yearly, in our course returning,
 Messengers of shortest stay,
 Thus we preach, this truth concerning,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away.

On the Tree of Life eternal,
 Man, let all thy hope be staid,
 Which alone, for ever vernal,
 Bears a leaf that shall not fade."

THE LONG EVENINGS.

Now come the long evenings, and their employments and amusements. Females, especially, find enough to do. How much of truth in the saying, that "women's work is never done!" Who ever considered the number of stitches in a pair of stockings, or a shirt, without trembling lest a general mutiny among females, might leave him to tremble, or at least shiver, still worse? And yet the fingers of our industrious helpmeets, and daughters, and sisters seldom tire.

Cannot some ingenious female—for ingenuity is not confined to one sex—devise a seamless shirt, with its gussets and wristbands, and collar, and selvages, as durable as hemming?

Every "better half," immense as the labor is, prides herself on thinking that she could never do too much towards making good garments for man. Now is it not in our power to relieve her if she cannot relieve herself, from some of this labor? Not by getting around the chimney fire-place, mornings and evenings, and by the light of a little pine fuel, put our own hands to the spindle and "take hold of the distaff," as do the men in some

parts of Austria; but by devising machinery for sewing and knitting by steam.

The following curious article is from Hone's Every Day Book; and may amuse, if it should not instruct. It purports to give the number of stitches made by "my aunt," in a "plain shirt, for her grandfather."

Stitching the collar, four rows	- -	3,000 stitches.
Sewing the ends	- - - -	500
Button holes and sewing on buttons		150
Sewing on the collar, and gathering the neck		1,204
Stitching wristbands	- - - -	1,228
Sewing the ends	- - - -	68
Button holes	- - - -	148
Hemming the slits	- - - -	264
Gathering the sleeves	- - - -	840
Setting on wristbands	- - - -	1,468
Stitching shoulder straps, three rows each		1,880
Hemming the neck	- - - -	390
Sewing the sleeves	- - - -	2,554
Setting in sleeves and gussets	- - - -	3,050
Taping the sleeves	- - - -	1,526
Sewing the seams	- - - -	848
Setting side gussets	- - - -	424
Hemming the bottom	- - - -	1,104
Total number,		<u>20,646</u>

THE BEAR AND THE TEA KETTLE.

The bears of Kamtschatka live chiefly on fish, which they procure for themselves from the rivers. A few years since, the fish became very scarce. Emboldened by famine and consequent hunger, the bears instead of retiring to their dens, wandered about, and sometimes entered villages.

On a certain occasion, one of them found the outer gate of a house open, and entered in; and

the gate accidentally closed after him. The woman of the house had just placed a large tea kettle full of boiling water in the court. Bruin smelt of it, but it burnt his nose. Provoked at the pain, he vented all his fury upon the tea kettle. He folded his fore arms round it, pressed it with his whole strength against his breast to crush it; but this, of course, only burnt him the more. The horrible growling which the rage and pain forced from the poor beast now brought the neighbors to the spot, and Bruin, by a few shots, was put out of his misery. To this day, however, when any body injures himself by his own violence, the people of the village call him the "bear with the tea kettle."

CONSUMPTION OF POULTRY IN PARIS.

It is estimated that the inhabitants of Paris consume annually about 22,000,000 pounds of poultry; which is not far from twenty-eight pounds to an individual,—men, women, and children.

Allowing each fowl to weigh, when dressed, four pounds, it follows from the above computation, that 5,500,000 of these animals must annually die in Paris. If they were used throughout France at the same rate, the consumption would be about 216,000,000, yearly,—and in the whole world 5,084,000,000, or not far from 14,000,000 daily. Now the money paid for three or four of these fowls, would, in most countries, buy a bushel of corn or grain. Which would make the most food?

HEAT OF THE HUMAN BODY.

THE power of the human system to generate—manufacture—heat is wonderful. Or rather, perhaps, we ought to say, would be wonderful, if people ever thought of it.

