

ments of production—educational institutions, improved sanitary arrangements—which are best calculated to diminish the intervals between the very rich and the very poor.—Charles Knight's Knowledge is Power.

NIGHT.

NIGHT! The pulse of the great City lies still. The echo of hurrying feet has long since died away. The maiden dreams of her lover; the wife, of her absent husband; the sick, of health; the captive, of freedom. Softly falls the moonlight on those quiet dwellings; yet under those roofs are hearts that are throbbing and breaking with misery too hopeless for tears; forms bent before their time with crushing sorrow; lips that never smile, save when some mocking dream comes to render the morrow's waking tenfold more bitter. There on a mother's faithful breast, calm and beautiful, lies the holy brow of infancy. Oh, could it but pass away thus, ere the bow of promise has ceased to span its future—ere that serene sky be darkened with lowering clouds—ere that loving heart shall feel the death-pang of despair!

There, too, sits remorse, clothed in purple and fine linen "the worm that never dieth" hid in its shining folds. There, the weary watcher by the couch of pain, the dull ticking of the clock striking to the heart a nameless terror. With straining eye its hours are counted; with nervous hand the draught that brings no healing to the palid lip.

The measured tread of the watchman as he passes his round, the distant rumble of the coach, perchance the disjointed fragment of a song, from bacchanalian lips, alone breaks the solemn stillness. At such an hour, serious thoughts, like unbidden guests, rush in. Life appears like the dream it is—Eternity, the waking; and, involuntarily, the most careless eye looks up appealingly to Him by whom the hairs of our heads are all numbered.

Blessed night! wrap thy dark mantle round these weary earth-pilgrims! Over them all the "Eye that never slumbereth" keepeth its tireless watch. Never a fluttering sigh escapes a human breast unheard by that pitying ear—never an unspoken prayer for help that finds not its pitying response in the bosom of Infinite mercy.

THE CHILD IS DEAD.

It is hard to believe it; that we shall no more hear the glad voice, nor meet the merry laugh that burst so often from his glad heart.

Child as it was, it was a pleasant child, and to the partial parent there are traits of loveliness that no other eye can see. It was a wise ordering of Providence that we should love our own children as any one else loves them, and as we love the children of none besides. And ours was a lovely child.

But the child is dead. You may put away its playthings. Put them where they will be safe. I would not like to have them broken or lost; and you need not lend them to any other children when they come to see us. It would pain me to see them in other hands, much as I love to see children happy with their toys.

Its clothes you may lay aside; I shall often look them over, and each of the colors which he wore will remind me of how he looked when he was here. I shall weep often when I think of him; but there is a luxury in thinking of the one that is gone which I would not part with for the world. I think of my child now, a child always, though an angel among angels.

The child is dead. The eye has lost its lustre. The hand is still and cold. Its little heart is not beating now. How pale it looks! Yet the very form is dear to me. Every lock of its hair, every feature of the face is a treasure I shall prize the more, as the months of my sorrow come and go.

Lay the little one in his coffin. He was never in so cold a bed, but he will feel it not. He would not know it, if he had been laid in his cradle, or in his mother's arms. Throw a flower or two by his side; like them he withered.

Carry him out to the grave gently. It is a hard road this to the grave. Every jar seems to disturb the infant sleeper. Here we are at the brink of the sepulchre. Oh how damp, and dark, and cold! But the dead do not feel it. There is no pain, no fear, no weeping there.—Sleep on and take your rest!

Fill it up! Ashes to ashes, dust to dust! Every clod seems to fall on my heart. Every smothered sound from the grave is saying—Gone, gone, gone! It is full now. Lay the turf gently over the dear child. Plant a myrtle among the sods, and let the little child sleep among the trees and flowers. Our child is not there. His dust, precious dust, indeed, is there, but our child is in heaven. He is not there; he is risen.

I shall think of the form that is mouldering among the dead; and it will be a mournful comfort to come at times, and think of the child that was once the light of our house, and the idol!—ah! that I must own the secret of this sorrow—the idol of my heart.

And it is beyond the language to express the joy, in the midst of tears. I felt that my sin, in making an idol of the child, has not made the infant less dear to Jesus. Nay, there is even something that tells me, the Saviour called the darling from me, that I might love the Saviour more when I had one child less to love.

