

favorite with her, and her own inclinations assisting, she had nothing to oppose to the lady's proposal of her residing with her as companion. "Your having milked the cows, and all that sort of rural thing," said Lady Lucy, only makes you more interesting and Arcadian, and it has not made your hands red at all: your cheeks being so blooming is quite in character; you are exactly the very thing I have been dreaming of for years."

"And so have I," said her son, mentally; but I wish she hadn't been so rustic, either. However, it can't be helped; she will soon surpass any fine lady in London."

Sir Lionel was not deceived: he went back to college, and Lady Lucy left Derbyshire, carrying her pretty companion with her, for her mother could not oppose the good fortune which deprived her of her two eldest children.

British Magazines for March.

Blackwood's Magazine.

ETHIOPIA.

[The first article in this periodical, is a very masterly review of a Work by Major Harris.

This gentleman was despatched by the East India Company, in 1841, on a mission to the King of Shoa, in Southern Abyssinia, Africa. The article is too long for our pages, but we give below some extracts, which will be found highly interesting.]

From the various circumstances of our day, the impression is powerfully made upon intelligent men in Europe, that some extraordinary change is about to take place in the general condition of mankind. A new ardour of human intercourse seems to be spreading through all nations. Europe has laid aside her perpetual wars, and seems to be assuming a habit of peace. Even France, hitherto the most belligerent of European nations, is evidently abandoning the passion for conquest, and beginning to exert her fine powers in the cultivation of commerce. All the nations of Europe are either following her example, or sending out colonies of greater or less magnitude, to fill the wild portions of the world. Regions hitherto utterly neglected, and even scarcely known, are becoming objects of enlightened regard; and mankind, in every quarter, is approaching with greater or less speed, to that combined interest and mutual intercourse, which are the first steps to the true possession of the globe.

But, we say it with the gratification of Englishmen, proud of their country's fame, and still prouder of its principles—that the lead in this noblest of all human victories, has been clearly taken by England. It is she who pre-eminently stimulates the voyage, and plants the colony, and establishes the commerce, and civilizes the people. And all this has been done in a manner so little due to popular caprice or national ambition, to the mere will of a sovereign, or the popular thirst of possession, that it invests the whole process with a sense of unequalled security. Resembling the work of nature in the simplicity of its growth, it will probably also resemble the work of nature in the permanence of its existence. It is not an exotic, fixed in an unsuitable soil by a capricious planting; but a seed self sown, nurtured by the common air and dews, assimilated to the climate, and striking its roots deep in the ground, which it has thus, by its own instincts, chosen. The necessities of British commerce, the urgency of English protection, and the overflow of British population, have been the great acting causes of our national efforts; and as these are causes which regulate themselves, their results are as regular and unshaken, as they are natural and extensive. But England has also had a higher motive. She has unquestionably mingled a spirit of benevolence largely with her general exertions. She has laboured to communicate freedom, law, a feeling of property, and a consciousness of the moral debt due by man to the Great Disposer of all, wherever she has had the power in her hands. No people have ever been the worse for her, and all have been the better, in proportion to their following her example. Wherever she goes, oppression decays, the safety of person and property begins to be felt, the sword is sheathed, the pen and the ploughshare commence alike to reclaim the mental and the physical soil, and civilization comes, like the dawn, however slowly advancing, to prepare the heart of the barbarian for the burst of light, in the rising of Christianity upon his eyes.

The formation of a new route between India and Europe by the Red Sea—a route, though well known to the ancient world, yet wholly incapable of adoption by any but an Arab horseman, from the perpetual tumults of the country—compelled England to look for a resting place and depot for steamships at the mouth of the Red Sea. Aden, a desolated port, was the spot fixed on; and the steam vessels touching there were enabled to prepare themselves for the continuance of their voyage. We shall subsequently see how strikingly British protection has changed the desolation of this corner of the Arab wilderness, how extensively it has become a place of commerce, and how effectually it will yet furnish the means of increasing our knowledge of the interior of the great Arabian peninsula.