During the extreme cold weather in the early part of Jan. 1835, one morning, the mercury in the thermometer, in some parts of New England is said to have sunk to 38 degrees below zero, or 70 below the freezing point. Yet intense as this cold was, a man who was healthy and vigorous, and well clad, could withstand it. Multitudes were constantly travelling in various ways,—on foot, on horseback, and in carriages;—and yet very few were frozen.

We should also remember that it is not merely the fact that we do not freeze, which is to be wondered at. The heat of the human body is at all times, whether the weather is cold or hot, about the same; viz. about 96 or 98 degrees. The body of a traveller, during the cold morning we have just mentioned, was about at this temperature throughout, except just at the surface, or at some of the extremities. Put the bulb of a thermometer in your mouth, or grasp it in your hand, or plunge it, if it were possible, into your flesh, and the mercury will rise to about 96 degrees—no matter how cold the weather is.

Thus we see that while the air is cooled down to 38 degrees below zero, the human body, if we are in health, keeps up to a heat of 96; that is 134 degrees above the temperature of the atmosphere.

This is a most surprising fact. How does the body maintain this state? In other words, why does it not cool down, just as a body would, which has no life in it? Why do we not freeze? We have already answered this question, indirectly, in

our first paragraph, by intimating that the living body has power to generate heat. *How* this heat is generated, is another question. It is a question, moreover, which nobody can fully answer. The anatomist and physiologist may partly account for the phenomenon, but not wholly. The great Creator understands the matter, of course; but He has not yet permitted men to understand it.

On this subject, the following article, from the *Juvenile Rambler*, though written for children, may not be uninteresting to adults.

“Some of our readers do not yet quite understand what is meant, when we say that the human body has a power, within itself, to generate or *make* heat. We will try to make it plainer.

“Did you never go to your rest, on a cold winter’s night, without having your bed warmed? We trust you always do, unless you are sick. Well; did not the bed very soon become warm? Now how did this happen? Either the *bed warmed itself*, or *you warmed it*. Can you doubt which was the fact?

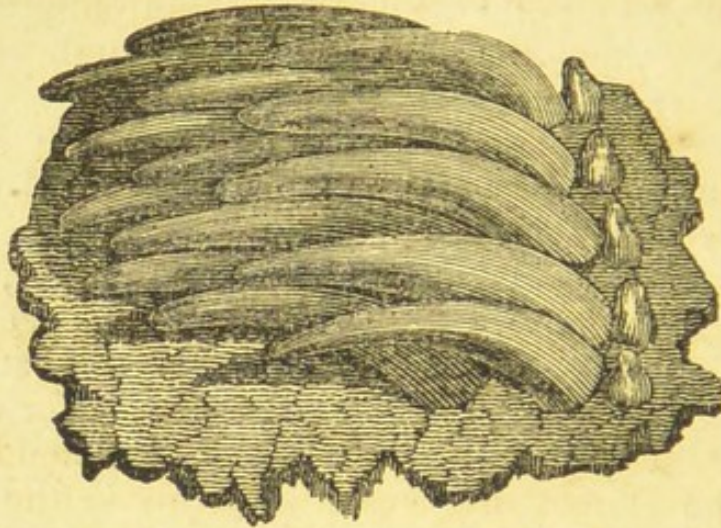
“Then, if you warmed the bed, your body must have given out, or parted with heat. For were you not just as warm, after your body had heated the bed as before? Now if your body had parted with some of its heat, why should it not be the cooler for it? A piece of wood or stone, or even the body of a dead man, heated to 98 degrees, the common heat of a healthy person, would, indeed, warm the bed a little, but would, itself, grow cool, in the same proportion; and if no more was done, that and the bed too, would in a little time, become exactly as cold, as they were at first.

“Your body, on the contrary, would not only warm the bed, but keep it warm all night, and as long as you should lie in it. I am supposing, by the way, that there are clothes enough on it, to confine or keep in the heat; for if there are not, it will escape too fast through the clothing into the room, and you will feel cold; and the bed will not be very warm either.