He knoweth our frame; he knows the way to win and bind us. Dear Saviour, as thou hast my lamb, give me too a place in thy bosom.—Set me a seal on thy heart. And now let us go back into the house. It is strangely changed. It is silent and cheerless, even gloomy. When did I enter the door without the greeting of those lips and eyes, that I shall greet no more? Can the absence of one produce so great a change so soon? When one of the children was away on a visit, we did not feel the absence as we do now. That was for a time; this is forever. He will not return. Hark! I thought for a moment it was the child, but it was only my heart's yearning for the lost. He will not come again.

INGENUITY OF BIRDS.

THRUSHES feed very much on snails, looking for them in mossy banks. Having frequently observed some broken snail-shells near two projecting pebbles on a gravel walk, which had a hollow between them, I endeavored to discover the occasion of their being brought to that situation. At last I saw a thrush fly to the spot with a snail-shell in its mouth, which he placed between the two stones, and hammered at it with his beak until he had broken it, and was then able to feed on its contents. The bird must have discovered that he could not apply his beak with sufficient force to break the shell when about, and he therefore found out and made use of a spot which would keep the shell in one position.

When the lapwing wants to procure food, it seeks for a worm's cast, and stamps the ground by the side of it with its feet, somewhat in the same manner as I have often done when a boy, in order to procure worms for fishing. After doing this for a short time, the bird waits the issue of the worm from its hole, which, alarmed at the shaking of the ground, endeavours to make its escape, when it is immediately seized, and becomes the prey of the ingenious bird.—The lapwing also frequents the haunts of the moles. These animals when in the pursuit of worms, on which they feed, frighten them, and the worm in attempting to escape, comes to the surface of the ground where it is seized by the lapwing. The same mode of alarming his prey, has been related of the gull.—Jesse's Gleanings in natural history.

SCRAPS.

Mrs. Partington on Marriage.—"If ever I'm married," said Ike, looking up from the book he was reading, and kicking the door too, energetically—"If ever I am married"—"Don't speak of Marriage Isaac, till you are old enough to understand the bonds that binds conjugal souls. People mustn't speak of marriage with impunity. It is the first thing children think about now-a-days; and young boys in pinafores and young girls with their heads fricassed into spittoon curls, and full of love-sick stories, are talking of marriage before they get into their canteens. Think of such ones getting married! Yet there's Mr Spade, when heaven took his wife away, went right to a young lady's cemetery, and got another, no more fit to be the head of a family than I am to be the board of Mayor and Alderman."

Cash and Credit.—If you would get rich, don't deal in pass-books. Credit is the tempter in a new shape. Buy dry goods on trust, and you will purchase a thousand articles that cash would never have dreamed of. A dollar in the hand looks larger than ten dollars seen through the perspective of a sixty-day due-bill. Cash is practical, while Credit takes horribly to taste and romance. Let cash pay a dinner, and you will have a beef steak flanked with onions. Send Credit to market, and he will return with eight pairs of woodcocks and a peck of mushrooms. Credit believes in double-breasted pins and champagne suppers. Cash is more easily satisfied. Give him three meals a day, and he don't care much if two of them are made up of roasted potatoes and a little dirty salt.—Cash is a good adviser, while credit is a good fellow to be on visiting terms with. If you want double chins and contentment, do business with cash.

Why is the price of flour so high? Because there is so much kneaded.

The Proverb. "The longer one lives the more he'll see," can't allude to money now-days.

If a negro be named Smith, does it follow that he should be put down in the census as a blacksmith?

The difference between a Christian and a Cannibal is, that one enjoys himself, and the other enjoys other people.

A Yankee, describing an opponent says—"I tell you what, Sir, that man don't amount to a sum in arithmetic: add him up and there is nothing to carry."

The pay of our brave soldiers in the Crimea ought certainly to be increased, if for no other reason, yet for this, that all the booty they have as yet taken has consisted of Russian boots. Nevertheless many of these poor gallant fellows are going barefoot; so that the Russians, dead or alive, have not leatherned them.

"Never pull out a grey hair," said a gentleman to his daughter; "two generally come to its funeral."

"I don't care how many come to the funeral, if they only come dressed in black."

Incidents of the War.

JOURNAL OF THE SIEGE.

Before Sebastopol, April 24.

