

From the London People's Journal.

THE SEASONS.

The personification and embodiment of the four seasons of the year, spring, summer, autumn and winter, as infancy, childhood, manhood, and old age, is no new thing; so common, indeed, is it to all nations and peoples, that their very phraseology partakes of it; 'the spring of youth,' 'the summer time of life,' 'the winter of old age,' recur to us constantly. The Greek and Latin poets use epithets also drawn from the same source, and amongst some peoples the very words own the same etymon. The beauty of our picture must plead an excuse for our having some short gossip on a well-used theme. It is from the pencil of Stothard, the most graceful illustrator of his day (as well as the most popular), and the well-known painter of the 'Canterbury Pilgrimage,' and 'the Flich of Bacon Procession.' The grace and beauty of the present design will be at once confessed; the painter has brought before us in one group the whole life of man—the flower in its various stages, from the germ to the seed-time; and to the rightly-minded a solemn discourse it holds forth. A man shall find no deeper subject to preach on than the whole range of human life—no wider field than the entire humanity can present to him: all 'the far stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man,' is here drawn together in a narrow space enough. In the front of the group is the mother caressing the infant, who nestles softly in her arms. With what beauty and enjoyment spring furnishes us! The budding intellect of childhood well represents smiles, and gambols, and presently anger and tears—a February and April combined—

But, heart, cheer up! the days speed on,
Winds blow, sun shines, and thaws are gone;
And in the garden may be seen
Up-springing flowers, and budding green:

a more cheering time approaches—the innocence of early infancy, its nestling love, and near-moving truth. 'We love little children when the wind moves their fair hair, and when they look up with their blue eyes into our faces—we love to see them when they fall asleep, their pretty faces falling into the softness of the pillow like a statue of marble; they look like angels that have come to bring tidings of peace, of good-will, and are wearied with persuading world-loving man to listen—we love to take them in our arms; we feel that there is no guile in those innocent shines, that they would stand before the presence of the Creator without shame, and meet the searching gaze of ranged angels unabashed.' But time, 'that memorable first lieutenant,' as Marryatt somewhere calls him, speeds on: childhood is soon passed; our boyish loves, our school-days, our holidays, our mothers' caressings and sisters' presents; our first day in London, our stand-up collar, and first tail-coat—where are they? Echo answers—or should do so—'With the world before the flood.' Now comes the Autumn—Crowned with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf
Comes Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain.

We have time to look about us now; we reflect and marry; some marry and reflect; and certain ghosts of time misspent, of precious moments wasted, of hours that run by unheeded, like water through a statue's marble lips; flit upbraidingly before our mental vision.

Not to understand a treasure's worth
Till time has stol'n away the blighted good,
Is cause of half the poverty we feel,
And makes the world the wilderness it is.

Well! well! we say, we will do better now;
We'll turn over a new leaf, and live so as
to live hereafter.

A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

Soon again we are called from reflection to action; children crowd around our knees; and they play our games over and over again, and shoot up to boyhood and to manhood, whilst we are going down the hill: we sink soon into the state of Shakspeare's justice, with 'beard of formal cut; it may be even with fair round belly with good capon lined.' We tell our young experiences, and what we did when we were young; we recur to old times, and old friends, and old familiar faces—going or gone—

Fine merry fransions
Wanton companions
My days are e'en banyans
With thinking upon yo!
How death, that last stinger,
Finis-writer, end-bringer,
Has laid his chill finger
Or is laying on ye.

Soon again Autumn passes, and chill Winter comes upon us: we are in the last stage of our mortal year. Now it will be soon all over with us; our enjoyments are circumscribed; our sight fails; our taste and hearing are nearly gone; our best days are past, and nothing remains but the hope beyond the grave. Let us hope that it is a firm and bright one to us; and then indeed this life is nothing.

At last, with creeping, crooked pace, came forth
An old, old man, with face as white as snow.

Another torn of time's kaleidoscope and the year has passed; the seasons all gone—and death comes at last to put an end to life's poor play. Reader, we have had somewhat of a long gossip—we hope not uselessly. In turning again to the beauties of the Seasons, the flowers, and fair weather, the corn, and

wheat, and storms, and windy weather, let us exclaim with Thompson—

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee.

