

lah, guide me! To win her affections do I devote my life!

'That cow of a Moollah, Reza Hased,' said the father, 'who wanted thee, girl, for his nephew! Ha, ha! they fancied they could play chess, and the moollah tore his beard when I conquered him. Never shall he cross my threshold again. Was the youth aught to thee? By the soul, speak!'

The maiden laughed.
'I esteemed nephew and uncle alike, and loved each very little. The camel hath more sense than the elder, and the wild ass more discretion than the younger. Thou little knowest Zelica, O my father, if thou thinkest she could give her heart to a fool!'

Nourjehan was entranced. To the charms of Paradise, sighed he, 'she unites the wisdom of Lokman!' how partial are the eyes of love! and Nourjehan was already a lover,—jealous, ardent, and passionately attached to his mistress.

'Has the Ethiopian barrel, gate and portal?' demanded Ali-Suli, abruptly, of the male domestic.

'He has, O our master, some two hours back.'

'Jehenum yawns for the liar!' muttered Nourjehan.

'And that officer of the shah,' continued Ali-Suli, 'has he dared to pollute the sacredness of my harem, by hovering about its vicinity this day as yesterday? The blessed Allah blacken his face, and defile his mother's grave!'

'We have not again seen that man of impudence, O my lord,' responded the slave Miriam.

Thou savest, Zelica, that he looked but upon thy hand as thou wert tending thy flowers? Strance boldness to dare thus to intrude upon so slight a warrant!

'I speak the truth, O my father. The man made signs from a distance, and attempted to give Miriam gold and a letter: but I care not for manners so over-bold, and dismiss him with the moollah's nephew—beasts of the hoof both. The ass might be their father and mother!'

'By the shah's salt,' murmured Nourjehan, 'I may live to take that insolent king's officer by the throat.'

A low creeping sound, as if advancing from a distance, caught the soldiers' ear, at this moment; although so faint was its approach, none could have heard it but an experienced warrior.

Nourjehan turned towards the garden entrance and to his surprise, beheld a group of horses and men faintly marked in outline upon the dusky firmament beyond, and evidently formed without, the gate. Even as he looked, half a dozen dark forms entered the garden, and cautiously approached the dwelling.—His quick apprehension saw that violence was on foot, and also suggested the necessity of repressing his first strong impulse to alarm the unsuspecting father and daughter: who unconscious of danger, were still in conversation. The intruders advanced with noiseless step; and the whole might have seemed, from its suddenness, a dream.

(To be continued.)

LOVE OF FLOWERS.

THE love of flowers seems a naturally implanted passion, without any alloy or debasing object as a motive; the cottage has its pink, its rose, its polyanthus; the villa, its geranium, its dahlia, and its clematis; we cherish them in youth, we admire them in declining days; but, perhaps, it is the early flowers of spring that always bring with them the greatest degree of pleasure, and our affections seem immediately to expand at the sight of the first opening blossom under the sunny wall or sheltered bank, however humble its race may be. In the long and sombre months of winter our love of nature, like the buds of vegetation, seems closed and torpid; but, like them, it unfolds and reanimates with the opening year, and we welcome our long-lost associates with a cordiality that no other season can excite, as friends in a foreign clime. The violet of Autumn is greeted with none of the love with which we hail the violet of the spring; it is unseasonable; perhaps it brings with it rather a thought of melancholy than of joy; we view it with curiosity, not affection; and thus the late is not like the early rose. It is not intrinsic beauty or splendour that so charms us: for the fair maids of spring cannot compete with the grander matrons of the advanced year; they would be unheeded, perhaps lost, in the rosy bowers of summer and of autumn. No, it is our first meeting with a long-lost friend, the reviving glow of a natural affection, that so warms us at this season. To maturity they give pleasure, as a harbinger of the renewal of life, a signal of awakening nature, or of a higher promise; to youth, they are expanding being, opening years, hilarity, and joy; and the child, let loose from the house, riots in the flowery mead, and is "monarch of all he surveys." There is not a prettier emblem of spring than an infant sporting in the sunny field, with its osier-basket wreathed with buttercups, orchises, and daisies. With summer flowers we seem to live as with our neighbours—in harmony and good will, but spring flowers are cherished as private friendships.

From British Expedition to the Crimea.

THE CLOSE OF THE FIGHT.

