

ly discovered; he was found lying hid among the standing corn in a neighbouring field; the blood on his hands and clothes bore witness against him, but none such was needed; he confessed all that had passed with sufficient coherency, and was conveyed to prison. The fate of O'Curran was the reverse of that of Sophocles: when the Greek poet was charged with derangement, his verses were accepted by the judges of the case as a proof of his sanity; O'Curran's, on the contrary, furnished to the jury a strong presumption of his lunacy, which being established by evidence as to his habits, and their cause, the 'mad poet' was acquitted of wilful murder, but was confined for life as a dangerous maniac. The tragedy we have related occurred about eighty seven years ago. After O'Curran had lost his reason, chancing one day to meet the object of his unfortunate attachment, he complained to her of illness. She asked him, 'What ailed him, what was his sickness?' In reply to which he poured forth a poem which he afterwards recited to persons who committed it to writing. A manuscript copy was given to us by a country schoolmaster who taught Irish; and from that we make the following translation direct from the vernacular:—

## THE LAY OF THE AFFLICTED BARD.

Thou art my pain, my Mary! pining ever,  
Thus hast thou left me since I've thought  
on thee:  
From all my friends more gladly would I sever  
Than from thy presence still an outcast be.  
I taste no food, long nights I'm sleepless lying,  
Sobs heave my bosom, rest and peace are  
fled;  
To my strong love still thy love denying,  
In one short month thou'lt find me with the  
dead.  
Where is the cure to stay my health's perdition?  
She only has it, she who wrought my harm:  
'Tis not in sea or land, herb or physician,  
'Tis with youth's blossom, 'tis with beauty's  
charm.  
I know not heat from cold, nor night from  
morning,  
Nor the tame hen from cuckoo of the dell;  
My friends I know not; but to soothe my sor-  
row,  
If thou would'st come, my heart would  
know thee well.  
Love, my free gift, 'tis that has caused my  
anguish:  
Love without stain, dishonor, or design;  
For her, the fair, the pearly-tooth'd, I lan-  
guish;  
Ah! wo is me, I may not call her mine.  
Would that in some deep glen we two, we  
only,  
Secluded dwelt from all the world away;  
With timid pleadings, in her bower so lonely,  
I'd woo her fondly all the summer day.  
Give me, my Mary, once thy lips' soft pres-  
sure,  
But once, and raise me to myself from  
death;  
Else bid them come my narrow grave to  
measure,  
Where lurks the beetle the rank grass be-  
neath.  
From my thin cheek the hue of health has  
vanished;  
My life's not life, my voice not voice, but  
air;  
Joy, hope, the music of my spirit banish'd;  
Love's slave I mourn, in bondage to despair.  
This poem is very characteristic. The com-  
plaints it expresses are symptomatic of de-  
rangement; the loss of sleep and appetite;  
the failure of recollection and discernment;  
yet the consciousness of his state, the know-  
ledge that his beloved was 'she who wrought  
his harm'; the hopelessness of cure, unless  
the antidote should proceed from her, as did  
the bane; and then the touching allusion to  
his heart's memory, that would recognise her,  
though it forgot all else.

From Hogg's Instructor.

## DENTAL PARASITES.

At a meeting of the American Academy, December 1849, a paper was read by Dr. H. I. Bowditch, on the animal and vegetable parasites infesting the teeth, with the effects of different ages in causing their removal and destruction. Microscopical examinations had been made of the matter deposited on the teeth and gums of more than forty individuals, selected from all classes of society, in every variety of bodily condition, and in nearly every case animal and vegetable parasites in great numbers had been discovered. Of the animal parasites there were three or four species, and of the vegetable one or two. In fact the only persons whose mouths were found to be completely free from them cleansed their teeth four times daily, using soap once. One or two of these individuals also passed a thread between the teeth to cleanse them more effectually. In all cases the number of the parasites was greater in proportion to the neglect of cleanliness. The effect of the application of various agents was also noticed. Tobacco juice and smoke did not impair their vitality in the least. The same was also true of the chlorine tooth-wash, of pulverised bark, of soda, ammonia, and various other popular detergents. The application of soap, however appeared to destroy them too instantly. We may hence infer that this is the best and most proper specific for cleansing the teeth. In all cases where it has been tried, it receives unqualified commendation. It may be also proper to add, that none but the purest white

soap, free from all discolorations should be used.

From Hogg's Instructor.

