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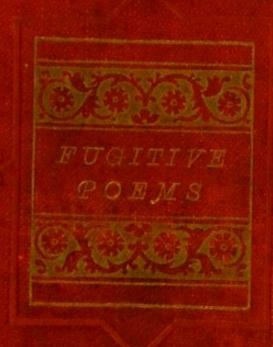
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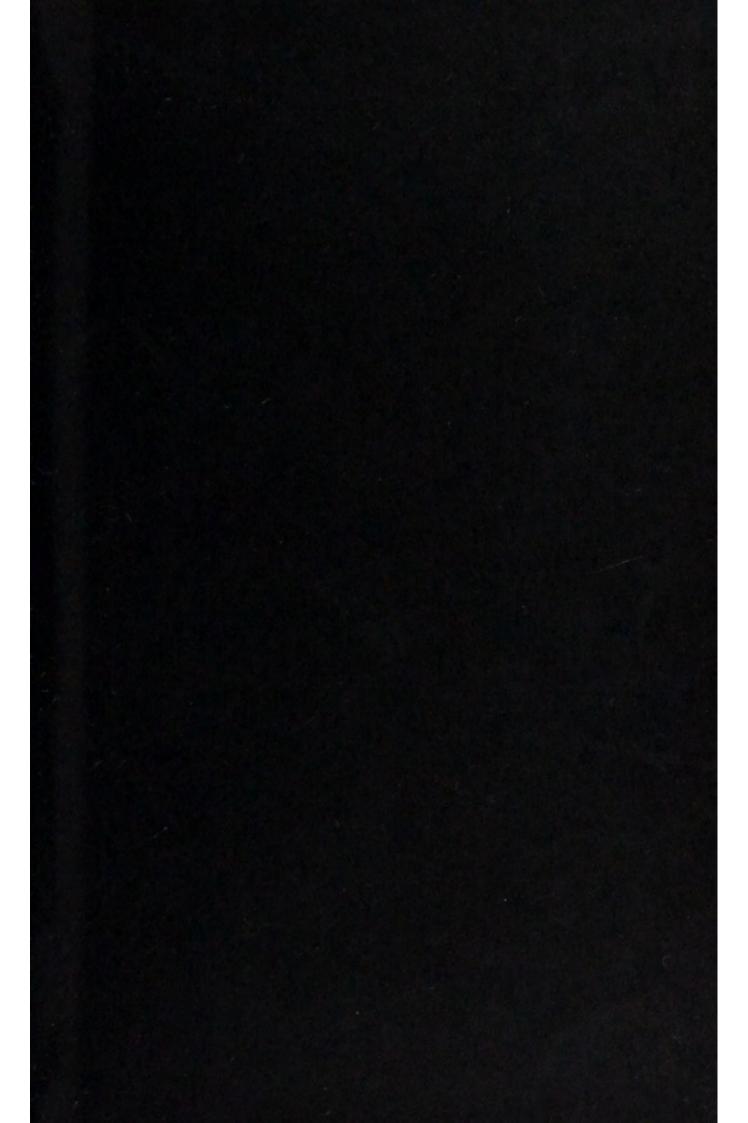
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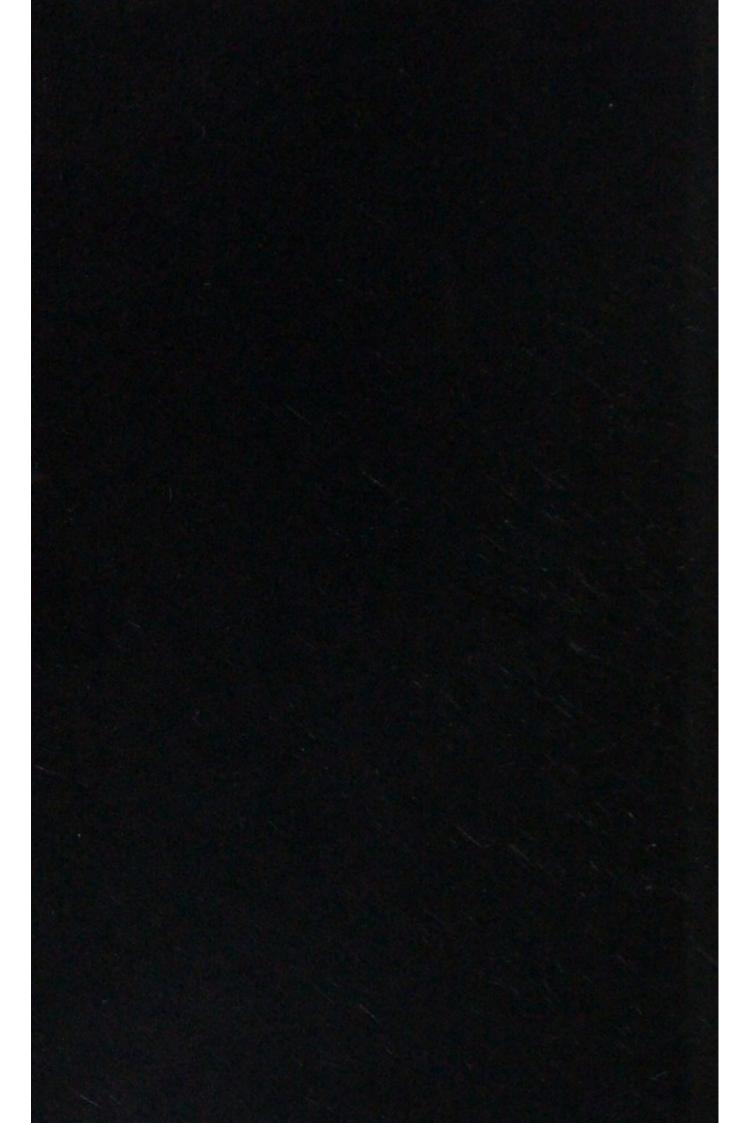


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FUGITIVE POEMS

CONNECTED WITH

NATURAL HISTORY AND PHYSICAL SCIENCE,

COLLECTED BY THE LATE

C. G. B. DAUBENY, M.D., F.R.S., F.G.S.

SOMETIME PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY AND OF BOTANY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

OXFORD and LONDON:

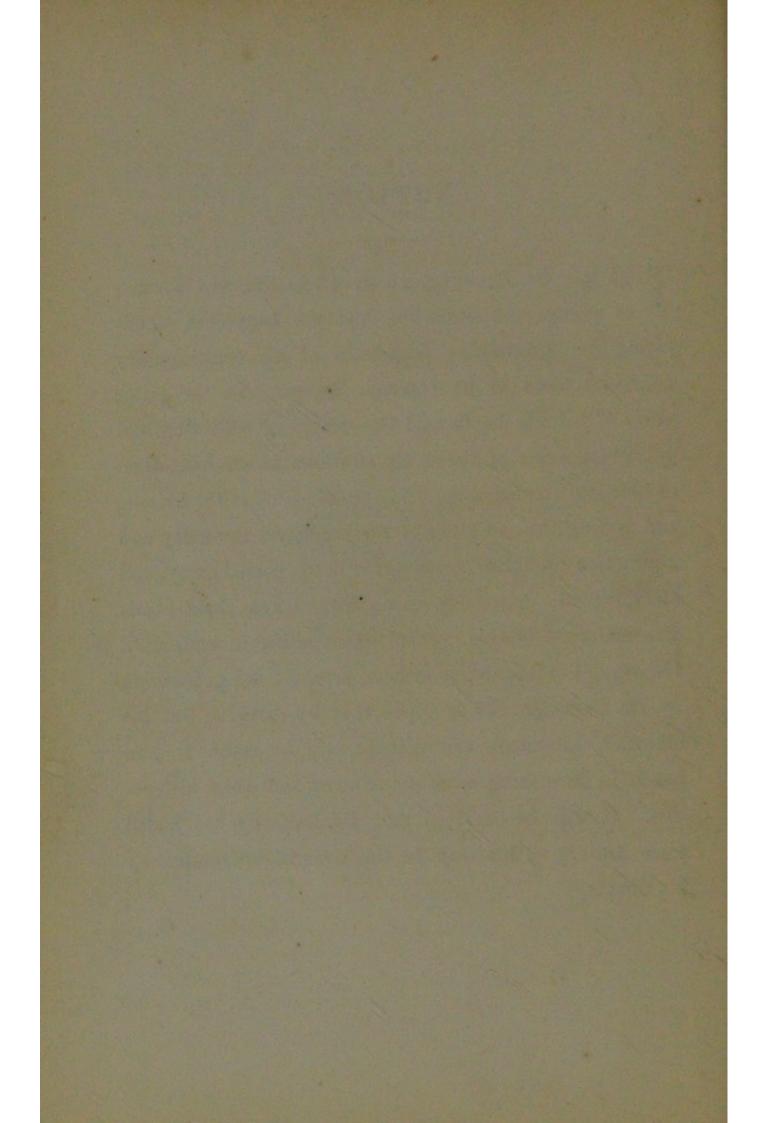
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1869.

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NOTICE,

THE late Dr. DAUBENY, whose whole life was devoted to science and literature, had the happiness of enjoying the affectionate friendship of his contemporary fellow-labourers in no common degree. In the latter years of his life he formed the design of collecting and publishing some of the many effusions which from time to time had emanated from the prolific pens of his friends, and hoping thus to preserve for the world the witty and instructive thoughts of some who have passed away, and of others who have, not unworthily, taken their place. The materials of this volume were gathered, and, with the consent of the living authors, arranged for publication by Dr. Daubeny. It is hoped that by carrying out his intention, Literature and Science may be made to join hands in furnishing some amusement and some instruction. It will be observed that Dr. Daubeny has added some flowers of his own to the wreath contributed by his friends.

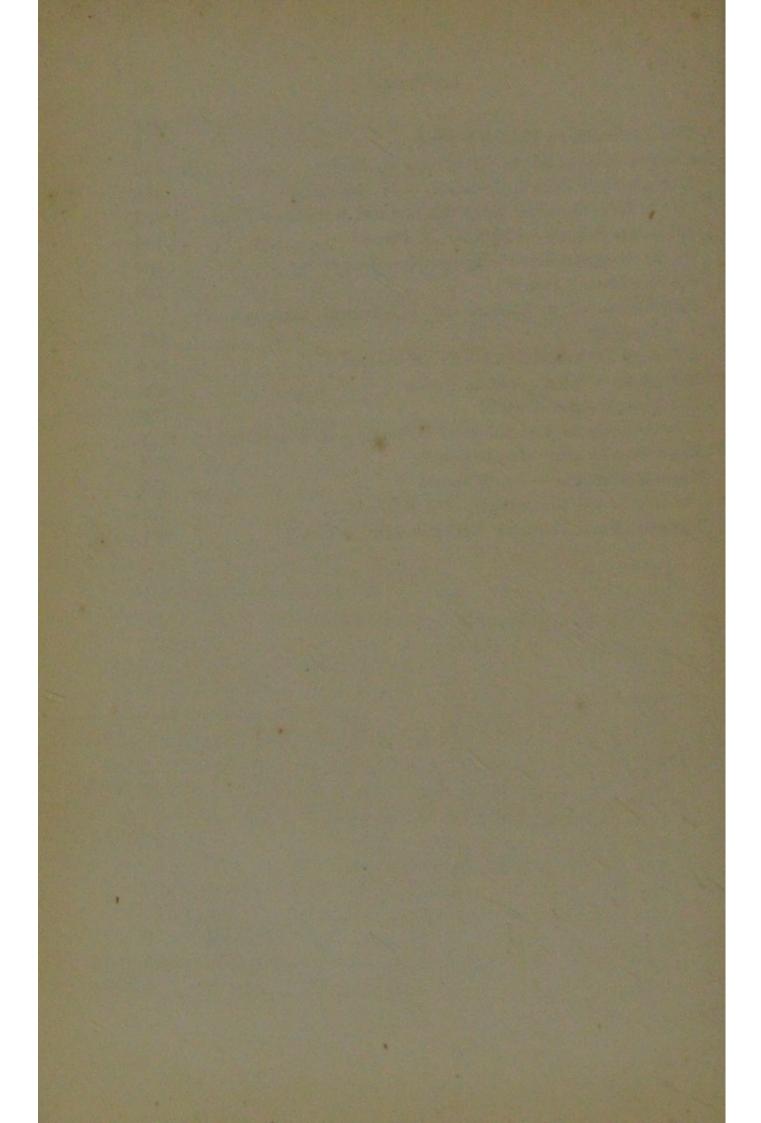


CONTENTS.

	PA	GE
THE Philosopher's Psalm—Dr. A. Symonds		1
Hymn to Helios—Professor Blackie		5
Hymn to Science—Akenside		19
Hymn to Light—A. Cowley		20
Hymn to Darkness—Yalden		26
Zermatt Churchyard—B		30
Translation of Part of the Opening Speech in Goëthe's	3	
Tragedy of "Faust"—Dr. Daubeny		33
The Herschelian Telescope Song—Sir J. Herschel		37
Shooting Stars, or the Fall of Meteors—Dr. Evanson .		40
A Farewell to the Double Star γ Virginis, at the Epoch of 1858	3	
-W. H. Smythe		42
The Metamorphosis of Plants—Professor Blackie		52
Hymn to the Flowers—H. Smith		58
Beetles—M. F. Tupper		62
Atoms—From the "Rejected Addresses"		65
Atoms—From the Rejected Addresses)-	
Introductory Sentence in Lyell's Geology versified — Pro		67
fessor Ramsay		69
On a Quarry—P. B. Duncan		74
The Boulder—Professor Blackie		78
Ode to a Professor's Hammer—W. Conybeare		
Epitaph on Professor Buckland—Rev. J. Conybeare		80
Picture of the Comforts of a Professor's Rooms in C.C.C	,,,	01
Oxford—P. B. Duncan		81
Specimen of a Geological Lecture—Bishop Shuttleworth		84
Elecy intended for Professor Buckland-Archbishop Whate	ly	88
A Dialogue between Dr. Buckland and a Rocky Boulder-	-	
D P Duncan		90

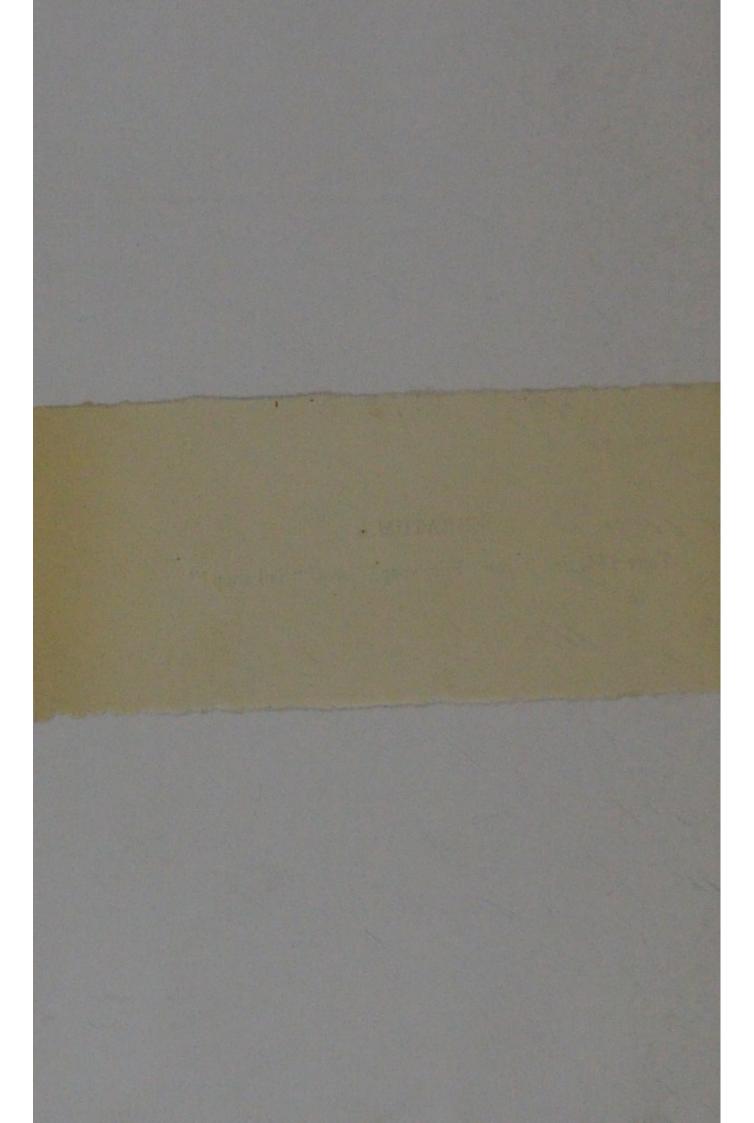
		PAGE
On the Hyænas' Den at Kirkdale, near Kirby Moorside,	in	
Yorkshire, discovered A.D. 1821—Dean Conybeare.	-	92
Physical Geography, or Simon Glum's Nose-J. Bakewell		95
Granitogony, or the Birth of Granite-J. Bakewell .		96
The Jolly Young Trilobite—Professor E. Forbes		99
The Mastodon—Vaisseau		220
The Valley of the Somme-T. W. Newton		102
Father William—Professor Ramsay		106
A Lament for the Good Old Days of William Smith-Pa	0-	
fessor Ramsay		
On the Origin of Lakes—E. Best		
Old King Coal—Professor Jukes		
On Lord Penryn's Slate Quarries-Anonymous		
The Last Hyæna—P. B. Duncan		
Faults and Slips-P. B. Duncan		
On the Woman in Paviland Cavern-P. B. Duncan .		
A New Nightmare-H. Smith		
Coal Measures—Anonymous		127
The Battle o' Glen Tilt—Dr. Maclagan		
Darwin on Species—Anonymous		
Here's a Modest Apology for Anthropo-Pithecology - Dr		1.
Symonds		141
Elegy on the Porpoise—From "Punch"		
The Origin of Species—Lord Neaves		146
Verses on a Cat—Dr. Daubeny	1	151
The Bradypus, or Sloth—P. B. Duncan		153
The Seal and the Sea Mew—Dr. Whewell		157
The Fate of the Dodo—Professor E. Forbes		158
First verse of a Ditty in opposition to "Fate of the Dodo	,,	100
Anonymous		161
Birds and Beasts: a Revolutionary Tale—Sir J. Herschel	*	169
The Dredging Song—Professor E. Forbes	1	165
The Fishes' Drinking Bout—Anonymous	-	167
The Right Man in the Right Place.—H. L.		179
A Naturalist's Valentine—Professor E. Forbes	•	175
Australia—Archbishop Whately		

CONTENTS.			vii
			PAGE
The Astronomer's Drinking Song			. 179
Chanson Microscopique—Professor E. Forbes .			. 186
Liebig's Physiological Chemistry-Dr. Maclagan			. 189
On the New Chemical Nomenclature and Notation-	-Fie	eld .	. 192
Art versus Science-Professor B. Powell			. 194
On the Magneto-Electric Telegraph-Anonymous .			. 197
Ozone-From "Punch"			. 198
Programme of a Lecture on Economical Cool		- Dr	
Daubeny			201
A Doleful Dietetical Ditty-Dr. Maclagan			204
Receipt for a Salad—Rev. S. Smith			208
The Book Worm—Parnell			209
How to Settle an Archæological Difficulty—R. Wan	rburt	on.	212
Nugæ Bartlovianæ—Dr. Whewell	000		213
Nugæ Bartlovianæ—Dr. Whewell			216
The Last of the Bartlovians—Dr. Whewell			219
Nugarum Bartlovianarum Epilogus—Dr. Whewell			224



ERRATUM. »

Page 164, line 3, for "File, snap!" read "Till snap!"



The Philosopher's Psalm.

GOD! whom I distantly revere,
Help me to know and feel Thee near;
Awe-struck Thy works and laws I trace:
Would that my spirit felt Thy grace!

In clearest deep-cut characters
Nature Thy authorship avers;
Her miracles are Thy design,
Her arts, her inspiration Thine.

That page I see, that text I read,
No commentary's gloss I need;
A finer, subtler, force impart,
Writing Thy law upon my heart.

Oft have I gazed around and mused, Seeing Thee everywhere diffused,— Within, without, below, above, Vast circumflux of power and love. And yet not mine Thy love I call,

Not mine, if but a part of All;

The fly, the flower, the worm, the clod,

These all are circumfused with God.

A voice my spirit's depths within Cries, "Surely I am more akin— Atom of man's divinity I claim with God affinity!"

Nor claim I only as a man,
Or one of Japhet's lordly clan,
But from my individual soul,
The oneness of my personal whole.

The stars that gem the vault of night
Make up one universe of light;
But not the less each several star
Shines separate and singular.

But higher far my claims aspire
Than orbs of gross material fire;
A microcosm in me lies,
Embracing all the entities,

In worlds beneath, above, around,

From heaven's high pole to earth's profound:—

I fathom seas, I measure suns,

And count how fast their radiance runs:

And all that has been, on my brain
By History's pen is written plain;
And all that might be, Verse makes mine,
Singing in sweet notes sibylline;

And all that's seized by eager sense,
Or held by strong intelligence,
Is mine, with many a mystery,
Laid bare by new philosophy.

Vain boast! This lore, O Lord, I find
Thrown on the mirror of my mind:
A mirror moulded by Thy skill,
Which Thou canst blur or break at will.

Help me to learn Thy better lore!

For this I'd fain all else ignore;

That highest wisdom make Thou mine—

To know no other will than Thine.

To see in Christ Thine image given

For man to mark 'twixt earth and heaven,

His faith transcending petty creeds,

And love that lived in loving deeds.

That life when man can imitate,

He'll triumph over Time and Fate;

And seeing sin and hatred driven

From earth, find earth transformed to heaven.

John Addington Symonds.

Hymn to Helios.

BEAUTIFUL orb, that rulest the sky, bright joy of creation,

Helios! oldest of gods, when earth, with divinity teeming,

Spake to the eye and the heart of a race that believed in their feelings;

Now they call thee a globe, a fiery sphere in the welkin,

Blindly wheeled by a law, with might despotic, compelling

Atoms, and suns, and moons, the dust that turneth the balance,

Clouds that float in the sky, and waves that swell in the ocean.

Beautiful Sun! whom millions worshipped, bright joy of creation!

Still let me deem thee a god! or, if potent Science deny me

This heart-worship, which lived when men had faith in their feelings,

I from Philosophy borrow a name to baptize thee—be greeted,

Light-giving eye of the God whose soul is the life of the Cosmos!

Eye not seeing, like vision of men, with tamely recipient

Organ, but causing to see, creative, procreant, plastic;

Eye in which Plato believed, and the broad-viewed thinkers of Hellas,

Ere mechanical men, with curious lines and triangles,

Measured the skies, and mapped the bald ungodded creation ";

Eye of the welkin, I praise thee! the glory that waked in the Persian

Hymns of awful delight, and sent the Pelasgic Apollo

Forth, a glorious youth, with golden locks down flowing

Over the shoulders that bore the quiver with arrows resounding:

Me that glory inspires in the clime of the mist-wreathed mountain;

Me thy deity stirs in the land, where a jealous theology be Watches the words of the wise, and grudges free thought to the thinker.

I will praise thee; inspire my heart with flooding emotion!

[•] The "eye of day" or of the welkin is a familiar phrase of the Greek writers when speaking of the sun. Add to this Plato's way of talking that the world is "a perfect reasoning animal," and the result of this will be the aspect of Helios which prevails in this poem. Of course nothing is here laid down dogmatically, but some view of this kind is indicated as preferable to that of certain moderns, who are constantly talking of laws and forces without a living sense of the presence of that essentially energetic reason, or divine Aóyos, which alone makes regulated forces either possible or intelligible.

b This alludes to the intolerant spirit which has led the Church of Scotland, even in recent times, to expel from its communion men of acknowledged piety and learning, who seemed to differ in some minute points of speculation from the doctrinal scheme of the Confession of Faith.

Fill me with thoughts as rich as the leafy tree, which redundant

Shakes her tresses around, and waves her beauty be-

Teach me to praise thee with skill, that whose hears may adore thee,

Helios! beautiful orb, the plastic eye of creation!