A snell burst over my head, and one of the fragments tore past my face with an angry whir-r-r, and knocked up the earth at my pony's feet. Close at hand, and before me, was a tolerably good stone house, one storey high, with a large court-yard, in which were several stacks of hay that had not as yet caught fire.—I rode into this yard, fastened up my pony to the rope binding one of the ricks, and entered the house, which was filled with fragments of furniture, torn paper, books, and feathers, and cushion linings, and established myself at the window, from which I could see the Russian artillerymen serving their guns; their figures, now distinctly revealed against the hill side, and again lost in a spurting whirl of smoke. I was thinking what a terrible sort of a field day this was, and combating an uneasy longing to get to the front, when a tremendous crash, as though a thunder clap had burst over my head, took place right above me, and in the same instant I was struck and covered with pieces of broken tiles, mortar, and stones, the window out of which I was looking flew into pieces, parts of the roof fell down, and the room was filled with smoke.

There was no mistaking this warning to quit. A shell had burst in the ceiling. As I ran out into the yard I found my pony had broken loose, but I easily caught him, and scarcely had I mounted when I heard a tremendous roll of musketry on my left front, and looking in that direction, I saw the lines of our red jackets in the stream, and swarming over the wooden bridge. A mass of Russians were at the other side of the stream, firing down on them from the high banks, but the advance of the men across the bridge forced these battalions to retire; and I saw, with feelings which I cannot express, the Light Division scrambling, rushing, foaming like a bloody surge up the ascent, and in a storm of fire, bright steel, and whirling smoke, charge towards the deadly epauletment from which came roar and flash incessantly. I could distinctly see Sir George Brown and the several mounted officers above the heads of the men, and could detect the dark uniforms of the Rifles scattered here and there in front of the waving mass. On the right of this body, the 30th, 55th, and 95th, were slowly winning their way towards the battery, exposed to a tremendous fire, which swallowed them up in the fiery grey mantle of battle. The rush of shot was appalling, and I recollect that I was particularly annoyed by the birds, which were flying about distractedly in the smoke, as I thought they were fragments of shell. Already the wounded were passing by me. One man of the 30th was the first; he limped along with his foot dangling from the ankle, supporting himself on his firelock. 'Thank you kindly, sir,' said he, as I gave him a little brandy, 'the only drop I had left. 'Glory be to God, I killed and wounded some of the Russians before they crippled me, any way.' He halted off towards the rear. In another moment two officers approached—one leaning on the other—and both wounded, as I feared, severely. They belonged to the 30th. They went into the enclosure I had left, and having assured them I would bring them help, I rode off towards the rear, and returned with the Surgeon of the Cavalry Division, who examined their wounds. All this time the roar of the battle was increasing. I went back to my old spot; in doing so I had to ride gently, for wounded men came along in all directions. One was cut in two by a round shot as he approached. Many of them lay down under the shelter of a wall, which was, however, enfiladed by the enemy. Just at this moment I saw the Guards advancing in the most majestic and stately order up the hill; while through the intervals and at their flanks poured the broken masses of the Light Division, which their officers were busy in re-forming. The Highlanders, who were beyond them, I could not see; but I never will forget the awful fury, the powerful detonation of the tremendous volleys which Guards and Highlanders poured in upon the Russian battalions, which in vain tried to defend their batteries and to check the onward march of that tide of victory. All of a sudden the round shot ceased to fly along the line; then there was a sharp roll of musketry and a heavy fire of artillery which lasted for some moments. Then one two, three round shot pitched into the line, ricocheting away to the rear. As I looked round to see what mischief they did, I saw a British regiment rapidly advancing towards the river. I at once rode towards them; they were the 50th. 'Colonel,' said I, 'the cannon shot come right down this way, and you will suffer frightfully if you go on.' As I spoke a shell knocked up the dust about twenty yards to our right, and the Colonel (Waddy), who was burning to take a part in the honours of the day, pushing on his left, led his men across the river. But the battle was won. As the shot again ceased, I rode towards the bridge. Alas! the road wall was lined by wounded men—officers and soldiers. Poor young Burgoyne of the Guards, passed me on a litter. 'Oh! it's nothing,' said he cheerfully; 'it's only my foot.'—Captain Fitzgerald, with his back against the wall, was surveying his wounded legs with wonderful equanimity. He had a ball through both of them. 'I wish they had left me one, at all events,' said he, as we tried to stop the bleeding.

It was a painful and sad duty to ride through such scenes. As I passed the bridge there was only a spattering of musketry, but two or three balls splashed into the water—the timbers were cut by balls, and shot and shell, in all directions. The cannon were still busy on our right, and some light field guns were firing on the retreating Russians, one of whose masses I could just see over the brow of the hill. I was among the dead and the dying; a few paces brought me to the bloody slopes where friend and foe lay in pain, or in peace for ever. Then there was a thundering cheer, loud as the roar of battle, and one cannon boomed amid its uproar. This was the victory. This was what I saw of it as well as I can remember, but with many little episodes and details.

