A cry of idiot glee,
Answered and heightened by the shout
Of the fierce soldiery.

'Twas childhood's voice—but ah! how wild,
How demon like its swell!
The mother shrieked to hear her child
Give forth that soulless yell!
And fathers wrung their fettered hands,
Beneath this maddening wo,
Whilst shouted out those infant bands,
The chorus of the foe!

And curses low and deep were said,
Whose murmurs reached to heaven;
And sighs were heav'd, and tears were shed,
And women's hearts were riven;
While, all forgetful of their woes,
The children onward trod,
And sang—and their young voices rose
A vengeance cry to God!

MISS PARDOE.

We should preface our extract from William Howitt by stating, that the passage we select is one descriptive of the Christian hermit—we must not call him priest—and his abode. He is the hero of the tale.

'In a wild glen of Sweden, at the foot of stupendous mountains, might be found the hut of one of these meritorious fathers of Northern Christianity. In the short summer of the country it was a delightful situation. The little picturesque tenement stood in a small green meadow, in which the wild grass and a thousand beautiful flowers showed themselves. On each hand, wild, rocky, and precipitous mountains arose, stretching away to a great height and distance, darkening here and there with forests of pine. Down these hills, various little torrents were dashed, and ran in swift streams past the hut on both sides; leaving it, in fact on a sort of little island. The glen closed not far northward of it; and to the south lay the prospect of a considerable plain. Amongst the mountains dwelt foresters and miners, to whom the excellent Anokar devoted his labors. In winter it was an awful abode. For many months the mountain torrents were chained up by frost; the rivers that ran on either hand, were frozen hard as the rocks themselves; and snows fell and drifted into the glen, in such quantities, that the Christian father's hut was some times buried in them, and he was often cut off from all communication with his fellow men. The wolves and bears that abounded in those mountains came by day and night in ravenous troops, snuffing and howling around, even climbing upon its roof and endeavoring to tear their way into it. The only defence the good old man had, was in two large dogs, who shared his little hearth, and whose deep growling seemed to check their savage assailants, whenever they were on the point of succeeding in their efforts. But his chief reliance was on the Power who had led him him to this desolate land, and who, he believed, had much for him to do in it. So winter, after winter, here he still maintained his abode. Around him all the voices of darkness and tempests raged, or wailed in a hundred melancholy or furious tones; and one mighty pine, which hung its black foliage above his little dwelling, gave to the passing element such a music of sadness or stormy power—such sighings and deep lamentings, and hoarse, ocean-like roars—as were enough to sink a heart less divinely fortified.

* * * * * *

If we could have looked in upon him in a certain night of December, in his seventieth year, we should have found his heart burning brightly with its fire of pine branches; his two large shaggy dogs stretched before it, with their noses between their fore paws, and their eyes fixed on the blaze as steadily as if they were in some deep reverie of thought. Above them sat, on a short stake driven into the wall, a huge glossy raven, who, holding his head first one side and then on the other contemplated the dogs as with a mischievous design; then dropped down between them, pulled their ears or their long shaggy hair with his great black head: hopped upon their heads and looked into their faces, while they stirred not a limb; and then, stalkin round the room, flew upon his master's table, and after sitting some time opposite him with a deep gravity, flew up again to his perch. We should have seen the venerable Anokar, wrapped in his bear skin robe, seated at his little table, with the lamp burning before him, and his eyes intently fixed on his scroll."

We take up *Friendship's Offering*, and gaze, but scarcely with admiration, at its richly stamped sides and its profusely gilded back. The one is too crowded, the other too fine, to suit our bibliographical taste; and the stamped design, moreover, should, like some of the elaborate earlier specimens of the binder's art, have been emblematical of the volume. On turning to the Prefatory Sonnet, we see that the editor, more prudent than some of his brethren, has spoken not to the age of his work, but only of his gratitude and the public favour. On looking further, we are enabled to pronounce, after careful examination, that the literature is likely to be the most popular of the Annuals. It has not, the *body* of the *Amulet*; nor has it any papers that can compare with 'Arasmanes' or 'Ellen Ray' (although 'My First Love,' by Ritchie, and 'Stephano the Albanian,' the last struck off in a dashing and reckless style, well adapted to the subject, are superior articles;) but its contents are varied, and well calculated to please the fair recipients, whose taste should be the first consideration. We have little room left for extract. The editor of these pretty toys occasionally bring their articles from afar; and we quote.

