

bination 'hat the world has ever seen of magnificent fancy and profound philosophy, it too deliberate and too curious in its developments for the rapid demands of public debate, here found the true region of its beauty and its power, shining and sweeping along at its will, like the summer cloud, alternately touched with every glorious hue of heaven, and pouring down the torrents and the thunders. No work within human memory ever wrought an effect so sudden, profound, and saving, as the volume on the French Revolution. It instantly broke the revolutionary spell—the national eyes were opened—the fictitious oracles, to which the people had listened as to wisdom unanswerable, were struck dumb at the coming of the true. The nobles, the populace, the professions, the whole nation, from the cottage to the throne, were awakened, as by the sound of a trumpet; and the same summons which awoke them filled their hearts with the patriot ardour that in the day of battle made them invincible. Burke formed a class by himself. As a public writer he had no equal and no similar. Like Pitt he was alone. And like Pitt, when his appointed labour was done, he died.

England had now been prepared for war; and had been purified from the disaffection. Her war was naval and her fleets, commanded by a succession of brave men, were constantly victorious. But the struggle for life and death was still to come. A new and tremendous antagonist—the most extraordinary man of the last thousand years—appeared in the field. France, relieved from the distraction of the democracy, and joining all the vigour of republicanism to all the massiveness of monarchy, flung herself into the arms of Napoleon. His sagacity saw that England was the true barrier against universal conquest, and, at the heads of the fleets of Europe, he moved to battle for the dominion of the seas!

LORD NELSON.

A man was now raised up whose achievements cast all earlier fame into the shade. In a profession of proverbial talent and heroism Nelson instantly transcended the noblest rivalry. His valour and his genius were meteor-like; they rose above all, and threw a splendour upon all. His name was synonymous with victory. He was the guiding star of the fleets of England. Each of his battles would have been a title to immortality; but his last exploit, in which the mere terror of his name drove the enemy's fleet before him through half the world, to be annihilated at Trafalgar, had no parallel in the history of arms. Nelson, too, formed a class by himself. Emulation has ever approached him. He swept the enemy's last ship from the sea; and like his two mighty compatriots, having done his work of glory, he died!

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Within scarcely more than two years from the deaths of Pitt and Nelson, another high intervention was to come. The Spanish war let in light upon the world. England, the conqueror of the seas, was now called to be the leader of the armies of Europe. A soldier now arose, born for this illustrious task. He, too, has formed a class by himself. Long without an equal in the field, his last victory left him without a competitor. Yet while Wellington survived, personal praise was left to the gratitude of his country and to the imperishable homage of the future.

But the praise of the country needed to wait for no epitaph. In our age the fate of arms has been tried on a scale so far transcending the old warfare of the world—the character of hostilities has been so much more decisive, vigorous, and overwhelming—the chance of the field has so directly involved the life and death of nations, that all the past grows pale to the present. If the martial renown of a great people is to be measured by the difficulties overcome, by the magnitude of the success, or the mighty name of the vanquished, it is no dishonour to the noblest prowess of England in the days of our ancestry to give the palm to that generous national valour, and exhaustless public fire—that heroic sympathy with mankind, and lofty devotion to truth, liberty, and religion, which have illustrated her in our own. It can be no faithlessness to the glorious past to place in the highest rank of present fame that soldiery which, stepped a torrent of conquest swelled with the woe of Europe, redeemed kingdoms overthrown from battlement to foundation the most powerful military dominions since the days of Rome, and in one consummate victory, hand to hand, tore the sword from the grasp and the diadem from the brow of Napoleon.

From Dickens's Household Words.

WHAT SAND IS.

SAND is sand. Everybody knows what sand is.

Yes, but all sand is not the same sand. Neither is dust necessarily sand. The sand of the desert on the Isthmus of Suez is firm and flinty totally distinct from dust; the silver sand of Berkshire, used by gardeners to mix with peat, and so propagate their cuttings, is soft and fine. On the French coast, between Capes Blanc and Grisez, there is sand which is almost impalpable to the touch; it felt like rubbing so much grease between your fingers. There are glittering, macaceous sands; rich, golden sands; green sands; whose coloured grains consist chiefly of silicate of iron, from the Isle of Wight; sands specially suited to the manufacture of glass, from their purity; and even artificial sands, to furnish the hour-glass with its *momento mori*. The Cornish coast can probably boast of a greater variety of sea-sand than any other country in Great Britain; in almost every cove the sand is different.

