

the meadow to look upon his favorite flower, he saw  
— walking in the mede  
The god of Love; and in his hand a quene;  
And she was clad in royal habit green.  
A fret of golde she had next her hair,  
And upon this a white coroune she bare  
With flowres smale—and I shall not lie  
For all the world right as a daisie  
I crowned as with white leaves light  
So were the flowers of her crowne white.  
\* \* \*  
I crowned was the mightie god of Love  
In silk embroidered fule of grene greves,  
And by the hand he held the noble quene  
Crowned with white and clothed all in  
grene.  
In the train of these two personages, in the  
same royal color of green, he saw nineteen  
ladies, the heroines of his poem—  
Gode women both maidinis and wives,  
That weren true in loving all their lives.  
In the Romance of Morte Arthur, green,  
not of Lincoln or Kendal cloth, but of velvet  
from heathen-land, was the costume of the  
knights that accompanied Sir Lancelot of the  
Lake when he restored Queen Genevieve to  
her husband King Arthur:—  
The other knights everich one  
In samyte green of heathen-land  
And their kirtles, rode alone,  
And each knight a green garland.  
Dowsabell, the heroine of Drayton's ballad in  
Percy's 'Reliques,' is thus described;  
The silk she well could twist and twine,  
And make her fine march pine,  
And with the needle work,  
And she would help the priest: to say  
His matins on a holy day,  
And sing a psalm in kirk.  
She wore a frock of frolick green  
Might well beseeem a maiden queen.  
When King Hardyknute takes farewell of his  
wife ere he departs to repel the invasion of  
the Norsemen, the queen's sorrow is so great,  
that  
First she wet her comely cheeks,  
And then her bodice greene!  
In the old Scotch ballad of 'Childe Owlet,'  
the Lady Erskine is represented as wearing  
green stays—  
Then she's ta'en out a little penknife  
That lay below her bed,  
Put it below her green stays' cord,  
And made her body bleed.  
To 'kilt the green clothing a little above  
the knee' is a common expression in the old  
ballads, and occurs almost invariably when  
the ballad-maker has to describe a lady  
crossing a stream or setting out on a journey.  
In the tragical ballad of the 'Bent sae Brown'  
the mother of the three young men that were  
 slain by their sister's lover, whom they had  
 waylaid,  
— cut the locks that hung  
So low down by her knee,  
Eae has she kilted her green clothing  
A little aboon the knee;  
And she has on to the guide king's court  
As fast as gang could she.  
'Rose the Red' and 'White Lillie' in another  
ballad resolve to seek their lovers in the green-  
wood shade, and to 'disguise' themselves for  
the purpose in male attire—  
And we will cut our green claithing  
A little aboon the knee,  
And we will on to gude greenwood,  
Two bold bowmen to be!  
In the ballad of 'Childe Waters,' the lover  
says to his mistress—who offers to accompa-  
ny him 'far into the North country'—  
'If you will be my foot-page, Ellen,  
As you do tell to me,  
Then you must cut your gown of green  
An inch above the knee.'  
When 'Little Musgrave' goes to church on  
a high holy day, he thinks more of the fine  
women than of our Lady's grace—  
'Some of them were clad in green,  
And some were clad in pall.'  
The bonnie boy 'Gil Morrice' had  
— hair like threads of gold  
Drawn from Minerva's loom;  
His lips like roses dropping dew,  
His breath was all perfume;  
And he was clad in robes of green.  
The brother of Lady Maisy suspecting her  
of a concealed love affair, asks her indignantly—  
Gude-morn, gude-morn, Lady Maisy;  
God make you safe and free:  
What's come o' your green claithing,  
Was once for you too side?  
And what's become o' your lang stays,  
Was once for you too wide?  
The little bird in the ballad of 'Joy Hunting'  
who saw the murder committed by the Lar-  
der Maisy and Katharine upon the false lov-  
er of the former, warns her to beware of his  
blood upon her clothes—  
Out it speaks a bouny bird,  
That flew above their head,  
Keep well, keep well your greene claithing  
Frae ae drap o' his blood.  
The bailiff's 'Daughter of Islington'  
— Pulled off her gown of green  
And put on ragged attire;  
And to fair Londo she would go,  
Her true love to inquire.  
The jealous stepmother of the 'Lady Isabel,'  
in the ballad of that name, makes it a com-  
plaint against her that her husband buys her  
from—the commonest attire—the dowie (dreary)  
from—while for his daughter Isabel he buys  
damask.