“Clothes, then, you will see, by the way, cannot really *warm* people, for they have no power to do it. They only confine or *entangle* the heat of the body, and prevent its escaping rapidly; for after all it does escape slowly, both through the bed clothes, and the clothes we wear; and this is the reason why a number of persons in a close room, whether sitting up or sleeping, make the room warmer.

“A healthy grown person, would probably warm thoroughly, a well covered bed, in a cold room, by lying in it 15 minutes. If a person should try to ascertain how many beds he could warm in this way, in 12 hours, he would at 15 minutes each, find the number to be 48. Think, then, what an immense amount of warmth or heat must be thrown off in 24 hours, to warm half a hundred cold beds, in cold rooms, in the winter! And yet the person who has given out all this heat, is no colder than he was before.

“To keep a room warm in the common way, you must make up a fire. But it is not enough to make up *one* fire, for if you let it go out, the room soon becomes cold again. So you have to keep putting on wood or coal, at intervals, all the day long. But what internal fires, or other curious machinery keep the body warm all the while, in the midst of the cold; and enable it not only to keep itself warm, but to impart heat constantly to other persons and things around it?”



STRUCTURE OF THE LION'S TONGUE.

The tongue of the Lion, as well as that of all other animals of the cat kind, is an organ of mastication, as well as of taste. Indeed the sense of taste, itself, in animals of this sort is always very dull. It is the great abundance of nerves sent to this organ, which, in most animals, gives it the wonderful sensibility it possesses to substances presented to it; but the principal nerve of the lion's tongue is not larger than that of a middling sized dog, and its branches must of course be thinly scattered in its substance.

If you observe a Lion with a bone, you will find that whatever flesh his teeth leave on it, is scraped away by the sharp and horny points,—inclining backwards—of his tongue. This circumstance would render it almost impossible that the lion could lick the hand of a man, as we read in fables, without tearing the skin. The human tongue, when viewed with a microscope is full of little prominences, called by anatomists papillae; but they

are by no means so numerous, so hard, or so long, as those on the tongue of the lion. The cut represents a portion of the lion's tongue greatly magnified.

POLYTECHNIC SCHOOL OF PARIS.

THIS celebrated school,—“Ecole Royal Polytechnique,” as the French call it, was first established by a decree of the National Convention of France, March 11, 1794, but afterwards modified and improved by Napoleon. It owed its origin to the influence of Monge, Carnot, Fourcroy, and other men of similar character; and numbered among its professors the distinguished names of Lagrange, Laplace, Berthollet and Fourcroy. It is established in the buildings of the ancient college of Navarre.

The object of this institution is to diffuse a knowledge of the mathematical, physical, and chemical sciences; and to prepare the pupils for the artillery service, and the various departments of engineering—military, naval, and civil.

The number of pupils in the Polytechnic School is limited to 300. Their age, at the time of their admission must not be under sixteen nor over twenty. They are obliged to live in the building—or at least, formerly were—and wear a uniform dress. The terms, for those students not supported on the foundation, are 1000 francs a year, besides the expense of their books and uniform.

The course of study lasts two years, and in some cases three. A rigorous examination precedes admission; and another examination takes place before the pupils leave the institution. The last is invariably attended by the greater number of the marshals of France, together with many of the most distinguished French scholars of the day; and it has been said that "the replies of the pupils might well astonish a senior wrangler of Cambridge, or a medallist of Dublin."

The origin of this establishment, and the high character of the course of instruction, has always inspired its students with a warm love of liberty, and of their country. In March, 1814, they fought bravely against the allies.—In April, 1816, the school was abolished, because the students did not appear to be sufficiently devoted to the Bourbons; but the latter were obliged to reestablish it, in September of the same year.

The part taken by the students of this school in the revolution of July is well known, and probably within the recollection of many of our readers. Still it may not be improper to present a very condensed account of it.

