

leap back to the call of their kindred, rushing from other bosoms, and to all the beautiful things of creation, as joyous in their more eloquence as she was. Besides, the wicked little Kitty Coleman was always very angry that Aunt Martha should attempt to govern her conduct by the likings of Harry Gay; she would not be dictated to by him even though his opinions received the sanction of her infallible aunt. But the lady made a trifling mistake on the subject matter of his interference. He did not slander her, and always waived the theme of her follies when her Aunt Martha introduced it; indeed, he never was heard to speak of the belle but once—once he swore she had no soul! (the shameless Mohammedan!) a remark which was only five minutes in reaching its object. But Kitty Coleman though shockingly indignant, was not cast down by it. She called Harry Gay more names than he, scholar as he was, could have thought of in a month, and wound up with a remark no less formidable than the one which had excited her ire. And Kitty was right. A pretty judge of soul he, to be sure—a man that never laughed! how on earth can people who go through the world cold and still, like the clouds they tread upon, pretend to know anything about soul?

Harry Gay used to go to Squire Coleman's very often, and sit all the evening and talk with the squire and aunt Martha, while his great, black eye turned slowly in the direction Kitty moved; but Kitty would not look at him, not she. What right had a stranger, and a visitor, too, to make such a very great parade of his disapprobation? If she did not please him, why she pleased others; and that was enough, she would not turn over her finger to gain his good will. So Harry and Kitty never talked together; and when he went away, he bowed to the old people gracefully and easily, but to the young lady he found it difficult to bend at all. Conduct like this provoked Kitty Coleman beyond endurance; and one evening, after the squire and spinster had left her alone, she sat down and in very spite, sobbed away as though her little heart would break. Now it happened that the squire had lent his visitor a book that evening, which, strange enough for such a scholar, he had forgotten to take with him; but Harry remembered it before it was too late, and turned upon his heel. He had gone out but a moment before, and there was no use in ringing, so he stepped at once into the parlour. Poor Kitty sprang to her feet at the intrusion, and crushed with her fingers two tears that were just ready to launch themselves on the roughest or roughest cheek in the world, but she might have done better than blind herself, for her foot touched aunt Martha's fauteuil, and, in consequence, her forehead touched the neck of Rover. It is very awkward to be surprised in the luxurious indulgence of tears at any time, and it is a trifle more awkward still to fall down, and then to be raised by the last person in the world you would receive a favor from. Kitty felt the awkwardness of her situation too much to speak; and of course Harry, enemy as he was, could not release her until he knew whether she was hurt. It was certain she was not faint, for the crimson blood dyed even the tips of her fingers, and Harry's face immediately took the same hue, probably from reflection. Kitty looked down until a golden arc of fringe rested lovingly on its glowing neighbor; and Harry looked down too, but his eye rested on Kitty Coleman's face. It soul and heart are one and the same thing as some metaphysicians tell us, Harry must now have discovered the mistake he once made, for there was a strange commotion beneath the bodice of Kitty Coleman; it rose and fell as nothing but a bounding, throbbing frightened heart, in the wildest tumult of excited feelings, could make it. And then [poor Kitty must have been hurt, and needed support] an arm stole softly round her waist, dark locks mingled with her sunny ones as a warm breath swept over her cheek—and Kitty Coleman hid her face, not in her hands.

Harry forgot his book again that night, and never thought of it until the squire put it into his hand again the next morning; for Harry visited the squire very early the next morning, and had a private interview; and the good old gentleman tapped him on the shoulder and said, 'with all my heart,' and Aunt looked as glad as propriety would let her. As for Kitty Coleman she did not like to show her face, not she—for she knew they were talking about her, the sober old people and meddling Harry Gay. But when the ardent mischief-maker had accomplished his object, and was bounding from the door, there came a great rustling among the rose bushes, inasmuch that a shower of bright blossoms descended from them, and Harry turned a face brimming over with joy to the fragrant thicket and shook down another fragrant shower, in seeking the cause of the disturbance. Now, as ill luck would have it, Kitty Coleman had hidden away from her enemy in this very thicket; and there she was discovered, all confusion, trembling and panting and— I am afraid poor Kitty never quite recovered from the effects of her fall—for the arm of Harry Gay seemed very necessary to her forever after.

SALT.