It is remarkable that Africa, one of the largest and most fertile portions of the globe, remains one of the least known. Furnishing materials of commerce which have been objects of universal desire since the deluge—gold, gems, ivory, fragrant gums, and spices—it has still remained almost untraversed by the European foot, except along its coast. It has been circumnavigated by the ships of every European nation, its slave-trade has divided its pro-

fits and its pollutions among the chief nations of the eastern and western worlds; and yet, to this hour, there are regions of Africa, probably amounting to half its bulk, and possessing kingdoms of the size of France and Spain, of which Europe has no more heard than of the kingdoms of the planet Jupiter. The extent of Africa is enormous:—5000 miles in length, 4600 in breadth, it forms nearly a square of 13, 430,000 square miles! the chief part solid ground; for we know of no Mediterranean to break its continuity—no mighty reservoir for the waters of its hills—and scarcely more than the Niger and the Nile for the means of penetrating any large portion of this huge continent.

The population naturally divides itself into two portions, disconnected with the character of its surface—the countries to the north and the south of the mountains of Kong and the Jebel al Komr. To the north of this line of demarcation, are the kingdoms of the foreign conquerors, who have driven the original natives to the mountains, or have subjected them as slaves. This is the Mahometan land. To the south of this line dwells the Negro, in a region a large portion of which is too fiery for European life. This is Central Africa; distinguished from all the earth by the unspeakable mixture of squalidness and magnificence, simplicity of life yet fury of passion, savage ignorance of its religious notions, yet fearful worship of evil powers, its homage to magic, and desperate belief in spells, incantations, and the fetish. The configuration of the country, so far as it can be conjectured, assists this primeval barbarism. Divided by natural barriers of hill, chasm, or river, into isolated states, they act under a general impulse of hostility and disunion. To the south of this vast region lies a third—the land of the Kaffir, occupying the eastern coast, and, with the Betjouana and the Hottentot, forming the population of the most promising portion of the continent. But here another and more enterprising race have fixed themselves; and the great English colony of the Cape, with its dependent settlements, has begun the first real conquest of African barbarism. Whether Aden may not act on the opposite coasts of the Red Sea, and Abyssinia become once more a Christian land; or whether even some impulse may not divinely come from Africa itself, are questions belonging to the future. But there can scarcely be a doubt, that the existence of a great English viceroyalty, in the most prominent position of South Africa, the advantages of its government, the intelligence of its people, their advancement in the arts essential to comfort, and the interest of their protection, their industry, and their example, must, year by year, operate in awaking even the negro to a feeling of his own powers, of the enjoyment of his natural faculties, and of that rivalry which stimulates the skill of man to perfection.

The name of Africa, which, in the Punic tongue, signifies "ears of corn," was originally applied only to the northern portion, lying between the Great Desert and the shore, and now held by the pashalics of Tunis and Tripoli. They were then the granary of Rome. The name Lybia was derived from the Hebrew *Leb*, (heat,) and was sometimes partially extended to the continent, but was geographically limited to the provinces between the Great Syrtis and Egypt—the name Ethiopia is evidently Greek, (burning, or black, visage).

On the afternoon of a sultry day in April, Major Harris, with his gallant and scientific associates, embarked on board the East India Company's steam ship *Auckland*, in the harbour of Bombay, on their voyage to the kingdom of Shoa in Southern Abyssinia, in the year 1841. The steam frigate pursued her way prosperously through the waters, and on the ninth day was within sight of Cape Aden, after a voyage of 1680 miles. The Cape, named by the natives, *Jebel Shemsban*, rises nearly 1800 feet above the ocean, is frequently capped with clouds, a wild and fissured mass of rock, and evidently intended by nature for one of those great beacons which announce the approach to an inland sea. On rounding the cape, the British eye was delighted with the sight of the Red Sea squadron, riding at anchor within the noble bay. The arrival of the frigate also caused a sensation on the shore; and Major Harris happily describes the feelings with which a new arrival is hailed by the British garrison on that dreary spot, their only excitement being the periodical visits of the packets between Suez and Bombay. In the dead of the night a blue light shoots up in the offing. It is answered by the illumination of the block ship, then the thunder of her guns is heard, then, as she nears the shore, the flapping of her paddles is heard through the silence, then the spectral lantern appears at the mast head, and then she rushes to her anchorage, leaving in her wake a long phosphoric train.