The disturbances which had commenced in Paris on Monday evening the 26th of July, 1830, had grown into a violent and bloody revolution on Tuesday, which continued during this and the two succeeding days, Wednesday and Thursday. On the latter, while a hot and stern conflict was going on in the Rue St. Honoré, a new set of captains suddenly appeared, put themselves at the head of the people, and encouraged and led them on to the charge. These were the pupils of the Polytechnic school, who, about 60 in number, had scaled the walls (see the cut) of the Seminary, and

hastened to take a part in the contest. These brave youths, as soon as they had thus effected their escape, had repaired in a body to the riding house of the Luxembourg, to concert their plans of action. When they appeared among the people, they rather assumed than were elected to the command of the several parties of combatants; for it seemed a thing of course that with their gallant appearance and military education, they should place themselves at the head of their fellow citizens;—nor were the latter slow to evince, by their acclamations, the eagerness with which they clustered round their self-appointed chiefs, and how delighted they were to obey and follow them. Throughout the sequel of the combat, these young commanders were to be seen, mounted commonly on white horses, wherever there was most danger, and wherever combined science and heroism were most necessary for the execution of any enterprise or manœuvre of peculiar difficulty or importance.

We ought not to close these remarks without observing that the Polytechnic school continues to be, as it formerly was, a special favorite with the whole French nation.

HISTORY OF A TOWN IN NEW ENGLAND, OR THE "MARCH OF IMPROVEMENT."

THE New Englanders are a talking people—proverbially so. Whether they *perform* little or much, they do not hesitate to *say* a great deal. There are very few who come short in this respect.

Among other things, we talk much of "improvement," and the "march" of improvement. And no doubt, improvement in some respects is really

going on. Indeed we question whether many individuals can be found bold enough to deny that the world, taken at large, is on the advance. No doubt there are zigzag and erratic movements; still, we are compelled to believe that, on the whole, the march is onward.

We have spoken of *erratic movements*. We might go farther, and say that there are movements which for a time appear to be *retrograde*. Of these the following sketch of the history of a town in the interior of New England, may serve as a specimen. The reader will understand that it is not fiction, but sober fact.

This town began to be settled early in the eighteenth century, but its infancy was long, and it did not attain to maturity till near the close of it. From the year 1780, to the year 1800, it may be said to have enjoyed a flourishing and vigorous manhood; after which it began to decline. The circumstances in detail are as follows.

At the period of its highest prosperity, this town contained—for it was small—about 1000 inhabitants. These lived chiefly by agriculture. There were, it is true, numerous water privileges, but manufactures, at that time, were very little in vogue; and mechanics, except a shoe-maker, a blacksmith, a miller, and perhaps a *few* others, were hardly needed. The females were generally their own tailors, milliners, &c.; and the men could make many of their implements of husbandry, as well as vehicles of conveyance. As to pleasure carriages of any sort, they were unknown to them.

Their intellectual condition was much like that of their neighbors, in other towns. There were schools; but they were “few and far between;” though in many of them, the instruction was

thorough, as far as it went. It comprised a knowledge of spelling, reading, and writing; and in some places, a little arithmetic. Of books, there were few, and these generally of a moral and religious character; and if they were not understood, they were generally read. From two to six newspapers might have been taken in the whole town—we should think not more; and generally less.

Their *moral* condition may be thus described. The people were nearly all, in name, Congregationalists; and a very considerable proportion of them were church-going people. Not more than half a dozen families in town belonged to minor sects. These were Episcopalians and Baptists. There was one church—without a spire,—in the centre of the town, and a very respectable, if not popular minister. There was also one doctor, who frequently, if not usually walked, and carried his portmanteau upon his shoulders, dispensing therefrom for the supposed “public weal;” and probably doing nearly as much of good as harm. To him and the minister, and two or three justices of the peace, the community looked up as to their guides in health, politics, morals and religion. In short, they were the public oracles. Lawyers, they never had any.

Their amusements were like those of the rest of New England. Of public holidays they had but few; say not more than three or four in a year. These were the annual spring and fall trainings; the election in May, and Independence in July.