'It may be very well seen Is'bel,  
It may be very well seen;  
He buys to you the damask gowns,  
To me the dowie green.  
In the ballad of 'Sweet Willie and Lady  
Maisy, the suspicious father entering his  
daughter's bower in search of her lover, asks  
her—  
'What's become o' your charies, Maisy?  
Your bower it looks sae teem;  
What's become o' your green claithing?  
'Burd Helen,' in her distress, when abandon-  
ed by her lover, remembers that—  
'When I dwelt in my high bower,  
I wore scarlet and green.'  
The fair lady beloved by 'Lord Livingstone'  
was dressed in the same color:—  
'The lady fair into that ha'  
Was comely to be seen;  
Her kirtle was made o' the pa',  
Her gown was o' the green,  
Her gown was o' the green, the green,  
The kirtle of the pa';  
A silver wand intil her hand,  
She marshalled o'er them a'.  
'Earl Lithgow' falls in love with a lady who  
proves more than a match for him:  
'She has kilted her green claithing  
A little above the knee,  
The gentleman rode the lassie swam,  
Through the water o' Dee.  
Before he was at the mid o' the water,  
At the other side was she.'  
Some of the writers of modern ballads,  
aware of this peculiarity of costume in the  
ancient heroes and heroines, have taken care  
to adhere to it in their descriptions. In the  
beautiful ballad of the 'Braes of Yarrow,'  
the lady lamenting for her murdered lover, ex-  
claims—  
'The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,  
His purple vest, 'twas my own sewin':  
Ah, wretched me! I little, little thought  
He was in time to meet his ruin.'  
In the song of 'Lizy Lindsay,' a modernisa-  
tion of the old ballad of the same name, the  
bride  
'Has gotten a gown o' green satin,  
And a bonnie blithe bird is she;  
And she's off wi' Lord Ronald Macdonald,  
His pride and his darling to be.'  
Wordsworth also, in his 'Peter Bell,' accom-  
modates himself to this traditional costume:  
'A sweet and playful Highland girl,  
As light and beauteous as a squirrel,  
As beauteous and as wild.  
Her dwelling was a lowly house,  
A cottage in a heathy dell,  
And she put on her gown of green,  
And left her mother at sixteen,  
And followed Peter Bell.'  
Burns in his 'Vision,' when he reproaches  
himself with having passed his youthful  
prime—  
And done naething  
But stringin' blethers up in rhyme  
For fools to sing,  
describes the appearance of the Muse of Scot-  
land to him; The heroine wearing a  
'Mantle large of greenish hue.'  
The sameness of costume among the rural  
population, which doubtless caused all these  
poetical descriptions is of the past entirely.—  
There was a time—and that not very re-  
mote when blue was almost the only col-  
our worn by women in the middle and low-  
er walks of life, especially in places remote  
from towns and cities; and even now the blue  
holds its place among servant-girls in the  
country. But the progress of manufacture,  
the extreme beauty, the immense variety and  
the wonderful cheapness of cotton goods, af-  
ford abundance of choice for all tastes, and  
place these fabrics within reach of the very  
poorest. A servant girl of the present day is  
better clad than rich women were in the days  
of our ancestors, and can please herself in the  
color and in the texture of her dress. We  
would not disparage green as the color of a  
garment; our beautiful mother earth wears  
it as her favorite, and looks better in it than in  
a dress of any other hue, whether it be the  
brown or the white which she sports in her  
proper season. Yet we think it is a change  
for the better in the condition of the people  
that a gown does not last a lifetime, and  
that the industry of our artisans, the enter-  
prise of our manufacturers and merchants,  
and the ingenuity of our men of science, en-  
able the humblest to choose among the colors  
of the rainbow for their; and the tradesman's  
or farmer's wife of 1849 to dress with more  
elegance than the duchess of the ballad period.  
  
THE FIVE PEACHES.  
FARMER Day brought five peaches from the  
city, the finest that were to be found. But  
this was the first time that the children had  
seen any fruit of the kind. So they admired  
and greatly rejoiced over the beautiful peach-  
es, with red cheeks and soft pulps. The fa-  
ther gave one to each of his four sons, and  
the fifth to their mother.  
In the evening, as the children were about  
to retire to sleep, their father inquired—  
'Well, boys, tell me how did the peaches  
taste?'  
'Excellent dear father,' said the eldest.  
'It is a beautiful fruit, so very juicy and  
pleasant. I have carefully preserved the  
stone, and will cultivate a tree for myself.'  
'Well done,' said the father. 'This is hus-  
bandry to provide for the future, and is be-  
coming a farmer.'  
'I at mine,' exclaimed the youngster, 'and  
threw away the stone, and mother gave my  
half of hers. Oh that tasted so sweet in me  
mouth.'