## THE PALE STUDENT.

THEY met beside a fountain's brim,  
In glittering garb, in sorrowing weed;  
And thus spake one, a gallant trim,  
'Pale student, why so wan and dim?'  
And thus the pale one answered him,  
'I read, I read.'

'And what, pale student, dost thou read?'  
'A mournful book—my own sad heart.'  
'And what thy mournful study's need?'  
A truth what makes the volume bleed,  
We know not that we love indeed  
Until we part:

Then come the gloom, the blank the chill,  
The craving and the aching void,  
The doubt, the dread, the jealous thrill,  
Desires that mock the struggling will,  
Wild hopes, though baffled burning still,  
And still destroyed.

The day drags through, a load to bear,  
And heavier still, the sleepless night;  
And all looks bleak that once was fair,  
And life grows lifeless everywhere;  
And Love and Nature seem to share  
A common blight!

'Tis thus pale student, horror seems  
O'er loveliest things to jaundiced eyes;  
And all around with joy that teems—  
The glory of the woods and streams,  
The rapture of the poet's dreams—  
Take sickly dyes.

Better wert thou in cloisters grim,  
Pale with their stern ascetic duty,  
With beads to tell, and lamp to trim,  
Than thus to mock with spirit dum,  
And lagging pulse and listless limb,  
Glad Nature's beauty.

Up! pallid dreamer! look on me!  
Mine are the joyous day and night;  
Reckless I wander, fancy-free,  
Reckless how fair the fairest be,  
And cull from all I hear and see  
A fresh delight:

For why, pale student, gaze and pore  
Thus ever on a mournful page?  
Is Love but versed in Sorrow's lore?—  
Then give the weary heart-toil o'er  
Tear the dark scroll, and be no more  
A martyred sage:

Before thee Nature's volume lies,  
A joyous and a lovely book!  
The wisdom of the happy wise,  
The lore that dims nor hearts nor eyes—  
Dash then away thy tears and sighs,  
And therein look:

And haste the bitter school to quit,  
Whose lessons thus the heart can scorch;  
Away! like steeds that snap the bit,  
Or birds from broken bars that flit!  
Must Wisdom's taper still be lit  
At misery's torch?

Then rose the student pale, and drew  
His dark robes round his wasted frame;  
And deathlier pale his thin cheek grew,  
And icier cold his thin lips hue,  
Whence, like a moan some ruin through,  
These accents came:

'Go thou! and rock thine own cold rede,  
And scatheless keep thine own cold  
heart;  
Mine would not, if it could, be freed;  
Still must it ache, and throb and bleed;  
Still in its shattered core I read,  
We know not that we love indeed,  
Until we part!'

## NEW WORKS.

## NATURE AND HABITS OF THE LION.

Although the dignified and truly monarchial appearance of the Lion has long rendered him famous amongst his fellow quadrupeds, and his appearance and habits have often been described by abler pens than mine, nevertheless, I consider that a few remarks, resulting from my own personal experience, formed by a tolerably long acquaintance with him both by day and by night, may not prove uninteresting to the reader. There is something so noble and imposing in the presence of the lion, when seen walking with dignified self-possession, free and undaunted, on his native soil, that no description can convey an adequate idea of his striking appearance. The lion is exquisitely formed by nature for the predatory habits which he is destined to pursue. Combining in comparatively small compass the qualities of power and agility, he is enabled, by means of the tremendous machinery with which nature has gifted him, easily to overcome and destroy almost every beast of the forest, however superior to him in weight and stature. Though considerably under four feet in height, he has little difficulty in dashing to the ground and overcoming the lofty and apparently powerful giraffe, whose head towers above the trees of the forest, and whose skin is nearly an inch in thickness. The lion is the constant attendant of the vast herds of buffaloes which frequent the interminable forests of the interior; and a full grown one, so long as his teeth are unbroken generally proves a match for an old bull buffalo, which in size and strength, greatly surpasses the most powerful breed of English cattle. The lion also preys on all the larger varieties of the antelope, and of both varieties

of the gnou. The zebra, which is met with in large herds throughout the interior, is also a favorite object of his pursuit. Lions do not refuse, as has been asserted, to feast upon the venison that they have not killed themselves. I have repeatedly discovered lions of all ages, which had taken possession of, and were feasting upon, the carcasses of various game quadrupeds which had fallen before my rifle. The lion is very generally diffused throughout the secluded parts of Southern Africa. He is, however, nowhere met with in great abundance, it being very rare to find more than three, or even two, families of lions frequenting the same district and drinking at the same fountain. When a greater number were met with, I remarked that it was owing to long-protracted droughts, which, by drying nearly all the fountains, had compelled the game of various districts to crowd the remaining springs, and the lions, according to their custom, followed in the wake. It is a common thing to come upon a full grown lion and lioness associating with three or four large ones nearly full grown; at other times, full grown males will be found associating and hunting together in a happy state of friendship; two, three, and four full grown male lions may thus be discovered consorting together.

