

inhabitants having their attention particularly drawn to them.

Chili, in South America, was visited by a tremendous earthquake in 1822, and again in 1835, and again two years later. The only other convulsion we shall describe in this paper is that of 1835. Mr Darwin was at the time in Chili, experienced the earthquake, and describes it. From his description we take the following very condensed sketch: He was on shore when the first shock was produced. He could stand erect, but experienced a giddy sensation. On this part of the coast little damage was done; but at and near the town of Concepcion the havoc was dreadful. Both this town and its seaport were utterly destroyed; the former by the force of the shock, the latter by a tremendous wave from the ocean. Horsemen, together with their horses, rolled upon the ground; and cattle feeding on the steep mountain-side were tumbled headlong into the sea. Some of the older slates that flank the mountains were curiously splintered; and the coast was, over a large surface, elevated. Not more than one hundred lives were lost, but much property was destroyed. 'After viewing Concepcion,' says Darwin, 'I cannot understand how the inhabitants escaped unhurt. Mr Rouse, the English consul, told us that he was at breakfast when the first movement warned him to run out. He had scarcely reached the middle of the court-yard, when one side of his house came thundering down. He retained presence of mind to remember that if he once got on the top of that part which had already fallen, he would be safe. Not being able from the motion of the ground to stand, he crawled upon his hands and knees; and no sooner had he ascended this little eminence, than the other side of the house fell in, the great beams sweeping close in front of his head. A shock succeeded shock, at the interval of a few minutes, no one dared approach the shattered ruins; and no one knew whether his dearest friends and relations were not perishing for the want of help. Those who had saved any property were obliged to keep a constant watch, for thieves prowled about, and at each little trembling of the ground, with one hand they beat their breasts, and cried, Misericordia! and then with the other filched what they could from the ruins. The thatched roofs fell over the fires, and flames burst forth in all parts. Hundreds knew themselves ruined.'

Such are the terrific consequences produced by earthquakes; and, if they are the cause or occasion of such havoc, to what cause are they themselves to be attributed? From various remarks that have been made in this paper, it will be obvious that the cause or causes of earthquakes are similar if not identical with those of volcanoes. But, whether these consist of matter in a molten state in the bowels of the earth, or of certain gases generated among the strata, or below them, striving to make their escape; or whether water may have a share in the matter, together with these other elements, is a question which we shall not attempt to decide. But though we decline, at the far-end of a paper, to prosecute this interesting and important enquiry, yet we must be permitted to remind the reader that the facts above enumerated show how entirely we are dependent on that Great Being who made all things, and by whom they still exist.

From the London Quarterly Review.
RAILROADS IN ENGLAND.

A good many years ago, one of the toughest and hardest riders that ever crossed Leicestershire, undertook to perform a feat, which, just for the moment, attracted the general attention not only of the country, but of the sporting world. His bet was, that if he might choose his own turf, and if he might select as many thorough bred horses as he liked, he would undertake to ride 200 miles in ten hours. The newspapers of the day, described exactly how the squire was dressed—what he had been living on—how he looked—how, at the word 'Away,' he started like an arrow from a bow—how gallantly Tranby, his favorite racer stretched himself in his gallop—how, on arriving at his second horse, he vaulted from one saddle to another—how he then flew over the surface of the earth, if possible, faster than before—and how to the astonishment, and amid the acclamations of thousands of spectators, he at last came in a winner.

Now, if at this moment of his victory, while with dust and perspiration on his brow—his exhausted arms dangling just above the panting flanks of his horse, which his friends at each side of the bridle were slowly leading in triumph—a decrepid old woman had hobbled forward, and in the name of science had told the assembled multitude, that before she became a skeleton, she and her husband would undertake instead of two hundred miles in ten hours to go five hundred—that is to say, for every mile the 'Squire' had just ridden, she and her old man would go two miles and a half—that she would moreover knit all the way—and that he could take his medicine every hour and read to her just as if they were at home; lastly, that they would undertake to perform their feat either in darkness or in daylight, in sunshine or in storm, 'in thunder, lightning, or rain'—who, we ask, would have listened to the poor maniac?—and yet how wonderfully would her prediction have been now fulfilled! Nay, waggons of coals and heavy luggage now a-days fly across Leicestershire faster and farther than Mr Osbaldestone could go, notwithstanding his condition and that of all his horses.