Thursday.—A reconnaissance was made by a strong division of Turkish troops under the command of his Excellency Omar Pacha, assisted by French and English cavalry and artillery, this morning. The particulars of the affair you will learn from another hand, but as there was an English force present, I may be allowed to give my own version of what took place under my eyes. Late last night, or rather early this morning, orders were sent to the headquarters of the heavy cavalry brigade to the C troop of the Royal Horse Artillery to be in readiness to turn out at daybreak, and the 10th Hussars Brigadier-general Parlbry, of the light cavalry, in temporary command of the cavalry division, during general Scarlett's absence) received similar instructions. The Chasseurs d'Afrique and a French rocket troop, from mountain service accompanied the reconnaissance, and rendered prompt and excellent service during the day. The heavy cavalry brigade, consisting of the remnants of the 1st Royals, Major Wardlaw: Scots Greys, Col. Griffith; Enniskillens, Col. White; 4th (Royal Irish) Dragoon Guards, turned out about five o'clock, and with the 10th Hussars in advance, proceeded into the plain of Balaklava, the heights over which were already crowned with the Turkish infantry to the number of some 5000, or 7000 men, and before seven o'clock the whole of the troops were in motion towards Kamara. The Chasseurs d'Afrique were in advance, with a line of skirmishers spread out in front of the little expedition. The French rocket troop and C troop, Royal Horse Artillery, and the 10th Hussars and heavy cavalry brigade covered the advance of the infantry; and as the morning was fine and clear, the sight presented by the troops as seen advancing across the plain from the heights was very beautiful. So little was known about the reconnaissance that many officers at headquarters were not aware of it till they learnt that Lord Raglan, attended by a few members of his staff, and followed by only six orderlies, had started to overtake the troops. General Canrobert was, I believe, on the field, but I did not see him. A great number of Amateurs, forming clouds of very irregular cavalry, followed and preceded the expedition.—His Excellency, the Pacha, (Col. Cannon), and several Turkish officers of rank, had the control of the force. The Turks marched in dense columns, bristling with steel, and the sun light flashing on the polished barrels of their firelocks and their bayonets, relieved the sombre hue of the mass for their dark blue uniforms, but little relieved by facings of gay shoulder straps and cuffs, look quite black when the men are together. The Chasseurs d'Afrique clad in light powder blue jackets, with white cartouch belts, and in bright red pantaloons, mounted on white Arabs, caught the eye like a bed of flowers scattered over the plain. Nor did the rich verdure, indeed, require any such borrowed beauty, for the soil produces an abundance of wild flowering shrubs and beautiful plants. Dahlias, anemones, sweet briar, white-thorn, wild parsley, mint, thyme, sage, asparagus, and a hundred other different systems of the vegetable kingdom spring over the plain, and as the Turkish infantry moved along their feet crushed the sweet flowers, and the air was filled with delicate colours which overcame the sweltering atmosphere around the columns. Rectangular patches of long rank, rich grass, waving high above the more natural green meadow, marked the mounds where the slain of the 25th of October are reposing for ever, and the snorting horse refuses to eat the unwholesome shoots.

As the force moved on, evidences of that fatal and glorious day became thick and painful.—The skeleton of an English dragoon, said to be one of the Royals, lay still extended on the plain, with tattered bits of red cloth hanging to the bones of his arms. All the buttons had been cut off the jacket. The man must have fallen early in the day, when the heavy cavalry were close up to Canrobert's hill and came under the fire of the Russian Artillery. There was also a Russian skeleton close at hand in ghastly companionship. The small bullet skull round as a cannon ball, had been picked bare all save the scalp, which was still covered with grisly red locks. Further on, amid fragments of shells and round shots, the body of another Russian seemed starting out of the grave, which scarcely covered his lower extremities. The half decayed skeletons of artillery and cavalry horses, covered with rotting trappings, harness, and saddles, lay as they fell in the agonies of death, or had crumbled away into debris of bone and skin, and leather straps, cloth, and buckles. From the numerous graves the uncovered bones of the tenants had started up through the soil, as if to appeal against the haste with which they had been buried. With the clash of drums and the shrill strains of the fife, with the clamping of bits and the ringing of steel, man and horse swept over the remnants of their fellows in all the pride of life. Not the least interesting part of the spectacle was furnished by the relics of the heavy cavalry brigade passing over the scene of their grand encounter with the Moscovite cavalry. Scots Greys and Enniskillens Royals, 4th Dragoon Guards, all had been