Externally, at the least, there was a predominating religious influence maintained. The Sabbath was observed, outwardly; though perhaps in these days of “liberality,” it would be thought rigidly. The young “rose up before the aged;” the aged restrained and guided and governed, and yet loved

the young. They taught them, both at home and at school, what themselves believed to be true, usually in the form of a long and rather tedious catechism.

Such, briefly, was the state of things in the place to which we now refer about 50 years ago. A few years later, they began to fancy that their minister, though a valuable man, at least in his study and in the pulpit, was not sufficiently popular. He was therefore dismissed, and a younger and more popular man ordained in his stead.

New lords, new laws; and in the present case, our new lords made some changes. These would, however, have been borne, had not politics "come in like a flood." This was about the day of the elder Adams and his supposed heresies, and his successor Jefferson. Our young minister thought he must needs inveigh against the man who was going to burn bibles and meeting houses, and accordingly he did so.

This produced uneasiness; and in the end, discord, disunion, and secession. The religious society was somewhat diminished in numbers, and much more in influence; and those who had conceived a dislike, endeavored to widen the breach which was already wide enough, and to swell the flood which was already threatening. Difficulties gradually increased for many years, and prejudices during the same time, continued to strengthen. About the year 1810, the death of the minister, excited hopes of public quiet.

But things had already taken an unfavorable turn, and were not so easily put into a right direction. A new minister died soon of consumption. A third was installed. He attempted to heal every wound, and remove every difficulty, but it was too late

The physician had become intemperate, and had no weight of character, with which to sustain him; and the justices were not what they once were. And as if to add to the trouble, the minister was a dabbler in medicine; and if he did not kill, he had seldom skill enough to cure.

Old things were now fast passing away, and old land marks every where undergoing a removal. The standard religious society was becoming weaker by secession every day, and an infant Baptist and Episcopal society were rising up. A spirit of insubordination was becoming apparent, not only to "the powers that be," politically and religiously, but socially.

The old physician was now so much on the wane, that another came and took the business away from him. Not because he had much more skill, but because he had more sense in some respects, and at least more cunning; and because the community had sense enough left to prefer a temperate young man to an intemperate old one, and a quack doctor, in minister's clothing.

The public sentiment now cast off this strange compound of quackery, and the new physician became the public oracle. This put it in his power to do much to heal division, or at least to preserve things from ruin. But this, unfortunately was not his object. He appeared to worship at least two of the world's gods, power and money; and seemed disposed to stick at nothing which would secure his devotion to these. Measures—cunning ones, profoundly so—were accordingly taken for bringing the whole community so far within the reach of his influence as would enable him most effectually to secure his objects. He was at once churchman, dissenter, federalist, democrat, politician, physician,

philanthropist, and *demagogue*. He was Representative of the town in the Legislature, a Justice of the Peace, Select Man, Town Agent, and a speculator, and—we know not what; any thing rather than a single-hearted physician, devoted to the great work of promoting the happiness of mankind.

Under his dynasty there was indeed—except in religious matters,—a kind of political quiet, a sort of temporary calm. But it was *only* temporary; the very measures which secured it were calculated to produce great and permanent evil; because they were forming a sort of money making, or at least selfish character. Indeed fifteen years had scarcely elapsed, before there was such a moral stagnation in the community, that he himself could not endure it, and removed to a more interesting and active sphere.

He was succeeded by a gentleman, of known benevolence and great enthusiasm, but rather ignorant of human nature. This man vainly expected to succeed to that power and influence which his predecessor had possessed, and to “bear the sword,” for the public good. After a few years of fruitless and often mistaken effort, seconded, however, by a few of the citizens, he gave up the attempt, and left his chair of medicine and state to another individual of rather less benevolence, but greater practical worth. He, dying soon, was succeeded by two persons; one a young man of little experience and much worth; and the other, a man of much pretension, but possessed of neither skill, experience, nor elevated character.