Beautiful Sun! when the procreant breath on the primal waters

Brooded, divinely stirring the crude and weltering Chaos,
Water, and earth, and air, and fire, in dim elemental
Strife inorganic convolved, and rolling in huge confusion,
Then thou wert not, beautiful Sun! but evident darkness
Struggled with fitfullest fire, in dismal yawning abysses
Joyless. Forth from the thought of the all-creative
Jehovah

Walked thy luminous round with intelligential clearness. Chaos before thee fled; the vast convolutions of darkness Rolled away; the elements, freed from tangled embroilment, Grouped their atoms, and sought in kindred classes to mingle.

Thou, bright eye of the world, didst order the infinite discord;

e The Platonizing word "intelligential" is here used purposely to exclude the idea of a merely physical and mechanical luminary.

Thou, first servant of God, the uncaused Causer of order!

Moulded by thee in the slimy swathes of mud primeval,

Struggled the formative life in the plant; thy ray calorific

Fashioned the germs of growth; and shapes of exuberant beauty

Sprang from the bursting clod with leafy splendour unfolden.

Gently the blade of the grass came creeping over the meadow;

Stately rose the tree, and in graceful rings symmetric,

Spread the fresh green fern its broad-winged fan to the zephyr.

Beautiful world! from year to year in gladness I greet thee; Yearly the power of the Spring, and the ray of the lifedispensing

Glorious Sun invests the old and hoary creation

Fresh in juvenile green, and yearly my heart within me

Beats to the pulses that stirred, when Helios moulded the Cosmos.

Beautiful trees! that with far-sent fangs securely rooted

Clasp the rock, and with rounded stems, erect and stable,

Rise to the light; then swinging your arms with opulent leafage

Broadly tufted, or finely needled, drooping or spreading,

Sway to the breeze; ye forests, that wave with various grandeur,

- Dark with the veteran pine, or light with the tapering larch-tree,
- Stout with the bunchy plane, or soft with the fine-leaved linden,
- Smooth with beech, or rough with the large-flowered spears of the chestnut,
- Fragrant with pendulous birch, the white-stemmed pride of the dark brown
- Mountain torrent, that scoops the shelvy bed of the mica.
- Praised be the beauty of trees! them Helios brought from the darkness,
- Cherished their seeds in the rift of the rock, and lustily reared them
- Richly with verdure to clothe the old grey sides of the mountain.
- Beautiful flowers! the joy of the meadow, the grace of the garden,
- Triumph of genial light, disparted in colour, and scattered
- Wide o'er the verdure of earth, with beneficent wild profusion
- Wonderful! filling the eye with continuous feasts, and the heart with
- Thrills of dainty delight. Full oft in your quest I have wandered
- Deep into murkiest woods, and high where the pinnacled granite

- Shelters the snow through the summer, and far where the cataract thunders
- Over the storm-seamed brow of the grim indented mountain.
- There the bell, and the cup, and the purple star have found me,
- Beautiful, crowning with life the forehead of bleak desolation,
- Smiling, like children's eyes, with miraculous light from the deep black
- Yawning chasm, that seemed an abode for barrenness only.
- Beautiful flowers! or gemming the snow-wreathed hills, or at random
- Spotting with vegetive gold the lush green fields of the lowland,
- Nodding in airy clusters aloft, or, broad as a buckler,
- Floating in lazy pride on the bosom of deep slow waters
- 'Neath hot tropical suns; in lowliest guise, like the sorrel
- Shading its delicate tints 'neath the moss-grown stumps of the forest,
- Or in magnificent globes high blown, with petal on petal
- Closely massed, and cunningly cut into curious splendour,
- Looking in face of the Sun with the vermeil pomp of the Summer;
- Lovely parade of beautiful growth, divinely unfolden

World of colour, I bless thee, and praise the Creator who gave me

Eyes to drink in the light, and share thy magical fountain, Helios, beautiful orb, the plastic eye of creation!

Beautiful Earth! invested with robe of various splendour,

Glorious! ever to me thy beauty has been as a garden

Gemmed with flowery delight, and breathing odorous sweetness!

Ever new wonder hath thrilled my wandering eye, beholding

Each soft line of thy grace, each ample front of thy grandeur.

Oft with vagabond foot thy fields I have traversed at random,

Free, with savage delight, by modes and fashions uncumbered,

Nourishing thoughts as light as the gull that floats o'er the billow,

Breezy and fresh as the zephyr that tosses the green and plumy

Glory of trees in the light, and pouring unsought and unhindered

Hymns of vital delight! I praise Thee, God, and Thy sunlit

Earth, the garden of man, as abroad I travel in fancy,

- Viewing again and again thy wealth of wonderful pictures
- Hung in the halls of the soul by thy magical many-hued mirror,
- Memory, mother of Thought 4! And now my fantasy lifts me
- Far to the lands of the South, where Light, like a queen majestic,
- Sways with sovereign strength, and smiles with a broad diffusive
- Liberal brightness unsullied; and where the bluff front of the headland
- Stands in the flash of the sea, high-crowned with the shapely-measured
- Marble pillars, as white as the flower which bursts in the morning,
- Hung with memories of worship as fair as the light which surrounds them,—
- Dian, or radiant Apollo, or she, the blue-eyed virgin
- Daughter of Jove, strong-fathered, with weighty spear and buckler
- Bright, far-glancing, a sign to the worn sea-wandering sailor.
- There my fantasy lifts me, and there on sun-woven pictures

d This is merely a modern application of the well-known idea of the Greek mythology, according to which Memory is mother of the Muses.

- Feeds and fattens with joy . Or me, with a turn of my musing,
- Suddenly thought transports to the castled crags of the Rhine stream,
- Terraced with vines, and brewing by mystic brewst of the sun-light
- Wine, which gladdens the heart; and there I see in the arbour
- Knots of men and of women, the gentle, the kind, and the thoughtful,
- Feasting on sunny delights, and the sportive freak of the moment,
- Harmless babbling, or wandering far through mazes of leafy
- Copse-wood wild, and making the old grey hall of the baron
- Echo with songs, the voice of an easy sweet-blooded people,
- Plain, unbribed by the cumbersome pride which fetters the Briton f.
- These thy pictures, O Sun! the living, the varied, the changing
- Ever, but ever the same; wide-spread in magnificent fulness,

* The scene described here is the well-known promontory of Sunium, with the ruins of the temple of Athena, on the south promontory of the Attic coast.

f Those who know the social habits of the Germans in such pleasant neighbourhoods as Bonn, or Heidelberg, or Göttingen, will recognise this picture. In these places the presence of the students, with a dash of folly, gives also a certain poetic grace on occasions to the open air entertainments of the inhabitants.

- Wonderful! Who can declare the wealth of luminous glory,
- Flowing in radiant oceans where stars are wheeling in mazes
- Vast, uncounted, unscanned by the glass of the far-sighted gazer?
- Me such glory confounds. I rather with wise limitation
- Feed on the shows of truth, and chiefly the sights of my dear loved
- Strong Caledonian home, the land of the flood and the mountain.
- Beautiful Scotland! or where thy broad hills, smooth, green-mantled,
- Slope to the lowland fringed with the pomp of mansion and villa,
- Rich, well-gardened; or where the might of the Grampian rises
- High, far-sweeping, majestic, and flushing wide with the purple,
- Springy heather, deer-trodden. How blest to the foot is the labour,
- High from the breezy heath to brush the dew, Caledonia!
- Whether pursuing the stag to his haunt on the lone, rock-girdled
- Mountain tarn, or regaling the eye with grandeur of high-piled
- Peak on peak, and feasting the ear with music of waters

- Rushing adown birch glens, where the trout in the amber caldron
- Shoots as swift as a fresh young thought from the brain of the thinker.
- Here thy glories, O Sun, in the shifting play of the shadow,
- Thousandfold varied appear, where the skirt of the delicate floating
- Mist now rests on a crag, now round a black tremendous
- Precipice skirs, as swift as the rush of dreams in a dreamer.
- Oft on a broad bare mount, Ben Cleugh, or lofty Muicdhui,
- Sombre hangs a pall of black, dense cloud from the welkin;
- Sombre the traveller looks, the unwearied climber of mountains,
- All his prospect is dimmed, the glory of hills is departed.
- Sudden the curtain uprises; beneath the rim of the
- Luminous shines the carpeted plain; the silvery landscape
- Glorious glistens along the line of the shimmering river;
- Castle and crag gleam out; and the old grey-centuried turret
- Rises over the wood; the whitewashed cottage is glinting
- Far through the dark-blue pines; the spire in the village is twinkling
- Bright in the sun; the vents of the populous, farspreading city

- Shoot their white blue fumes in beautiful scrolls to the welkin,
- Telling of labour, and power, and thought, the mighty magician g.
- Such thy glories, O Light, on the broad, brown mountains of Scotland!
- Such thy wonderful sleight on the pictured face of the high land,
- Helios, beautiful orb, the plastic eye of creation!
- Beautiful Light! the child from the rayless womb of its mother
- Sudden emerging, and claiming his lot in a larger existence,
- Free, self-rooted, self-centred, from thee, thou centre of gladness,
- Knows the beneficent thrill that quickens the sensuous nervelets,
- Delicate, timorous, soon to embrace with miraculous grasping
- Realms of measureless knowledge. By thee the full-grown thinker

[#] The scene above described is from the vivid memory of a magical view once enjoyed by the writer from the summit of Ben Cleugh, the highest of the Ochills, one of the most central points in Scotland, a prospect at once extensive, various, and beautiful. The ascent can easily be made from Stirling in a single day.

- Nurses his ken, and learns to be wise by looking and loving,
- Clearly scanning the smallest, and widely surveying the largest
- Forms of exuberant life, with a full and ripe comprehension.
- Thine is the circle of being; the bond art thou that unitest
- Nearest and farthest of things with a potent function, electric,
- Wonder-working. By thee the earth with the heaven communeth,
- Knowing with known, and lover with loved, and through infinite spaces
- Star sends message to star, and comet shoots greeting to comet.
- Beautiful Light! with cunning disposal of lens and of mirror
- Science may torture thy forms, and question thy Protean splendour,
- Call thee a radiant matter, or feel thy quivering pulses,
- Telling of rise and of fall in the undulant flow of thy beauty h.
- Me this beauty suffices; I look, and enjoy, and adore thee,

h Heat and light are, I understand, both now acknowledged to be only various forms of motion. This discovery is that which I imagine Heraclitus recognised in his dim à priori way more than two thousand years ago. In the same way Pythagoras, with his doctrine of number as the $d\rho\chi\dot{\eta}$, anticipated Dalton and the geometry of the most recent chemistry.

Godlike, born of a God, with virtue divinest redundant!

Father of lights, receive this lisping hymn of my worship;

Thou first Sun of all suns, first Glory of glories, and only

Substance of all that seems, prime mover of all that moveth,

Fill my heart with Thy brightness, and teach me with open receptive

Faculty ever to live on the fulness of beauty around me!

Teach me ever to thrill to the breath of Thy grace, as a well-tuned

Harp responds to the touch of a subtle and dexterous harper.

Thus no discord shall master my fate; and in harmony sweetest

Human shall chime with divine. Thus teach me, O Father, to praise Thee!

Thee, the source of all life, and Thy sun, the joy of all living,

High hung up for a sign in the hall of the glorious Cosmos,

Helios, beautiful orb, the plastic eye of creation!

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

Hymn to Science.

Science! thou fair effusive Ray

From the great source of mental Day,

Free, generous, and refined,

Descend with all thy treasures fraught,

Illumine each bewildered thought,

And bless my labouring mind.

But first with thy resistless might
Dispel those phantoms from my sight,
Those mimic shades of thee,—
The Scholiast's learning, Sophist's cant,
The visionary Bigot's rant,
The Monk's Philosophy.

AKENSIDE.

hymn to Light.

First-born of Chaos, who so fair didst come

From the old Negro's darksome womb!

Which when it saw the lovely child,

The melancholy mass put on kind looks and smil'd.

Thou tide of glory which no rest dost know,

But ever ebb, and ever flow!

Thou golden shower of a true Jove!

Who does in thee descend, and heaven to earth make love!

Hail, active Nature's watchful life and health!

Her joy, her ornament, and wealth!

Hail to thy husband Heat, and thee!

Thou the world's beauteous bride, the lusty bridegroom he!

Say from what golden quivers of the sky

Do all thy winged arrows fly?

Swiftness and power by birth are thine:

From thy great Sire they came, thy Sire the Word Divine.

'Tis, I believe, this archery to shew,

That so much cost in colours thou,

And skill in painting do'st bestow

Upon thy ancient arms, the gaudy heavenly bow.

Swift as light thoughts their empty career run,

Thy race is finish'd when begun:

Let a post-angel start with thee,

And thou the goal of earth shalt reach as soon as he.

Thou, in the moon's bright chariot proud and gay,

Dost thy bright wood of stars survey;

And all the year dost with thee bring

Of thousand flow'ry lights thine own nocturnal Spring.

Thou Scythian-like dost round thy lands above

The sun's gilt tent for ever move;

And still as thou in pomp dost go,

The shining pageants of the world attend thy show.

Nor amidst all these triumphs dost thou scorn

The humble glow-worms to adorn,

And with those living spangles gild

(O greatness without pride!) the bushes of the field.

Night and her ugly subjects thou dost fright,

And sleep, the lazy owl of night;

Asham'd and fearful to appear,

They screen their horrid shapes with the black hemisphere.

With 'em there hastes, and wildly takes the alarm,
Of painted dreams a busy swarm.
At the first opening of thine eye,
The various clusters break, the antic atoms fly.

The guilty serpents, and obscener beasts,

Creep, conscious, to their secret rests:

Nature to thee does reverence pay,

Ill omens and ill sights remove out of thy way.

At thy appearance, grief itself is said

To shake his wings and rouse his head:

And cloudy care has often took

A gentle beamy smile reflected from thy look.

At thy appearance fear itself grows bold;

Thy sunshine melts away his cold.

Encouraged at the sight of thee,

To the cheek colour comes, and firmness to the knee.

Ev'n lust, the master of a harden'd face,

Blushes if thou be'st in the place,

To darkness' curtains he retires,

In sympathizing night he rolls his smoky fires.

When, goddess, thou lift'st up thy wak'ned head,
Out of the morning's purple bed,
Thy choir of birds about thee play,
And all thy joyful world salutes the rising day.

The ghosts, and monster-spirits, that did presume,

A body's priv'lege to assume,

Vanish again invisibly,

And bodies gain again their visibility.

All the world's brav'ry that delights our eyes
Is but thy sev'ral liveries:
Thou the rich dye on them bestow'st,
Thy nimble pencil paints this landscape as thou go'st.

A crimson garment in the rose thou wear'st

A crown of studded gold thou bear'st.

The virgin lilies in their white

Are clad but with the lawn of almost naked light.

The violet, Spring's little infant, stands
Girt in the purple swaddling-bands:
On the fair tulip thou dost dote,
Thou cloth'st it in a gay and party-colour'd coat.

With flame condens'd thou dost thy jewels fix,

And solid colours in it mix:

Flora herself envies to see

Flowers fairer than her own, and durable as she.

Ah, goddess! would thou couldst thy hand withhold,

And be less liberal to gold;

Did thou less value to it give,

Of how much care (alas!) might'st thou poor man relieve!

To me the sun is more delightful far,

And all fair days much fairer are.

But few, ah! wondrous few there be,

Who do not gold prefer, O goddess, e'en to thee.

Through the soft ways of heav'n, and air, and sea,

Which open all their pores to thee;

Like a clear river thou dost glide,

And with thy living streams through the close channels slide.

But where firm bodies thy free course oppose,

Gently thy source the land o'erflows;

Takes there possession, and does make,

Of colours mingled, Light, a thick and standing lake.

But the vast ocean of unbounded day

In th' empyrean heaven does stay.

Thy rivers, lakes, and springs below,

From thence took first their rise, thither at last must flow.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

Hymn to Parkness.

DARKNESS, thou first kind parent of us all,

Thou art our great original:

Since from thy universal womb,

Does all thou shad'st below, thy numerous offspring, come.

Thy wondrous birth is even to time unknown,
Or like Eternity thou'dst none:
Whilst Light did its first being owe,
Unto that awful shade, it dares to rival now.

Say in what distant region dost thou dwell?

To reason inaccessible:

From form, and duller matter, free,

Thou soar'st above the reach of man's philosophy.

Involv'd in thee, we first receive our breath,

Thou art our refuge too in death:

Great monarch of the grave and womb,

Where'er our souls shall go, to thee our bodies come.

The silent globe is struck with awful fear,

When thy majestic shades appear:

Thou dost compose the air and sea,

And earth a Sabbath keeps, sacred to rest and thee.

In thy serener shades our ghosts delight,

And court the umbrage of the night:

In vaults and gloomy caves they stray,

But fly the morning's beams, and sicken at the day.

Tho' solid bodies dare exclude the light,

Nor will the brightest ray admit:

No substance can thy force repel,

Thou reign'st in depths below, dost at the centre dwell.

The sparkling gems, and ore in mines below,

To thee their beauteous lustre owe:

Tho' form'd within the womb of night,

Bright as their sire they shine, with native rays of light.

When thou dost raise thy venerable head,

And art in genuine night array'd:

Thy Negro beauties then delight,

Beauties like polish'd jet, with their own darkness bright.

Thou dost thy smiles impartially bestow,

And know'st no difference here below:

All things appear the same by thee,

Tho' Light distinction makes, thou giv'st equality.

Thou, Darkness, art the lover's kind retreat,

And dost the nuptial joys complete:

Thou dost inspire them with thy shade,

Giv'st vigour to the youth, and warm'st the yielding maid.

Calm, as the blest above, the anchorites dwell,

Within their peaceful gloomy cell:

Their minds with heav'nly joys are fill'd,

The pleasures Light deny, thy shades for ever yield.

In caves of night, the oracles of old,

Did all their mysteries unfold:

Darkness did first religion grace,

Gave terrors to the God, and reverence to the place.

When the Almighty did on Horeb stand,

Thy shades inclos'd the hallow'd land:

In clouds of night He was array'd,

And venerable Darkness His pavilion made.

When He appear'd arm'd in His power and might, He vail'd the beatific light:

When terrible with majesty,

In tempests He gave laws, and clad Himself in thee,

Ere the foundation of the earth was laid,

Or brighter firmament was made:

Ere matter, time, or place were known,

Thou monarch Darkness sway'dst these spacious realms alone.

But now the moon (tho' gay with borrow'd light)
Invades thy scanty lot of night:
By rebel subjects thou'rt betray'd,
The anarchy of stars depose their monarch shade.

Yet fading Light its empire must resign,

And nature's power submit to thine:

An universal ruin shall erect thy throne,

And fate confirm thy kingdom, evermore thy own.

YALDEN.

Zermatt Churchyard.

"C'était un guerre avec le Matterhorn," said a Zermatt peasant of the many attempts to scale this great mountain.

THEY warred with nature, as of old with gods The Titans; like the Titans, too, they fell, Hurled from the summit of their hopes, and dashed Sheer down precipitous tremendous crags, A thousand deaths in one. 'Tis o'er, and we Who sit at home, and by the peaceful hearth Read their sad tale, made wise by the event, May moralize of folly and athirst For barren honour, fruitful of no end. 'Tis well: we were not what we are, without That cautious wisdom, and the sober mind Of prudence, steering calm 'twixt rock and storm. Yet too, methinks, we were not what we are, Without that other fiery element-The love, the thirst for venture, and the scorn That aught should be too great for mortal powers;

That yet one peak in all the skyey throng Should rise unchallenged with unvanquished snows, Virgin from the beginning of the world. Such fire was theirs: O not for fame alone, That coarser thread in all the finer skein That draws adventure, oft by vulgar minds Deemed man's sole aim; but for the high delight To tread untrodden solitudes, and feel A sense of power, of fullest freedom, lost In the loud vale where man is all in all. For this they dared too much; nor they alone, They but the foremost of an Alpine band, Who in the life of cities pine and pant For purer air, for peak, and pass, and glen, With slow majestic glacier, born to-day, Yet with the trophies of a thousand years On its scarred bosom; till its icy bonds It burst, and rush a torrent to the main. Such sons still hast thou, England: be thou proud To have them, relics of thy younger age, Nor murmur if not all at once they take The care and burden on them. Learn of them! Youth has its teachings, too, as well as age, We grow too old too soon: the flaxen head Of childhood apes experience' hoary crown,

And prudent lisps ungraceful aged saws. Tis so: yet here in Zermatt, here beneath The fatal peak, beside the heaving mound That bears the black cross with the golden names Of men, our friends, upon it: here we fain Would preach a sober lesson. Forth they went, Fearless and gay as to a festival, One clear, cold morn: they climbed the virgin height; They stood where still the awe-struck gazer's eye Shudders to follow. There a little while They spake of home, that centre whose wide arms Hold us where'er we are, in joy, or woe, On earth, in air, and far on stormy seas. Then they turned homewards, yet not to return. It was a fearful place, and as they crept Fearfully down the giddy steep there came A slip,-no more,-one little slip, and down Linked in a living avalanche they fell; Brothers in hope, in triumph, and in death, Nor dying were divided. One remained To tell their story, and to bury them. B.

Translation of Part of the Opening Speech in Goethe's Tragedy of "Faust."

Thus does my hot and dizzy brain

Fixed on these self-same books remain,

Which teach, alas! full many a lie

Couched in that name—Divinity,

And all that vulgar spirits awe

In Science, Medicine, and in Law;

And now methinks, my labour o'er,

I rest just where I was before.

Fool that I am, my course to bound In one dull circle round and round, My own poor self with doubts to pose, And lead my Scholars by the nose.

What boots it that for years I've stood
The wonder of a gaping crowd?
A sage, forsooth, of vast renown,
By the grave name of Doctor known?

Since learning does but make me see

Each dunce as wise a man as me;

And thoughts of many an ill-spent day

Will rise and sear my heart away.

Well! I am wiser than the fry
That traffic in Philosophy,
Than doctors, priests, professors all,
Scribblers and pedants great and small,
Since neither doubts nor scruples vex me,
Nor fears of future worlds perplex me;
And in the pride of lofty science
To hell itself I bid defiance.

Yet thus by very knowledge left,

Of joy as well as fear bereft,

Without possessions, riches, power,

What dog would breathe like me an hour?

Did not the hope remain behind

To better and instruct mankind,

To ease the load of human woe,

And shed one ray of truth below?

Hence have I sought with eager ken Secrets withheld from common men, And claimed by many a magic spell
Communion with the powers of hell;
That doomed no more to make a show
Of teaching what I cannot know,
My soul may view the secret springs,
And dive into the depths of things,
And by unearthly means endeavour
To leave this trade in words for ever.

O friendly moon! who o'er this pile
Of musty volumes oft didst smile,
When in thy full and tranquil light
I watched through many a weary night,
What would I give to bid adieu
To books, to papers, e'en to you!
Yet could I on the mountain's brow
Walk in thy much-loved presence now,
In some dark cavern converse hold
With beings of unearthly mould,
Or roam through meadows dimly fair,
I'd soon cast off this load of care;
Bathed in thy dew, my soul would rise
In health and vigour to the skies.

Unlike to this th' accursed gloom That reigns within this living tomb, Where scarce the light of full mid-day
Through the stained glass can find its way.
With rusty volumes round me piled,
By book-worms gnawed, with dust defiled,
And all the philosophic lumber
That can a hole like this encumber,
With heir-looms from my sire descended
In one rude heap together blended,
O, am I ever doomed to call
This room my world, and these my all?

No wonder that my labouring heart
Is racked by many a secret smart,
That feelings undefined control
Each plan, each movement of the soul.
When bones and emblems of decay
Are placed around in grim array,
And from this dark lugubrious den
Banish the living forms of men.

CHARLES DAUBENY.

July 15, 1821.

The Herschelian Telescope Song.

Hymn of the Forty Feet Reflector at Slough,
Sung on New Year's Eve, 1839-40, by the whole family in
the Tube thereof assembled.

In the old Telescope's tube we sit,

And the shades of the past around us flit;

His requiem sing we with shout and with din,

While the old year goes out and the new comes in.

(Chorus of youths and virgins.)