Let us consider, for a few moments the great blessing which salt has been to mankind—not merely in the zest which it gives to the greatest delicacies and to the coarsest diet; but also from the various wonderful properties which it possesses, and which have caused its application to an extent almost incredible. Its anti-septic properties are such, and it has been so successfully applied to provisions, that meat, butter, and that without it would be

most perishable, are sent to all quarters of the globe, in a state of complete preservation, from its anti-septic and resolvent properties, it is of unspeakable value in medicine, into which it enters largely, and its internal and external use is considerable. It is extensively used in a great variety of manufactures. The farmer also reaps considerable benefit from its use, he now finds that the worms and gnats, so injurious to his crops are quickly destroyed by salt; and that it is the most effectual remedy which can be used to eradicate thistles from the ground; its use as a manure is well ascertained, on the coast of Hindostan and China, who use no other than the sea water, with which they sprinkle their rice fields in the interior, they sprinkle the land before it is tilled with salt, a practice which has always been followed by the most beneficial results. Cattle have been found to thrive so well by salt being mixed with their food, that the salting of hay has become very general.

From the Columbian Magazine.

THE IVY.

Beautiful plant, clasping the ruined tower
That time hath wrecked, and venturing fear-
less up
Into the frosty sky, hast thou a heart
For constant friendship, that thou thus dost
dare
Peril, and storm, and winter's tyranny,
With changeless zeal?

The lonely shaft that falls
From its high place, thou in thy plying arms
Doth wind embracing, its disjointed stones
Knitting with thy strong root-work, like a mesh
Of living nerves.

The brown and gnarled trunk,
Whose heart the worm hath eaten, thou dost
deck
As for its bridal, hiding every seam
And wrinkle with thy brodered drapery.
The broken column, 'mid the desert sands,
Where dim antiquity hath dozed so long,
That slow oblivion stole the date away
Which history asks in vain, thou still dost gird
And cherish, as a tender wife, who loves
Best when all else forsake.

'Twas sweet to sit
Beneath thy shade, and mark thee closely wrap
The castellated domes of the old world;
For though, within, no habitans were found
Save noisome bats, or the grey, boding owl,
Uttering her nightly shriek, yet thou, untried,
Didst do thy pleasant work of charity,
Feeding the glad birds with thy berries aere,
That thickly nestled 'mid thy niches green,
Art thou a Christian, ivy, thus to clothe
The naked, and the broken heart to bind,
And bless the old and cheer the desolate!
A teacher sure thou art, and should'st be ranked
Among the few who by example teach,
Making a text-book of their own strong heart
And blameless life.

And should we linger here,
Till our props fall around us, and each rose
Fades in our grasp, oh! might one friend remain
Fond and unchanged like thee, we scarce
should heed
The touch of wasting time.

And should some stone
Or funeral column chronicle our name,
Root on our grave, and wreath it, reaching
forth

Thy freshly lustrous leaf, and showing all
The young who wander there, how to be true
In love, and pitiful to woe, and kind
To hoary age, and with unwavering heart
Do good to those who render naught again.

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

From Sharp's Magazine.

THE UNKNOWN POWERS OF FROST.

We must place among the mightiest physical agencies in nature, whether we consider the rapidity of its operations, the silence with which it works, or the vast extent over which this conquering power might carry its ravages. It is impossible for us to imagine the surprise of the man who first, when the world was young, beheld a frozen river or sea. Perhaps he had wandered with a few fellow exiles far from the primitive seats of men, and would look, we must suppose, on the waters turned to a solid, as an omen of terrible import. One evening he saw the waves as they had ever been in his view, rippling with perpetual motion on the glittering sands; the next morning all was silent. Perhaps to his astonished mind the thought came that the sea had died and that the voiceless and motionless expanse before him was but its Titanic corpse. He would probably deem so strange an appearance as the beginning of the universal desolation: we have no such apprehension, being acquainted with the operations of frost and informed of its power. But during all the ages of the earth's duration this mighty energy has only put forth half its strength touching as it were the globe with its petrifying finger but never descending with the full force of its iron tread.