A CANADIAN SONG.

'Tis merry to hear at evening time,
By the blazing hearth, the sleigh bells chime;
And to know each bound of the steed brings nigher
The friend for whom we have heaped the fire.
Light leap our hearts, while the listening hound
Springs forth to hail him with bark and bound.

'Tis he! and blithely they gay bells sound,
As his sleigh glides over the frozen ground;
Hark! he has passed the dark pine wood,
And skims like a bird o'er the ice bound flood;
Now he catches the gleam from the cabin door,
Which tells that his toilsome journey's o'er.

Our cabin is small, and coarse our cheer,
But love has spread the banquet here;
And childhood springs to be caressed
By our well beloved and welcome guest;
With a smiling brow his tale he tells,
While the urchins ring the merry sleigh bells.

From the cedar swamp the gaunt wolves howl,
From the hollow oak loud whoops the owl,
Scared by the crash of the falling tree;
But these sounds bring terror no more to me;
No longer I listen with boding fear,
The sleigh bell's distant chime to hear.

MRS. MOODIE.

Description of the Manner in which the Planets move round the Sun.

IF there be a wide shallow round basin of smooth marble, and if we take a smooth ball, as a billiard ball or a marble pellet, and throw it along the surface of the inside of the basin, the ball will generally make many revolutions round the inside of the bowl, gradually tending to the bottom in its motion. The gradual diminution of the motion, and consequent tendency of the ball to the bottom of the bowl, arises from the friction; and in order to make the motion correspond to that which takes place through the action of a central force, we must suppose this friction to be got rid of. In that case, the ball once set a going, would go round the basin for ever, describing either a circle, or various kinds of ovals, according the way in which it was originally thrown; whether quickly or slowly, and whether more or less obliquely along the surface. Such a motion would be capable of the same kind of variety, and the same sort of adjustments, as the motion of a body revolving by a larger one by means of a central force. Perhaps the reader may understand what kind of adjustments these are, by supposing such a bowl and ball to be used for a game of skill. If the object of the players be to throw the pellet along the surface of the basin, so that after describing its curved path it shall pass through a small hole in a barrier at some distance from the starting point, it will easily be understood that some nicety in the regulation of the force and direction with which the ball is thrown will be neces sary for success. In order to obtain a better image of the solar system, we must suppose the basin to be very large and the pellet very small. And it will easily be understood that as many pellets as there are planets might run round the bowl at the same time with different velocities. Such a contrivance might form a *panetarium* in which the mimic planets would be regulated by the laws of motion as the real planets are; instead of being carried by wires and wheels, as is done in such machines of the common construction; and in this planetarium the tendency of the planets to the sun is replaced by the tendency of the representative pellets to run down the slope of the bowl.—*Whewell's Bridgewater Treatise.*

LACONICS NOT TO BE FOUND IN "LACON."—It has been remarked, that 'Length is not strength." A cable a yard long will bear as many tons as the single strings of which it is composed will ounces, though they will stretch a thousand times as far. Many trifles collected together are of considerable importance: very rare and noble buildings are composed of single bricks.—Those who purchase articles they do not want are, afterwards, frequently unable to buy what they really need.—Such as have virtue always in their mouth, and neglect it in practice, are like a harp, which emits a sound pleasing to others, while itself is insensible of the music.

A TROPICAL SUN.—An Englishman cannot understand a tropical sun; the dog-days of our temperate isle would be refreshing moments to the toasting, stewing, enervating hours of an African purgatory; frequently, no breath of air sweeps over the waters to cool your parched skin, or else it comes like "blasts from hell," and you inhale air that almost burns the lungs, so hot and arid is it. With night come the tempting but too fatal dews, and a refreshing breeze:

"The morrow comes, when they are not for thee!"