Merrily, merrily, let us all sing,

And make the old Telescope rattle and ring.

Full fifty years did he laugh at the storm,
And the blast could not shake his majestic form;
Now prone he lies where he once stood high,
And searched the deep heaven with his broad bright eye.

Merrily, merrily, let us all sing, And make the old Telescope rattle and ring. He hath stretched him quietly down at length To bask in the starlight his giant strength; And time shall here a tough morsel find, For his steel-devouring teeth to grind.

> Merrily, merrily, let us all sing, And make the old Telescope rattle and ring.

He will grind it at last, as grind it he must,
And its brass and its iron shall be clay and dust;
But scathless ages shall roll away,
And nurture its frame in its form's decay.

Merrily, merrily, let us all sing, And make the old Telescope rattle and ring.

There are wonders no living wight hath seen,
Which within this hollow have pictured been,
Which mortal record can ne'er recall,
And are known to Him only who made them all.

Merrily, merrily, let us all sing, And make the old Telescope rattle and ring.

Here watched our father the wintry night,
And his gaze hath been fed with pre-Adamite light,

While planets above him in mystic dance, Sent down on his toils a propitious glance.

Merrily, merrily, let us all sing,
And make the old Telescope rattle and ring.

The full deep stars, with approving gleam,
Saw sisterly love outwake their beam,
And marked her lamp unwearied burn,
While their own grew pale in the dawn's return.

Merrily, merrily, let us all sing, And make the old Telescope rattle and ring.

A new year dawns, and the old year's past, God send us a happy one like the last, A little more sun, and a little less rain, To save us from cough and rheumatic pain.

> Merrily, merrily, let us all sing, And make the old Telescope rattle and ring.

God grant that its end this group may find,
In love and in harmony fondly joined;
And that some of us fifty years hence once more
May make the old Telescope's echoes roar.

Chorus fortissimo.

Merrily, merrily, let us all sing,

And make the old Telescope rattle and ring.

JOHN HERSCHEL.

Shooting Stars, or the Fall of Meteors.

Midnight. Tuesday, November 13, 1866.

The heaven's on fire! What do these meteors mean?
The sky changed to a pyrotechnic scene!
Or has high Heaven at length its red bolts hurled
In fiery wrath on this offending world?
Deem you what makes man's fortune, or what mars,
Is but the ruling influence of the stars?

The stars! Each star has its appointed place
Fixed, or revolving round through realms of space;
But the rare comet, when it doth appear,
Runs its own strange, eccentric, wild career;
While many a meteor shoots across our skies
Not always visible to human eyes.
And as this globe doth circle round the sun,
Once ere each generation's race is run,
When earth approaches that elliptic zone
Which girds the sun with meteoric stone,
Men see with wonder, on a special night,
The heavens ablaze with unaccustomed light,

While meteors, scattering as the earth draws near, Flash like a fiery host, shoot, blaze, and disappear.

From superstition purged, then does man's mind
For all these wonders a solution find;
When Science turns its grand prophetic light
Upon the sun by day, the stars by night.
No world, howe'er remote, can ever be
From nature's laws, even for one moment, free;
Manifold wisdom of the one First Cause
That all things ruleth by consentient laws;
Harmonious, simple, universal, wise,
That rule alike the earth, the sea, the skies;
Laws nought can contravene, nor aught coerce,—
By universal laws God rules the universe.

R. T. EVANSON.

A Farewell to the Double Star y Virginis, at the Epoch of 1858.

"He that enlarges his curiosity after the works of nature, demonstrably multiplies his inlets into happiness."—Johnson.

Your lights not borrowed, but inherent shine;
Your mystic orbs in subtile ether float,
And prove to Man your origin divine:
Pure double-star—bright telescopic view—
Two suns, a central point gyrating round;
A system binary, with orbit true,
Its form elliptic, by a period bound:
Perhaps a train of planets decks each sphere,
In endless round throughout your vast career?

Such is the work of that Great Ens, of whom

Man's aspiration forms no notion clear,—

Who holds of countless worlds the awful doom—

So grand—so vast—it quails the mind with fear:

Sublime is He, whom no conceptions grasp,

Much less exalt, or amplify in word:

Avaunt, ye blind, that fain His rule would clasp,
And all His greatness to our globelet gird,
Materializers who—in thought perverse—
Rashly would circumscribe the Universe.

Yes! there are those who, by inverting powers,
Measure celestial realms by our mean clod,
Pronouncing bodies of like weight with ours
As needful to the other works of God;
Earnest to shew that physical conditions,
Such as exist on the terraqueous ball,
Must form the system, or exact munitions,
Of intellectual life throughout them all:
This at the threshold is a grievous stumble,
And ought to make the pride of reason humble.

See upon earth what marvels meet our gaze—
The human black, the red man, and the fair—
The elephant, the whale, the ant, the rays,
The condors, and the midges in the air!
The eagle wings his flight 'mong solar beams,
And nictitating meets the flood of light,
His visual focus through the medium gleams
On every distance which encounters sight—

Contrast with this the groping mole, purblind, The duck-billed platypus, and the lemur kind.

The trunk-mouthed, suction-footed, squamose fly,
By many deemed so low in Nature's scale,
Doth microscopic lens to sight apply—
As the papilio—but unlike the snail.
The promatomus—fish both strange and rare—
Doomed to th' abysses of the deepest deep,
Has eyes enormous, and contrived with care,
The glimmering particles of light to reap.
In all of these what vast design is shewn,
For life's existence throughout every zone!

Their sustentation on each local spot,
In vales, on hills, in sands, on rocks, in flood—
Wherever Providence has fixed their lot.
Not only these, but myriads beside
Of birds, and beasts, and fishes that migrate,
As well huge mammals in their strength and pride,
As infusorian atoms, oculate—
So small yet perfect, that with skilful hand,
We make twice-twenty on a needle stand.

Study the passions of Creation's tribes,

Observe where instinct doth tow'rds reason draw,

See the affections which each class imbibes,

And note their wiles and strategy in war:

Men who can view unmoved these wise displays,

Or see the seasons change without a thought,

Can ne'er their minds to rightful standard raise-

Their Gloria in Excelsis is as nought;

And should the Atheist ever boast such pass,

'Mong flocks and cattle let him graze the grass.

Here is a glimpse of the mysterious Power

Which fashions all their destined path to run,

To live for ages, or exist an hour,

To dwell in darkness, or to brave the sun;

E'en in ephemera purposed schemes are seen:

Perfection boundless makes the mind expand,

Yet th' overwise by force would intervene,

And lock the wheels of progress to a stand.

Not the first time dogmatic Dons have sought

To paralyse intelligence and thought.

Those recreant Seers once quashed Copernik's laws

At Galileo's grand discoveries sneered;

And Newton's revelation of the cause

Of movements systematic, basely feared-

A dogma which, they said, just doctrine spurned,
Since Nature's secrets ne'er should be unfurled:
They broke St. Virgil, and poor Bruno burned,
For starting antipods, and world on world.
E'en now dark threats, albeit in tone suppressed,
Prove, though the spirit's scotched, 'tis not at rest.

Some wretched saws, by bloated ign'rance flung,

The charge of blunder to large views apply;

"If 'tis a blunder, 'tis an error sprung

From noble root—high thought of the Most High!"

These addle-headed churls, had they a chance,

Would from the human scan at once efface

The wondrous art affording us a glance

Of the CREATOR and the creature's place,

And in the void restore that dark'ning gloss

Which holds—"Quæ supra nos, nihil ad nos."

Vain men: to deem this speck the only care
Of wise Omnipotence. Planets around
May also in His endless goodness share,—
In many forms of sentient life abound.
Such is, at least, a rational belief,
And observation gives it valid force—
Such to examine is a step in chief
To raise our worship to its highest source:

For glowing intellect can ne'er be found Better employed, than in this course profound.

One sturdy dolt the telescope decries,

One sees the sun no bigger than a cheese,

One deems it wicked to aid natural eyes,

And all stand forth an ignoraat horde to please.

'Tis said by Bacon that we—"cannot fly

Upon the Senses' gaudy waxen wings

To gain the secrets of the Deity"—

Yet such the rant with which the welkin rings:

Dare they deny that the Almighty's hand

"Could form a world from ev'ry grain of sand?"

E'en learned Ignotus, 'mid such scenes as those,

Devoutly bent to tame the wayward mind,

Jests about "potters' wheels" and "fishes' roes,"

And "lumps of light" instead of stars can find;

In the dim nebulæ "whiffs of smoke" he'll see,

The distant orb is but our system's "spark,"

While planetary globes of small degree

Are "bits" which bungled manufacture mark!

Ah, when a mortal second agents plies,

How quick the Majesty of Causes flies!

Such fallacies wild Quidnuncs love to chase, Although no evidence by them is brought;

While circumstance, and our own system's case, Support suggestions reared by forceful thought.

For, from analogy, can Demus doubt

That on its axis rotates every sphere—

Or hold that other planets roll without

The gaseous envelope called atmosphere?

They shew their years and seasons to our gaze, With the allotment of their nights and days.

All this with sacred lore doth coincide—
Religion's cogent word ne'er swerves from truth—
The Royal Psalmist hints of worlds beside
The one on which he passed his age and youth;

Science agrees, whichever way we look, With reason, and with revelation too,

Nor is there an expression in the Book
To militate against the plural view;

Then why should schoolmen lead weak minds aloof By crabb'd assertions, sans a single proof?

The Bible spiritual matters treats,

And to the thinking being comfort brings;

It rarely dwells on physical—or meets

The querist's doubt upon material things:

But that the heavens with countless orbs are strewn
In complicated yet arranged position,
Marking God's finger, to our view is shewn—
Though little of their nature or condition:

Jehovah there—in type distinct and terse—
Sets forth the Great Book of the Universe.

Bright emanations of maturest care

Have roused to anger the contracted mind—

Others disparagement of science swear,

Tow'rds wealth and power an easy road to find;

INTELLIGENCE SUPREME they mystify,

In fierce though unsubstantial argument;

To serve such purpose see the ready lie,

Working in evil way, however meant:

Some have been forced to eat their words untrue,

And sorry food they ever found them too.

Fear not, Phil-asters, such control as this,
Yours is a step towards a good conclusion,
At all events it speaks that mental bliss
Which scorns to think the Logos works confusion.
Nor have the Pundits "had you on the hip,"
Albeit they trumpet loudly in defiance;
Keep your course steady like a goodly ship,
And on Analogy place firm reliance;

Your theory of cosmical economy
Rests on Induction, source of true astronomy.

O Virgin's gem—meet for astrolatry— Gamma, the true Διγαμμα of the sky;

O glowing orbs, whose mystic ways to see, Full thirty years have occupied mine eye:

Your long ellipse, in intervolvèd maze, Yet under orderly harmonious motion, Bade, while unfolding to my ardent gaze,

My soul seemed bounding from its mundane clod, To peer, "through Nature, up to Nature's God."

But e'en while struggling in our mortal coil,

Unbounded mercy through the whole appears,

Thus to permit of Heav'n a glimpse the while,

And mark a guerdon for our hopes and fears.

By contrast, then, how poor all worldly strife,

The Politician—the ambitious Fool—

The Courtier wedded to a spurious life—

The toiling drudge for riches, Fortune's tool;

Still poorer they whose days—a num'rous caste—

In idle sensuality are passed.

To those who with me watched you glorious track,

I owe the strengthened purpose of my mind;

Herschel, with zeal, did my exertions back,

Thus acted Airy, Wrott'sley, Adams, Hind;

All these sustainers claim my warmest praise—

So worthy Johnson, and friend Fletcher too:

For every aid my grateful thanks I raise,

Since I must bid you, HEAVENLY PAIR, adieu!

And further steps your orbit-course to gain,

I leave to Dawes, to Pogson, and to Main.

I cease my nightly vigils in your cause,
Rejoiced t' have placed before the eyes of men
My mite to fix the knowledge of your laws:
And while we prove that in those realms afar
Mysterious gravitation holds its sway,
While man with optic pow'r can scan each star
And find their sev'ral data day by day—
Well may we echo what the Poet said,
"An underout Astronomer is mad!"

W. H. SMYTHE.

St. John's Lodge, near Aylesbury, 19-VI.-1858.

The Metamorphosis of Plants.

(From the German of Goëthe.)

- Why should it be, thou askest well, so fair but to confound,
- This garden rich, that spreads its breadth of broidered beauty round?
- Names, learned names, thou hear'st, a host; a barbarous sounding train,
- They march, but still as one comes in, the other leaves the brain.
- And yet, beloved, 'tis one truth, not complex, not profound,
- One sacred simple truth that rules this maze of tangled sound:
- The ever-varying flowery forms, their thousands are but one;
- Ruled by a law that's like in all, but quite the same in none.
- O! my heart's chosen, if the thought that subtly stirs the brain
- Can teach the tongue, I'll tell thee now this law, nor tell in vain.

- Behold the seed, the little seed, with silent plastic might,
- How nurturing earth the case unfolds, and to the genial light,
- The ever-moving holy light, the delicate frame commends,
- The slight thin, leafy frame, that soon to gorgeous height ascends.
- Simple the power slept in the seed; a nascent type is there
- Of all that shall be, nicely wrapt, and swathed with curious care;
- Half-formed and colourless, root and stem, leaf with its leaflet slept,
- Their charmed life all safe from harm by the arid kernel kept,
- Till gentle dews and genial rain forthdrew the swelling might,
- That shoots elastic from its bed of circumambient night.
- But simple still the primal shoot; as in the boy the man,
- Here lies of the full tree immense, the unexpanded plan.
- But mark, anon, an impulse new, knot towered on knot behold!
- And still as higher mounts the stalk, the primal type unrolled
- Repeats itself; like, not the same; for in the leafy show
- The upper floats with ampler pride than that which grew below.

- More deeply cut, and cleft, and carved, in various order trim,
- The parts dispread, once closely twined in the inferior limb.
- Thus step by step the growth proceeds, till perfect on the view
- It bursts, a wonder ever old, a wonder ever new,
- So giant-ribbed, so straggling free, in swelling breadth dilated,
- As nature's self were weak to check the impulse she created.
- But she is wise; and reining here the pride o' the leafy veins,
- Gently prepares the higher change where perfect beauty reigns;
- In narrower cells with milder pulse and calmer flow she lingers,
- And soon the delicate frame displays the working of her fingers.
- Back from the broad and leafy fringe the keen pulsation flows,
- And buoyant now the topmost stem more light and graceful grows;
- Leafless, the tender stalklet's grace shoots eagerly on high,
- And soon a shape of wonder bursts, and fills the studious eye.

- Leaflet with leaflet trimly paired, the counted, the untold,
- Rise, and with nice adjustment ranged their spreading wings unfold.
- The parted cup unbinds its charge, and free in sunny ray
- The million-coloured crowns aloft their blushing wealth display.
- Thus nature triumphs in her work, and in full glory shows
- Each step i' the measured scale, through which to such fair height she rose;
- And wonder still detains the eye, oft as the breeze-stirred blossom
- On delicate stalklet perched sublime, nods o'er the leafy bosom.
- But not remains this gorgeous wealth; the strong creative power
- Lives in the core; the hand divine stirreth the conscious flower,
- And lo! with inward-curling force, each fine and slender thread
- Elastic springs to find its mate, and with its like to wed;
- And now they meet, the lovely pairs, and by a law divine
- In nuptial rings they stand around the consecrated shrine,
- While Hymen hovers near, and wanton breezes odorous blow,
- And clouds of genial dust forth roll, and vital fountains flow.

- Asunder now, and cased apart, stands every swelling germ,
- Soft-bosomed in the pulpy fruit, that shields its growth from harm;
- And nature here the circle ends of her eternal working,
- But still within the old the seed of a new life is lurking.
- Link unto link she adds; that thus, as countless ages roll,
- Part after part may share the pulse that stirs the mighty whole.
- Look now, beloved, on this web of beauty blushing round thee,
- And feel it ne'er was woven thus so fair but to confound thee!
- Each leafy plant thou see'st declares the never-changing laws,
- And every flower, loud and more loud, proclaims the Eternal Cause.
- Nor here alone: once recognised the Godhead's mystic trace,
- Thou'lt see through each most strange disguise the now familiar face;
- In creeping grub, in wingèd moth, in various man thou'lt know
- The one great soul that breathes beneath the curious shifting show.

- Bethink thee, then, how in the hours that first together drew
- Our hearts, from light acquaintance' germ familiar converse grew,
- From converse sweet by gentle change how potent friendship rose,
- Till perfect love within our breasts both flower and fruitage shows.
- And this bethink, what woven web of blest emotions grew,
- Phase after phase of various love, the same but ever new;
- And learn to enjoy the hour! pure love still upward strives to float
- To that high sphere where wish to wish, and though responds to thought,
- Where feeling blent with feeling, raptures thrilled with raptures rare,
- In bonds of a diviner life, unite the blissful pair.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

Hymn to the Flowers.

DAY-STARS, that ope your frownless eyes to twinkle

From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,

And dew-drops on her lonely altars sprinkle

As a libation;

Ye matin worshippers! who, bending lowly

Before the uprisen sun, God's listless eye,

Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy

Incense on high;

Ye bright mosaics! that with storied beauty

The floor of nature's temple tessellate,

What numerous emblems of instructive duty

Your forms create!

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingest
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringest
A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane, most Catholic and solemn,
Which God hath planned;

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,

Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply,

Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder,

Its dome the sky:

There as in solitude and shade I wander

Through the green aisles, or stretched upon the sod,

Awed by the silence, reverently ponder

The ways of God.

Your voiceless lips, O Flowers, are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous wonders
From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles! that in dewy splendour

Weep without woe, and blush without a crime,

O, may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender

Your love sublime.

"Thou wert not, Solomon, in all thy glory
Arrayed," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours!"
How vain your grandeur! ah, how transitory
Are human flowers!

In the sweet-scented pictures, Heavenly Artist,

With which Thou paintest nature's wide-spread hall,

What a delightful lesson Thou impartest

Of love to all.

Not useless are ye, flowers, though made for pleasure,
Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night
From every source your sanction bids me treasure
Painless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary

For such a world of thought could furnish scope

Each fading calyx a memento mori,

Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection

Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,

Ye are to me a type of resurrection

And second birth.

Were I in churchless solitudes remaining,

Far from all voice of churchmen or divines,

My soul would find in flowers of God's ordaining

Priests, sermons, shrines.

HORATIO SMITH.

Beetles.

TO T. VERNON WOLLASTON, Esq.

Every toiler to his toil,

Life is work in Duty's hand;

Art and nature both demand

Daily labour, midnight oil.

Every workman for his work,

Art hath many, keen of skill;

Nature shewing whom she will

Where her inner secrets lurk.

Every scholar to his task:

Know'st thou not thy special page
To be coursed from youth to age?

Ask that knowledge, merely ask.

Ask it of the heaven above,

Ask it of the earth below,

Ask thy heart and mind, and so

Follow on in faith and love.

Thou shalt thus be taught to find

There is some good work and true

For thy proper hand to do,

Suited to thy heart and mind.

What is ours?—Well, that depends;

Mine, at this peculiar time,

Is, in reason tagged with rhyme,

Just to touch on what's my friend's.

Beetles are his special care,

Beetles shining in the sun,

Beetles as they crawl or run,

Beetles, beetles everywhere!

Beetles, huge as bats or birds,

Beetles, small as dust of earth,

Beetles of Madeiran birth,

Beetles from the Cape de Verdes.

Beetles in Nilotic mud,

Beetles from the bright Azores,

Beetles new on British shores,

Beetles older than the flood.

Beetles!—Does this trivial seem?

Yet philosophers may spend

All their lives from end to end,

But shall not exhaust that theme.

God in all His works is great,

Greatest in the smallest things,

And the lowest creature brings

Homage to His highest state.

Note these microscopic spots

By our Wollaston defined,

Each a miracle of mind,

One of God's forget-me-nots!

Yea, the meanest thing that crawls,

Vermin be it if men will,

As a marvel of deep skill,

Is praised in the Celestial Halls.

Then, high-hearted Wollaston,
Still work on in love and faith,
For to thee God surely saith,
"Servant, good and true, well done!"

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

Teignmouth, Oct. 23, 1866.

Atoms.

I sing of Atoms, whose creative brain,
With eddying impulse, built new Drury Lane;
Not to the labours of subservient man,
To no young Wyatt appertains the plan;
We mortals stalk, like horses in a mill,
Impassive media of Atomic will:
Ye stare! then truth's broad talisman discern—
'Tis Demonstration speaks.—Attend and learn!

From floating elements in chaos hurled,
Self-formed of atoms, sprang the infant world.
No great first cause inspired the happy plot,
But all was matter, and no matter what.
Atoms, attracted by some law occult,
Settling in spheres, the globe was the result;
Pure child of Chance, which still directs the ball
As rotatory atoms rise or fall.
In ether launched, the peopled bubble floats,
A mass of particles and confluent motes.

So nicely poised, that if one atom flings
Its weight away, aloft the planet springs,
And wings its course through realms of boundless space,
Outstripping comets in eccentric race.
Add but one atom more, it sinks outright
Down to the realms of Tartarus and night.
What waters melt or scorching fires consume,
In different forms their being re-assume;
Hence can no change arise, except in name,
For weight and substance ever are the same.

From the "Rejected Addresses."

Introductory Sentence in Lyell's Geology versified.

Or what materials is the earth composed, And in what manner are these things arranged? These are the first inquiries which engage Geology, a science which derives Its name from ge, 'the earth,' and logos, 'word.' All inexperienced, we might have supposed That such investigations would relate, Exclusive, to the mineral domain, And to the various rocks, the soils, and metals, Which rest upon the surface of the earth, Or lie concealed within its stony depths. But in pursuing such research, we soon Find ourselves led to think about the changes That erst the ancient earth has undergone, Both on its surface and interior, And all the causes which gave rise to them; And what is less expected and more strange,

68 Introductory Sentence in Lyell's Geology versified.

We soon become engaged in deep research
Into the history of the living world,
And all the tribes of animals and plants,
Which, in the different periods of the past,
Inhabited the globe.

ANDREW C. RAMSAY.

On a Quarry.

OLD quarry, say, can sage's eye
Aught of thy mystic fate descry?
Or from thy buried relics gleam
Tales of the times thy youth has seen?
As one who wanders on the shore
Strewed with the wreck of vessels o'er,
And seeks of them who died some sign
From tattered vest and blotted line.

So strange the treasures thou dost show,
We gaze, admire, and nothing know;
But when philosophers despair
To find a "how," a "when," a "where,"
And by thy marvels stricken blind,
Reason can no solution find,
Fancy, as is her wont to do,
Will dream her dream, perchance as true.

When thou, old quarry, hadst thy birth, And wert the youngest growth of earth, Perchance no sun in heaven did shine,

Nor woods, nor fruits, nor flowers were thine;

No mountains then with gems between,

Nor lakes, nor rivers, then had been;

Some giant rocks of elder time

Lifted alone their peaks sublime.

Save the scant space which these possest,
A world of waves was all the rest;
They were to earth a living ring,
Updancing, sparkling, murmuring,—
The world's pure, joyous youth unknown,
Defiling clay and sullen stone,
Fair, flowing, tender, ever dear,
The spring-time of the eternal year.

Hast thou an angel e'er surveyed,

By high Italian art pourtrayed,

On air half-soaring, half-reclining,

Light golden clouds his form enshrining,

And mingling in supreme content

With the pure circling element?

Such mayst thou deem their blissful motion

Who breathed in that primeval ocean.

A wondrous race! no need had they
Of feet to plod a toilsome way,
But gliding on in graceful sweep,
They glanced amid the yielding deep,
Through coral halls and sea-weed groves,
Haunts which now the mermaid loves;
Or to the winds their sail they gave
Of pearly shell, and skimmed the wave.

Nor dream thou of them, as of brute,
Of arts or wisdom destitute;
Their lore, although to thee unknown,
Deem not less precious than thine own.
Joys such as thine be sure were theirs,
Alike their smiles, and tears, and cares;
Pleasure and pain perchance might wear
A garb thou canst not fancy there.