In the northern parts of Siberia, Mercury is sometimes frozen, and the frost must there reach a point represented 40 degrees below Zero of Fahrenheit's thermometer. Were such a destructive agent to operate during one of our winters, England would become a desert trees and shrubs perish and the ensuing spring call in vain for the return of flowers and foliage. But there are elements in nature which could produce were they allowed to combine a far more destructive cold than which reduces the liquid quicksilver to a hard block of metal. The present arrangements of the Creator prevent the union of such powers, but Chemists have produced an artificial combi-

nation of natural agents, from which has ensued a cold 19 degrees below zero, and 131 degrees below the freezing point. This fatal degree of cold is caused by union of two parts of sulphuric acid with one of snow. Now both sulphuric acid and snow might be produced from the elements around us, which could therefore make a winter capable of destroying all animal life in a month. A frost equal to 40 degrees below Zero penetrates about two hundred yards the ground; but cold 91 degrees below the same point must pierce to a far greater depth, turning the whole crust of the earth into a frozen mass. The consequences of such a degree of cold on the human body can scarcely be imagined, but some notion may be gained from the fact that no metallic substance can be touched by hand, when the thermometer is 40 degrees below Zero, without producing a burn like that caused by grasping a red hot poker; so strangely similar are the effects of extreme heat and cold. To produce a fearful disorganization in our globe there is but needed some fresh distribution of the acids stored up in nature, but which are kept in their present safe arrangements by the agency of the all-wise God. The cold does, indeed, sometimes increase to the highest point of safety never quite passed this line, being held like the ocean within its appointed limits and exhibiting through many seasons a uniformity which attests the control of some invisible powers. Thus in the severest winters in our latitudes the frost does not penetrate into the earth more than nine or ten inches and rarely to half that depth as may be proved by placing a thermometer in the ground during a sharp frost. The waters of the seas around these islands tend to preserve us from the highest rigours of cold of the temperature of the British channel is even in the winter not below 50 deg., and that of German ocean seldom lower than 42 deg., of Fahrenheit, the vast stratum of air around Great Britain is therefore warmed by the ocean in winter, and thus the cold is continually checked of its intensity.

Let us therefore see in cold the intimations of that Divine power which protects man from those terrible frosts the hidden elements of which are chained in the secret recesses of all liquid and solid substances but so beautifully fitted to other parts of the Great System that they work for our good in a thousand forms.—The thoughtful head may not need such considerations to convince it of the wonderful agencies discovered on all sides but it is wise to place continually before our view those bright confirmations of physical truths which direct our contemplations to objects too often obscured by the passing pomp and vain displays of the world.

MONEY.

Wherever you go you will find a money worshipper, just as you would a Jew in every land. If you listen to the conversation of people as they pass along the street, ten to one they are speaking about money. If you take a trip in a steamer, and overhear the passengers talking upon deck, you are almost sure to find that the subject is money. They cannot even admire a rural scene as they pass it without calculating its value in money. A cockney cannot look at a field of corn, or a piece of marsh land, or an old quarry in a rock but he must tell you how much money he could make out of that *per annum*, if he had the management; as most likely he concludes by saying what a fool the present proprietor is to make so little of it. To make money is the great end and object of every man's life: and with money, and money chiefly or only, is every thing to be done; money to build prisons; money to build schools; money to build churches; money to build washhouses; money to get rid of nuisances; such as church yards in cities, and vaults in churches, which are vested rights that cannot be violated without money equivalent. You must have money to buy justice. The lawyers won't give it you for nothing. If you have no money you must be content with injustice. You must have money to preach the gospel; money to convert the heathen; money to save the souls of men, women, and children, and without they must all go to perdition, for, if there are no churches, we must have all become heathens, and what then? Money is all in all, as King Solomon wisely said, though it might be in his cup:—'A feast is made for laughter, and wine maketh merry, but money answers all things.' You may even get men to mourn for money, like the undertakers, or wailing women in the East, who will howl and yell when your friends die if you only pay them for it.

WHAT A GENTLEMAN MAY DO, AND WHAT HE MAY NOT DO.

He may carry a brace of partridges but not a leg of mutton. He may be seen in the omnibus box in the opera, but not on the box of an omnibus. He may be seen in a stall inside a theatre, but not at a stall outside one. He may dust another person's jacket, but must not brush his own. He may kill a man in a duel, but he mustn't eat peas with his knife. He may thrash a coal-heaver, but he mustn't ask twice for soup. He may pay his debts of honor, but he need not trouble himself about his tradesman's bills. He may drive a stage-coach, but he mustn't take or carry coppers. He may ride a horse as a jockey, but he mustn't exert himself in the least to get a living. He must never forget what he owes to himself as a gentleman, but he need not mind what he owes as a gentleman to his tailor. He may do any thing; for any body, in fact within the range of a gentleman—go through the insolvent Debtor's court, or turn billiard maker; but he must never, on any ac-

count, carry a brown parcel, or appear in the streets without a pair of gloves.