The male lion is adorned with a long, rank, shaggy mane, which in some instances almost sweeps the ground. The colour of these manes varies, some being very dark, and others of a golden yellow. This appearance has given rise to a prevailing opinion among the Boers that there are two distinct varieties of lions, which they distinguish by the respective names of 'Schwart fore life' and 'Chiel fore life'; this idea, however, is erroneous. The colour of the lion's mane is generally influenced by his age. He attains his mane in the third year of his existence. I have remarked that at first it is of a yellowish color; in the prime of life it is blackest, and when he has numbered many years, but still is in the full enjoyment of his power, it assumes a yellowish-gray, pepper-and-salt sort of color. These old fellows are cunning and dangerous, and most to be dreaded. The females are utterly destitute of a mane, being covered with a short, thick, glossy coat of tawny hair. The manes and coats of lions frequenting open-lying districts utterly destitute of trees, such as the borders of the great Kalahari desert, are more rank and handsome than those inhabiting forest-districts. One of the most striking things connected with the lion, is his voice, which is extremely grand and peculiarly striking. It consists at times of a low, deep moaning, repeated five or six times, ending in faintly audible sighs; at other times he startles the forest with loud, deep-toned, solemn roars, repeated five or six times in quick succession, each increasing in loudness to the third or fourth, when his voice dies away in five or six low, muffled sounds, very much resembling distant thunder. At times, and not unfrequently, a troop may be heard roaring in concert, one assuming the lead, and two, three, or four more regularly taking up their parts, like persons singing a catch. Like our Scottish stags at the rutting season, they roar loudest in cold, frosty nights; but on no occasions are their voices to be heard in such perfection, or so intensely powerful, as when two or three strange troops of lions approach a fountain to drink at the same time. When this occurs every member of each troop sounds a bold roar of defiance at the opposite parties; and, when one roars, all roar together, and each seems to vie with his comrades in the intensity and power of his voice. The power and grandeur of these nocturnal forest concerts is inconceivably striking and pleasing to the hunter's ear. The effect, I may remark, is greatly enhanced when the hunter happens to be situated in the depths of the forest, at the dead hour of midnight, unaccompanied by any attendant, and ensconced within twenty yards of the fountain which the surrounding troop of lions are approaching. Such has been my situation many scores of times; and, though I am allowed to have a tolerably good ear for music, I consider the catches with which I was then regaled as the sweetest and most natural I ever heard. As a general rule, lions roar during the night; their sighing moans commencing as the shades of evening envelop the forest, and continuing at intervals throughout the night. In distant and secluded regions, however, I have constantly heard them roaring loudly as late as nine and ten on a bright sunny morning. In hazy and rainy weather they are to be heard at every hour in the day, but their roar is subdued. It often happens that when two strange male lions meet at a fountain a terrific combat ensues, which not unfrequently ends in the death of one of them. The habits of the lion are strictly nocturnal; during the day he lies concealed beneath the shade of some low, bushy tree or wide-spreading bush, either in the level forest or on the mountain side. He is also partial to low-lying valleys. From these haunts he sallies forth when the sun goes down, and commences his nightly prow. When he is successful in his beat, and has secured his prey, he does not roar much that night, only uttering occasionally a few low moans; that is, provided no intruder approaches him, otherwise the case would be very different. Lions are ever most active, daring and presuming in dark and stormy nights, and, consequently, on such occasions the traveller ought more particularly to be on his guard. I remarked a fact connected with the lion's hour of drinking peculiar to themselves; they seemed unwilling to visit the fountains by good moonlight. Thus, when the moon rose early, the lions deferred their hour of watering until late in the morning; and when the moon rose late they drank at a very early hour in the night. By this acute

system many a grisly lion saved his bacon, and is now luxuriating in the forests of South Africa, which had otherwise fallen by the barrels of my 'Westley Richards.'