Wherever England drops an anchor, a new scene of existence has begun. At Aden, the supply of coals for the steam ships has introduced a new trade: gangs of brawny Seedies, negroes from the Zanzibar coast, but fortunately enfranchised, make a livelihood by transferring the coal from the depots on shore to the steamers. Though the most unmusical race in the world, they can do nothing without music, but it is music of their own—a tambourine beaten with the thigh bone of a calf; but their giant frames go through prodigious labour, carry immense sacks; and drink prodigious draughts to wash the coal dust down. Such is the furious excitement with which they rush into this repulsive operation, that Major Harris thinks that for every hundred tons of coal thus embarked, at least one life is sacrificed; those strong savages, at once inflamed by drink, and overcome with toil, throwing themselves down on the dust or the sand, to rise no more. This shows the advantage of English philosophy: our coal heavers

on the Thames toil as much, are nearly as naked, most as black, and probably drink more; but we never hear of their dying in a fit of rapture in the embrace of a coal sack. When the day is done, drunk or sober, washed or unwashed, they go home to their wives, sleep untroubled by the cares of kings, and return to fresh dust, drink, and dirt, next morning.

The coast of Arabia has no claims to the picturesque: all its charms, like those of the oyster, lie within the roughest of possible shells. Its first aspect resembles heaps of the cinders of a glass house—a building whose heat seems to be fully realised by the temperature of this fearful place. England has a resident there, Captain Haynes, named as political agent.

That any human being, who could exist in any other place, would remain in Aden, is one of the wonders of human nature. An officer, of course, must go wherever he is sent; but such is the innate love for a post, that if this gallant and intelligent person were roasted to death, as might happen in one of the coolest days of the Ethiopian summer, there would be a thousand applications before a month was over, to the Foreign Office, for the honour of being carbonaded on the rocks of Aden.

The promontory has all the marks of volcanic eruption, and is actually recorded, by an Arab historian of the tenth century, to have been thrown up about that period. "Its sound, like the rumbling of thunder, might then be heard many miles, and from its entrails vomited forth red hot stones, with a flood of liquid fire." The crater of the extinguished volcano is still visible, though shattered and powdered down by the tread under which Alps and Apennines themselves crumble away—that of time. The only point on which we are sceptical is the late origin of the promontory.

Nothing beyond a sand hill or a heap of ashes has been produced on the face of nature since the memory of man. That a rock, or rather a mountain chain, with a peak of 1800 feet high, should have been produced at any time within the last four thousand years, altogether tasks our credulity. The powers of nature are now otherwise employed than in rough hewing the surface of the globe. She has been long since, like the sculptor, employed in polishing and finishing—the features were hewn out long ago. Her master hand has ever since been employed in smoothing them.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

SONGS OF THE FLOWERS.

SNOW-DROP.

Nursling of the new-born year,
Sporting with the tempest's might,
Like the snow-flake I appear,
Robed in winter's vestal.

CROCUS.

Forth from my bulbous dwelling
I leapt at the summons of spring,
What herald of emperors' telling
So gorgeous a bard could bring!

SWEET VIOLET.

Born on a slooping bank, 'neath an old heat-horn tree,
I shrank from the passing gaze, like a maiden timidly,
Till the wooing winds of March came whispering such a tale,
That I op'd my balmy stores to enrich their healthful gale.

PRIMROSE.

Near to a prattling stream,
Or under the hedgerow trees,
I bask in the sun's glad beam,
And list to the passing breeze.

When the village school is o'er,
And the happy children free,
Gladly they seek to explore
Haunts that are perfum'd by me.

HEATH.

Where the wild bee comes with a murmuring song,
Pilfering sweets as he roams along,
I reap my purple bell:
Listening the free-born eagles cry,
Marking the heathcock's glancing eye,
On the mountain side I dwell.

The echoes yet the notes prolong,
When one, who oft o'er hill and dell
Had sought the spots where flowrets dwell,
And knew their names and functions well,
And could of all their changes tell,
Thus answered to their song:

"Loveliest children of earth,
Of more than each rainbow hue,
Of beauty coeval with birth,
And fragrance found only in you!

"Oh! that like you I could live,
Free from all malice and strife,
That each thought and each pulse I could give
To the bountiful Giver of Life.

"Until earth shall wax old and decay,
You shall ever triumphantly shine,
And on leaf and on petal display
The work of an Artist Divine."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

From an article in this periodical, entitled "Damas in his Carriole," we take the following article, descriptive of the

CLIMATE OF NAPLES.