To ocean's race, as bards have sung,

Heaven has denied a tuneful tongue;

Yet though the wave that hemmed them round,

Might something bar sweet music's sound,

The feelings of the indwelling mind

Outward expression still will find,

And well those hearts with love might suit

Whose dearest eloquence is mute.

Love dwelt with them, of this be sure,

For love delights in all that's pure,

In all that holds simplicity;

Then in that clear and oldest ocean,

Wide region of eternal motion,

To baseness and to guilt unknown,

Love could not but have built his throne.

Unknown to guilt? then wherefore say,
Has the fair vision passed away?
These remnants in this quarry pent,
Why left its only monument?
Their life, alas! too like to ours,
Poisoned with ranker weeds, its flowers,
And e'en in that primæval flood,
Ambition shed its fellow's blood.

Still to this hour, unworn by time,
We see the witness of their crime,
And still in murderous art remain
The slayers, feasting on the slain.
But ere the guilty deed was done,
The race of that old world was run,
Waves froze to rock, and still present
Trace of the sin and punishment.

They perished,—how? what tongue can tell?
At once, that whole creation fell;
Whether, from central caverns raised,
Consuming fire around them blazed,
Or from each breast was torn away
The spark of life, and all was clay;
Another world arose, to share
Their sins, and like distinction bear;
Mournful succession, doomed to show
The eternal bond 'twixt guilt and woe.

PHILIP DUNCAN.

The Boulder.

Thou huge grey stone upon the heath,
With lichens crusted well,
I marvel much, if thou found breath,
What story thou wouldst tell.
Oft wandering o'er the birch-grown hill,
To hear the wild winds moan,
I wonder still what chance or skill
Hath pitched thee here alone.

Where wert thou when Sire Adam first
Drew his mischanceful breath,
And in the bowers of bliss was cursed
With everlasting death?
Then when the damned fiend, who loves
The mask of snake and toad,
Crept into Paradisian groves,
And stole Eve's heart from God?

Thee in some seaward glen, I ween, On sharp Loffodin's shore,

In frozen folds of gleaming green The giant glacier bore;

Then down the steep it harshly slid, Till, loosened from the high land

With wrench enorm its compact form Was launched, a floating island,

Into the Arctic deep. And thou,
In its stark bosom buried
Through seas which huge leviathans plough,
To this south strand wert hurried.

Then, from its cold close gripe unbound

By summer's permeant breath,

Thy wandering bulk a station found

On this wide sandy heath.

And here thy watch hath been, God knows
How long, and what a strange
Masque of Time's motley shifting shows
Hath known thee without change.
Seas thou hast seen to dry land turned,

And dry land turned to seas,

And fiery cones that wildly burned

Where flocks now feed at ease.

By thee the huge-limbed breathing things, Crude earth's portentous race,

Passed, and long lizard-shapes with wings Swept o'er thy weathered face.

To thee first came man's jaded limb, From eastern Babel far;

Around thee rose the Druid's hymn, And the cry of Celtic war.

By thee the soldier Roman made The mountain-cleaving road,

The Saxon boor beside thee strayed,
The lordly Norman strode.

The Papal monk thy measure took;
The proud priest, triple crowned,

Mumbled a blessing from his book, And claimed thee holy ground.

By thee the British baron passed To glorious Runnymede;

By thee with strong arm Wyckliffe cast Young freedom's heaven-born seed.

Thou saw'st when kings first heard with awe The burgher's stout protest,

And statute shrank before the law That sleeps in a people's breast. Thou saw'st from out old unkempt bowers Huge peopled cities rise,

And merchant kings, with stately towers, Invade the troubled skies.

Thick rose the giant vents, that mar Heaven's lustrous blue domain,

And whirling wheel and steaming car Disturb thy silent reign.

And thou—but what thou yet mayst see
The pious Muse withholds;

The curious art be far from me,
To unrol Time's fateful folds!

When earth, that wheels on viewless wing, Is twenty centuries older,

Some bard, o'er London's dust, shall sing The story of the Boulder.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

Ode to a Professor's Hammer.

IRREGULAR AND MONOSTROPHE.

Hall to the hammer of science profound!

Flint-stone and rock

Quail at its shock,

And their fragments fly as the sparks around.

Beneath the storm of its thundering blows

Bending, and opening, and staggering, and reeling,

Mountains reluctant their story disclose,

The secret of millions of ages revealing.

The fossil dead that so long have slept,

And seen world after world into ruin swept,

Start at the sound

Of its fearful rebound.

Though fathoms deep in adamantine fold

The solid rock their fast-bound corpses hold,

Though every age (and thousands since have past)

Hath made that sepulchre more deep, more fast,

Yields the firm rock, and through the rifted stones

Pours the strange light on the long-shrouded bones.

A sun, not that whose earlier ray
Illumined their primeval day,
But younger many a generation,
Their sun's great grandson at the least,
Shines on each antiquated beast,
And now first wakes this slumbering nation.

Each old crocodile grins with vast amaze,

While rousing him from his marble hearse,

As a world so new and so strange he surveys;

And doubtless he thinks that since his younger days

Things are strikingly changed for the worse.

WILLIAM CONYBEARE.

Epitaph on Professor Buckland.

Propinquis parum propinquis
Semotis nunquam semotus
Hic et ubique vagabatur
Bucklandius,
Rerum inauditarum Auditor
Incognitarum Doctor et assertor
Famosissimus.

Post Globum hunc nostrum
Centies pro arbitrio suo
Fictum refictumque
Ad alios tandem orbes
(Quod serò fiat et feliciter)
Ipse est migraturus.

JOHN CONYBEARE.

Picture of the Comforts of a Professor's Rooms in E. E. E., Oxford.

Procul este Profani Procul inscii et vani.

Away, ye ignorant and vain!

Away, ye faithless and profane!

Jesters and dainty dandies fly hence,

But enter thou, dear son of science!

And here in mild disorder hurled,

Behold an emblem of the world,

In that chaotic state of old

When flints in Paramoudras rolled!

Here see the wrecks of beasts and fishes,

With broken saucers, cups, and dishes;

The præ-Adamic systems jumbled,

With sublapsarian breccia tumbled,

And post-Noachian bears and flounders,

With heads of crocodiles and founders;

Those who are old enough to recollect the set of rooms occupied by Dr. Buckland at C. C. C. in his bachelor days, before he became a Canon of Ch. Ch., will recognise the fidelity of this description.

Skins wanting bones, bones wanting skins, And various blocks to break your shins. No place is this for cutting capers, Midst jumbled stones, and books, and papers, Stuffed birds, portfolios, packing-cases, And founders fallen upon their faces. He'll see upon the only chair The great Professor's frugal fare, And over all behold, illatum Of dust a superficial stratum. The sage amidst the chaos stands, Contemplative, with laden hands, This, grasping tight his bread and butter, And that a flint, whilst he doth utter Strange sentences that seem to say I see it all as clear as day; I see the mighty waters rush, And down the solid barriers push! I see the pebbles pebbles chasing, And scooping out of many a basin; I see the dreadful dislocation, And gradual stratification.

His eye in a fine frenzy rolling, He thus around the fragments strolling, Still entertains a fond illusion

That all the strata's strange confusion

He shall explain beyond conjecture,

And clear in the ensuing lecture.

P. B. DUNCAN.

May, 1821.

Specimen of a Geological Lecture,

By PROFESSOR BUCKLAND.

Attributed to Dr. Shuttleworth, late Bishop of Chichester.

In Ashmole's ample dome, with look sedate, Midst heads of mammoths, Heads of Houses sate, And Tutors, close with undergraduates jammed, Released from cramming, waited to be crammed. Above, around, in order due displayed, The garniture of former worlds was laid, Sponges and shells in lias moulds immersed, From Deluge fiftieth, back to Deluge first, And wedged by boys in artificial stones, Huge bones of horses, now called mammoths' bones; Lichens and ferns which schistose beds enwrap, And, understood by most Professors,-Trap. Before the rest, in contemplative mood, With sidelong glance, the inventive Master stood, And numbering o'er his class with still delight, Longed to possess them, cased in stalactite.

Then thus with smile supprest. In days of yore One dreary face Earth's infant planet bore; Nor land was there, nor ocean's lucid flood, But mixed of both, one dark abyss of mud, 'Till each repelled, repelling, by degrees, This shrunk to rock, that filtered into seas, Then slow upheaved by subterranean fires, Earth's ponderous crystals shot their prismy spires, Then granite rose from out the trackless sea, And slate, for boys to scrawl, when boys should be. But earth, as yet, lay desolate and bare, Man was not then, -but Paramoudras were. 'Twas silence all, and solitude; the sun, If sun there were, yet rose and set to none, Till fiercer grown the elemental strife, Astonished tadpoles wriggled into life; Young encrini their quivering tendrils spread, And tails of lizards felt the sprouting head. (The specimen I hand about is rare, And very brittle; bless me, sir, take care.) And high upraised from ocean's inmost caves, Protruded corals broke the indignant waves. These tribes extinct, a nobler race succeeds; Now sea-fowl scream amid the plashing reeds; Now mammoths range, where yet in silence deep Unborn Ohio's hoarded waters sleep.

Now ponderous whales

[Here, by the way, a tale
I'll tell of something, very like a whale.
An odd experiment of late I tried,
Placing a snake and hedgehog side by side;
Awhile the snake his neighbour tried t' assail,
When the sly hedgehog caught him by the tail,
And gravely munched him upwards joint by joint,—
The story's somewhat shocking, but in point.]
Now to proceed.
The earth, what is it? mark its scanty bound,
'Tis but a larger football's narrow round;
Its mightiest tracts of ocean—what are these,
At best but breakfast tea-cups, full of seas.
O'er these a thousand deluges have burst,
And quasi-deluges have done their worst.

It being the intention of the versifier to produce at present only a specimen of his intended Work, he has omitted the following fifty lines, exclusively geological, concluding with—

These bones I brought from Germany myself; You'll find fresh specimens on yonder shelf.

As also a digression of 2,300, of which the concluding couplet is— So curl the tails of puppies and of hogs; From right to left the pigs, from left to right the dogs. And also for the same reason the subsequent still more digressive digression, which is terminated by the following admirable reflection. The whole passage consists of 5,700 lines:—

Not wild, but tame cats only, tease their prey.

The concluding couplet, which is given without any addition from the mouth of the learned lecturer, is here subjoined solely because it serves as an additional proof, if such were wanted, of the close connection between geological speculation, and (not the ideas only, but) the language of complete poetry.

It will be observed, that though intended as a common sentence of Adjournment, it has all the fluency and grace of the most perfect rhythm, and of its own accord slides into verse, and hitches in

a rhyme :-

Of this enough. On Secondary Rock, To-morrow, Gentlemen, at two o'clock.

Elegy Intended for Professor Buckland.

Mourn, Ammonites, mourn o'er his funeral urn,
Whose neck ye must grace no more;
Gneiss, granite, and slate, he settled your date,
And his ye must now deplore.

Weep, caverns, weep, with unfiltering drip, Your recesses he'll cease to explore;

For mineral veins and organic remains

No stratum again will he bore.

Oh, his wit shone like crystal; his knowledge profound. From gravel to granite descended;

No trap could deceive him, no slip could confound, Nor specimen, true or pretended;

He knew the birth-rock of each pebble so round, And how far its tour had extended.

His eloquence rolled like the Deluge retiring, Where mastodon carcases floated;

To a subject obscure he gave charms so inspiring, Young and old on geology doated.

He stood out like an Outlier; his hearers, admiring, In pencil each anecdote noted. Where shall we our great Professor inter,

That in peace may rest his bones?

If we hew him a rocky sepulchre,

He'll rise and break the stones,

And examine each stratum that lies around—

For he is quite in his element underground.

If with mattock and spade his body we lay
In the common alluvial soil,
He'll start up and snatch those tools away
Of his own geological toil;
In a stratum so young the Professor disdains
That embedded should lie his organic remains.

Then exposed to the drip of some case-hardening spring,

His carcase let stalactite cover,

And to Oxford the petrified sage let us bring,

When he is incrusted all over;

There, 'mid mammoths and crocodiles, high on a shelf,

Let him stand as a monument raised to himself.

RICHARD WHATELY.

Dec. 1, 1820.

A Dialogue between Dr. Buckland and a Rocky Boulder.

BUCKLAND, loquitur.

Say when, and whence, and how, huge Mister Boulder,
And by what wondrous force hast thou been rolled here?
Has some strong torrent driven thee from afar,
Or hast thou ridden on an icy car?
Which, from its native rock once torn like thee,
Has floundered many a mile throughout the sea,
And stranded thee at last upon this earth,
So distant from thy primal place of birth;
And having done its office with due care,
Was changed to vapour, and was mixed in air.

BOULDER, respondit.

Thou great idolater of stocks and stones,
Of fossil shells, and plants, and buried bones;
Thou wise Professor, who wert ever curious
To learn the true, and to reject the spurious,
Know that in ancient days an icy band
Encompassed around the frozen land,

Until a red-hot comet, wandering near,

The strong attraction of this rolling sphere,

Struck on the mountain summit, from whence torn

I here was on a massive iceberg borne,

And many a rock, indented with sharp force,

And still seen striæ, shew my ancient course;

And if you doubt it, go with friend Agassiz

And view the signs in Scotland and Swiss passes.

Philip B. Duncan.

On the Hymnas' Den at Kirkdale, near Kirby Moorside, in Forkshire, discovered A.D. 1821.

TROPHONIUS, 'tis said, had a den,
Into which whoso once dared to enter
Returned to the daylight again
With his wits jostled off their right centre.

But of all the miraculous caves,

And of all their miraculous stories,

Kirby Hole all its brethren outbraves,

With Buckland to tell of its glories.

Bucklandus ipse loquitur.

Ages long ere this planet was formed,

(I beg pardon, before it was drowned,)

Fierce and fell were the monsters that swarmed,

Roared and rolled in these hollows profound.

Their teeth had the temper of steel,

Skulls and dry bones they swallowed with zest, or

Mammoth tusks they despatched at a meal,

And their guts were like Papin's Digester.

And they munched 'em just like Byron's dog,

Tartar's skulls that so daintily mumbled;

Horns and hoofs were to them glorious prog

Ecce Signa—see how they're all jumbled.

I can shew you the fragments half gnawed,

Their own Album Gracum I've spied,

And here are the bones that they pawed

And polished in scratching their hide.

So unbreeched Caledonians wear out

Each milestone they pass as they go,
So the lip of the pilgrim devout

Has kissed off St. Peter's great toe.

Some may love potted venison and hare,

Potted char may of some stir the blood,

But no dainty to me is so rare

As hyænas' bones potted in mud.

I know how they fared every day,

Can tell Sunday's from Saturday's dinner;

What rats they devoured, can say a,

When the game of the forest grew thinner.

For rats and mice, and such small deer, Had been Tom's food for many a year.

Your elk of the bogs was a meat

That each common hunt might obtain;
But an elephant's haunch was a treat

They only could hope now and then.

In scarce winters they sliced up each other,
So gaunt mariners, struggling with ruin,
Cast lots for each famishing brother,
For particulars, vide Don Juan.

Mystic cavern! the gloom of thy cell,
Shedding light on each point that was dark,
Tells the hour by Shrewsbury clock
When Noah went into the ark.

By the crust on thy stalactite floor,

The post-Adamite ages I've reckoned,

Summed their years, days, and hours, and more,

And I find it comes right to a second.

Mystic cavern! thy charms sublime

All the chasms of history supply;

What was done ere the birthday of time

Through one other such hole I could spy.

1822.

WILLIAM CONYBEARE.

Physical Geography, or Simon Glum's Hose.

Ir alpine scenes can charm thee, hither come, And view the matchless nose of Simon Glum. What varied outline! here carbuncles rise, And lift their purple heads amid the skies; There many a sudorous torrent springs, and glides In deep ravines adown its furrowed sides. Oh, if such scenes allure thee, hither come, And contemplate the nose of Simon Glum. Perhaps some pensive animalcule roves Along those vales, and seeks the stream it loves; Or climbs the steep, and views with wild surprise Alps over alps, on mountains, mountains rise; Sees lava bursting from volcanic pimples, Or craters, now extinct, that look mere dimples; Midst scenes like these enjoys sublime repose, And leads a life of bliss on Simon's Nose. If such there be, then let us not complain, Or say the nose and man were made in vain.

JOHN BAKEWELL.

Granitogony, or the Birth of Granite.

In ancient time, ere Granite * first had birth, And formed the solid pavement of the earth, Stern Silex b reigned, and felt the strong desire To have a son, the semblance of the sire. To soft Alumina c his court he paid, But tried in vain to win the gentle maid; Till to Caloric and the sprites of flame He sued for aid, nor sued for aid in vain: They warmed her heart, the bridal couch they spread, And Felspar d was the offspring of their bed :

a Granite.-This rock is essentially composed of three minerals, quartz, felspar, and mica united, without any cement or without interstices between them: frequently the three minerals appear to penetrate each other. Hence it has been supposed that these minerals were crystallized and united when the mass was in a state of fusion.

b Silex. - This earth is one of the principal constituent elements of the three minerals that form granite. Quartz is nearly pure silex; it is more imperish-

able than felspar or mica.

· Alumina.—This earth is soft and unctuous when moist. It is a constituent part of felspar, in which it is combined, with a large portion of silex, with other ingredients. As silex and alumina cannot be made to combine chemically by water, the Muse has properly sought aid from caloric to promote their union.

d Felspar, when crystalline, is distinguished by its laminar structure, and smooth, shining face.

He on his sparkling front and polished face Mixed with his father's strength his mother's grace. Young Felspar flourished, and in early life, With pale Magnesia lived like man and wife. From this soft union sprang a sprightly dame, Sparkling with life, and Mica was her name. Then Silex, Felspar, Mica dwelt alone, The triple deities on Terra's throne; For he, stern Silex, all access denied To other gods, or other powers beside f. Oft when gay Flora and Pomona strove To land their stores, their bark he rudely drove Far from his coast, and in his wrath he swore They ne'er should land them on his flinty shore. Fired at this harsh refusal, angry Jove In terrors clad, descended from above; His glory and his vengeance he enshrouds, Involved in tempests and a night of clouds; O'er Mica's head the livid lightning played, And peals of thunder scared the astonished maid. To seek her much-loved parents quick she flew, Her arms elastic round their necks she threw,-

^{*} Mica.—The descent of mica may be rather dubious. The quantity of magnesia which enters into the composition of this mineral, as given in some analyses, is very small.

f Siliceous earth alone is extremely unfavourable to vegetation, and granitic rocks, in which this earth abounds, remain for ages denuded and barren.

"Thus may I perish, never more to part,
Pressed to my much-loved sire's and grandsire's heart!"
So spoke the maid. The thunderbolt had fled,
And all were numbered with the silent dead,
But, interfused and changed to stone, they rise
A mass of Granite's towering to the skies.
O'er the whole globe this ponderous mass extends,
Round either pole its mighty arms it bends,
And thus was doomed to bear in after time
All other rocks of every class and clime.
So sings the bard that Granite first had birth,
And formed the solid pavement of the earth;
And minor bards may sing, where'er they list,
Of Argillaceous or Micaceous Schist.

JOHN BAKEWELL.

g Granite forms the summits and peaks of lofty mountains. It is also supposed by geologists to be the lowest rock with which we are acquainted, forming a foundation for other rocks in every part of the globe.

The fally Young Trilabite a.

Oн, did you ne'er hear of a jolly young Trilobite,

That lived in Siluria once on a time,

And some years ago turned to stone in a cursed fright,

And forgot all about the deeds done in his clime?

But, hardened and horny, his tail no more wags,

For he now lies entombed in the Lingula flags.

Some say that the sea where he lived grew too hot,
Some say too cold, and some vanished quite.
But one thing is certain, whatever is not,

That, hardened and horny, his tail no more wags, For he now lies entombed in the Lingula flags.

The jolly young fellow has lived his days out,

And doubtless once relished, like others, a spree;

Made love to the Lingulas roaming about,

Was lively and affable, funny, and free;

But, hardened and slaty, his tail no more wags,

For he now lies entombed in the Lingula flags.

PROFESSOR E. FORBES.

^{*} Extracted from a MS. volume entitled "The Book of the Royal Hammerers," consisting of the songs and other poetical effusions contributed by various members of the Geological Survey at their anniversary dinners.

From a Poem entitled the "Mastodon." Sung at the Meeting of Men of Science held at Olermont Ferrand in 1834.

Venant d'un soleil dessous

Sur cette pauvre planète

Mit tout dessus dessoux

Dans cette horrible bagarre

Animaux grands et petits

Au sien de la terre avare

Nous fûmes tous engloutis.

Ainsi perit notre race,

Mais, dans l'espace infini,

D'autres, nous cedant la place

Avant nous avaient fini;

Etres à deux pieds, sans plumes

Vantez, tout qu'il vous plaira

Et vos lois et vos coutumes

Vos mœurs, et votre opera,

Vantez vous vos Athénées Vos tripos, et cætera

Dans quelques milliers d'années Votre tour arrivera

Par les flammes ou par l'onde Soudain rôtis ou noyés,

De la liste de ce monde Vous serez aussi rayés.

Comme nous, sous la bitume Ou la cendre des volcans

Pour qu'un savant vous exhume Vous attendrez cent mille ans:

Alors plus dur que la pierre Vos membres fossilisés

Passeront de leur carrière Chez les Docteurs divisés;

Un Cuvier d'une autre espèce Analysant vos rapports

Dira: dans sa petitesse Quel fût ce drôle de corps?

Puis de vous il rendra compte A l'univers étonné

Et comme le Mastodon L'homme sera chansonné.

VAISSEAU.

The Valley of the Somme'.

Air-" Guy Fawkes, Guy."

The tale of Man's antiquity is told by Sir Charles Lyell,
Of something pertinent thereto to sing I'll make a trial,
And give of what occurred last year, o'er sea, a plain
narration,

When geologists from England met savans of the French

In the valley of the Somme,
At the Moulin-Quignon section,
In the valley of the Somme.

Boucher de Perthes, a learned man, and eke enthusiastic,
Had offered his terrassiers (whose consciences seemed
plastic)

Money reward for relics found, and, with such bribe to bind 'em,

And French inventive genius too, was certain they would find 'em

In the valley of the Somme, &c.

From "The Book of the Royal Hammerers."

- Find out they did, and quickly too, flint implements in number:
- Ah, who shall tell how long had lain the makers in death slumber.
- And when the talk was at its height, and scarcely could mount higher,
- A perfect jaw, and molar too, cast fuel on to fire, In the valley of the Somme, &c.
- Now the French unto the English spake, "To Congress we invite you;
- Then come across to Abbeville, and view the haches in situ;"
- They went, and thought at first they saw truth gleam amidst confusion,
- But that the quantity of truth was small, was their conclusion,

On the valley of the Somme, &c.

- Now Quatrefages in this machoire belief had strong and hearty,
- So had Delesse and Garrigall, and also Monsieur Lartet;
- Gaudry and Delanoue likewise, and Hébert of the Sorbonne,
- They all clung with a touching faith to the molar and the jawbone,

From the valley of the Somme, &c.

But the English saw this human bone by a light much clearer;

Proved it wasn't antediluvian, but belonged to the present era.

And it galled the Gaul to find that all his own clear views were doubted,—

As it did when a Congress and Bonaparte were late by Russell scouted,—

On the valley of the Somme, &c.

Now Mr. Prestwich, whose great skill permits him to unravel

All mysteries of geology, especially river gravel,

While he pronounced the beds to lie of genuine diluvium,

Elie de Beaumont thought them little better than alluvium.

In the valley of the Somme, &c.

But Mr. Evans, who, 'tis said, can tell you in a minute,
On looking on a fossil flint, what truth there may be in it,
He quickly saw to modern France these celts owed their
formation,

Not having patina, rolled edge, dentrite, or incrustation.

In the valley of the Somme, &c.

And Dr. Falconer to his aid had called Professor Busk in.

And lo, a mass gelatinous they found this precious tusk in,

Which proved that it no fossil was, without the least obliquity,

Because connection they ignored, 'twixt gelly and antiquity.

In the valley of the Somme, &c.

Then the English to the Frenchman spake, "Your river gravel's lifted,

Your fossil jaw and molar into forgery have drifted;

And take our last opinion now, before from France we mizzle,

Your flint tools all resolve themselves in one gigantic chisel."