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CHILDHOOD AND DEATH.

BY G. R. EMERSON.

WELL they thought who carved the angels
In the old cathedral piles;
Where the little children's faces
Smile upon the solemn aisles:
Symbols meet of faith and trusting,
Pleasures holy, thoughts of peace,
Spirit infant-like rejoicing,
Where all tears and sorrows cease.

Every morn a flower waketh,
Every eve a blossom dies,
Scarcely opened to the sunlight,
Ere upon the earth it lies.
Little children, God's own flowers,
Sleep upon the mother's breast;
Ere the morn of childhood fadeth,
Angels call them to their rest.

Mourn not for the little children
In the grassy graves that lie;
They have passed with souls unspotted
To their spirit home on high;
Death hath left them smiling faces,
Death hath been the voice of love,
Calling them from sin and sorrow,
To the better land above.

On a bed a young one lieth,
There is sorrow in the place,
Tearful-eyed the mother gazeth
On that sweet and pallid face;
Little children, treading softly,
Cluster weeping round the bed;
Loving voices whisper lowly,
Tender arms support the head.

Hark! the dying child is speaking,
Now the mother draweth near;
Now the shadowy hand upraised,
Wipes away the starting tear.
Softly to her bursting bosom
Is the dying dear one pressed,
Faintly droops its fevered forehead
On the shelter of her breast.

'Mother, mother, press me closer—
There's a light upon your face;
Angels bright, with baby faces,
Make a sunshine in the place:
See you not their faces, mother?
Hear you not the words they say?
Now they smile upon me sweetly—
Now they beckon me away.

'Hush! tread softly, press me closer;
Bid my little sisters kneel;
They are coming nearer, nearer—
Now their breath I seem to feel:
Now a solemn strain is sounding,
Now they whisper in my ear;
Like the swell of that sweet music
In the church I used to hear.

'Mother, tell me, am I dying?
And those angels that I see?
Are they sent by God from heaven?
Have they come to summon me?
Will they smile upon my sisters,
As they smile upon me now?
Shall I wear an angel's visage,
Bear a brightness on my brow?

'Mother lay me near the pathway,
Where to church the children pass,
Where we used to sit in summer,
'Midst the flowers and the grass,
Wond'ring if they heard our voices
Who beneath so peaceful slept:
If the angels that we read of
O'er the dead their watching kept.

'Shall I hear my little sisters
When at evening time they pray?
Shall I look on them when sleeping?
Shall I see them in the day?
Oh, sometimes let them come mother,
To the grave wherein I lie;
Tell them mother—mother dearest,
'Tis a happy thing to die.

'Come, kiss me once again, mother,
For your face is shining bright;
I can scarcely see my sisters,
For the room is full of light.
Now they bend their shining faces,
Now they kiss me on the cheek,
See you not the smiles they give me?
Hear you not the words they speak!

'Now again that strain of music,
Thrilling, thrilling through the air;
Thousand, thousand infant voices
Holy hymns are singing there.
Clasp me tighter, mother, kiss me,
Closer, closer, while I pray;
Now the light, the music, mother—
O, farewell! away, away!

Smooth the hair, and close the eye-lids,
Let the window curtains fall;
With a smile upon her features,
She hath answered to the call.
Let the children gently kiss her,
As she lies upon the bed;
God hath called her to His bosom,
And the little one is dead!

PROMISE AND PERFORMANCE.—I had rather do and not promise, than promise and not do.—Warwick.

NEW WORKS.

A LIVING SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

'They are coming towards the bridge; they will most likely cross by the rocks yonder,' observed Raoul.

'How! swim it,' I asked. 'It is a torrent there.'

'Oh, no,' answered the Frenchman; monkeys would rather go into fire than water. If they cannot leap the stream, they will bridge it.'

'Bridge it! and how?'

'Stop a moment, captain, you shall see.'