When railways were first established, every living being gazed at a passing train with astonishment and fear, ploughmen held their breath, the loosened horse galloped from it, and then suddenly stopping, turned round, start-

ed at it, and at last snorted aloud. But the 'nine days' wonder' soon came to an end. As the train now flies through our verdant fields, the cattle grazing on each side do not even raise their heads to look at it; the timid sheep fears it no more than the wind; indeed, the head-stridge, running with her brood along the embankment of a deep cutting, does not now even crouch as it passes close to her. It is the same with mankind. On entering a railway station, we merely mutter to a clerk in a box where we want to go—say 'how much?' see him horizontally poke a card into a little machine that pinches it—receive our ticket—take our place—read our newspaper, and on reaching our terminus, drive away perfectly careless of all or of any of the innumerable arrangements necessary for the astonishing luxury we have enjoyed.

From Hogg's Instructor.

THE BIRDS.

Is there a man so dull of soul and sense,
That he can walk at morn, or noon, or eve,
Upon that mighty field which hath no fence
Save what it doth from 'airy space' receive,
And, while the birds their varied notes en-weave
Into one complete whole for him, can hear
The glorious descent flow,
Without a beam glow,
Without one thrill of joy, or one full-hearted
tear?

Thus wholly apathetic none can be.
If the wild thunder, throeing as in pain,
And generating, over land and sea,
Dread air-quakes to alarm the souls of men,
Beheld God's voice of wrath, oh surely then,
The sounds that rise from copse, or grove of
pine,
By mount, and vale, and stream,
Are such as man may deem

A voice of love—of love eternal and divine!

Beauty is planted with the seed; and, till
The flower puts on its perfect summer dress,
Grows with it, waxing rich and richer still:
The verdure of the grass is loveliness;
And on the mountain-pine, when breezes
press

Its coying stem, and comb its flowing hair,
Sits a majestic ease;
These green existences
Such attribute display, ever and everywhere;

Yet, decked with every seasonable charm,
Nature, though not like sculpture, still and
cold,

Is even as a lovely human form,
When quick'ning speech inqurieth not the
mould;

The brightest flowers that, Hebe-like uphold
Their cups with dewy offerings to the sun,
Ask yet a voice; and where
May voice with that compare,

From the full-choiring birds by heavenly favor
won?

Most beautiful in truth the doings all
In nature's mighty aviary seem!
What time the shadows, night's dim relics,
fall

Prostrate in worship of the young sun-beam,
Go, rouse thee from thy gross and worldly
dream,

And, while the woods are peaning the morn,
Thine eye and ear employ,
And thou shalt taste a joy

Of all that can delight the mind and senses
born.

Chances thine eye to light upon the home
Wherein two little ones heart-wedded, dwell
Whether it be the merlin's bowel of loam,
Or the quick sparrow's moss encrusted cell—

Whether aloft, like an inverted bell,
It swingeth in the breeze or lieth low,
With tender care concealed

In some green bank or field—
Gaze there, and say if aught more fair the eye
could know?

But, oh! peer gently through the fringed covers;
And be the parley of thy foot with earth
Soft as the vows of love to ears of lovers;

Or as the dew-falls which have viewless
birth
When evening turns to tears the gay day's
mirth:

Admire but touch not what may meet thy view,
Lest the sacred mother fly,
And leaves thy hopes to die

That rest within her shells, so smooth and rich
of hue.

Ah! sad the thought how many, many a time,
Thus, by the rude hands of unthinking boy,
Those mated ones are forced without a crime,
'To quit their Eden of unbroken joy;

Not that the riffer's wholly would destroy,

But that they may compose a circlet rare,

And rich with many dyes—
Though seeming to the wise,

A bow that tells of hopes converted to despair.

So fondly doth the mother watch her home,
That, move one shell, and she will note the
change,

And it may drive the poor one forth to roam
And all her sweet economy derange;
And should man's footstep, loud to her and
strange,

Startle her brooding o'er her young, her heart
Counts time upon its sides,
As wild lya the strides

Made by high mettled courser on the racing
mart.