In the valley of the Somme, &c.

T. W. NEWTON.

February, 1864.

Father William .

Addressed to the President, Sir R. M.

Air-" The girl I left behind me."

In days of old, old William Smith, While making a canal, Sir,

Found out how the strata dipped to the east With a very gentle fall, Sir.

First New Red Sand and marl a-top, With Lias on its border,

Then the Oolite and the Chalk so white All stratified in order.

Sing, cockle-shells and oyster-banks, Sing, thunder-bolts and screw-stones,

To Father Smith we owe our thanks For the history of a few stones.

Now Father Smith, as I've heard said, Had a very sharp nose to smell fish,

[·] From "The Book of the Royal Hammerers."

And he very soon saw that every bed. Held its own particular shell-fish.

The screw-stones grew in the Lias blue, Thunderbolts in Oolite, Sir,

Shark-teeth a few, and urchins too, Turned out of the Chalk so white, Sir.

Sing, cockle-shells and oyster-banks, Sing thunderbolts and screw-stones,

For to Father Smith we owe our thanks For the story of a few stones.

And by degrees getting up to trap, A prospectus he sent forth, Sir,

And produced a geologic map

From the south coast to the north, Sir.

And at breakfast-time John Phillips has said Strange wisdom would he utter,

And shew how the strata all were laid Like slices of bread and butter.

Sing, cockle-shells, and oyster-banks, Sing, thunderbolts and screw-stones,

For to Father Smith we owe our thanks For the story of a few stones.

He talked with wondrous sense and pith And these facts so stoutly held he, That first they christened him Strata Smith, And then made him LL.D.

His blue coat was of Cotteswold cloth, Of corduroy his breeches,

Of stout drab cloth his gaiters both, And in this costume he preaches

Of cockle-shells and oyster-banks,
Of thunderbolts and screw-stones:

O, Father Smith, we owe you thanks For the history of a few stones.

A. C. RAMSAY.

Anniversary Dinner, 1856.

A Lament for the Good Old Bays of William Smith a.

Tune-"'Twas merry in the hall."

Our ancient English was the law In geologic volumes,

Now Frenchman's jabber, German's jaw Would drive it from our columns:

May the devil run through 't With his cloven foot.

Give me the good old strain,

And the English pith

Of old William Smith,

We shall ne'er see his like again.

The beds laid down in modern phrase
Are Bunter sands and Keupers,
And serpents, found in London clays,
Are Cainozoic vipers;
Even good Old Red
Must no more be said,

^{*} From "The Book of the Royal Hammerers."

110 Lament for the Good Old Days of William Smith.

Such words are much too plain,

For they smack of the pith

Of old William Smith,—

We shall ne'er see his like again.

Clunch Clay was his, and rough Cornbrash.

Red Sandstone and Blue Lias,

Long, long before we heard such trash

As Jurassique and Trias;

And Blende, good lack,

Was to him Black Jack,

For he had a practical brain.

Let us drink to the pith

Of old William Smith:

May we soon see his like again.

A. C. RAMSAY.

February 23, 1854.

On the Origin of Lakes".

I'D like to sing a song about the origin of lakes,

But authorities so differ that one's sure to make mistakes;

For there's Murchison and Ramsay, Lyell, and hosts of other men,

Who are not all agreed about the how, or why, or when

That formed these ancient basins Long far back in olden time.

Sir Roderick lately gave his view to Fellows Geographical,

And tried to prove their origin was purely stratigraphical;

But given denudation, cracks, and earth all sorts of quakes,

They'd fall far short of what's required to form one of the lakes

> That filled the ancient basins Made far back in olden time.

From "The Book of the Royal Hammerers."

Then Ramsay says that one should go through training most severe

To form opinions strong enough the doubtful points to clear;

Without it, one as well may join in anatomical discussion Because he's daily used to carve his pork, and beef, and mutton:

> So wond'rous are these basins Formed far back in olden time.

Then Lyell tries to teach us—that geological magician
Who'll raise the Alps, depress them, and so alter their
position—

That though a hundred miles across he'll prove how short it takes,

By a very light depression, to make as many lakes

As would fill these ancient basins

Formed far back in olden times.

Yet I shouldn't be at all surprised if in his next edition,
Instead of altering the Alps, he changed his own position;
For authorities seem getting strong that ice alone would
make

A better tool than any other for gouging out a lake,

To fill these ancient basins

Formed far back in olden time.

Addresses, pamphlets, papers, the cause has not unravelled, For the facts so strangely differ of all the men who've travelled.

Yet hope we still observers will, for their own and science' sakes,

Soon write and shew at last they know the origin of lakes,

That fill the ancient basins

Formed far back in olden time.

I've never seen a glacier, or eternal peaks of snow,
Yet geologists may listen while an instance I will shew,
That ice alone can make a lake, and now I mean to
tell 'em

What lake it is (it's name's well known) and that the Lake of Wenham,

Which fills our ancient basins Formed far back in olden time.

EDWARD BEST.

March 1, 1865.

Old King Coal".

OLD King Coal was a jolly old soul, And deep underground lay he;

On a fire-clay bed had he pillowed his head, Under strata three thousand and three;

Till at last a mining man laid a deep and cunning plan, And he says to his butties, says he,

Let us dig a deep hole and get up this King Coal, For a jolly old soul is he.

Old King Coal was a jolly old soul, And deep underground lay he;

On a fire-clay bed had he pillowed his head, Under strata three thousand and three.

Then this man set up a whimsey, got a banksman and a bailie,

And a stout lot of sinkers got he,

They began to dig and bore, then they blasted, then they swore,

But they sank all the way jollily.

[.] From "The Book of the Royal Hammerers."

Through clunch and binds they knock, black bat and peldon rock,

Through the gubbin and the balls, d'ye see,

Then they drove out a big heading, just to search among the bedding,

For the place where King Coal should be.

Old King Coal was a jolly old soul,

And deep underground lay he;

On a fire-clay bed had he pillowed his head, Under strata three thousand and three.

So they found old King Coal at the bottom of the hole, And his face they were glad for to see;

And they made a gate-road for him, and from post and stall they bore him,

And out of the pit carried he.

Then in all the country round, in every house was found Old King Coal smoking jollily,

And many a good fellow sat by him and got mellow, As all jolly fellows should be.

For old King Coal was a jolly old soul, And a jolly old soul was he;

And many a good fellow sat by him and got mellow, As all jolly fellows should be. Then old King Coal is a jolly old soul, And I hope that he long may last,

And that deep underground there may lots of him be found,

Though they're digging him out very fast.

For if he should fail there'd be a pretty tale
Of old England's supremacy,

We should be at a stand, with no engines on the land, And no steamboats upon the sea.

Then may old King Coal, this jolly old soul, Last as long as we care about him;

And may colliers stout be found to search for him underground,

Till we learn how to do without him.

J. BEETE JUKES.

On Lord Penryn's Slate Quarries.

It has truly been said, as we all must deplore,
That Grenville and Pitt made Peers by the score,
But now 'tis asserted, unless I have blundered,
A man here makes Peeresses now by the hundred.
He regards neither Portland, nor Grenville, nor Pitt,
But creates them at once without patent or writ;
By the stroke of a hammer, without the king's aid,
A Lady, or Countess, or Duchess is made.
Yet high is the station from which they are sent,
And all their great titles are got by descent;
Wherever they're seen, in a palace or shop,
Their ranks they preserve, and are still at the top;
Yet no merit they claim from their birth and connection,
And derive their chief worth from their native complexion;

And all the best judges prefer, it is said,

A Countess in blue to a Duchess in red.

This Countess or Lady, though crowds may be present,

Submits to be dress'd by the hand of a peasant.

You'll see, when her Grace is once in his clutches,

With how little respect he'll handle a Duchess;

United they seem, yet all who have tried 'em Discover how easy it is to divide 'em. No spirit have they, are as dull as a bat, The Countess wants life, and the Duchess is flat; No passion or warmth to the Countess is known, Her Grace is as cold and as hard as a stone, Yet I fear you will find, if you watch them a little, That the Countess is frail, and the Duchess is brittle. Too high for a trade, yet, without any joke, They never are bankrupts, though often are broke; And though not a soul ever pilfers, or cozens, They're daily shipped off, and transported by dozens. In France, Jacobinical France, we have seen How nobles have bled by the fierce guillotine; But what's the French engine of death to compare To the engine which Bramah and Greenfield prepare? That democrat engine by which we all know Ten thousand great Duchesses fall at a blow. And long may that engine its wonders display, Long level with ease all that comes in its way, Till the vale of Nantfrangon of slate is bereft, Not a Lady, or Countess, or Duchess be left.

Anonymous.

The Last Hyæna.

High on a rock, which o'er the raging flood Reared its bleak crag, the last Hyæna stood; Beneath his paws a kindred skull was seen, And he, with commons short, looked grim and lean; Potent his jaw to crack his bony rapine, Potent his stomach as the Pot of Papin; O'er this last bone of many a murdered brother He growled, for he in vain had sought another. Full oft, like Captain Franklin, did he prey On bones rejected in a former day; But now the whelming surge had buried all, In caves below, of beast both great and small. But e'er it rose to mix him with the rest, Thus did he growl aloud his last request: "My skull to William Buckland I bequeath,"-He moaned, and ocean's wave he sank beneath; Southward the flood from Yorkshire chanced to travel, And rolled the monster deep in Rugby gravel.

POSTSCRIPT.

Behold the fangs of that Hyæna grim, Which through diluvian deeps essayed to swim, Last of his race, for victims of his maw,
With fratricidal, parricidal jaw,
His rage had each cotemporary slain,
Cracked every bone, sucked marrow, spine, and brain,
Ere the great flood had poured the fatal wave
Through the deep windings of his Yorkshire cave:
And had not man, with deeds of deepest dye,
Brought down the streaming vengeance from on high,
And swelled the ocean from its dark retreat,
His brother monster must have wanted meat.

PHILIP DUNCAN.

Faults and Slips.

All these and more to Buckland well were known,
By his conductress, old Gemeter, shewn;
Him through the realms of gneiss and quartz she led,
And to his view disclosed the fossil dead,
Strange forms of ancient creatures, now no more,
Though once in multitudes on many a shore;
They lived and spread e'er Adam saw the sun,
E'er the first Cambrian pedigree begun;
But transient, like all other things below,
Their tribes became extinct ten thousand years ago.

PHILIP DUNCAN.

On the Woman in Paviland Cavern.

This refers to the female skeleton found by Dr. Buckland in Paviland Cavern, near Swansea, along with bones of elephant, rhinoceros, horse, hog, bear, hyæna, &c.

"The human bones were all stained superficially with a dark brick-red colour, and enveloped by a coating of a kind of ruddle composed of red micaceous oxide of iron which stained the earth, and in some cases extended itself to the distance of about half an inch from the surface of the bones."—Reliquiæ Diluvianæ, p. 88.

"Quod genus hoc hominum."

Have ye heard of the woman so long underground?

Have ye heard of the woman that Buckland has found,

With her bones of empyreal hue *?

O fair ones of modern days, hang down your heads,

The antediluvians rougèd when dead,

Only granted in lifetime to you.

PHILIP DUNCAN.

Adam, perhaps Eve herself, for it is not extraordinary, when Adam was made of Third, that his rib should have a tinge of ruddle. That the redness lasted some time in the family we learn from Esau's being a red man.

A New Nightmare.

Doctor Mantell's Museum was all disarranged,

The huge fossil bones on the carpet were laid,

To be packed for conveyance to London;

The Curator was gone, there was no other guard,

All the drawers were unlocked, all the doors were unbarred,

All the cases were open and undone.

In the midst of these relics, o'ertaken by sleep,
A dream whisked me suddenly back at a leap
To the great geological eras;
When before me arose, in apocalypse dim,
Realities far more terrific and grim
Than the wildest of fabled chimeras.

Still seeming to gaze on the same fossil scene
In the well-known museum on Brighton Old Steyne,
Imagine the novel sensation,
To think myself living a desolate elf,
With an antediluvian world to myself,
Many cycles before man's creation!

Amazement soon yielded to terror, for lo

The bones on the ground 'gan to move to and fro,

And to form into skeleton antic;

Each quickly its primitive carcass endued,

Till the monsters, all starting to life, were renewed

In their former dimensions gigantic.

As they rose to their heights they uplifted the roof,
While the beams of the floor 'neath each ponderous hoof,
Like so many laths, split asunder;
And forth from their prison—as fierce as when first
They ravaged the forest and waters—they burst,
With the rush and the roaring of thunder!

Oh, what was my fright when all turned upon me,
Each growling with looks of infuriate glee,
"Yours, yours are the culpable shoulders
That bore off our bones from the quarries, to raise
Amazement and fear, when exposed to the gaze
Of featherless biped beholders!"

In vain I exclaimed, "Pray reflect ere you act;
I'm not Dr. Mantell—I swear to the fact:"
They all seemed to think it a sham oath,

And the signal for making me bear the whole brunt Of their rage, was a sharp simultaneous grunt From the huge Megalonyx and Mammoth.

Such champing and churning of cavernous jaws,

Such a roaring of tusks, such uplifting of paws,

Were enough to make any man nervous;

And flight, had I made the attempt, must have failed,

For lo! to an oak-tree I found myself nailed

By the horns of a Megalo-cervus.

Thus pinned to the stake, I was baited and gored

By the whole of that antediluvian horde,

Terrestrial, aquatic, amphibious;

His fifty-foot tail the Iguanodon lashed,

And, though none but the tip of it reached me, it smashed

Into atoms my shin-bones, or tibias.

Megatherium, Megalosaurus, and all
The fossilist's Megs, so terrific and tall,
With their onsets augmented my agonies;
While a huge Pterodactyle kept flying about,
Preparing his claws to scratch both of them out,
As he glared upon mine with his dragon eyes.

In my terror and anguish I uttered a scream,
Which banished my phantasmagorical dream,
And I woke in a cold perspiration;
Oh, how I rejoiced on beholding the Steyne,
All covered with pygmies and insects—I mean
The self-christened lords of creation.

"O Somnus," I cried, as I rushed from the room,

"May the whole of my future life's suffering doom

Be troubles, and trials, and cross ills,

If e'er (though I pin up my eyelids to keep

My peepers from closing) you catch me asleep

Amid skeleton relics and fossils."

HORATIO SMITH.

Coal Measures.

In the lapse of ages run,

Periods of primeval earth,

Where are all the mammals gone,

Growth of Palæozoic birth?

Cambrian grit, Silurian shale,

Slate of Devon, tell the tale.

Beds of coal, where murky moil
Bares the under fire-clay blue;
Once a stiff tenacious soil,
Where the Sigillaria grew;
Monkeys with prehensile tails,
Surely leap'd above these shales.

Swinging in the branches tall,

Where tree ferns and Walchias wave,

Quadrumana, great and small,

Must have found a monkey's grave;

Buried in the muddy slime

Of the Deltas of the time.

But, alas, no pit reveals

Vertebra, or other bone,

Even pouched Marsupials,

Rife in jawbones, there are none.

Hopeful Faith! a later date

Yet shall see them: watch and wait.

Anonymous.

The Battle o' Glen Tilt ".

Air-" Shirra' Muir."

O cam' ye here to hear a lilt,
Or ha'e a crack wi' me, man;
Or was ye at the Glen o' Tilt,
An' did the shindy see, man?
I saw the shindy sair an' tough,
The flytin' there was loud and rough;

The Duke cam' o'er
Wi' gillies four,
To mak' a stour,
An' drive Balfour
Frae 'yont the Hielan' hills, man.

The Sassenach chap they ca' Balfour, Wi' ither five or sax, man,

From Nugæ Canoræ Medicæ. Nugæ Canoræ is the name for a volume of poems composed for the entertainment of a social medical club by Dr. Maclagan, Professor of Medical Jurisprudence at Edinburgh, and printed (but not published) by their author.

This ballad celebrates the successful resistance of Dr. Balfour, the Professor of Botany at Edinburgh, to the attempt made by the late Duke of Athole to exclude naturalists from Glen Tilt, a tract remarkable for its scientific interest, and thus to place obstacles in the way of the progress of knowledge, which from his position his Grace might have been expected to be the foremost in encouraging.

Frae 'yont the braes o' Mar cam' o'er,
Wi' boxes on their backs, man b.
Some thocht he was a chapman chiel,
Some thocht they cam' the deer to steal c;

But nae ane saw
Them, after a',
Do ocht ava'
Against the law,
Amang the Hielan' hills, man d.

Some folk 'll tak' a heap o' fash

For unco little end, man;

An' meikle time an' meikle cash

For nocht ava' they 'll spend, man.

Thae chaps had come a hunder' mile e

For what was hardly worth their while;

b "On Saturday last, August 21, a party of naturalists, headed by a learned professor, left Braemar, and proceeded by gigs to Croachlach, whence they walked through Glen Tilt by a horse road, which they had learned was the public road between Braemar and Blair Athole."—Scotsman, Aug. 28, 1847.

c "Their sketching tools may have looked to his eyes like elaborate air guns, and their hammers like clumsy but effective machines for knocking down the squeakers; in short, the whole troop probably appeared to the Highlandmen as a bold body of Perthshire poachers."—Daily News, Sept. 3, 1847.

d "The Professor and his companions were bent only upon pushing their conquests into the flowery and vegetable kingdom—an innocent enough warfare one should think!"—Edinburgh Weekly Chronicle, Sept. 18, 1847.

e "A party, consisting of Messrs. Murchison, Gilby, Ivory, Hewetson, Morse, Douglas, H. Balfour, and myself, met at Aberdeen on the 6th of August, 1847, with a view of making an extended botanical trip."—Professor Balfour in Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal, July, 1848, p. 123.

'Twas a' to poo Some gerse ' that grew On Ben M'Dhu That ne'er a coo

Would care to pit her mouth till s.

The gerse was poo't, the boxes fill't,
An' syne the hail clamjamphrie h,
Would tak' the road by Glen o'Tilt,
Awa' to whar' they cam' frae.
The Duke at this put up his birse',
He vowed, in English and in Erse',

f Gers, Gerss, Gyrs, subst. grass. - Jameson's Dictionary of the Scottish Language.

s "On the 13th of August the party proceeded to Ben Muich Dhui, and examined particularly the cliffs on the north-eastern side, where specimens of Arabis petræa, Veronica alpina, in fine flower, Stellaria cerastoides, Hieracium alpinum, in various forms, and Carex vaginata, were found. On the crumbling granite rocks near the summit, Silene acaulis, Luzula spicata, and arcuata, abound."—Balfour, Op. cit., p. 125.

[&]quot;Luzula arcuata, the smallest of our luzulæ, and one of the rarest and most distinct.

[&]quot;Luzula spicata, six to eight inches high, slender, leaves small, narrow," &c. —Hooker's British Flora.

h "Clamjamphrie, Clanjamphrie, subst., a term used to denote low, worthless people, or those who are viewed in this light."—Jameson's Dictionary of the Scottish Language, Supplement, 1825.

[&]quot;I feel quite assured, however, that his Grace's understanding is, that no ancient road such as you refer to exists from Blair to Braemar, and, consequently, I feel pretty confident that the Duke's determination will be to resist all attempt by the public to establish any right of way through Glen Tilt."—Letter from James Ferguson, Esq., W.S., to William Duncan, Esq., S.S.C. Scotsman, Sept. 28, 1847.

That Saxon fit k
Su'd never get
A'e single bit
Throughout his yet!,
Amang the Hielan' hills, man.

As ony Duke could ha'e, man,

Quo' he, "There's ne'er a kilted chiel

Shall drive us back this day, man.

It's justice and it's public richt,

We'll pass Glen Tilt afore the nicht,

For Dukes shall we

Care a'e bawbee?

The road's as free

To you an' me

As to his Grace himsel', man m."

k Fit, subst. foot .- Jameson's Dictionary of the Scottish Language.

¹ Yet, Yet, Yhate, subst., a gate.—Ibid.

m "When they had proceeded eight or nine miles through the Glen, they encountered a party consisting of two gentlemen, (said to be Captain Oswald of Dunnikier, and a Captain Drummond,) and six attendants, with dogs, guns, &c. The party were challenged for walking on what was said to be a private road, and were ordered to return to Braemar. This they politely, but firmly, refused to do, stating that they were unconscious of committing any trespass, and that the road, so far as they knew, was not private, but had been used as a public one from time immemorial. The Professor stated that he had travelled along it with the late Professor Graham and Dr. Greville in 1830."—
Scotsman, August 28, 1847.

The Duke was at an unco loss

To manage in a hurry,

Sae he sent roun' the fiery cross "

To ca' the clan o' Murray.

His men cam' down frae glen an' hill— Four gillies and a writer chiel °—

In kilts an' hose,

A' to oppose

Their Saxon foes,

An' gi'e them blows,

An' drive them frae the hills, man.

When Hielan' chiefs, in days o' yore,
Ga'ed oot to fecht the foe, man,
The piper he ga'ed on afore,
The line o' march to shew, man,
But noo they've ta'en anither plan—
They ha'e a pipe for ilka man:

Nae chanter guid Blaws pibroch loud,

[&]quot;The rest of this eventful evening seems to have been employed by the scientific gentlemen in congratulating each other on their escape, and on the part of the Duke in sending the flery cross round the country to raise his clan."

—Times, Sept. 7, 1847.

[&]quot;The noble Duke, accompanied by two gentlemen (said to be Mr. Alex. Stewart, W.S., Edinburgh, and Mr. Evans, a painter from London) and some attendants, made his appearance."—Scotsman, Aug. 28, 1847.

[&]quot;The Duke then sent Mr. Stewart and two other attendants after them to watch their motions."-Ibid.

But a' the crowd

Noo blaw a cloud

Frae cutty pipes o' clay, man P.

Balfour he wadna' fled frae fire,

Frae smoke he wadna' flee, man,

The Saxons had but a'e desire—

It was the foe to see, man.

Quo' he to them, "My bonny men,

Tak' tent when ye gang down the glen;

Keep calm an' douce,

An' quiet as puss,

For what's the use

To mak' a fuss

Amang the Hielan' hills, men q?"

To keep them cool about the head The Sassenachs did atten', man;

p "The Duke here produced a clay pipe, which he began to smoke industriously, and the other gentlemen followed his example."—Scotsman, September 1, 1847.

q "The forbearance, mingled with firmness, of the gentlemen who have been so grossly treated, is very remarkable; but other people may not be disposed so calmly to endure oppression."—Scotsman, Aug. 28, 1847.

[&]quot;For two hours, in cold and rain, the party remained, and we are sorry to learn that the hardship thus occasioned is supposed to have seriously affected the health of one of them, the son of a distinguished judge."—Scottish Guardian, Aug. 31, 1847. ["Echo answers 'fudge."—Typog. Diab.]

The Duke himsel' was cool indeed,

But at his ither en', man;

For win' and rain blew doon Glen Tilt,

An roun' his houghs an' through his kilt,

Baith loud an' lang,

An' cauld an' strang,

Wi' mony a bang,

It soughed alang

Amang the Hielan' hills, man.

The Sassenachs they cam' doon to Blair,

And marched as bauld as brass, man';

The Glen was closed when they got there,

And out they could na' pass, man';

The Duke he glower'd in through the yet,

An' said that out they should na' get';—

'Twas trespass clear

Their comin' here ",

[&]quot; "Terminum curis vagor expeditus."-Horat., Carm. i. 22.

[&]quot; At length they reached a gate just at the end of the Glen, where there is a lodge of the Duke's opposite, and found it padlocked, and a gillie on the other side, who told them they could not pass without the Duke's permission."—
Scotsman, Sept. 1, 1847.

t "The Duke then said, 'Well, you must return; you don't move an inch farther, unless you break open the gate, which you may do, and take the consequences."—Ibid.

[&]quot; "Duke: 'Don't spoil my walks with stamping. Come off that walk every one of you! Every step you take there is a trespass - a new trespass." -Ibid.

For they wad fear Awa' his deer,

Amang the Hielan' hills, man x.

Balfour he said it was absurd;

The Duke was in a rage, man;

He said he wad na' hear a word,

Although they spak' an age, man;

The mair they fleeched, the mair they spoke,

The mair they neeched, the mair they spoke.