The half-human voices now sounded nearer, and we could perceive that the animals were approaching the spot where we lay. Presently they appeared upon the opposite bank, headed by an old gray chieftain, and officered like so many soldiers. They were, as Raoul had stated, of the *comadrejas*, or ring-tailed tribe. One—an aide-de-camp, or chief pioneer, perhaps—ran out upon a projecting rock, and after looking across the stream, as if calculating the distance, scampered back, and appeared to communicate with the leader.

This produced a movement in the troop. Commands were issued, and fatigue-parties were detached, and marched to the front. Meanwhile several of the *comadrejas*—pioneers no doubt—ran along the bank, examining the trees on both sides of the *arroyo*. At length they all collected round a tall cotton-wood that grew over the narrowest part of the stream, and twenty or thirty of them scampered up its trunk. On reaching a high point, the foremost—a strong fellow—ran out upon a limb, and taking several turns of his tail around it, slipped off, and hung head downwards. The next on the limb, also a stout one, climbed down the body of the first, and whipping his tail tightly round the neck and fore-arm of the latter, dropped off in his turn, and hung head down. The third repeated this manœuvre upon the second, and the fourth upon the third, and so on, until the last upon the string rested his fore-paws upon the ground. The living chain now commenced swinging backwards and forwards, like the pendulum of a clock. The motion was slight at first, but gradually increased, the lowermost monkey striking his hands violently on the earth, as he passed the tangent of the oscillating curve. Several others upon the limbs above aided the movement. This continued until the monkey at the end of the chain was thrown among the branches of a tree on the opposite bank. Here, after two or three vibrations, he clutched a limb, and held fast. This movement was executed boldly, just at the culminating point of the oscillation, in order to save the intermediate links from the violence of a too sudden jerk!

The chain was now fast at both ends, forming a complete suspension bridge, over which the whole troop, to the number of four or five hundred, passed with the rapidity of thought. It was one of the most comical sights I ever beheld, to witness the quizzical expression of countenances along that living chain! The troop was now on the other side, but how were the animals forming the bridge to get themselves over? This was the question which suggested itself. Manifestly by number one letting go his tail. But then the *point d'appui* on the other side was much lower down, and number one, with half a dozen of his neighbors, would be dashed against the opposite bank, or soused into the water. Here, then, was a problem, and we waited with some curiosity for its solution. It was soon solved. A monkey was now seen attaching his tail to the lowest on the bridge, another girdled him in a similar manner, and another, and so on, until a dozen more were added to the string. These last were all powerful fellows; and running up to a high limb, they lifted the bridge into a position almost horizontal. Then a scream from the last monkey of the new formation warned the tail end that all was ready; and the next moment the whole chain was swung over, and landed safely on the opposite bank. The lowermost links now dropped off like a melting candle, whilst the higher ones leaped to the branches, and came down by the trunk. The whole troop then scampered off into the chapparal, and disappeared.—*Captain Reid's Adventures in Southern Mexico.*

MENTAL POWER.—The activity and intensity of all mental power seem to depend on the removal of bodily impediment.—Dr. Moore.

HABITS.

Habit uniformly and constantly strengthen all our active exertions; whatever we do often, we become more and more apt to do. A snuff taker begins with a pinch of snuff per day, and ends with a pound or two, every month. Swearing begins in anger; it ends by mingling itself with ordinary conversation. Such like instances are of too common notoriety to need that they be adduced; but as I before observed, at the very time that the tendency to do the thing is every day increasing, the pleasure resulting from it is, by the blunted sensibility of the bodily organ, diminished; and the desire is irresistible, though the gratification is nothing. There is rather an entertaining example of this in Fielding's 'Life of Jonathan Wild,' in that scene where he is represented as playing at cards with the Count, a professed gambler. 'Such,' says Mr. Fielding, 'was the power of habit over the minds of these illustrious persons, that Mr. Wild could not keep his hands out of the Count's pockets, though he knew they were empty; nor could the Count abstain from palming a card, though he was well aware that Mr. Wild had no money to pay him.'—*Sydney Smith's Moral Philosophy.*

ALLMAN'S VOLTAIC LIGHT PATENT.