'You have not acted very prudently,' said  
the father, 'but in a natural and childlike  
manner. There is time enough for you to  
practise wisdom.'  
Then the second began, 'I picked up the  
stone which my little brother threw away and  
cracked it open; it contained a kernel that  
tasted as good as a nut. And my peach I  
sold and got money to buy twelve more when  
I go to the city.  
The farmer patted him on the head, say-  
ing:  
'That was prudent, but not natural for a  
child.'  
'And you too, Edmund,' enquired the fa-  
ther.  
Frank and ingeniously Edmund replied,  
'I carried my peach to George, the son of our  
friend, who is sick with the fever. He refus-  
ed to take it but I laid on the bed and came  
away.'  
'Now,' said the father, 'who has made the  
best use of the peach?'  
All exclaimed, 'Edmund.'  
But Edmund was silent; and his mother  
embraced him with a tear in her eye.  
  
CABINET OF CURIOSITIES.  
A plate of butter made from the cream of a  
'joke.'  
A small quantity of tar supposed to have  
been left where the Israelites pitched their  
tents.  
The original brush used in painting, the  
signs of the times.  
The apple of 'the eye of faith'  
A bucket of water from 'All's well.'  
Some small coins in the change of the  
moon.  
Soap with which a man was washed over-  
board.  
The loaf from which the 'crumbs of com-  
fort' fall.  
The strop which is used to sharpen the wa-  
ter's edge.  
The rope with which Jacob lifted up his  
voice.  
A tooth taken from the mouth of the Mis-  
sissippi.  
Part of the tail of the striped pig.  
A brick from the house that Jack built.  
A spoke from the wheel of fortune.  
The pencil with which Britannia ruled the  
waves.  
A portion of the yeast used in raising the  
winds.  
A dime from the moon when she gave  
change for the last quarter.  
A portion of the sugar used in the sling  
with which David slew Goliath.  
A sheaf taken from the shock of an earth-  
quake.  
A saucer belonging to the cup of sorrow.  
A handle from Jonah's gourd.  
The ear of the wrong sow, very much pul-  
led.  
  
THE LATEST CURIOSITIES.—A fence made  
of the railing of a scolding wife.  
The very latest contracts with the 'Trade  
Winds.'  
The chair in which the sun sets.  
A garment for the naked eye.  
The hammer which broke up the meeting.  
A buckle to fasten a laughing stock.  
The animal that draw the inference.  
Eggs from a nest of thieves.  
  
CURIOSITIES WANTED.—Hinges for the  
trunk of an elephant.  
Thermometrical record of the winter of dis-  
content.  
A tough yarn twisted into a thread of dis-  
course.  
Daguerrotype of the girl Barney was asked  
to let alone.  
Rocks for the cradle of Liberty.  
The shadow of a knot hole.  
The feather from the wing of a flying re-  
port.  
A rifle for the scythe of time.  
The latch string of a lodge in some vast  
wilderness.  
To see the mountain's brow frown.  
A nail from the finger of scorn.  
A letter received from 'the girl I left behind  
me.'  
A ramrod for the canons of the church.  
  
HOW FAR THE PROVISIONS OF  
FOOD IS DUE TO THE LABOR OF  
MAN.  
THE number of human beings on the earth  
is calculated at nearly one thousand millions;  
all these are fed from the produce of the  
ground. It is true that for this result man in  
general must labor; but how small an actual  
portion of this productiveness is due to man!  
His labor ploughs the ground and drops the  
seed into the furrows. From that moment a  
higher agency supercedes him. The ground  
is possessed of influences which he can no  
more guide, summon, or restrain, than he can  
govern the ocean. The mighty alembic of the  
atmosphere is at work; the rains are distilled,  
the gales sweep, the dews cling, the lightning  
darts its fertilizing fire into the soil, the frost  
purifies the fermenting vegetation—perhaps  
a thousand a thousand other agents are in  
movement, of which the secrets are still hid-  
den from man; but the vividness of their  
force penetrates all things, and the extent of  
their action is only measured by the globe;  
while man stands by, and has only to see the  
naked and drenched soil clothing itself with  
the tender vegetation of spring, or the living  
gold of the harvest.—the whole loveliness and  
bounty of nature delighting his eye, soliciting  
his hand, and filling his heart with joy.—Rev.  
Dr Croly.