The mair the Duke blew out his smoke 2.

He said (guid lack!)

Balfour micht tak'

An' carry back

His Saxon pack

Ayont the Hielan' hills, man.

The gangin' back was easier said Than it was dune, by far, man;

^{* &}quot;The proprietors want to have deer forests, and men or their shadows frighten the deer, so that men must be expected to accommodate stags."—Glasgow Saturday Post, Sept. 11, 1847.

y "The Duke: 'I shall not consider it an additional trespass if you return on the main walk.'

[&]quot;Professor: 'Oh, it's a trespass, then, on the side walk, but not on the main walk.'

[&]quot;The Duke: 'I shall not waste any more words with you: you must return.'"—Scotsman, Sept. 1, 1847.

[&]quot;The wrathful Duke still smoked from the famous clay pipe."-North British Mail, Sept. 10, 1847.

The nearest place to rest their head
Was up ayont Braemar, man a.
Twas best to seek Blair Athole Inn,
For they were drookit to the skin:

Sae syne tha a'
Lap o'er a wa',
An' ran awa',
Wi' a guffaw,

An' left the Hielan' hills, man.

An' sae the battle ended then,
Afore 't was focht ava', man;
An' noo some ither chaps hae gaen
An' ta'en the Duke to law, man.
Ochon! your Grace, my bonny man,
An' ye had sense as ye ha'e lan',
Ye'd been this hour
Ayont the po'er

[&]quot;In fact, under such circumstances, to walk back from twenty to thirty miles was out of the question, and they flatly refused to obey the request of the Duke."—Caledonian Mercury, Sept. 2, 1847.

b "Here was a pretty situation for a party of scientific gentlemen! They appear to have acted, in the first instance, upon the principle of Tam O'Shanter in consimili casu. Their first endeavour was to place running water between themselves and the magic owner of Glen Tilt; but alas, the river was high, and scientific gentlemen are not usually strong swimmers. As nothing better was to be done, at last, in their desperation, they made their escape over a wall, hotly pursued by the Duke's familiars, the play of whose lower limbs was not shackled by any superfluous integuments."—Times, Sept. 7, 1847.

O' lawyers dour, An' let Balfour

Gang through your Hielan' hills, man '.

DOUGLAS MACLAGAN.

c "Court of Session.—First Division.—Torrie and others v. Duke of Athole. This case was again brought before the Court on Saturday, on a petition from the Duke of Athole for leave to appeal to the House of Lords against a recent judgment of the Court, sustaining the title of the Pursuers to insist on the action."—Edinburgh Courant, Monday, Feb. 11, 1850.

Darwin on Species.

HEAR how selection was the efficient cause (To form and species of transmuting laws): There was a time when short-legged, lumbering dogs, Could only catch the rabbits and the hogs; The lighter creatures, and the fleeter prey, Mocked their pursuers as they ran away. At length the rabbits and the pigs declined, Till scarce one specimen was left behind; Then was the breed canine in doleful dumps, Mourning short commons, and their shorter stumps, Whilst bounding hares, at which they barked in vain, Swarmed in the woods, and frolicked on the plain. At last some turnspits of superior mind Tried hard the chase, some sustenance to find; Short-legged, short-winded, much they puffed and blew, Whilst the fleet game escaped their eager view; But they, with "plastic" limbs and watchful care, In fifty thousand ages caught a hare! The others died that did not like to run, Nor was man there to help them with his gun.

Those that remained in time's long cycles found
The way to change a turnspit to a hound;
The sturdy hound, improving on the plan,
Lengthened his legs, and as a greyhound ran:
Thus does selection's power elaborate
Great things from little, little things from great,
To reach the wants of each peculiar state.
In million ages lions grew from cats,
In million ages seals fined down to sprats;
And black bears dabbling in the sea for play,
Lapsed into whales, and grandly swam away.

Anonymous.

a "Let the organization of a dog be slightly plastic; let the number of rabbits decrease and the number of hares increase; the dog would be driven to catch more hares, the less fleet ones would be rigidly destroyed. I see no reason to doubt that these causes in thousands of generations would produce a marked effect.

[&]quot;In North America the black bear was seen by Hearne swimming for hours with widely open mouth, thus catching like a whale insects in the water. I see no difficulty in a race of bears being rendered by natural selection more and more aquatic in their structure and habits, with larger and larger mouths, till a creature was produced as monstrous as a whale."—Darwin.

Here's a Modest Apology. For Anthropo-Pithecology.

Why not the Monkey rehabilitate?
Their courtesy why not reciprocate?
Watching them ape the Man we've stood agape;—
'Tis surely time to try and man the Ape.

Dr. Addington Symonds.

Elegy on the Porpoise,

BY THE STURGEON.

- DEAD, is he? Yes, and wasn't I glad when they carried away his corpus?
- A great, black, oily, wallowing, walloping, plunging, ponderous porpus.
- What call had Mr. Frank Buckland, which I don't deny his kindness,
- To take and shove into my basin a porpoise troubled with blindness?
- I think it was like his impudence, and praps a little beyond,
- To poke a blundering brute like that in a gentlefish's private pond.
- Did he know as I am the king of fish, and written down in histories
- As meat for his master, that is to say, for Victoria the Queen, his mistress;
- And, if right was done, I shouldn't be here, but be sent in a water parcel
- To swim about in a marble tank in the gardings of Windsor Castle;

- And them as forgets the laws of the land which is made to rule and control,
- And keeps a royal fish to themselves, may find themselves in a hole.
- Is a king like me, I 'umbly ask, to be put in a trumpery puddle,
- For fellows to walk about and spy and talk zoological muddle,
- And swells to come for a Sunday lounge, with French, Italians, and Germans,
- Which would better become to stop at home and think of the morning sermons.
- And then of a Monday to be used in a more obnoxious manner,
- Stared at by tags, and rags, and bobtails, as all come in for a tanner?
- And me, the king of fish indeed, which its treating china like delf!
- Mr. Kingfisher Buckland, Sir, I think you might be ashamed of yourself.
- And then I can't be left alone, but you come and stick in a big,
- Blind, blustering, snorting, oily beast, which is only an old sea-pig.
- I'm heartily glad he's dead, the pig: I was pleased, to my very marrow,
- To see the keeper wheel him away in that dirty old garding barrow;

- And though it was not flattering, last Sunday as ever were,
- To hear the swells as had read the "Times" come rushing up for a stare,
- And crying, "Bother the Sturgeon, it's the Porpus I want to see,"
- And going away in a state of huff because there was only me,
- It was pleasant (and kings has right divine to feel a little malicious)
- To see 'em sent to behold his cops in the barrow behind the fish-house.
- So when Mr. Buckland next obtains a porpus as wants a surgeon,
- Perhaps he won't insert that pig beside of a Royal Sturgeon.
- I've heard the Tench is a curing fish, and effects a perfect cure
- Of other fish put into his pond, which he's welcome to do, I'm sure;
- But don't bring sick porpuses up to me, I'm kin to the old sea-devil,
- And though a king I'm not inclined to be touching fish for the evil;
- Besides, a porpus isn't a fish, but a highly-deweloped man,
- Improved, of course, with a tail and fins, on the famous Westiges plan;

The Phocæna Rondoletii, though his scent in this sultry weather

Was not like Rondoletia, nor Frangipanni neither;

But that is neither here nor there, and, as I previously said,

From the bottom of both my heart and pond I'm glad the Porpus is dead.

P.S. The Reverend Spurgeon gives it out he's related to me, a nigger,

He's no such thing, and much more like the above lamented figger,

If one may judge by the fottergraffs, which his congregation treasures,

And where he shews himself enjoying no end of domestic pleasures.

From "PUNCH."

Royal Zoological Gardens.

The Origin of Species. A New Song.

(Blackwood's Magazine, May, 1861.)

Have you heard of this question the Doctors among,
Whether all living things from a Monad have sprung?
This has lately been said, and it now shall be sung,
Which nobody can deny.

Not one or two ages sufficed for the feat,

It required a few millions the change to complete,

But now the thing's done, and it looks rather neat,

Which nobody can deny.

The original Monad, our great great grandsire,

To little or nothing at first did aspire,

But at last to get offspring he took a desire,

Which nobody can deny.

This Monad becoming a father or mother,

By budding or bursting produced such another,

And shortly there followed a sister or brother,

Which nobody can deny.

But Monad no longer designates them well,
They're a cluster of Molecules now, or a Cell,
But which of the two, Doctors only can tell,
Which nobody can deny.

These beings increasing, grew buoyant with life,
And each to itself was both husband and wife,
And at first, strange to say, the two lived without strife,
Which nobody can deny.

But such crowding together soon troublesome grew,
And they thought a division of labour would do,
So their sexual system was parted in two,
Which nobody can deny.

Thus Plato supposes that severed by fate,

Human halves run about each in search of its mate,

Never pleased till they gain their original state,

Which nobody can deny.

Excrescences fast were now trying to shoot,

Some put out a feeler, some put out a foot,

Some set up a mouth, and some struck down a root,

Which nobody can deny.

Some wishing to walk manufactured a limb,

Some rigged out a fin, with a purpose to swim,

Some opened an eye, some remained dark and dim,

Which nobody can deny.

Some hydras, and sponges, and starfishes breed,
And flies, fleas, and lobsters, in order succeed,
While Ichthyosauruses follow the lead,
Which nobody can deny.

From reptiles and fishes to birds we ascend,

And quadrupeds next their dominions extend,

Till we rise up to monkeys and men, where we end,

Which nobody can deny.

Some creatures are bulky, some creatures are small,
As nature sends food for the few, or for all,
And the weakest, we know, ever go to the wall,
Which nobody can deny.

A deer with a neck that is longer by half

Than the rest of the family, try not to laugh,

By stretching and stretching becomes a giraffe,

Which nobody can deny.

A very tall pig, with a very long nose,

Sends forth a proboscis quite down to his toes,

And he then by the name of an elephant goes,

Which nobody can deny.

The four-footed beast that we now call a whale,

Held his hind legs so close that they grew to a tail,

Which he uses for thrashing the sea like a flail,

Which nobody can deny.

Pouters, tumblers, and fantails, are from the same source,
The racer and hack may be traced to our Horse;
So men were developed from monkeys of course,
Which nobody can deny.

An ape with a pliable thumb and big brain,
When the gift of the gab he had managed to gain,
As a lord of creation established his claim,
Which nobody can deny.

But I'm sadly afraid, if we do not take care,

A relapse to low life may our prospects impair,

So of beastly propensities let us beware,

Which nobody can deny.

Their lofty position our children may lose,

And reduced to all fours must then narrow their views,

Which would wholly unfit them for filling our shoes,

Which nobody can deny.

Their vertebræ next might be taken away,
When they'd sink to a shell-fish, or spider, some day,
Or the pitiful part of a polypus play,
Which nobody can deny.

Thus losing humanity's nature and name,
And descending through varying stages of shame,
They'd return to the Monad from which we all came,
Which nobody can deny.

LORD NEAVES.

Herses on a Cat, In Imitation of Wordsworth.

CLUBBY! thou surely art, I ween,

A Puss of most majestic mien,

So stately all thy paces!

With such a philosophic air

Thou seek'st thy professorial chair,

And so demure thy face is!

And as thou set'st, thine eye seems fraught
With such intensity of thought
That could we read it, knowledge
Would seem to breathe in every mew,
And learning yet undreamt by you
Who dwell in Hall or College.

Oh! when in solemn taciturnity

Thy brain seems wandering through eternity,

What happiness were mine

Could I then catch the thoughts that flow,

Thoughts such as ne'er were hatch'd below,

But in a head like thine.

Oh then, throughout the livelong day,
With thee I'd sit and purr away
In ecstacy sublime;
And in thy face, as from a book,
I'd drink in science at each look,
Nor fear the lapse of time.

1817.

CHARLES DAUBENY.

The Bradypus, or Sloth.

The tranquil Don, in college doomed to rest,
Is there by first or second nature blest.
Wisdom, whate'er it gives, whate'er denies,
With equal goodness means to ends applies.

Swift, like the chamois, bounds o'er Alpine snows,
And laughs to think how Grubb can sit and doze,
Swift's long, light limbs, and spirits all on fire,
Obstruction damps not, and no toil can tire;
With lightning speed he darts from pole to pole,
And all his speech electrifies the soul.
Grubb's weak, short stumps a bloated carcase bear,
And his low spirits love an elbow chair.
The active reap, the tardy bind the sheaves,
Swift gathers flow'rs, which Grubb at leisure weaves.

Where Oroonoko rolls his teeming tide
Through trackless forest and savannah wide,
Close to a branch, like an excrescence, clung
A Bradypus, and with its motion swung.

Beneath his bough a bounding roebuck past, Heard the "Ai, Ai "," and back a sneer he cast :-"Misshaped abortion," (fired with youthful pride, With up-toss'd nose,) the tip-toed scorner cried,— "Nature on thee vouchsafes not to bestow The means to gain delight, or fly from woe; Some dæmon formed thee, in malignant whim, Unfit to run, to wade, to fly, to swim; With neither feet nor fins, nor hoof, nor wing, A moaning fungus, doom'd to lie or cling, With torturous pads that ne'er can weight sustain, And toothless mouth, that gasps for food in vain; With neck unstrung, and dangling arms that play Like long, loose, broken boughs, to mar thy way. Scorning thy shape, with pain I hear thy cry. And counsel thee to drop to earth and die; The ravening couguar b shall be found your friend, And all thy suffering in one meal shall end."

While thus he taunted, 'mid the grassy tide
A giant serpent gloated by his side;
Watched the warm heavings of his glossy coat,
And seized, with sudden spring, the prater's throat.

^{*} One of these animals strangled a dog, holding him at arm's length. Its cry, "Ai, Ai," occasions the name of Ai to be given to it in South America.

b Couguar, the American lion.

So raves the Radical on Church and State,
And scoffs at God as fettered fast by fate,
Laughs at all earthly tie, all heavenly hope,
Till scared by typhus, tabes, or the rope.

The patient Bradypus from mockery slunk, His loose, long neck between his shoulders shrunk; But when he saw the dandy's agonies, The stony horror of his staring eyes, While the dread boa round his victim rolled, And girt the tree with many a scaly fold, Prepared against the trunk for final gulp, To crush each bone and fibre down to pulp-Firm to the branch his tortuous pads he prest, Stretched a lank arm to save the wretch distrest-With lion claws the serpent's neck enclasp'd, With lion force the writhing monster grasp'd, Checked, as he squeezed the throat, the duct of breath, And saved the scorner by the dragon's death; Then, while he poised the dreadful form on high, Before the humbled roebuck's grateful eye,-"Remember, friend," he cried, in Quaker strain, "The power which made thee light to scour the plain, Which armed the couguar's and the cayman's c jaws, Which gave the condor d wings, and beak, and claws,

c Cayman, alligator.

d Condor, largest of vultures.

Which arm'd the bull with horns for furious fight,
And man with craft, which baffles bestial might,
Gave to the birds his air, the fish his sea,
And fits the Bradypus to grasp the tree;
And in these arms, which moved thy scoff and scorn,
Combines the power of talon, tusk, and horn."

PHILIP DUNCAN.

The Seal and the Sea Mew.

The Seal on a floe of ice as he lay

To the whirling Sea Mew thus did say:

"Mr. Mew, if I had such wings as those,
I would fly to the sun and warm my nose."

And the Mew said, "Yes, just so thought I,
How pleasant it must be up in the sky;
But the higher I went the colder it grew,
So I turned from the sun, and came down to you."

The colder it grew, though the sun's so hot!

A proper puzzle the Seal has got.

And he lies on his side and thinks it o'er,

Till he falls asleep, and begins to snore;

But still in his sealish brain there runs

A kind of a dream of wings and suns.

W. WHEWELL.

Plymouth, Aug. 4, 1841.

The Fate of the Podo.

An Ornithological Romance.

Do-Do. Vasco de Gama
Sailed from the Cape of Good Hope with a crammer,
How he had met, in the Isle of Mauritius,
A very queer bird what was not very vicious,
Called by the name of a Do-do,
And all the world thought what he said was true.

Do-do! This wonderful creature

Exhibited one most remarkable feature,

That though it was plain he a bird was by his bill,

Divil a wing was on either side visible,

Sich a do-do-do!

There's nothing like finding out something new.

Do-do! A Dutchman shot him,

And looked at the bird's latter end when he got him,

Where, wondrous to mention, of tail there was not
a trace,

But five little curling grey feathers he'd got in place.

Jist a do-do-do!

No wonder Mynheer looked puzzled and blue.

Do-do! Our bird was no Cupid,
But preciously ugly and grievously stupid;
So the sailors at first thought for fun they befriended him

For a taste of his gizzard 'fore long put an end to him.

Yet the do-do-do

Might have lived on if he could have flew.

Do-do! The Hollander boiled him,
And spitchcocked his gizzard, and otherwise spoiled him;
And to prove what an eatable species of bird he'd caught,
The claws and the bill of his dinner aboard he brought.

Do-do-do-do,

All that remained of a genus quite new.

Do-do! Although we can't see him,
His picture is hung in the British Museum;
For the creature itself, we may judge what a loss it is,
When its claws and its bill are such great curiosities.

Do-do! do-do!

Ornithologists have been puzzled by you.

Do-do! Monsieur de Blainville,
Who hits very hard all the nails on his anvil,
Maintains that the bird was a vulture rapacious,
And neither a wader nor else gallinaceous:

A do-do! a do-do!

And not a cock-a-doodle-doo.

Do-do! John Edward Gray, Sir,
Doubted what Mr. de Blainville did say, Sir,
And held that the bird was a vile imposition,
And that the old Dutchman had seen but a vision:

A do-do, a regular do!

And didn't believe one word was true.

Do-do! alas for our wisdom!

Strickland has come to the judgment, and his doom,

From a hole in his head, and a bone with a ridge on,

Is that our rara avis was only a pigeon.

Our do-do, only a doo,
A regular doo, like a turtle doo.

Do-do! alas there are left us

No more remains of the Didus ineptus;

And so, on the progress of science, all prodigies

Must die, as the palm-trees will some day at Loddige's:

And like our wonderful do-do,

Turn out not worth the hullabaloo.

EDWARD FORBES.

First Verse of a Ditty

Intended to be sung in opposition to

PROFESSOR FORBES' VERSES ON THE DODO,

At one of the Dinners of the Red Lions at Oxford, 1847.

Or all the queer birds that ever you'd see,
The Dodo's the queerest of Columbidæ,
For all her life long she ne'er sat on a tree,
And when the Dutch came, away went she.
Tee-wit, tee-woo, I'd have you to know
There ne'er was such a bird as our famed Dodo.

Anonymous.

Birds and Beasts. A Revolutionary Tale.

Words given out:—Lamp, Eagle, Paganini, Owl, North Pole, Will-o'the-Wisp, Tiger, Chloroform, Bust. Aug. 16, 1848.

Come, gentles all, of every stamp,

And listen to my tale,

Not smelling of the midnight Lamp,

Or redolent of ale.

No! Fresh from fact and history,
Just as the thing befel,
Without reserve or mystery
My story I shall tell.

An Eagle and an Owl one day,
In close confabulation,
Thinking affairs went ill, resolved
To rouse (and rule) the nation.

They called the *Tiger* to their aid,

Who promised to be good,

To file his teeth, and cut his claws,

Abjure his thirst for blood,

And, bent on mild and Christian thoughts,

His giant strength to lend,

Each old abuse to topple down,

And all their plans befriend.

"On mighty pens" the Eagle soared,
And stared into the sun;
From southern to the Northern Pole,
His rapid race was run.

Like Will-o'the-wisp, now here, now there,

He darted on his way;

Catch him who can! stop him who dare!

And follow him who may!

The Owl with thoughts like theorems,

And words like corollaries,

Perched on Minerva's Bust a, poured forth

Abstractions and vagaries.

[·] The effigy on the seal of the French Institute, of which the personage here dimly shadowed forth was secretary.

The Tiger sate, demure and still, And licked his whiskered jaws; File, snap! he had them unawares, And clutched them in his claws.

Then might they long for Chloroform, And squeal like Paganini, In vain! Their dream of power was o'er, Each felt himself a ninny;

As writhing in that horrid gripe, A thousand ways they twined, And cursed the day that sent them forth With such a partner joined.

JOHN HERSCHEL.

The Bredging Song.

By a Member of the Dredging Committee of Sect. D.

Hurran for the dredge, with its iron edge,
And its mystical triangle,
And its hided net, with meshes set,
Odd fishes to entangle.

The ship may move through the wave above,
'Mid scenes exciting wonder,
But braver sights the dredge delights
As it roveth the waters under.

Chorus.

Then a-dredging we will go, wise boys, Then a-dredging we will go.

Down in the deep, where the mermen sleep,
Our gallant dredge is sinking;
Each finny shape in a precious scrape
Will find itself in a twinkling.

They may twirl and twist, and writhe as they wist,
And break themselves into sections,
But up they all, at the dredge's call,
Must come to fill collections.

Chorus.

Then a-dredging we will go, wise boys, Then a-dredging we will go.

The creatures strange the sea that range,

Though mighty in their stations,

To the dredge must yield the briny field

Of their loves and depredations.

The crab so bold, like a knight of old,

In scaly armour plated,

And the slimy snail, with a shell on his tail,

And the star-fish—radiated.

Chorus.

Then a-dredging we will go, wise boys, Then a-dredging we will go.

EDWARD FORBES.

The Fishes' Drinking Bout.

When news gets abroad, here no power to delay it is, The Gulls told the Seals of Sir Argus's gaieties, They told to the Fishes their wonderful tale, Which soon bubbled round to the ear of the Whale. Old King Spermaceti, whose throne is the Pole, Of ocean's deep currents the source and the goal, With ice-rock of ages o'er-canopied high, And refracting the blaze of the long-glowing sky; Then slapped his broad tail on the new-melted sea, And shivered the ice through each narrow degree; The shock from Spitzbergen to Ischutskoi rebounded, The Morse reeled aghast, the White Bears are confounded: By powerful vibrations his will was made known Through every subaqueous climate and zone. His viceroy, Antarctic, repeated the stroke, Which, true history declares, a continent broke; Cracked the Straights of Magellan, with uproar terrific, And strewed o'er with islands the Southern Pacific. The scaly and shiny from every degree, Gliding smooth without step, clave the depths of the sea,

And rushed forth in shoals to the Arctic resort,

The mighty Leviathan's deep-caverned court.

Their liv'ries in gorgeous profusion of dyes,

Many-glancing, out-glittered Sir Argus's eyes,

And they shamed all Peru in their silver and gold,

Nor effulgence more bright could the rainbow unfold.

But the King and blood-royal were simply arrayed,

As disdaining the weakness their subjects displayed,

In plain white and sable they floated to view,

Prince Monodon's coat had a mottling of blue.

In the archives of Finland, whence all my relation

Is drawn from the books of supreme veneration,

It is stated, that age after age had rolled o'er,

Since the time when the tribes had been summoned before;

The Chronicler would not hide facts if he had 'em,
And clearly refers to the muster of Adam.
The Deluge, it seems, was a time of diversion,
But the plenty of prey caused a wondrous dispersion;
St. Anthony's preachment was here non-invent,
Nor appeared in the homilies proper for Lent.
To return to our story—no name of the Kraken!
Is the Bishop, or Chronicler, sadly mistaken?
The Oyster was absent, but then it is said
Expressly, that she was confined to her bed.

Human armies are likened by bards when they sing, To the leaves of the autumn, the birds of the spring, But all similes here would be odious and vile, And but lower our subject to raise up a smile. The Saw-fish made sheds for Testaceans' coaches, Pike, Sword-fish, and Soldier-fish lined the approaches. The Gold-stick and Silver were fish of the name, And the Pages, Sir Mullets, in doublets of flame. The gay Lords-in-Waiting were Sun-fish and Star, The pomp which they loved was to most caviar. The Queen's Maids-of-Honour no fish durst condemn, or a Sort of lettre-de-cachet, entitled a Remora, Stuck fast to their skirts, and compelled reparation, Duly meted by scales for such high defamation. The Wolves were observed to look hard to their Plaices, Who whisked their tails round, and sent Dabs in their faces.