Owing to the tawny color of the coat with which nature has robed him, he is perfectly invisible in the dark; and although I have often heard them loudly lapping the water under my very nose, not twenty yards from me, I could not possibly make out so much as the outline of their forms. When a thirsty lion comes to water he stretches out his massive arms, lies down on his breast to drink, and makes a loud lapping noise in drinking not to be mistaking. He continues lapping up the water for a long while, and four or five times during the proceeding he pauses as if to take breath. One thing conspicuous about them is their eyes, which, in a dark night, glows like two balls of fire. The female is more fierce and active than the male, as a general rule. Lionesses which have never had young are much more dangerous than those which have. At no time is the lion so much to be dreaded as when his partner has got small young ones. At that season he knows no fear, and in the coolest and most intrepid manner, he will face a thousand men.—*Cummings's Adventures in South Africa.*

## SECTARIAN INTOLERANCE.

In the numerous sects of Christianity, interpreting our religion in very opposite manners, all cannot be right. Imitate the forbearance and long suffering of God, who throws the mantle of his mercy over all, and who will probably save on the last day, the piously right and the piously wrong, seeking Jesus in humbleness of mind. Do not drive religious sects to the disgrace (or to what they foolishly think the disgrace) of formally disavowing tenets they once professed, but concede something to human weakness; when the tenet is virtually given up, treat it as if it were actually given up; and always consider it to be very possible that you yourself may have made mistakes, and fallen into erroneous opinions, as well as any other sect to which you are opposed. If you put on these dispositions, and this tenor of mind, you cannot be guilty of any religious fault, take what part you will in the religious disputes which appear to be coming on the world. If you choose to perpetuate the restrictions upon your fellow-creatures, no one has a right to call you bigoted; if you choose to do them away, no one has any right to call you lax and indifferent; you have done your utmost to do right, and whether you err, or do not err, in your mode of interpreting the Christian religion, you show at least that you have caught its heavenly spirit—that you have put on, as the elect of God, kindness humbleness of mind, meekness, long suffering, forbearing one another, and forgiving one another.—*Rev. Sydney Smith.*

## HORRIBLE EXPERIMENTS.

Redi's operations must have been attended with instant death if made upon the higher and warm-blooded vertebrata. His tortoises lived, and showed no signs of acute suffering. In the beginning of November he opened the skull of a land tortoise, removed every particle of brain, and cleaned the cavity out. The animal was then set at liberty, but instead of dying or remaining motionless, it groped its way about freely as its inclination directed, without the aid of sight; for when the animal was deprived of its brain it closed its eyes which it never opened afterwards. The wound was left open, but skinned over in three days, and the tortoise continued to go about till the middle of May, when it died. On examining the skull, the cavity which had contained the brain was found empty and clean as it had been left, with the exception of one small, dry, black clot of blood. \* \* \* But Redi proved the enduring vitality of these reptiles by a more decisive experiment. In the month of November he cut off the head of a large tortoise; the headless animal did not expire till twenty three days elapsed. \* \* \* In the case of the testudinate which is to furnish forth the soup, the callipee, the steaks, the currie, for which and upon which aldermen live, any one who wishes to descend into the abysses from which that ambrosial feast is furnished forth, may find a headless trunk suspended neck downwards that it may bleed more freely, and the head placed bill uppermost on a cold plate for the resting place of the severed neck. The snapping of the jaws of that distant head, and the movements of that suspended body, have startled more than one neophyte who has been taken down to see 'what a turtle can do when its head is cut off,' especially if their fingers have chanced to come within reach of the turtle's bill at the snapping moment. I remember this instance of the vitality of the turtle's head being brought forward in corroboration of the sickening story of the blush on Charlotte Corday's face when the brutal executioner struck it on the cheek as he held up the severed head to the execration of the friends of the imp Marat, the idol of the *sauvaille* that surrounded the guillotine. A friend saw an execution in Italy, by an instrument resembling the Scottish maiden. He was very near the scene of death, and when the criminal's head was held up, he saw the eyes roll from right to left, and from left to right. Those best qualified to judge, are of opinion that this and similar movements are merely convulsive, and that the severed head does not feel. To say nothing of the stunning shock to the nervous system, more especially if the ponderous trenchant axe falls upon the occiput, as it did in the case of the unfortunate Louis XVI, whose under jaw was