But why so linger on a theme like this?
Poorly, at best, can pen or tongue display
The fullness of the beauty and the bliss

Cast by the birds on this our earthly way;
And while to us thus pleasing, who will say
Mute nature hath for them nor eyes nor ears?

Oh! yes, believe it well,
That when their anthems swell,
Rejoicingly each tree a d flower both sees
and hears!

By St Richard Steele.

THE FITS.

A fine town lady was married to a country gentleman of ancient descent, in one of the counties of Great Britain, who had good humor to a weakness, and was that sort of person of whom it is said, he is so man's enemy but his own; one, who had too much tenderness of soul to have any authority with his wife; and she too little sense to give him any authority, for that reason. His kind wife observed this temper in him, and made proper use of it. But knowing it was beneath a gentleman to wrangle, she resolved upon an expedient to save decorum, and wear her dear to her point at the same time. She therefore took upon her to govern him, by falling into fits whenever she was repulsed in a request, or contradicted in a discourse. It was a fish-day, when, in the midst of her husband's good humor at table, she bethought herself to try her project. She made signs that she had swallowed a bone. The man grew pale as ashes, and ran to her assistance, calling for drink. 'No, my dear,' said she recovering, 'its down, do not be frightened.' This accident betrayed his fondness enough. The next day she complained that a lady's chariot, whose husband had not half his estate, had a crane-neck and hung with twice the air that hers did. He answered, 'Madame you know my income: you know I have lost two coach horses this spring,'—down she fell. 'Hartshorn! Betty, Susan, Alice, throw water in her face.' With much care and pains she was at last brought to herself, and the vehicle in which she visited was amended in the nicest manner to prevent relapses; but they frequently happened during that husband's whole life, which he had the good fortune to end in a few years after. The disconsolate widow soon pitched upon a very agreeable successor, whom she very prudently designed to govern by the same method. This man knew her little arts and resolved to break through all tenderness, and be absolute master as soon as occasion offered. One day it happened that a discourse arose about furniture; he was very glad of the occasion, and fell into an invective against china, protesting, that he would never let five pounds of his money be laid out that way as long as he breathed.' She immediately fainted. He starts up as amazed, and calls for help. The maids run to the closet. He chafes her face, bends her forward, and beats the palms of her hands; her convulsions increase, and down she falls on the floor, where she lies quite dead, in spite of what the whole family, from the nursery to the kitchen, could do for her.

While every servant was there helping or lamenting their mistress, he, fixing his cheek to hers, seems to be secretly following in a trance of sorrow; but secretly whispers to her, 'My dear, this will never do: what is within my power and fortune you may always command; but none of your artifices; you are quite in other hands than those you passed these pretty passions upon.' This made her almost in the condition she pretended; her convulsions now came thicker, nor was she to be held down. The kind man doubles his care, helps the servants to throw water in her face by full quarts; and when the sinking part of the fit came again, 'Well, my dear,' said he, 'I applaud your actions; but I must take my leave of you till you are more sincere with me; farewell for ever; you shall always know where to hear of me, and want for nothing.' With that he ordered her maids to keep plying her with hartshorn, while he went for a physician; he was scarce at the stair-head when she followed, and pulling him into a closet, thanked him for her cure; which was so absolute, that she gave me this relation herself, to be communicated for the benefit of all the voluntary invalids of her sex.

From Acland's Manners and Customs of India.

INDIAN LUXURIES.