And how do they become sands? All nearly in the same way. If we were at John o'Groats House, and could peep behind some rocks that fringe the shore close by, we should see some small beds of light-yellow, coarse sand, heaped up by the waves in out-of-the-way corners. Take up a handful, and it is nothing else but little bits of broken shells, which have been battered and bruised against the hard cliffs, and against each other, till they can hold together no longer. It is shell sand. They have the same in Cornwall. The sand of Trevenan Dove, of Whitesand Bay, and also of the vast tracts on the north coast, is composed of broken shells, and is used for manure more generally, perhaps, than it would otherwise be, from the want of lime in the neighbourhood.

Look at a portion of this Norfolk sea-sand with a strong magnifier: it is very beautiful, as

well as very curious. The fragments are not all of the same size, nor shape, nor colour. Some are perfect little grey flint pebbles, like their less advanced, though larger, brethren on the beach; others glitter like fragments of flint-glass; and they are mostly rounded, as if by the action of water. Here are some specimens of cornelian, there of quartz, or silex in its purest form. Before looking through the glass, one has no idea what a droll mineralogical collection a pinch of sea-sand contains. Try it in the sunshine, and you have a brilliant rare show. The microscopic creatures, which inhabit the sands, have an interminable range of transparent and chitral palaces in which to divert their leisure. The Berkshire silver sand is much the same thing, only on a smaller scale, and containing a larger proportion of quartz. In Cornwall, too, the sand of any particular shore, cove, or bay, has generally one special trade of color; and a microscope shows it to be of the same substance as compose the adjacent cliffs and form the strata under the sea, upon which the waves are perpetually at work, driving to the shore and depositing there what they first or wash from off those strata.

Thus, the sands at Chyandower near Penzance, and thence to Marazion, are of a pale blue colour, like the rocks at Chyandower and the shingle on the strand. We have a variety of sands in Norfolk; but the sandy beach on which I will suppose you to be listening to my second course of sea-side gossip, tells its own history. Here are stones as big as an ostrich's egg, diminishing through minor sizes into coarse shingle, and that gradually passing into true sea-sand. The series is as perfect as any of those which demonstrated the progress from the raw material to the manufactured article, in the Great Exhibition.

The manner in which the insatiable maw of the devouring sea is incessantly supplied with provender by the falling cliffs of East Anglia—(oblige me by opening your Atlas at the maps of Norfolk and Suffolk before reading many sentences further)—resembles, to my mind, nothing so much as those convenient racks in a stable in which, as fast as a horse eats his hay, more is dropped down upon his nose, of those corn-hoppers, by which pet poultry are supplied with an inexhaustible feast of grain; never too much at a time, but always enough to go to work upon. Every tide eats its meal from the cliff, and when it happens that no new course of earthly dishes is tasted, they are only reserved for a future treat; the glutton's appetite is appeased for the time with the remains of yesterday's, or last week's banquet. And meanwhile, the function of oceanic digestion is for ever going on, unwearied and unclouded.

The matters destined to be disposed of by this stomach of thousand-bea-constrictor power, are, sands and earths, mixed with stones or boulders of various sizes and constitution. Now, the tidal stream, on the coast of East Anglia, runs for six hours in a northerly or north-westerly direction, from the mouldering cliffs of Trimmingham and Mundesley towards the Lynn estuary, while it is ebbing (see map); and for six hours in a southerly or south-easterly course, from the same cliffs towards Great Yarmouth, while it is flowing. The rate of the current is various; but call it three miles an hour.

This gives the possibility that a particle of matter should be carried eighteen miles away from its original resting place in a single tide. But the substances which are easiest removed are not those which travel furthest at one journey. Sand, for instance, is immediately swept away; while the finer atoms of clay and chalk, harder to melt from their parent block, remain longer on hand, and are kept more tantalisingly in suspense, before they are deposited; while the great lumps of rock drop down in company together, in the first instance, rather by having their soft bedding stolen from under them, than from any great amount of transportation which they suffer.

The silt, and mud, and fine particles of clay, are carried up the estuaries and left there by the waters, during their temporary state of stagnation at the turn of the tide, till they eventually rise to the surface. The sands are not borne so far inland, but from shoals on the coast, and bars at the mouths of harbours. Between the shoals and sand-banks at sea, the ocean stream runs like a mighty river returning in its bed every six hours; and if ever, as some surmise possible, the Dogger Bank shall appear above the sea, tidal rivers of salt water will be the streams that flow amidst its sands. But the sands and the mud find each their suitable place to settle in. To save the cliffs of England, therefore, from further degradation,—to prevent the area of Great Britain from daily diminution, is, at the same time, to cut off one of the supplies of materials by which our havens' mouths are being choked and silted up.