MODERN INVENTIONS.

The strongest witness that the present age has its superiority over the past, is the number and quality of its inventions. The classic Greeks, surrounded by muse-haunted groves and statues of inimitable beauty, had not the simple convenience of a cooking stove; and the luxurious Roman, lounging on the silks of Persia, amid marble baths and orange-scented villas, was forced to burn a floating wick in an open censer of oil, to light, and defile with smoke, his splendid palaces. The spirit-lamp, the safety lamp, the rotary-stove, kitchen-range, and ten thousand appliances which go to make up our labour-saving machine system, and in which there is more usefulness and luxury than in all the purple of Tyre, or gold of Ophir, the haughty old-world conquerors knew nothing about. Their great art was war, and their inventive faculties studied its successful prosecution. The ancients seemed to have contented as base, the labour of relieving the common wants of life, and surrounding all with a portion of the plenty and ease monopolized by a few. We regard nothing as useful or beautiful that cannot be diffused to all. Our luxuries are divided between cabins and palaces, and the mind of our age has descended to study the minute wants of the masses in its inventive struggles. And by this it has destroyed the distinction of classes so odious in the past. Our invention has not practised at the command of a few what could shut it up for themselves. It has thrown itself out to all, furnishing the steps by which many a penniless man has toiled up past the man born to millions. We may not have chiselled the marble equal to Phidias, nor touched the canvass as delicately as Apelles, but we have moulded the marble and granite into far more useful shapes for the time being, and turned our paint brushes to protect and beautify our cottages, of which the ancients never thought. The art may not be so sublimely developed with us, but it is far more practically and well. The mystery of Etruscan vases we unriddle in our commonest potteries, and there is scarce a farmer in the nation who has not more of the means for domestic comfort about him than the old Greek philosopher or the Roman senator enjoyed. It is hardly possible to keep pace with the march of the inventive mind. By artificial processes nature is mocked, and we are presented with fac-similes of almost everything in creation. Just now, we notice that an American has invented a process, by which glass is made to perfectly resemble, and answer all the purposes of marble, and that, too, at 50 per cent less than the cost of the real marble—Centre table, Mosaic floors, grave slabs, monuments, and even statuary as per mould, are the fruits of his process. The quarries of Carrara will yield up no more delicately veined blocks. The sand that lies in the hill side, the open fields, or out on the beach yonder, touched by the inventive genius of our age, become marble. How wonderful is art—and more so invention, which builds the iron horse for the steam spirit, and cross bars the earth with wires, that it may drive the lightnings of heaven on its errands.

I have been in England; I have seen in her great manufacturing cities, the miracles of that activity which covers the whole world with the productions of a petty island in Europe. In the ports of London, of Liverpool, and other places, I have gazed upon those floating isles, those thousands of masts, which bear afar over every sea, the riches and power of the nation. I have admired in Scotland a simple, energetic, and active people, ready to sacrifice everything rather than abandon Christ and his Word. I have been present at the debates of the Parliament of the three kingdoms, and I have admired that eloquence which, not content with words, goes right to the heart of the matter, and impels the nation onward in its great destinies. I have found everywhere, from the lower classes of the people of the stations of nobles and princes, an enthusiastic love of liberty. I have wandered through these halls from which are conveyed to the four quarters of the world Bibles printed in every known language. I have prayed in the churches, and at the religious meetings have been transported by the powerful eloquence of the speakers and the acclamation of the audience. I have found in the families a morality comparatively greater than in other countries, and pious customs both private and public, more generally prevalent. I have been struck with admiration at beholding the people of those islands, encompassing the globe, bearing everywhere civilization and Christianity, commanding in the most distant seas, and filling the earth with the power and the Word of God—*D'Aubigne.*

ARTIFICIAL STONE.

A process has been patented by which artificial stone of any quality may be produced, from artificial granite to statuary marble. This invention is from its cheapness, a great advantage for all the purposes of architectural decoration, and, from its plastic nature before it becomes hard, of great service to sculptors in taking casts of statues, busts, &c., and even of figures of the size of life. The cost is, in all cases where carving is required in stone in which this composition is substituted, less by nine-tenths. The invention is founded on the chemical analysis of the natural varieties. The artificial stone produced is less absorbent than natural stone, and is superior in compactness of texture, and resist frost damp, and the chemical acids. It is made of flint and silicious grit, sand, &c., rendered fluid by