—*Service Afloat.*

THE WISDOM OF GOD, AS DISPLAYED IN THE FORMATION OF WATER.

THE *solvent powers* of water are very various and extensive. With the exception of a very few earths and some metals, almost every thing terrestrial is soluble in water. In the springs and rivers, therefore, we find traces of numerous substances usually solid. Lime, magnesia, oxides, and salts of metals, soda, potash, muriatic, sulphuric, carbonic, acids, animal and vegetable products, and a great variety of simple and compounded gases. Besides the solvent property, water has, from its *peculiar specific gravity*, the power of holding in mere mechanical suspension, the parts of soil of most fertelizing efficacy. By means of these properties this wonderful liquid is able to bring up from the deep recesses of the earth, and down from the inaccessible hills, the ruins of rocks and soils, to enrich the surface, and to extend agricultural districts. By imbibing, too, the most active constituents of the atmosphere, which it does in a peculiarly high degree, water carries carbonic acid and oxygen to the roots of vegetables, and thus contributes to the improvement of the nutritious qualities of the soil.

Next to Oxygen the most important substance, held in solution in water, is common salt (chloride of Sodium;) and of all solids, common salt is most potent in lowering the freezing temperature of water. It is undoubtedly for this reason among others, that the great deep is filled with salt; for the many evils to ensue from a frozen ocean are obvious. It is certain that fresh water seas near the poles of the earth would become entirely solid, the frozen masses would extend by degrees towards the south, and it is far from demonstrable that the very equatorial regions would not become submissive to the sway of a perpetual winter. But there is one very important reason for the saltness of the ocean, which has been commonly overlooked. You know that the gas, called Carbonic acid or fixed air, is one of the constituents of the atmosphere, which has, as such, a variety of uses You also know that fresh water absorbs its own volume or measure of this gas, and that for that reason carbonic acid is proportionably less near to the surface of the earth than in higher regions. If in addition to the absorbing power of lakes, rivers, and spongy soils, the ocean were to act on carbonic acid with its vastly extended surface, there would be soon perceived a great deficiency of this gas—which is the food of plants, the enlivener of water, the neutralizer of lime and of the oxides. But brine, or water holding salts in solution, does not readily absorb carbonic acid, even when the gas is pure, much less will it abstract it from the vast disproportion of common air with which it is commingled. Nay more, from some experiments I have recently made, I am entitled to believe that when the fresh waters, charged with carbonic acid and oxygen, roll their enriching streams to the ocean, the briny floods compel them to disgorge the portion of these gaseous treasures which had escaped the resperatory organs of the fishes and the absorbent vessels of aquatic plants. Thus the ocean restores to the atmosphere what had been taken from it by the streams; and the air, impoverished by the lakes and rivers, becomes again enriched by the bounty of the ocean.

Salt is an indispensable article of food, as necessary to life as air or water. Its universal distribution is due to the water of the ocean, which brings it from the deep recesses of the earth, to the shores of every land. Water is the only known liquid capable of so diffusing it, for in pure alcohol, or ether, or mercury, it is totally insoluble.

Salt water has but little power of penetrating into the minute interstices of bodies, so that any thing of a fine porous texture remains in it unchanged for a long time, and as the gases are not, at least in large proportion, present in brine, salt water is eminently preservative. It acts feebly itself, and does not convey destructive agents, hence seeds of plants float over the ocean, thousands of miles to the islands which adorn its face, and there meeting with soil and fresh water, beautify and improve the country of their adoption. In a fresh water ocean they would germinate, rot and perish long before such a voyage could be completed.

For the same reason salt water does not readily sink into the porous earth of the sides and bottoms of the great oceans. The unfathomable depth of the sea, and the consequent vastness of the pressure on its bottom, would, but for its saltness, force the water far and wide into the recesses of the earth, and withdraw a large portion of it from its present situation. At the same time, if salt water were as penetrant as fresh water, there would be scarcely a spring but of brine, scarcely a fountain