there; and the survivors might well feel proud when they thought of that day. These regiments were not larger than troops, and some of them, indeed, were not nearly equal in strength to a troop on war footing, for some of their men had been sent away for remount horses, and others of the men who were left have no horses to mount. The 10th Hussars were conspicuous for the soldierly and efficient look of the men, and the condition of their light sinewy and showy horses. As the force descended into the plain they extended their right flank and marched towards Kamara, spreading across the ground in front of Canrobert's Hill from No. 2 Turkish Redoubt up to the slope which leads to the ruined village. A party of Turkish infantry followed the cavalry in skirmishing order, and on approaching the village the column immediately in their rear halted, and Bono Johnny proceeded with great activity to cover the high wooden hill which overhangs the village to the right. This they did without resistance, as the few Cossacks in the village had abandoned it after firing a few straggling shots at the advanced skirmishers. One fellow had been so completely taken by surprise that he left his lance leaning against a wall. An officer of the 71st espied it just as the Cossack was making a bolt back for it. They both rode their best, but the Briton was first, and carried off the lance in triumph, while the Cossack retreated with effective pantomime, representing rage and despair. I am told that the Turks discovered a wretched man armed with a bow and arrows, who said he was a Tcherghess, lurking among the ruins of the village, and that he had a near escape of his life, as the Osmanli would not believe he was a soldier. In addition to his bow and arrows, he carried a quaint old pistol, and his coat-breast was wadded with cartridges. I did not, however, see the man, and only report this from hearsay.

As soon as the Turks on the right had gained the summit of the hill above Kamara, three of the columns advanced and took possession of the ruins, and then drew up on the slope in front of the Church. A few men were sent further on towards Baidar, but could see no enemy, and they contented themselves with burning a building which the Cossacks had left standing, the smoke from which led some of us to believe that a little skirmish was going on among the hills.—Meantime the great bulk of the force, leaving three columns halted at Kamara, marched on past Canrobert's Hill, the sides of which are covered with the wig-wags of the Russians—some recent, others those which were partially burnt when Liprandi retired last year.—They passed by the old Turkish redoubts Nos. 1 and 2, towards a very steep and rocky conical hill covered with loose stones, near the top of which the Russians threw up a wall of rubbish about 2½ feet high a group of Cossacks and some Russian officers had assembled on the top of this hill to examine our strength and watch our movements. As the Turkish skirmishers advanced, the French rocket troops accompanied them. The Turks ascended the hill with ardour and with great agility, firing their pieces as they advanced, to which the Cossacks replied by a pretty fusillade. Suddenly an arch of thick white smoke arises from the ground with a fierce hissing, rushing noise, and throws itself like a great snake towards the crest of the hill—as it flies onward the smoke disappears and the fiery trail is lost, but in a second a buff of smoke bursts out with a slight explosion on the hill top and the Cossacks and Russians disappear with precipitation. In fact, the French had begun their rocket practice with great accuracy and success. Nothing can be better for such work as this as these light rocket troops. The apparatus is simple and portable—a few mules with panniers on each side, carry the whole of the tubes, cases, sticks, fuses &c., and the effect of rockets, though uncertain, is very great, especially against irregular and ill-disciplined cavalry. The skirmishers now crowned this hill also, and the generals and officers of the staff, and numerous idlers and amateurs followed them. The Russians rode rapidly down the hill-side, and crossed the Tchernaya by the bridge and at one or two fords near Tchorgoun. Omar Pacha, Lord Raglan, and the French generals then spent some time in surveying the country, while the troops were halted in the rear, the artillery and cavalry first, supported by four battalions of Egyptians. At two o'clock the reconnaissance was over, and the troops slowly retired to the camp, the skirmishers of the French cavalry being followed by the Cossacks at a prudent distance, and exchanging long shots with them from time to time. Before the troops moved off the ground the 10th Hussars filed past Omar Pacha, who seemed very much gratified and pleased at the appearance of men and horses. He then inspected his own battalions, and on the march homeward followed the Turks, moving off in good style to the music of their own bands, to the great distress of those who heard them. As the Cossacks retired they managed to pick up one of our followers, and I only wonder they did not get more of them, for they loitered about the place in spite of all remonstrance.—The man they took was, I believe, a commissariat mule driver. A few of the French chasseurs made a charge to get him from his captors but the Cossack were too quick. In the twinkling of an eye one of them had hoisted up the muleteer to his saddle and lashed him there