Our readers are probably aware that for some time past, various attempts have been made to reduce voltaic light to practical purposes, and to substitute it for gas in lighting towns and houses. Several suggestions have been made, with more or less success, to accomplish this purpose, the great difficulty being to produce an apparatus that shall be at once cheap, portable, simple, and above all safe. It is obvious that an apparatus complicated in its nature, and requiring constant attentions on the part of those who use it, would be useless for general purposes; and hence it is that the great obstacle has arisen to the general introduction of electricity as a means of producing light for common use. Without referring it to other processes that have been proposed for this object, we may state that of the patent secured by Mr. Allman:

The apparatus is as simple as can be imagined, and consists of only two pieces, the one being a magnet, round which the wire is coiled, and which may be got up in such a manner as to form a handsome ornament, while the other is an upright piece of wire, on the top of which is placed the electrode, or combustible matter that is to give the light. The top of the electrode is ignited by being placed near the break of the conducting wire, and the light thus emitted is of a most intense kind. The whole operation may be compared to the process of a candlestick when the candle is always maintained at the same point. The magnet with the coil of wires serves for the stand of the candlestick; the electrode, which in the present instance was a small cylindrical piece of carbon, not much thicker than a piece of slate pencil, is fixed at the top of the upright wire; and as this combustible matter burns down, the magnet, which is originally fixed in its stand diagonally, sinks down, and forces up the 'candle,' keeping it at the proper point for ignition. When the candle is burnt down, another can be replaced in the same way as with ordinary candles. Such is the apparatus that would be required in a shop or private family.

To produce the electricity a battery would be required of greater or less power, of course according to the amount of light that would be required. The economy in fuel and in the laying down of pipes, as compared with the coal gas, is so obvious, as to need no explanation. The apparatus was exhibited on Saturday night in the lecture room of the Polytechnic Institution, in the presence of several scientific gentlemen. The light was of the most brilliant description, powerfully so indeed; and it was accompanied occasionally with a hissing noise, which unless it could be overcome, would render it rather an unpleasant companion in a house. It was stated that this was owing to the imperfect nature of the carbon used in the process of combustion, and that it could be remedied by employing combustion of a purer kind. We understand that the apparatus is now to be permanently employed in lighting up the Lecture room of the Polytechnic, where it was exhibited on Saturday night. It ought to be added, that the apparatus then shewn was one of six methods, all of nearly equal simplicity, which Mr. Allman has secured by his patent.

SHOPKEEPING IN LONDON.

THE "GAZER."

This leisurely employe, whose very existence is hardly known to one in a thousand, is a genteelly-dressed, complacent-looking individual, having much the appearance and manners of an aristocratic 'gentleman about town.' It is but rarely that his services are monopolised by a single firm, unless they are the proprietors of several shops in different quarters of the town. It more frequently happens that he is the joint property of several individuals, whose occupation and interests do not clash with each other. They manage to rig him out in a fashionable trim by general contribution; a hatter takes charge of his head; a tailor of his back; the proprietor of the 'pantaloonicon' contributes the trousers; the bootmaker induces him in a pair of the genteelst of boots; he sports a gold-headed cane or handsome umbrella, supplied by the manufacturer of these articles; neck-tie and handkerchief of irreproachable style and pattern are bestowed by the haberdasher; while a jeweller finds him a gold watch, a showy ring, and a handsome double eye-glass.

Thus equipped 'he goeth forth to his labor,' whenever the state of the weather is such as to support the probability of his genuineness. All he has to do is to walk leisurely from the shop of one of his patrons to that of another, stopping in front of the window and scrutinizing with much apparent interest and complacency the various objects displayed to public view. In so doing he handles his gold eye-glass with aristocratic grace, taps his model boot with a splendid cane, drops a monosyllabic ejaculation of surprise or commendation, and when half a score of simpletons have gathered round to admire the astonishing cheapness and perfection of the wares, he pops into the shop, gives an order in a loud and pompous tone for a dozen of the articles which the tradesman wants to push off, desires they may be sent to May Fair before dark, and leaving his card with the shopman, who bows him reverentially out, walks leisurely off to the next shop on his boat, there to repeat the same interesting ceremony. He contrives to arrive at the tailor's at the fashionable hour, when that functionary is engaged with customers there he may perhaps give you concise order