At midnight, when we returned to Naples, the weather was perfect, the sky cloudless, the sea without a ripple. At three o'clock in the morning I was awakened by the windows of

my room bursting open, their eighteen panes of glass falling upon the floor with a frightful clatter. I jumped out of bed, and felt that the house was shaking. I thought of Pliny the Elder, and having no desire for a similar fate, I hastily pulled on my clothes and hurried out into the corridor. My first impulse had apparently been that of all the inmates of the hotel who were all standing, more or less dressed, at the doors of their apartments; amongst others, Jadin, who made his appearance with a phosphorous box in his hand, and his dog Millard a his heels. "What a terrible draught in the house!" said he to me. This same draught, as he called it, had just carried off the roof of the Prince of San Feodoro's palace including the garrets and several servants who were sleeping in them.

My first thought had been of an eruption of Vesuvius, but there was no such luck for us; it was merely a hurricane. A hurricane at Naples, however, is rather different from the same thing in any other European country.

Out of the seventy windows of the hotel, three only had escaped damage. The ceilings of seven or eight rooms were rent across. There was a crack extending from top to bottom of the house. Eight shutters had been carried away, and the servants were running down the street after them, just as one runs after one's hat on a windy day. The broken glass was swept away; as for sending for glaziers to mend the windows, it was out of the question. At Naples nobody thinks of disturbing himself at three in the morning. Besides, even had new panes been put in, they would soon have shared the fate of the old ones. We were obliged, therefore, to manage as well as we could with the shutters. I was tolerably lucky, for I had only lost one of mine. I went to bed again, and tried to sleep; but a storm of thunder and lightning soon rendered that impossible, and I took refuge on the ground floor, where the wind had done less damage. Then began one of those storms of which we have no idea in the more northern parts of Europe. It was accompanied by a deluge such as I had never witnessed, except perhaps in Calabria. In an instant the Villa Reale appeared to be part of the sea; the water came up to the windows of the ground floor, and flooded the parlours. A minute afterwards, the servants came to tell M. Zill that his cellars were full, and his casks of wine floating about and staving one another. Presently we saw a jackass laden with vegetables come swimming down the street, carried along by the current. He was swept away into a large open drain, and disappeared. The peasant who owned him and who had also been carried away, only saved himself from a like fate by clinging to a lamppost. In one hour there fell more water than there falls in Paris during the two wettest months in the year.

The hours after the cessation of the rain, the water had disappeared, and I then perceived the use of this kind of deluge. The streets were clean; which they never are in Naples except after a flood of this sort.

Agricultural Journal.

SPRING WORK.

THERE is no season in the year in which energy, activity, and good calculations is more requisite than the present. Animals of all kinds, young and old, and particularly those intended for labor, demand increased care and attention. March is one of the most trying months for animals, as they are, as the saying is, "between hay and grass," and too often the supply of either they can obtain, is barely sufficient to support life. If farmers would consider the much greater quantity of milk a cow will yield in a season that is in good condition in the spring, than one that has "been on lift" through March or April, we are confident there would not be so many skeleton cows on our farms as there now is. If too, they would for one moment reflect that a large part of an animal's power of draft lies in his weight, and that where this is wanting, and the whole is thrown on muscular exertion, the animal must soon give way, they would feel the necessity of having their working stock, horses or cattle at this season, in good heart, their flesh sound and durable; and we should be spared the mortification of seeing so many poor and miserable teams in the field, at a time when all should be life and activity. To work well an animal must be kept well; and the work, in nine cases out of ten will be found best done, where the teams are in the best condition. You might as well expect that an Asiatic team, of a jackass and a woman yoked together, would break up the ground to the proper depth, as that a pair of scarecrow horses or oxen can do it. Never undertake to see on how little food your teams can subsist. No better criterion is needed of the nature of a man's cultivation of his grounds, than is afforded by his animals; and he who starves them, will soon find his land will starve him. At this season of the year sheep require much attention, and will well repay it. Sheep are among our most profitable animals, and on the whole require less care than most others; if the little they demand is given at the present time. Look out for the lambs and the weak ones of the flock, and do not suffer a drove of hardy weathers to pick over and trample upon the fodder, before the ewes and lambs can get a taste.

It is an important point in commencing with work in the spring, that every implement necessary should be at hand, and in first rate condition, when wanted. The good farmer has his house for his farm implements, as well as for himself or his stock, and is careful that all shall be put in their place, as fast as the