NEW WORKS.  
THE WATER SPIDER.  
SINGULAR MODE OF CONSTRUCTING ITS HA-  
BITATION.  
The abode of the water spider, built in wa-  
ter, and formed of air, is constructed on philo-  
sophic principles, and consists of a subaque-  
ous, yet dry apartment, in which like a mer-  
maid or sea nymph, she resides in comfort.  
Loose threads, attached in various directions  
to the leaves of aquatic plants, form the  
framework of her chamber. Over these she  
spreads a transparent varnish like liquid  
glass, which issues from the middle of her  
spinners; next, she spreads over her body a  
pellicle of the same material, and ascends to  
the surface to inhale and carry down a supply  
of atmospheric fluid. Head downwards, and  
with her body, all but the spinneret, still sub-  
merged, our diver (by a process not yet ascer-  
tained) introduces a bubble of air beneath the  
pellicle which surrounds her. Clothed in this  
aerial mantle, which to the spectator seems  
formed of resplendent quicksilver, she then  
plunges to the bottom, and with as much  
dexterity as a chemist transfers gas with a  
gas-holder, introducing her bubble of air be-  
neath the roof prepared for its reception;  
this manœuvre is ten or twelve times repeat-  
ed, and when she has transported sufficient  
air to expand her apartment to its intended  
extent, she possesses an aerial edifice, an en-  
chanted castle, where, unmoved by storms,  
she devours her prey at ease.—Lepisodes of  
Insect Life.  
  
IMPORTANCE OF BEING ABLE TO  
DESPISE RIDICULES.  
I know of no principle which it is of more  
importance to fix in the minds of young peo-  
ple than that of the most determined resis-  
tance to the encroachments of ridicule. Give  
up to the world and to ridicule with which  
the world enforces its dominion, every trifling  
question of manner and appearance: it is to  
toss courage and firmness to the winds, to  
combat with the mass upon such subjects  
as these. But learn from the earliest days to  
ensure your principle against the perils of ri-  
dicule; you can no more exercise your rea-  
son if you live the constant dread of laughter,  
than you can enjoy your life if you are in the  
constant terror of death. If you think it right  
to differ from the times, and to make a stand  
for any valuable point of morals do it, how-  
ever rustic, however antiquated, however pe-  
dantic it may appear—do it, not for insolence,  
but seriously and grandly—as a man who wore  
a soul of his own in his bosom, and did not  
wait till it was breathed into him by the  
breath of fashion. Let men call you mean if  
you know you are just; hypocritical if you  
are honestly religious; pusillanimous, if you  
you feel that you are firm; resistance soon  
converts unprincipled wit into sincere respec-  
t; and no after-time can tear from you  
those feelings which every man carries with  
him who has made a noble and successful  
exertion in a virtuous cause.  
  
VEGETABLE SYMPATHIES.  
The sympathies of vegetables involve beau-  
tiful and instructive lessons. If a plant whose  
nature requires much humidity, be reared in  
a dry situation, it will exhibit symptoms of  
decline. Place a vessel of water within a few  
inches of one of these, and in the space of a  
night the steam will reach it, and a leaf be  
discovered floating on the water. It will re-  
vive and continue to flourish as long as the  
water is kept near it, and eventually bear  
fruit. If a staff be thrust into the earth near  
a young climbing vine, the vine will run  
along the ground, and seek the support of the  
staff. Changing the position of the staff,  
and the vine will change the direction of its  
growth, and find the staff wherever it is pla-  
ced. If you plant two vines of this descrip-  
tion near each other, and there being no prop  
near them each will wind round the other.  
These facts illustrate the wonderful provi-  
sions of nature for all things created. Man,  
who stands at the head of the whole, alone  
seems unconscious of his destiny, and is  
prone to earth, while he should be aspiring to  
heaven.  
  
THE PARKS.  
Once upon a time, as the ancient chronic-  
lers report, Queen Elizabeth took it into her  
head to enclose St James's Park; and on con-  
sulting her great Chancellor as to the cost at  
which it might be done, the startled philoso-  
pher replied—'to enclose the park, madam is  
a crown.' The Londoners have ever retained  
a proverbial—almost passionate—love of their  
parks. Their fathers for many generations  
back have sported their as children, made love  
there in their prime, reposed amid their leafy  
shades in old age. Physically, these green  
spaces are called the lungs of London;—mor-  
ally and historically they are not less inti-  
mately connected with a metropolitan orga-  
nisation. The Hellenes had their sacred  
groves—Englishmen have their parks, of  
which in another sense they hold to be every  
inch sacred ground. They look confidently  
on these verdant expanses as a property set  
apart for ever, and inheritance of health  
beauty and innocent enjoyment to their chil-  
dren's children. It is now said that the propo-  
sal—made in Parliament last session, and  
then understood to be abandoned—to cut off  
and enclose a portion of St James's park is in  
progress of being carried into effect! This  
noble garden was solemnly made over to the  
public, it is maintained at the public expen-  
se—no whisper has been uttered against the  
order, care, abstinence which have marked  
the behaviour of those who use it. Every