From the expiration of the fifteen years’ reign of selfishness, already adverted to, up to the period last mentioned, repeated efforts had been made to improve the condition of society. A Post Office

had been established; a Library new modelled, a minister hired, not only in the Congregational, but in other societies. The old church was improved, and a small Episcopal church built. But no attempts to settle a minister have yet succeeded, and the prospects for the future are very unpromising. There are bitter family and church quarrels still going on, or in remembrance; and all religious feeling, as well as even outward observances appear to be on the decline. Schools are little better than they were thirty years ago; farms and roads not much better; and the public morals no better, but rather worse. The population is yearly diminishing; the courage of the people is departing; all union and sympathy are lost; buildings and fences are decaying; the people are breaking into clans for political, party, or sectarian purposes, and by yielding to selfish leaders, are in a fair way to destroy what of union or public happiness remains. The pious are looking forward into the dark future with trembling and prayer; and those who have no expectations from the future, are, of course, desponding.

Such, as contrasted with the past, is the state of a central portion of New England which under the appropriate influences might be made to bloom as Eden, and blossom as the rose; and such is one instance of the "march of improvement!"

PRAISING THE DEAD. — The praises that we receive after our bodies are buried, may, like the posies which are strewed over our graves, gratify the living, but they are nothing to the dead. The dead are gone, either to a place where they do not hear them, or where, if they do, they will despise them.

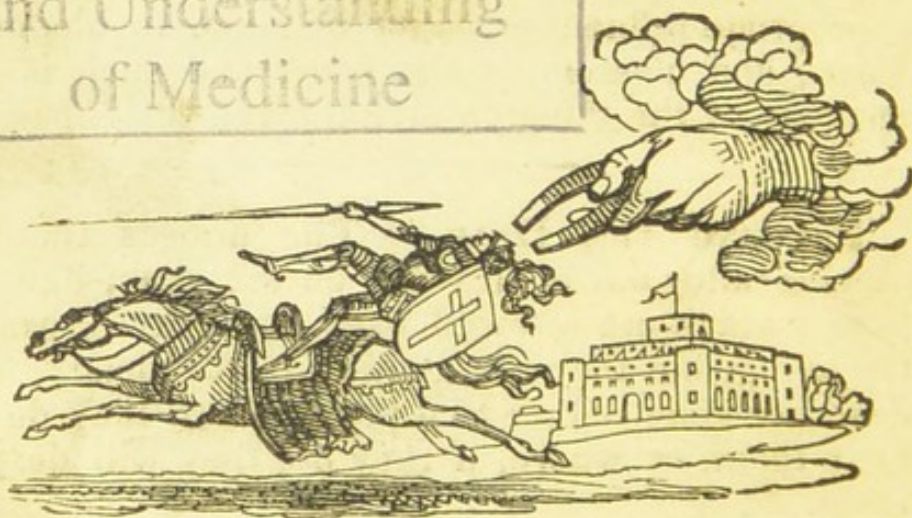
ONE HOUR SAVED A DAY.

Suppose a person rises one hour earlier, every morning, for 50 years, than his neighbor. Now if he still sleeps sufficiently long to restore nature, as it is probable he will, then this is so much of time gained, which the other has lost. Let us see what is the amount.

It is $18,262\frac{1}{2}$ hours, or about *two years and one month*. Thus the one person, in fifty years, would live, if I may so express it, above two years more than the other; and would have so much the more time to devote to his own mental and moral improvement

If there are now, (in 1834,) 14,000,000 of inhabitants in the United States, half of whom shall live to be 50 years of age: and who could save their hour a day, to be employed for useful purposes, the amount of time thus saved in the whole United States would be, more than *fourteen and a half millions of years*.

Wellcome Library
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of Medicine



ONE HOUR PAVED A DAY

Suppose a person goes out to another party
 getting in at 7 o'clock from the neighbor. 7.45
 he will have a half hour to get in before
 the party begins. He will find it so much
 more pleasant when the other party has
 just begun to get in.

It is in this sense of about the party and
 work. Time that one person in the party would
 give in 1 hour at a party 2 hours later than
 from the other and would have an hour to
 get in before to get in and not to
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