(To be Continued.)

From Hoggs Edinburgh Instructor.

PLINY THE YOUNGER.

CAIUS PLINIUS CECILIUS SECUNDUS, surnamed the Younger, was a native of Novocomum, the modern Como, and was born in the reign of Nero, A.D. 62. He was the son of Lucius Cæcilius; his mother being the sister of Pliny the Elder, of whose wife we have already given a brief sketch (New Series, vol. vi., p. 252). The younger Pliny received his education at Rome; where, after having mastered the language of Greece, he became a pupil of the famous rhetorician Quintilian, and of Nicetes the sophist. By the elder Pliny, he was adopted as the inheritor of his name and fortune; and when the fatal eruption of Vesuvius took place, in which that distinguished philosopher died, the nephew was only eighteen years of age. It is, indeed, from a letter written by the latter to his friend Tacitus, at a future period of his life, that we derive our chief information as to the particulars of the event here referred to. When the subject of these remarks was but nineteen, he began to plead in the forum. His forensic career, however, was interrupted by a campaign in Syria, where he held the rank of military tribune. On his return to Rome, his reputation for eloquence stood very high; so much so, that not only the audience, but also the judges, frequently evinced their admiration of it by bursts of applause. Successively, he became quæstor, tribune of the people, and prætor. Owing to some cause or other, he at last gave offence to Domitian; and, but for the death of the tyrant, would probably have fallen a victim to his hatred. He was a favourite with Nerva, and with Trajan. Trajan appointed him præconsul of Bithynia; and it was while he held that office that he wrote his celebrated epistle to

the emperor, in which he bears honourable testimony to the principles and morals of the then persecuted Christians, and requests instructions as to how he should act towards them. Pliny's time, after his return to Rome from the government of Bithynia, was spent chiefly in literary retirement at his villas, two of which—the Laurentian and Tuscan—he himself, in his letters, particularly describes. These letters, in ten books, and a panegyric on Trajan, are the only portion of his works which have come down to our time. When he died is uncertain; but a passage in 'Cassiodorus' has given rise to the inference, that his dissolution took place in the fifteenth year of Trajan, and in the fifty-first or fifty-second of his age. Pliny's 'Epistles' abound in anecdotes, character, and incident, relating to the times in which he lived. They have been translated into English by Lord Orrery and M. Melmoth. The version by M. Melmoth is singularly elegant.

Agricultural Journal.

FEED CATTLE REGULARLY.

We find that very many of our farmers feed their cattle more than they require, to keep them in good condition particularly oxen which do not work, and horses that stand in the stable most of the time, except occasionally, when the owner takes him out to a short trip, or to do a light job. "Keep Dobbin eating," says the father, and the boys follow his injunctions implicitly, and his rack is replenished with hay as often as the father or sons pass his stall, till he thinks it is a matter of course to have an additional amount of feed placed before him every time he hears any one in the barn, and if not attended too, quicken their memory. Much hay in this way is wasted—the horse selecting only a little of the most tempting, after his appetite is satisfied and either pulling the remainder through the rack, under his feet, or else breathing on it so much as to render it unpalatable to him. Stock of all kinds should have their regular meals, at fixed hours, as much as a man, and be allowed to masticate and digest what they had eaten the intervals. If they are continually fed at all hours and times, they will continually expect something, and consequently kept uneasy. They will thrive better, on a less amount of hay and grain, by the first method of feeding them than by the last, and with less labor of attendance from the keeper.—Middlesex Farmer.

SOWING ONIONS IN AUTUMN.—The rot erworm in the onion has of late, in some sections, and particularly in New England, I am informed—the great onion country—rendered the cultivation of this valuable vegetable nearly, if not quite as difficult as that of the potato. If these seeds are sown in spring—no matter how early—as it generally is with us, there will a liability, to say the least, that this disease will greatly injure, if it does not wholly destroy the crop. But if we sow in autumn, the roots will rarely be effected by it. This fact deserves to be extensively known as autumnal sowing is, in my opinion, the only surely effectual preventive to be applied. The Yankees, who are universally acknowledged to be cute, in most everything, now practice this plan almost universally, and with entire success. I throw out this suggestion at this time, hoping that it may be of service to some of my brother farmers who are not aware of the practice, or that any infallible remedy for the worm exists.—Germantown Tel.

CATERPILLARS.