My wife and I were sitting, after tea, playing at backgammon, and enjoying the cool breeze that came through the open venetians, when suddenly it began to rain. In an instant the room swarmed with insects of all sorts,—There was the beautiful large green mantis; and, as we were watching his almost human

motions, a grasshopper and a large brown cricket flew against my face, while a great cockroach, full three inches long, came on my wife's neck, and began running about her head and face and dress; the flying ant which emits a most nauseous effluvia, and the flying-bug, black, and about the size of an English one, which, if you crush him, will make your fingers smell most dreadfully for many hours, and with these our clothes were covered, and we were obliged to keep brushing them away from our faces, but with very gentle haddling; and then came two or three hornets, which sent Mrs Acland to bed to get under the musquito curtains, where none of these horrid creatures can get her. I sat up trying to read, but buzz came a musquitos on the side of my face; up went my hand a tremendous slap on the cheek to kill the tormentor, and buzz he went on again. Then I felt something big burying itself in my hair, and then came buzz on the other side, and then all around; presently, with a loud hum, a great rhinoceros-beetle dashed into my face. I now began to take some of the animals out of my hair, and the first I touched was a flying bug, the stench was dreadful. I rushed out of the room, brushing the horrible creatures from my hair with both hands. I nearly fell over a toad on which I trod, and reached my bed-room to find eighteen or twenty great toads croaking in different parts of the room, and five large bats were whirling round the bed. Having washed my hands in eau-de-cologne, I quickly undressed and fell asleep. In the course of the night a troop of jackalls surrounded the house, and by their frightful yells soon drove away all idea of rest; and then about four o'clock, as we were just dozing off again, comes the roll of the drum and the louder voice of the trumpet, the tramp of the soldier, the firing, and all the bustle of the parade; and as soon as that is over, comes the charging guard, and the 'shoulder harrm,' and the 'quick march,' near our house, and so we got up. Then comes the bath, the greatest luxury of the day (the water just cooler than the air,) into which I get with a book, lie there an hour reading, get out and partly dress, and then admit my man to wash my feet in cold water, and to shampoo me, and brush my air, whilst another brings me a cup of delicious coffee or a glass of sherbet; and then breakfast, with an enormous fan swinging to and fro over our heads; and then heat, and the discomfort, and languor till five o'clock, agreeably diversified only by a bottle of beer cooled with saltpetre and water; and then a drive, and tea, and musquitos again, and so on.

From the Family Economist.

IMPORTANCE OF COOKERY.

It is a curious fact, that during the war in Spain, some forty years since, when the French and English armies were alike suffering from the scantiness of provisions, the French soldiers kept up their strength much better than the English, solely because they put such food as they could get to much better account. The English soldier would take the lump of meat, and broil it on the coals, till a good part of it was burned almost to a cinder, though even then part of the remainder was probably raw. The French soldiers, on the contrary, would club two or three together, and stew their bits of meat with bread, and such herbs and vegetables as they could collect, into a savory and wholesome dish. So great was the difference between these two ways, in their effect on the health and strength of the soldiers, that it was remarked that a French army would live in a country in which an English army would starve.

THE SHADOW OF AN ASS.

The Greeks had a proverb which ran thus:—'To dispute on the shadow of an ass.' This took rise from an anecdote which Demosthenes is said to have related to the Athenians, to excite their attention during his defence of a criminal, which was being but inattentively listened to. 'A traveller,' he said, 'once went from Athens to Megara on a hired ass. It happened to be the time of the dog-days, and at noon. He was much exposed to the unmitigated heat of the sun; and not finding so much as a bush under which to take shelter, he bethought himself to descend from the ass, and seat himself under its shadow. The owner of the donkey, who accompanied him, objected to this, declaring to him that when he let the animal, the use of its shadow was not included in the bargain. The dispute at last grew so warm that it got to blows, and finally gave rise to an action at law. After having said so much Demosthenes continued the defence of his client; but the auditors, whose curiosity he had piqued, were extremely anxious to know how the judges decided on so singular a case. Upon this the orator commented severely on their childish injustice, in devoting with attention a paltry story about an ass's shadow, while they turned a deaf ear to a cause in which the life of a human being was involved. From that day, when a man showed a preference for discussing small and contemptible subjects to great and important ones, he was said 'to dispute on the shadow of an ass.'

A WILLING DEBTOR.—Sir Walter Scott, on one occasion was desirous of rewarding the wit and importunity of an Irish beggar by the present of sixpence, but found he had not so small a coin in his purse. 'Here my good fellow,' said the baronet, 'here is a shilling; but mind you owe me sixpence.' 'God bless your honor,' exclaimed Pat, 'may your honor live till I pay you.'