The Sea-snake had wriggled up close to the throne,
And the Devil got in, hoping not to be known;
But the Sea-lion seized on the tail of the traitor,
And whirled him in air, o'er the burning Equator.
'Twas agreed that no fish should make others his prey,
For drinking was the order proclaimed of the day.
So the Shark, true to honour, let pass without budging,
Quite close to his nose, the rich Lump and the Gudgeon.

The Monk-fish were paired, as if going to church,
And the Sea-lark appeared to have fixed on a Perch.
The Anchovy and Butter-fish jogged on together,
And the Flying-fish stuck to the maritime Feather.
By a dismal mischance, in the midst of the bustle,
The Razor-fish shaved off the beard of a Mussel;
The Torpedo was playing his gambols galvanic,
Which threw the old Wife with the Ruff in a panic;
The Owl and the Toad felt a shock in the belly,
And the Hornback, recoiling, stuck fast in a Jelly;
This the Angel provoked, drew a hiss from the Adder,
Made the Dog mad with rage, and the Bounce was still madder.

The Tub and the Butt both together were knocked,
And the Calf, it is said, was prodigiously shocked;
Down shrunk the Anemone, upturned the Pink,
And the Cuttle-fish vented his anger in ink.
The Dolphin was roused by the hiss of the Viper,
And judiciously brought up the whistle of Piper,
He soon made out a tune with the Flat-fish and Sharp,
And the Music-shell came with the Conch and the Harp.
The Dolphin has harmony ever adored,
And harmony soon by his means was restored.
The King spouted "Silence," the lords whispered "Shish,"
And all in an instant were mute as a fish.

"You know," says the King, "O my friends great and small!

You must know, if you have any knowledge at all, That my store of good liquor was always my pride, And my vaults from all realms and all climes are supplied; My stock is free tribute bestowed by the rivers, I shall give you the best from the principal givers, And on each I request the unbiassed opinion Of all who inhabit my wat'ry dominion." All the fishes declared that the rivers of late, Had a flavour of blood that was bittered by hate; A bitter than wormwood or quassia more odious, Which latter the brewers find vastly commodious. The Rhine was astringent and horribly stinking, And e'en those who loved blood, found it not fit for drinking. And this taste of corruption was noted to flow Through the Niemen, the Danube, the Elbe, and the Po. The streams of Pekin set the Shark cock-a-hoop, Rich with daily-drowned infants, like giblets in soup. The Ganges was foul, and its carcases tough, But the hungry were never in want of enough; Hot and acrid with venom were Senegal's waves, Long mingled with tears of the heart-broken slaves. They who drank of Euphrates were sunk with dejection, And the slime to old Nile was a general objection.

their skins.

The gold-dust of Plata o'erburthened the stomach,
Democratical vinegar soured the Potomack.
Thus with freedom the fishes their sentiments told,
Found the Geyser too hot, and the Neva too cold;
But to taste of the Seine not a fish could be urged,
For they did not come there to be puked and be purged;
At its mention each writhed in abhorrence his jaws,
And the Sea-devil owned he could point out the cause,—
"Why its waves breed both stomach and state revolutions,
And so fatal are found to weak constitutions."
But the sweet streams of Britain gave general delight,
And all in old Thamesis' praises unite.
They expanded all gills, and they clapped all their fins,
And swigged—you'd have thought they'd have burst all

Then the King roared with transport of high satisfaction—
"Fish! the waves of your choice ne'er shall know putrefaction,

But diffuse health, and vigour, and exhilaration,
While their banks yield to Virtue a high-hallowed station.
While Freedom, long chased from the rest of the world,
Shall here see her banner by honour unfurled;
And while loyalty mingles with ardent devotion,
Still shall Thamesis cherish the lords of the ocean."

The Right Man in the Right Place.

WE are heartily glad that our friend Mr. Buckland has recently had the well-merited luck To receive the reward of his talent and pluck, By being appointed "Inspector of Fisheries." Every one of our readers we're sure his well-wisher is; For if ever a person obtained a commission, Which placed the right man in the proper position, It is he who's so long been the fishes' protector, And who now has been made their legal "Inspector." And if this appointment's so welcome on land That it meets with approval on every hand, Only fancy the stir there must be in the water 'Mongst the finned population in every quarter! For the news has gone forth through river and sea, And the porpoises all are leaping with glee; The salmon and grilse are drinking his health, The grayling and trout are hob-nobbing by stealth; Of the lively young fry who've escaped through the mesh,

Some drink it in salt water, others get fresh;

E'en the young ones unhatched to Australia sent over,
Are so pleased that they're all very near "half seas ova."
And people do say that the very same day
This good piece of news was received at Herne Bay,
A knowing old oyster, attached to a pile,
Said, stroking his beard, as he spat on his tile,
"Well, our rulers have made a most happy selection;
Frank Buckland's the boy to secure us protection."
So if porpoises, fishes, and mollusks combine
To toast him in water, we'll toast him in wine;
Let us trust he'll be able, if blessed with good health,
By increasing our fish to augment England's wealth.

H. L.

A Paturalist's Valentine .

By a Palæontologist.

Borne upon Pterodactyle's wing,

This heart, which once you deemed of stone,

Model of maids, to thee I bring,

And offer it to thee alone!

Not Owen pondering o'er bone

Of great Dinorius, fonder grew

Of mighty wingless birds unknown,

Than I, sweet maid, of you.

The Glyptodon, which Darwin found
Beside the South Atlantic main,
Was in no harder armour bound
Than that my spirit did enchain;
Till, bade by thee, love rent in twain
The fetters which my fancy tied
To boulder, glacier, and moraine,
And bore me to thy side!

[.] From the "Literary Gazette."

Like some fantastic trilobite,

That perished in Silurian sea,

And long lay hid from mortal sight,

So was the heart I yield to thee.

Now from its stony matrix free,

Thy palæontologic skill

Once more hath called it forth to be

The servant of thy will.

EDWARD FORBES.

Geological Society, Feb. 14.

Australia.

THERE is a place in distant seas Full of all contrarieties; There, beasts have mallards, bills, and legs, Have spurs like cocks, like hens lay eggs. There parrots walk upon the ground, And grass upon the trees is found; On other trees, another wonder! Leaves without upper sides or under. There pears you'll scarce with hatchet cut; Stones are outside the cherries put; Swans are not white, but black as soot. There neither leaf, nor root, nor fruit Will any Christian palate suit, Unless in desperate need you'd fill ye With root of fern, and stalk of lily. There missiles to far distance sent Come whizzing back from whence they went; There quadrupeds go on two feet, And yet few quadrupeds so fleet;

There birds, although they cannot fly, In swiftness with your greyhound vie. With equal wonder you may see The foxes fly from tree to tree; And what they value most, so wary, These foxes in their pockets carry. There the voracious ewe-sheep crams Her paunch with flesh of tender lambs. Instead of beef, and bread, and broth, Men feast on many a roasted moth; And courting swains their fondness prove By knocking down the girls they love. The north winds scorch, but when the breeze is Full from the south, why then it freezes; The sun when you to face him turn ye, From right to left performs his journey. There every servant gets his place By character of foul disgrace; There vice is virtue, virtue vice, And all that's vile is voted nice. Now of what place could such strange tales Be told with truth save New South Wales?

RICHARD WHATELY.

The Astronomer's Brinking Song.

Some years ago Mr. De Morgan found among the papers of a much older friend, to whom he was an executor, who never lived in London, and who was not a mathematician, a song described as having been sung at a Mathematical Society in London, on the occasion of a dinner given to a solicitor named Fletcher, who had defended an action for the Society gratuitously. On application to the late Mr. Benjamin Gompertz, who was President of the Mathematical Society (founded 1717) of Spitalfields, when it merged in the Astronomical Society, it appeared that the account was correct in every particular. About 1798 the Mathematical Society had some philosophical lectures given at their rooms, with entrance at a shilling a head. They did not know the law, until they were sued by an informer for penalties on the shillings, amounting to thousands of pounds, as having opened an unlicensed public exhibition. Mr. Fletcher, a member, described by Mr. Gompertz as a very scientific person, undertook their defence as solicitor, and managed to bring them off. He would not make any charge, and the Society gave him a dinner, which Mr. Gompertz remembered attending, though he could not undertake to remember the songs or their subjects.

Whether the following song was sung as here given cannot be ascertained. The possessor above named, in whose handwriting it seems to be, was a person very likely to have augmented it. Mr. de Morgan acknowledges various conjectural restorations of lines half-effaced by age, and the addition of the verse relative to Kepler. It is tolerably certain that some such song, containing some of the verses here given, was actually sung at the dinner. The notes, of course, are by a modern scholiast.

Whoe'er would search the starry sky,
Its secrets to divine, Sir,
Should take his glass—I mean, should try
A glass or two of wine, Sir.

True virtue lies i' th' golden mean,

And man must wet his clay, Sir;

Join these two maxims and 'tis seen

He should drink his bottle a-day, Sir.

Old Archimedes, reverend sage!

By trump of fame renowned, Sir,

Deep problems solved in every page,

And the sphere's curved surface found, Sir:

Himself he would have far outshone,

And borne a wider sway, Sir,

Had he our modern secret known,

And drunk his bottle a-day, Sir.

When Ptolemy, now long ago,

Believed the earth stood still, Sir,

He never would have blundered so,

Had he but drunk his fill, Sir:

He'd then have felt " it circulate,

And would have learned to say, Sir,

The true way to investigate

Is to drink your bottle a-day, Sir.

a When the song was communicated to Dr. Whewell, he said this was a very good idea, of which too little was made. A separate song, in which the vertiginal proof of the earth's motion should

be extolled above the pendulum and the whirliging proofs, for facility, accessibility, perceptibility, and intelligibility, would have found favour in old time. But in our age science neither drinks nor blusters—

"Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba."

Copernicus, that learned wight,

The glory of his nation,

With floods of wine refreshed his sight,

And saw the earth's rotation.

Each planet then its orb described,

The moon got under way, Sir;

These truths from nature he imbibed,

For he drank his bottle a-day, Sir.

Each in its due location;

He lost his nose by spite of Mars,

But that was no privation.

Had he but lost his mouth, I grant,

He would have felt dismay, Sir,

Bless you! he knew what he should want

To drink his bottle a-day, Sir.

The noble Tycho b placed the stars

b The common epithet of his rank,—nobilis Tycho, as he was a nobleman. The writer had been at history.

c He lost it in a duel with Manderupius Pasbergius. A contemporary, J. B. Laurus, insinuates that they fought to settle which

was the best mathematician. This seems odd, even to us who remember that gentlemen used to decide by bullet which was the liar; but it must be remembered that the two mathematicians tilted "in tenebris densis," and it is a nice problem to shave off a nose in the dark, without any other harm.

Cold water makes no lucky hits;
On mysteries the head runs:
Small drink let Kepler tune his wits
On the regular polyhedrons.
He took to wine and it changed the chime;
His genius swept away, Sir,
Through area d varying as the time
At the rate of a bottle a-day, Sir.

d An allusion to Kepler's celebrated law of planetary motion. He had previously wasted his time on analogies between the planetary orbits and the polyhedrons. This verse is a forgery, but stoutly maintained to be genuine.

Poor Galileo, forced to rat

Before the Inquisition,

E pur si muove was the pat

He gave them in addition.

He meant—Whate'er you think you prove

The earth must go its way, Sirs,

Spite of your teeth I'll make it move,

For I'll drink my bottle a-day, Sirs.

Great Newton, who was never beat,

Whatever fools may think, Sir,

Though sometimes he forgot to eat,

He never forgot to drink, Sir.

Descartes took nought but lemonade e;

To conquer him was play, Sir:

The first advance that Newton made

Was to drink his bottle a-day, Sir.

As great a lie as ever was told. But in 1798 a compliment to Newton without a fling at Descartes would have been held a lopsided structure.

The Pascal-forger thinks, perhaps,

That Newton must sing small, Sir,

Before ten thousand little scraps,

With signatures to all, Sir.

But they're not worth their count in pence,

As many to one I'd lay, Sir,

That Pascal never had the sense

To drink his bottle a-day, Sir.

f This verse was entirely effaced by age, but efface is here a verb of negative value. It seems to refer to the forgeries produced in 1867, in which some genuine ignoramus represented Hannah Ayscough, the mother of Isaac Newton, by re-marriage Smith, as signing herself "Miss Anne Ascough Newton" instead of "Hannah Smith." The consequence is, in England, a very ready belief in the forgery, and the same through all the well-informed classes in

France. But we are afraid that among certain of the French, especially among those who know what the Emperor will do next, there is a conviction that English ladies always sign one husband short, and that two marriages are counted spinsterhood, provided the claim be made.

D'Alembert, Euler, and Clairaut,

Though they increased our store, Sir,

Much farther had been seen to go

Had they tippled a little more, Sir.

Lagrange gets mellow with Laplace,

And both are wont to say, Sir,

The philosophe who's not an ass

Will drink his bottle a-day, Sir.

Astronomers! what can avail

Those who calumniate us:

Experiment can never fail

With such an apparatus.

Let those who'd have their merits known

Remember what I say, Sir;

Fair science shines on him alone

Who drinks his bottle a-day, Sir.

How light we reck of those who mock

By this we'll make t' appear, Sir,

We'll dine by the sidereal g clock,

For one more bottle a-year, Sir.

But choose which pendulum you will,
You'll never make your way, Sir,
Unless you drink, and drink your fill,
At least a bottle a-day, Sir.

g The sidereal day is a little shorter than the solar day, and gives 366 to the year.

Chanson Microscopique.

Or all the late discoveries of later years made known,

There are few like those which Ehrenberg is finding out
in stone;

No wonder that philosophers about them write and talk, For he shews that animalculæ are even up to chalk.

Oh my eye!

What a help is a microscope to my eye!

Where'er the mighty Prussian goes, there rotifers are too,
And stuffing them with indigo, he makes them all look
blue;

Rock, mud and water, clay and sand, to find them he explores,

And since of late he's ta'en to chalk, he opens many scores.

Oh my eye!

What a help is a microscope to my eye!

The little brutes invisible he everywhere finds out;
Through land and sea their skeletons are scattered about;

Our very walls their tiny skins have furnished with the plaster;

A hard fate truly theirs when dead, to turn to alabaster!

Oh my eye!

What a help is a microscope to my eye!

Yet when alive, although so small, these microscopic animals

Ferociously each other munch, like Australasian cannibals; And to indulge this appetite, which delicate as great is, Each carries, packed up in his trunk, a cooking apparatus.

Oh my eye!

What a help is a microscope to my eye!

Odd appellations have they got, to suit their forms so strange,

Which twist, and turn, and wheel about with everlasting change;

Odd places are their habitats, yet wherefore should we doubt

If monsters so extravagant be sometimes up the spout.

Oh my eye!

What a help is a microscope to my eye!

No living thing is made in vain, a law who dare deny, So infusorials were made in water to supply Teetotallers with nourishment; and now we also know, Grog does its strength to volvices and not to spirits owe.

Oh my eye!

What a help is a microscope to my eye!

Thus Ehrenberg's discoveries lead to this grand conclusion, (That is, supposing all be right, and barring all delusion), That little folks look big among the less distinguished classes,

According to the quality and number of the glasses.

Oh my eye!

What a help a microscope is to my eye!

EDWARD FORBES.

Liebig's Physiological Chemistry ".

Air—"The little jackdaw and the big jackdaw
They sat upon a tree."

If you please, Mr. Præses, make use of your time,
And don't let's get dry in the throttle,
But take my advice, as the claret is prime,
And order us in a fresh bottle.

We've Liebig's authority, well you're aware,

That we men of the North can consume

More alcohol far than the Southerners dare,

Without being the worse for its fume b.

This Liebig has found out our life's golden rule,

And much will it please honest people,

To find that he proves Father Mathew a fool,

And that life is maintained by the tipple.

* From Nugæ Canoræ Medicæ.

Samoyedes, we should be able with ease to consume 10 lbs. of flesh and perhaps a dozen of tallow candles into the bargain, daily, as warmly-clad travellers have related with astonishment of these people. We should then also be able to take the same quantity of brandy or train oil without any bad effects, because the carbon and hydrogen of these substances would only suffice to keep up the equilibrium between the external temperature and that of our bodies."—Liebig, Animal Chemistry, 2nd edit., p. 22.

For by oxygenation to vapour we turn;

This, he says, one of nature's strange laws is;

And without hydrocarbons within us to burn,

We perish by eremacausis.

Teetotallers dabble in coffee and tea,

And think themselves wise all the while;

But if Liebig be right, these will not do for me,

For he says that they all turn to bile d.

No! a taste of the alcohol's nearer the thing For a man of poetic vocation;

For your bard couldn't laugh, and still less could he sing,

Without elements of respiration e.

Thus man's but a big spirit-lamp, as we see;
And lamps all require you to cram 'em

e "In the wasted bodies of those who have suffered starvation, the muscles are shrunk and unnaturally soft, and have lost their contractility; all those parts of the body which are capable of entering into the state of motion, have served to protect the remainder of the frame from the destructive influence of the atmosphere. Towards the end, the particles of the brain begin to undergo the process of oxidation, and delirium, mania, and death close the scene; that is to say, all resistance to the oxidizing power of the atmospheric oxygen ceases, and the chemical process of eremacausis, or decay, commences," &c.—Liebig, Op. cit., p. 27.

"Without entering minutely into the medicinal action of caffeine, it will surely appear a most striking fact, even if we were to deny its influence on the process of secretion, that this substance, with the addition of oxygen and water, can yield taurine, the nitrogenized compound peculiar to bile."—Liebig, Op.

" Among the elements of respiration in our food are wine, beer, spirits." -Liebig, Op. cit., p. 96.

With plenty of spirit of good density, In order to alere flammam.

Then keep up the alcohol stimulus all,

Thus alone you'll preserve your condition;

Or you'll find yourselves soon in what Bennett would call

A state of abnormal nutrition f.

DOUGLAS MACLAGAN.

f "Treatise on Inflammation, as a Process of Abnormal Nutrition. By John Hughes Bennett, M.D., F.R.S.E. Edinburgh, 1844."

On the New Chemical Bomenclature and Botation.

From a Poem entitled "A Chemical Review "."

Science seems altered; compounds strange and new,
In novel symbols, irritate the view;
Fresh theories rise; dark is our former light,
And young-fledged aspirants must set us right.
So when I listen to some wondrous theme,
The rampant offspring of a chemist's dream,—
A water type, with H's and with O's,
In complex groups, or horizontal rows,—
'Tis difficult at times to rightly know
The strange disguise of our old friend H.O.
So let it be, and let us deem it true
That copper-salts are white, and silver, blue;

The lines extracted, however, relate merely to the changes which have recently taken place in chemical nomenclature, and to the sesquipedalian names assigned to some of the newly-discovered compounds emanating from the great teachers of this science.

^{*} A lively satire upon certain Fellows of the Chemical Society of London by one of their members, which, though too good-natured to give any just cause for offence to any, seemed to partake of too personal a character to be admitted into this collection.

That zinc is yellow, antimony tough, Liebig a fool, and Faraday a muff; That lead is light, that brass resembles tin, That Warington is fat and De la Rue is thin. When cease thy sorrows, hapless NH3? Ammonia, what has Hofmann done to thee? Was ever luckless type in such a scrape, Twisted and turned and bullied out of shape! A ponderous pamphlet, from thy simple name And thy derivatives, is known to fame. How are thy numerous sons to science dear, With lucid names, so singularly clear! Time was when Triethylamine seemed long, And Phosphammonium all unfit for song; When the soft sound of Aniline was dear. And fell like music upon Hofmann's ear; But now, alas! the modest Aniline Becomes disguised as proud Phenylamine; And the long names, too difficult to tell, Which none can read with peace, and few can spell, Expand, each meeting as the months go by, In letters alphabets can scarce supply, Until at length the gasping chemists come To Methyl-ethyl-amylo-phenylammonium.

H. W. FIELD.

Art versus Science.

On the occasion of the Professor of Chemistry postponing his Lectures in consequence of the Concert on Thursday.

Huzzah for the days when the dim star of Science,
Whose flickering light has been waning so long,
Burst at length from the thraldom of Oxford alliance,
And yields up her throne to the goddess of Song.

Oh who would have thought it? what prophet so knowing? What poet so fanciful, dreamer so wild?

That our dons, on whose foreheads the grey hairs are growing,

Would return to the pastime and airs of a Childe?

What our ancestors' lore, and the wisdom of ages,
Had heaped for the student to puzzle his brain,

Are vanishing all, and the doctrines of sages

Give place to the wild notes of melody's strain.

Ye shades of our fathers! ye spirits of schoolmen!

Who haunt the dull fogs of our valley of clay,

Will ye suffer the impulse of feeling to rule men?

The genius of nature unshackled to play?

Thou nightmare of Oxford, rise, genius of logic!

Shall the student thus cast thy I.O.'s to the wind?

Shall we quit the deep canon of V Paragogic,

And in Sol, Mi, Fa, Re, La, more harmony find?

Our chemist in transports throws by his elixir,

He thinks of no jar, but the twang of the lute;

His phials are viols, nor dares he to fix a

Berzelius' blow-pipe 'gainst Nicholson's flute.

His bases metallic,—deep notes from the bugle,

His compounds and gases,—concertos and airs;

With the scale of the gamut, in quantities frugal,

By Demi's and Semi's he weighs out his wares.

What matter it whether we note variations

Of the needle, or Handel? the fact is the same;

I leave the dull dunce to dispute the relations,

Can they differ in nature, if equal in name?

What differs the don from the vocal signora,

But that one deals a smile, and the other a frown?

How oft feels the heart of the ardent explorer

The electrical shock of the cap and the gown!

Thrice hail then the times, when the laws of attraction In harmony's banquet an influence gain; And the bright eyes of sirens, in double refraction, Concentrate our pleasure, and scatter our pain.

Then long may the Muses, allied to the Graces,
With Science divide academical sway;
And long may the stewards be able to Fa us,
And Holywell fiddlers continue to play.

BADEN POWELL.

On the Magneto-Electric Telegraph.

Around the magnet, Faraday
Was sure that Volta's lightnings play;
But how to draw them from the wire,
He drew a lesson from the heart:
'Tis when we meet and when we part
Breaks forth the electric fire.

Anonymous.

Ozone.

An Ode to Meteorological Observers.

There is a word,

Perhaps absurd

The thought may be, I'll own;

But it sounds—oh,

So full of woe,

That chemic term, Ozone.

'Tis in the air,
An essence rare,
Not much about it known;
Now less, now more,
The tempest roar,
The sad winds sigh, Ozone.

Each weather sage
That rain doth gauge,
And note each breeze that's blown,
Cloud, mist, and fog,
Down in his log
Takes care to put Ozone.

Of its excess,
Or scantiness,
Effects by health are shewn;
The sudden change
Oft felt so strange,
Can that be from Ozone?

When east wind keen
Makes skin shagreen,
And pierces to the bone,
Perhaps its sting
Is that same thing
Of doleful name, Ozone.

When plague and pest
Mankind infest,
And folk with fever grown;
The atmosphere
Is in a queer
State, as regards Ozone.

When devils blue
Prevail on you
To mope, despond, and moan,

Is their control
Of heart and soul
Exerted through Ozone?

O dismal sound!

What gloom profound

In that lugubrious tone!

To blast forlorn

Of mournful morn

Fancy attunes, Ozone.

Or bars as low

As breath can blow

Upon the grim trombone,

Sepulchral note,

Deep down in throat,—

Ozone! Ozone!!!

From "PUNCH."

Feb. 2, 1863.

Programme of a Lecture on Economical Cookery.

Dr. Sibthorp's Professor of Rural Economy,
Will deliver a lecture next time—on Gastronomy;
Not calling his Magdalen cook's skill in question,
But himself cooking up some rare food for digestion.
No ragouts will he offer, with sauces suspicious,
Or high-seasoned stews fit to feast an Apicius,
Denounced by a Paris, and held by a Prout
To be brimful of headache, dyspepsia, and gout;
But sound economical soup for the many,
Such as Soyer dispenses—three pints for a penny.