A correspondent reminds us that this is the season to destroy the nests of vermin that so disfigure our trees. Look at almost every tree in the city, and you will see hanging from its branches innumerable pendent nests, swinging in the breeze looking like natural appendages to the tree, they are dried leaves wound into Coniform shape and glutinated firmly. Open one of them and you will find thousands of caterpillars' eggs inside; thus protected from the winter and waiting for warm weather to come forth and devour the leaves and finally to work destruction to all our shade trees.—Every good citizen should feel bound to cut them from his grounds, for his own sake and the public welfare. These destructive vermin may be easily removed when the trees are getting trimmed, or an individual, with simple or long rod, may be able to take or whip them all off. They look like dead leaves upon the trees, but may be known by their cocoon form fixed by a filament to the branches. Philadelphia Ledger.

SHRUBBERY OF ALL KINDS.

Shrubbery of all kinds may now be trimmed. When trimmed, a little manure should be slightly dug in around each bush, but not so deep as to injure the roots.

ONIONS.

The time to sow onion seed is as early as the frost is cut of the ground. Many think that onions cannot be grown from the seed in one year. This is not the case; we have

raised and seen raised by others, as fine onions grown from the seed as ever we did from sets.

BEETS.

Prepare a bed for early beets, by giving the land a liberal dressing with a rich compost, or well-rotted manure, dig it into the full depth of the spade, rake finely, lay off drills two feet apart, one inch deep, drill in your seed very thinly, cover and put down the earth. When the plants are a few inches high, work between the rows with a hoe, and pull up the weeds and grass between the plants with the hand.

SHADE TREES AND SHRUBBERY.

If your dwelling is not surrounded by shade trees or shrubbery, plant some of each this month early. A dwelling in the country, without surroundings, is indeed, a desolate looking concern. It should be an object in every owner of a farm or plantation, to not only live comfortable, as besides being sources of comfort and health, as trees and shrubbery, in the eyes of a tasteful purchaser, give increased value to a landed estate.

STRAWBERRIES.

Clean off your strawberry beds early this month, give them a moderate dressing of well rotted manure, which should be spaded in a few inches, say 3 inches in depth, rake the ground, then dust over it a mixture of equal parts of ashes and salt, and lay long straw between the rows. If the weather should be dry, your strawberry bed should be watered every evening, or every other evening. After the vines are in blossom, the utmost care must be observed to hold the nose or nozzle of the watering pot down to the ground, to avoid washing the farina from the flowers.

FARMER'S GARDENS.

As a general thing farmers do not provide themselves with good gardens, at least so far as the writer has travelled he has seldom seen what he would call a good garden on farms. The excuse for this neglect is generally the same with all of them—they have no time to attend to such small matters. And yet it may safely be asserted that an acre of ground appropriated to a good garden, will be more profitable to the farmer than any other ten acres of the farm. The interests of the farmer, the comforts of the family, his good condition and health of his household, require such a garden on every farm in the country. And it should be a garden, not a mere excuse for one, a mere weedy patch. It should be one, so managed and arranged, that every vegetable of a wholesome quality for human food should be raised in it, in perfection, and at the earliest season. After a winter's diet on solid and generally salt animal food, the human constitution requires the deterring operations of free vegetable and fruit diet; and as a general rule no one can dispense with it safely. Besides this, the natural appetite calls for it, and there are few pleasures that may be so safely and even beneficially indulged in. In the latter part of winter and early spring, measures should be taken to secure early vegetables of all kinds capable of very early cultivation. Details will not be expected here, there are other books and papers appropriated to such information; but I cannot help saying that when I am at a farm house, at a season when early peas, beans, cabbages, cucumbers, potatoes, green corn, lettuce, &c., are properly in season, and find none of these luxuries on the table, nothing but the blue beef, salt pork, and beans or potatoes of winter, I am free to say I do not envy that farmer's life nor his family their enjoyments. These very people are fond enough of such things when they go to the city, and it is not therefore want of taste. It is simply the fault of negligence. Why may not every farmer in the state have every kind of early vegetables on his tables as early as any gardener near the cities can rise them? There is not a single reason why he should not, while there are a great many why he should. The gardeners have to incur a very considerable expense in procuring hot manure for their hot beds, while the farmer has it in his barn-yard. The gardener has everything to purchase, and draw a considerable distance, while the farmer has nothing to buy. The small quantity of lumber required is probably rotting on his premises. It would only be a source of amusement during the winter, for him to construct the frame of a hot beds and prepare the manure and bed for use. Having done this, and got his plants in a thrifty state, he can in a short time, when the season arrives, get his garden ground in order and make his plantations. And then he will have all these vegetable luxuries as early as any of his town friends can purchase them. It only requires a little industry and attention to accomplish this—and as said before, his enjoyment, his health and even his interest, as well as the comforts of his family will be benefited by it.