In this lecture, in truth be it said, you'll be shewn How to breakfast on starch, and to dine off a bone; How from sugar and gum loads of fat to secrete, And with 'taters keep going the animal heat a;

^{*} See Liebig, "Organic Chemistry in its Application to Physiology."

How bread unfermented the palm bears away,
Unless arsenic unluckily comes in its way b;
But how dough-cake and hominy "beat all creation,"
So Jonathan tells us, for fattening a nation;
How Liebig, with due help from kreatine, sends on
A slice of a fox with the flavour of venison.
Why Samoyedes and Fins on train oil will regale,
And a Greenlander dines for a month off a whale;
Whilst garlic in Italy tickles the palate,
And the Spaniard sups well on garbanzas salad.
To Sandy his bannocks and porridge so dear is,
Whilst a German's elysium sour-krout and small beer is;

Why beef to an Englishman's prowess adds fuel,
Though he's meek as a lamb if you feed him on gruel;
Why, when Bruin wakes up in the spring from his lair,
And would fain, like a Christian, his toilet repair,
He finds himself quite out of grease for his hair.
And what more than all else is likely to stagger us,
He'll tell you why beans d were tabooed by Pythagoras,

b The muriatic acid used in making bread without ferment has been found often to contain arsenic.

o In hybernating animals the respiration is so slow during the winter's sleep, that the temperature of the body is chiefly maintained by the consumption of the fat of the tissues.

d Beans contain a large amount of nitrogen, and are therefore eminently nutritious.

Who fed upon nought else than carbon on Fridayse, And kept all his "proteine compounds" for high days.

These, and many more facts than you e'er can conjecture, Will be duly dished up, if you'll come to the lecture.

CHARLES DAUBENY.

^{*} For an account of proteine and its uses in nutrition, see Muller's "Chemistry of Vegetable and Animal Physiology."

A Poleful Pietetical Pitty.

Air-"A wee bird cam' to our ha' door."

A wee man cam' to me ae day
In sair distress, and pantin',
An' a' that I could hear him say
Was, "I've been trying Bantin'!"
An' whan I saw him look sae ill,
Wi' sheer starvation gantin',
I drew for him a pint of yill,
For I've nae faith in Bantin'.

"Guid man, are that some borrowed class,
An' are your ain awantin'?

Or hae ye fa'n awa' frae these,—
Is this the wark o' Bantin'?"

"I ance was fat as a guse b at yule, My coat an' waistcoat stentin';

A wizzened d pea within its hule de I ha'e been made by Bantin'.

a Yawning.
b Goose.
c Distending.
c Pod, or husk.

"O' taties I had stored a lot,

The best o' last year's plantin',

But ne'er a taste o' them I've got,

For they're forbid by Bantin'.

My girnel's stan'in' fu' o' meal,

Though parritch sair I'm wantin';

It micht be fu' o' san' f as weel,

For it's been closed by Bantin'.

"A nice bit pork my ain gudewife
Frae market ae day sent in;
I had got up my fork an' knife,
When in comes that man Bantin:
'Ye maunna eat the like o' that,
Though Gamgee leave were grantin',
It's sure to mak' ye far o'er-fat;'—
Sae' I was starved by Bantin'.

"A crumb o' toast as dry as wood By buttered bap g supplantin', Is a' the bread that I'm allowed At breakfast-time by Bantin'. He says the bread is fu' o' starch,

An' that's, it seems, a wrang thing;

An' my drap tea I maun drink wersh h,

For sugar's bad, says Bantin'!

"I'm tired o' flesh o' sheep an' kye,

Their ghaists my dreams are hauntin';

Were I a teeger i I might try

To leeve on flesh like Bantin'.

But flesh at nicht, and flesh at noon,

Nae twa-legged Christian's wanting;

I wa'd become a teeger sune,

Were I to feed like Bantin'.

"I wunna' say, in point o' drink,

But I could live wi' Bantin',

Although it's havers k, sae I think,

A drap champagne preventin':

But sherry's guid, an' claret too,

Madeira it's enchantin';

But whar to get Madeira noo

I ha'ena learned frae' Bantin'."

"Guid man, I doot ye've been a fule In dealin' wi' this Bantin',

Your puttin' yoursel' 'neath his rule Shows sense ye're unco scant in.

But gin' some sense remain wi' you,

An' gin' ye're noo repentin',

Just drink the pint o' yill I drew,

An' snap your thoom 1 at Bantin'."

DOUGLAS MACLAGAN.

Royal Society Club, Edinburgh, November 28, 1864.

I Thumb.

Receipt for a Salad.

Two large potatoes, passed through kitchen sieve, Unwonted softness to the salad give; Of mordant mustard add a single spoon, Distrust the condiment that bites too soon. But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault To add a double quantity of salt. Three times the spoon with oil of Lucca crown, And once with vinegar, procured from Town,-True flavour needs it,—and your poet begs The pounded yellow of two well-boiled eggs; Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl, And, scarce suspected, animate the whole. And lastly, on the flavoured compound toss A magic teaspoon of anchovy sauce; Then, though green turtle fail, though venison's tough, And ham and turkey are not boiled enough, Serenely full, the epicure may say, "Fate cannot harm me, -I have dined to-day."

SYDNEY SMITH.

The Book-Worm.

Come hither, boy, we'll hunt to-day The Book-Worm, ravening beast of prey, Produced by parent earth, at odds, As fame reports it, with the Gods. Him frantic hunger wildly drives Against a thousand authors' lives: Through all the fields of wit he flies; Dreadful his head with clustering eyes, With horns without, and tusks within, And scales to serve him for a skin. Observe him nearly, lest he climb To wound the bards of ancient time, Or down the vale of fancy go To tear some modern wretch below. On every corner fix thine eye, Or ten to one he slips thee by. See where his teeth a passage eat: We'll rouse him from the deep retreat.

But who the shelter's forced to give?

'Tis sacred Virgil, as I live!

From leaf to leaf, from song to song,

He draws the tadpole form along,

He mounts the gilded edge before,

He's up, he scuds the cover o'er,

He turns, he doubles, there he past,

And here we have him, caught at last.

Insatiate brute, whose teeth abuse The sweetest servants of the Muse. (Nay never offer to deny I took thee in the fact to fly.) His roses nipt in every page, My poor Anacreon mourns thy rage. By thee my Ovid wounded lies; By thee my Lesbia's sparrow dies: Thy rabid teeth have half destroyed The work of love in Biddy Floyd, They rent Belinda's locks away, And spoiled the Blouzelind of Gay. For all, for every single deed, Relentless justice bids thee bleed. Then fall a victim to the Nine, Myself the priest, my desk the shrine. Bring Homer, Virgil, Tasso near,

To pile a sacred altar here;

Hold, boy, thy hand out-runs thy wit,
You reached the plays that Dennis writ;
You reached me Philips' rustic strain;
Pray take your mortal Bards again.

Come bind the victim,—there he lies,
And here between his numerous eyes
This venerable dust I lay,
From manuscripts just swept away.

The goblet in my hand I take,

(For the libation's yet to make)

A health to Poets! all their days

May they have bread, as well as praise;

Sense may they seek, and less engage

In papers filled with party-rage.

But if their riches spoil their vein,

Ye Muses, make them poor again.

Now bring the weapon, yonder blade,
With which my tuneful pens are made.
I strike the scales that arm thee round,
And twice and thrice I print the wound;
The sacred altar floats with red,
And now he dies, and now he's dead.

PARNELL.

how to Settle an Archæological Difficulty.

On Hawarden's green slope, nigh the old Castle wall,
Is an underground Chamber that puzzles us all;
Archæologists vainly its angles explore,
'Tis a hole we all know—but we know nothing more.

What could these four walls have been built for of old?
Were they water or Welshmen intended to hold?
Some call it a well, some a donjon of stone,
Quite resolved are the last not to let well alone.

A cell or a cistern? the test I propose

Let the disputants try, ere they quite come to blows;

Will the cistern hold water? when tested, I fear,

That as fast as thrown in it will all disappear.

Failing that, let us next this experiment try,

Let all those be dropped in who the donjon deny;

Though the water escape, it will hold the men fast,

And convinced they will own it a prison at last.

R. E. E. WARBURTON.

Hawarden, July 16, 1859.

Bugæ Bartlovianæ.

Nobles and learned clerks, and ladies gay,

Who all, in fair assembly ranged, were by,

When antiquarian pickaxe broke its way

Through Bartlow's old mysterious tumuli,

Would you indeed the tinkling still retain

Of bells that jingled for your disport then,

Take here the moment's rhyme, the trifling strain,

(Secure with you from churlish critics' ken,)—

May bring some pleasant days back to your thoughts again.

WILLIAM WHEWELL.

Audley End, April 17, 1835.

BARTLOW HILLS.

AN ECLOGUE.

Mr. Gage. My antiquarian bosom burns to explore These relics of the art of men of yore.

Professor Sedgwick. Stay, my good Sir, control your zeal or lose it,

This is no work of art, 'tis a deposit.

- Mr. G. Geologists, avaunt! and hide your head, Ne'er was a deposit thus deposited.
- Pr. S. I hold, despite your antiquarian pride,
 That Bartlow's tallest hill is stratified.
- Mr. G. Your theory of strata, Sir, is rickety; 'Tis a Romano-Dano-Celt antiquity.
- Pr. S. Sir, your antiquity is a joke to me;
 'Twas left here by the last catastrophe.
- Mr. G. I tell you, Sir, that Queen Boadicea

 Killed fifty thousand men and left them here.
- Pr. S. Sir, throw your queens and battles to the dogs, 'Twas when the Deluge made the Gog Magogs.
- Lord Braybroke. O gentle swains, be for a moment mute,

 For here is that will settle your dispute.

 The spade proceeds, the earth is outward thrown,

 And now at last we find a bit of bone.
- Mr. G. Ha! give it me. It is upon my word,

 A British heel, chopped by a Roman sword.
- Pr. S. No! with your idle tales no longer weary 'em,
 'Tis a new fossil beast, the Bartlotherium.
- Dr. X. Now, gentlemen, since bones are my affair,

 I, as anatomist, the truth declare.

 The bone is a heel bone, observe it thus,

 The beast the asinus domesticus.

No theorist is safe from trifling ills,
So to the Lord and Lady of these hills
Pay, as becomes you, thanks and reverence due,
And then proceed to theorise anew.

Hugæ Bartlovianæ.

WHERE Bartlow's barrows of wondrous size, Stand side by side to puzzle the wise, In a certain year, on a certain day, A voice was heard in the morning grey: 'Twas a grumbling, growling, muttering din, Like a man who talks a box within, And it seemed to come, to the standers by, From the centre of one of the tumuli. The language, as well as the ear could take it, Was Latin, but such as a Briton would make it, And this is a close translation penned For Carolus Neville of Audley End. "Brother Icenius, Crispus Caius, Close together our friends did lay us Seventeen hundred years ago, And our two cousins all in a row. Tell me, Caius, how do you lie? Do you find any change as the years go by? Are you still in your quarters narrow, Snug in the mould of the tall green barrow?

With the tears of your friends around you lying In tiny jars to console you for dying? I've an awkward feel, that the outward air Is making its way to my bones so bare; It seems as if the sharp north-west Were somehow getting within my chest, And if the cold very much increases, I shall sneeze my barrow all to pieces. Are you cold too? I feel, by Bacchus, An epidemic disease attack us, And I really feel, as learned men say, A touch of a tumular influenza." And another voice from another hill, Replied in a hoarser grumble still: "What, O Jupiter, Cousin Verus Haven't you heard what passed so near us? Poor Icenius, don't you know They carried him off three years ago? Certain robbers called Antiquaries Came and disturbed his quiet lares, Bored his barrow, and stole, alas! His urns and bottles, his bronze and glass; His worship's chair that he used to sit in At the quarter sessions for Eastern Britain, His handsome funeral præfericulum, His wife's new-fashioned enamel reticulum:

Bagged the whole,—it did not matter a Pin, whether vase, or lamp, or patera. Even his bones, though stripped of their clothing. They took him away, and left him nothing. All are gone, and the world may see 'em Making a bow at the Maynard Museum. And now I fear these folks intend To rob you, too, my respected friend, And following up their barbarous custom. They've dug a hole to your very bustum; And that's the reason, or I'm mistaken, That you feel so bored, and so sadly shaken. It is really hard that one's very age Can't save one from prying fellows like Gage; When one comes to one's ten of centuries, clearly One should not be treated so cavalierly: But since it is so, and the move's begun, I trust we shall meet when all is done. So when near Caius you're set on the shelf, Tell him I hope to be there myself, And say that the thing which I doubt the least on Is our coming together again at Easton "."

April 17, 1838.

WILLIAM WHEWELL.

^{*} Easton Lodge, the seat of Viscount Maynard, the proprietor of Bartlow Hills.

The Last of the Bartlovians.

Nobles and captains and colonels bold,

Together were met their Easter to hold;

Dames soft of speech and gentle of eye,

And learned clerks right grave and shy.

They dug them a hole in the lofty mound;

Things strange and ancient there they found.

They rusht to the Bartlow priest's a déjune,

And his fowls and his pasties vanisht soon.

Then back to the Baron's bower b they hied,

And they talkt of their doings with mirth and pride;

And when their various tale was said,

Above and below each sought his bed.

And just as the first deep sleep came on,
The clock in the turret struck loudly One,
And an iron foot was heard to go
In that gallery long, right heavy and slow;
Whether hither or thither no man could declare,
Or if upward or downward it marcht the stair;

But it seemed to approach to every door,
And beneath it creaked the chamber floor;
And each at his own bed-foot with awe
The last of the Bartlow Romans saw.
They knew him well by his toga's fall,
By his bloodless face, and his stature tall;
And his eye was full of reproach and pain,
And his voice was strange, but piercing and plain;
And each lady and lord on whose ear it fell,
Though Latin it was, understood it well;
And felt the bitter words as they rose,
And hid their heads in the folded clothes.

"Lady "! who have restless been,
Me disturbing and my kin;
Urging men to tease us thus,
Till you had seen the last of us;
I'm the last, and I'm before ye,
But think not this ends the story!
Every Easter-Tuesday—mark—
You shall hear me in the dark.

"Noble lord and lady fair d! We were your peculiar care;

[·] Lady Braybrooke.

d Viscount and Viscountess Maynard.

All my friends—methinks I see 'em—
Lie in rows in your museum.
You believed, when you were told,
Roman soldiers, blunt and bold,
Honour great alike would get
In the field and cabinet.

But you'll soon discover, as I have a notion,

That we are not pleased with our promotion;

And from Easton's shelves you'll a groaning catch,

At the dark still hour of the midnight watch.

"And you, Henricus and Carolus Neville,
Who took such delight in a deed so evil,
Is it not enough that our tongue you spoil,
But you dig our bones from the quiet soil?
Be sure that when next you attempt your verse
You shall feel the Bartlovian Roman's curse.
We will muddle your heads and will spoil your sport,
And your shorts shall be long, and your longs shall be short;

And when you go back to Eton you'll get What a Roman citizen never had yet.

"And Poet e! you who looked calmly on While this vile prosaic deed was done;

Rev. H. H. Milman.

And Lady!! you who stood smiling by—
Who have made his life to be poetry—
How could you see, I should like to know,
An old acquaintance treated so?
For you might have known, and have told it them,
That I fought at the siege of Jerusalem.
So the last of the Romans shall haunt you still,
Till you write your remorse with a poet's quill.

"Professors g, who deal in stocks and stones,
Who dig in ditches and grub for bones,
'Tis your wretched trade to do as you do,
And I never expected aught better of you.
But you Commanders h by land and by sea,
Had you no feeling for men like me?
How could you see, as a soldier, I crave,
Such insult done to a soldier's grave?

"But thou', main cause of all this ill,
Persecutor of dead men still!
With pen and with pickaxe, as if in spite,
Bringing ancient heroes to modern light!

f Mrs. Milman. An allusion to an expression used by Mr. Milman in the dedication of his poems.

⁸ Professors Whewell, Sedgwick, and Henslow.

h Col. Berkeley Drummond; Capt. Hon. John Gordon, R.N.; Capt. Hon. W. H. Percy, R.N.; Capt. Bowles, R.N.

i J. Gage Rokewode, Esq., F.S.A.

Shewing, in printed and painted pages,
Their sayings and doings to distant ages;
Ever busy to all to expose
Their houses and temples, their arms and clothes!
Antiquary! since nought can move thee,
See this sword which I wave above thee!
Less were the shame and less the sin
Hadst thou of equestrian order been;
So lie thou there five hours in a fright,
And rise in the morning a Barrow-knight."

April 22, 1840.

Augarum Bartlovianarum Epilogus.

"Etiam periere ruinæ."

"On ancient ruins newer ruin comes,
And the tombs' tenants find yet other tombs;
Those poor remains no longer now remain;
The end is ended: NOUGHT is there again."

YE who have seen, as former times went by,
Those old Bartlovian Hills with wondering eye,
Wrapt in the darkest gloom of days of yore,
And darker still with antiquarian lore;
And ye, too, who have seen in later day
That night of ages gradual rolled away,
When, one by one, those old Bartlovian men
Were dragged from long repose to light again,
Will not the strain a shade of darkness cast
That brings to you the story of the last?

Yet not unmarkt by portents strange and high Broke the last seal of that old mystery; Nor did that wondrous ending pass unsung. Here take the lyre's last notes—for ever now unstrung.

WILLIAM WHEWELL.

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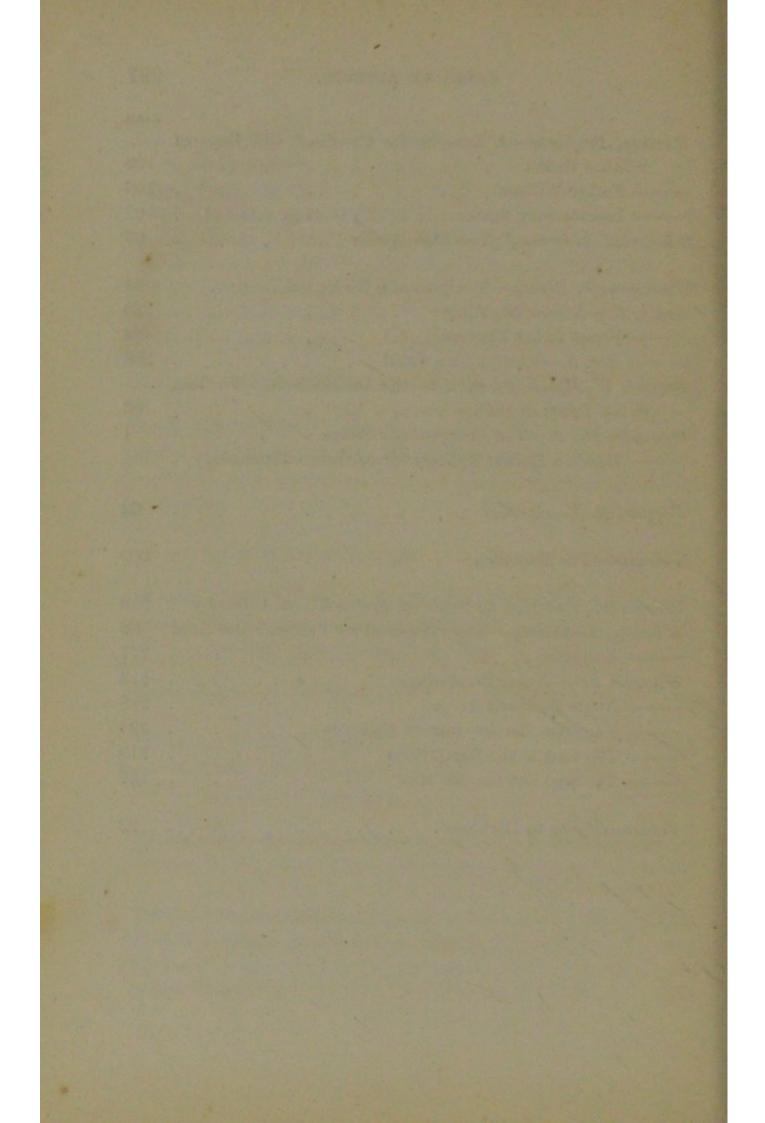
INDEX OF AUTHORS.

					PAGE
Akenside-Hymn to Science					19
Anonymous-On Lord Penryn's Slate Quarrie	es				117
— Coal Measures					127
Darwin on Species					139
- First verse of a Ditty in opposition	to "	Fate	of	the	
Dodo"					161
			*		167
On the Magneto-Electric Telegraph					197
Astronomer's Drinking Song, The			1		179
B.—Zermatt Churchyard					30
Bakewell, J Physical Geography, or Simon	Glu	m's 1	Nose	1 3	95
- Granitogony, or the Birth of Granite				1	96
Best, E On the Origin of Lakes			-	1	111
Blackie, Professor-Hymn to Helios .					5
—— The Boulder			1000		74
- The Metamorphosis of Plants .					52
Conybeare, Dean-On the Hyænas' Den at	Ki	rkdal	e, n	ear	
Kirby Moorside, in Yorkshire, discovered	A.D	. 182	1		92
Rev. J Epitaph on Professor Buckla	ind				80
WOde to a Professor's Hammer					78
Cowley, A.—Hymn to Light					20
Daubeny, Dr.—Programme of a Lecture on Ec	onoi	nical	Cool	cerv	201
Translation of Part of the Opening Sp				0.00	
Tragedy of "Faust"			-		33
— Verses on a Cat	1				151
				The state of the s	AND PROPERTY.

						PAGE
Duncan, P. B A Dialogue						
a Rocky Boulder						90
—— Faults and Slips						121
— On a Quarry						69
- On the Woman in Pavila	nd Cav	ern .				122
Picture of the Comforts					s in	
C.C.C., Oxford						81
The Bradypus, or Sloth						153
— The Last Hyæna .						119
Evanson, Dr.—Shooting Stars, o	r the F	all of	Meteo	ors .		40
Field-On the New Chemical No	mencla	ture a	nd No	otation	1 .	192
Forbes, Professor E A Natural						175
CI 351 .						186
—— The Dredging Song .						165
- The Fate of the Dodo						158
The Jolly Young Trilobit						99
Herschel, Sir J.—Birds and Beas	to. A	Danal	·+:	- T-	-	100
—— The Herschelian Telescop	Con-	nevon	попа	ry 1a	le .	162
H L.—The Right Man in the P	:-LA DI					37
H. L.—The Right Man in the R	ignt Pi	ace .				173
Jukes, Professor-Old King Coa	1.					114
Maclagan, DrA Doleful Diete	tical D	itty .				204
- Liebig's Physiological Ch	emistry					189
—— The Battle o' Glen Tilt						129
Neares Land The Origin as S.						
Neaves, Lord—The Origin of Spe						146
Newton, T. W.—The Valley of the	ne Somi	me .				102
Parnell—The Book-Worm .			000	19/4		209
Powell, Professor B Art versu.						194
" Punch," from-Elegy on the P	orpoise					142
Ozone.	1	7			913	108

INDEX OF AUTHORS.

				PAGE
Ramsay, Professor-A Lament for the Go	od Old	Days	of	
William Smith				109
Father William				106
Introductory Sentence in Lyell's Geo				67
"Rejected Addresses," from the-Atoms				65
Shuttleworth, Bishop-Specimen of a Geolog	ical Leo	ture		84
Smith, HA New Nightmare				123
— Hymn to the Flowers				58
Rev. S.—Receipt for a Salad .				208
Smythe, W. H A Farewell to the Double	Star 7	Virgi	nis,	
at the Epoch of 1858				42
Symonds, Dr. A The Philosopher's Psalm				1
Here's a Modest Apology for Anthro	po-Pith	ecolog	у .	141
Tupper, M. F.—Beetles				62
Vaisseau—The Mastodon				100
Warburton, R How to Settle an Archæolo	gical D	ifficult	у.	212
Whately, Archbishop-Elegy intended for P	rofessor	Buckl	and	88
—— Australia				177
Whewell, DrNugæ Bartlovianæ .				213
Nugæ Bartlovianæ				216
Nugarum Bartlovianarum Epilogus				224
				219
The Seal and the Sea Mew .				157
Yalden-Hymn to Darkness				26



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BY THE LATE

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