THE COLOSSAL WORKS OF THE ANCIENTS.

AMONG the Greeks we find colossal statues not uncommon, and several which Pausanias mentions, were thirty feet high and upwards. The people of Elis set up a bronze statue of Jupiter, twenty-seven Greek feet high, in the Altis or sacred grove near Olympia, and the chryselephantine statue of the same deity, placed in his temple on the banks of the Apeus, was probably not less than sixty feet high.—Among the Greeks, the most common colossal statue was the chryselephantine, though occasionally marble, and still more frequently metal, was used for the same purpose; but as it is simply our object to show how widely this taste for colossal figures was spread, it may be enough for us to cite the celebrated work of Chares (the colossus of the sun), which was set up at Rhodes. This work of Grecian art surpassed anything that the world had ever seen. It was seventy cubits high (105 Roman feet.) After standing fifty-six years, it was thrown down by an earthquake, but it is still a wonder even in its prostrate condition. Few men can embrace its thumb; and its fingers are larger than most statues. Huge caverns are seen in the fractured limbs, and within them immense stones which had been put there for the purpose of keeping it steady. This enormous statue is said to have cost three hundred talents, and twelve years labor. The colossus which Nebuchadnezzar set up in the plain of Dura, was an image of gold, whose height was three score cubits, and the breadth thereof six cubits. Herodotus also mentions a colossal statue, being twelve cubits high, and of solid gold.

THE EYE.

THE eye is nothing but a simple camera-obscura. The nature of the eye as a camera-obscura is beautifully exhibited by taking the eye of a recently killed bullock, and after carefully cutting away or thinning the outer coat of it behind, by going with it to a dark place, and directing the pupil of it towards any brilliantly illuminated objects; then, through the semi-transparent retina, left at the back of the eye, may be seen a minute but perfect picture of all such objects; a picture, therefore, formed on the back of the little apartment or camera-obscura, by the agency of the convex cornea and the lens in front. Understanding from all this that when a man is engaged in what is called looking at an object, his mind is, in truth, only taking cognizance of the picture or impression made on his retina, it excites admiration in us to think of the exquisite delicacy of texture and of sensibility which the retina must possess, that there may be the perfect perception which rarely occurs, of even the separate parts of the minute images there formed. A whole printed sheet of newspaper, for instance, may be represented on the retina on less surface than that of a finger nail, and yet not only shall every word and letter be separately perceivable, but even any imperfection of a single letter. Or, more wonderful still, when at night an eye is turned up to the blue vault of heaven, there is portrayed on the little concave of the retina, the boundless concave of the sky, and every object in its just proportions. There a moon, in beautiful miniature may be sailing among her white-edged clouds, and surrounded by a thousand twinkling stars, so that to an animalcule, supposed to be within and near the pupil, the retina might appear another starry firmament with all its glory.

THE HEIGHT OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

ASTRONOMERS know to the greatest exactness the part of the heavens in which the sun is at any one moment of time; they know for instance, the moment at which it will set, and also the precise time at which it will rise. They soon, however, found that the light of the sun was visible before its body, and that the sun itself appeared some minutes sooner above the horizon than it ought to have done from their calculations. Twilight is seen long before the sun appears, and that at a time when it is several degrees lower than the horizon. There is, then, in this case something which deceives our sight; for we cannot suppose the sun to be so irregular in its motions as to vary every morning; for this would disturb the regularity of nature. The deception actually exists in the atmosphere; by looking through this dense, transparent substance, every celestial object that lies

beyond it is seemingly raised up, in a way similar to the appearance of a piece of money in a basin filled with water. Hence it is plain, that if the atmosphere was away, the sun's light would not be brought to view so long in the morning before the sun itself actually appears. The sun itself without the atmosphere would appear one entire blaze of light the instant it rose, and leave us in total darkness the moment of its setting. The length of the twilight, therefore, is in proportion to the height of the atmosphere or let us invert this, and say that the height of the atmosphere is in proportion to the length of the twilight; it is generally found, by this means, to be about forty-five miles high, so that it was hence concluded either that that was the actual limit of the atmosphere, or that it must be of an extreme rarity at that height.

WATERSPOUTS.

THIS meteorological phenomenon usually occurs when a whirlwind happens at sea. The water, for the same reason that it rises in a pump, or forms a fountain in an exhausted receiver, rises in the vacuum of the whirl to the height of thirty or thirty-three feet, forming a pillar of water in the air, widest at the top; and the conversion of some of the upper part of the pillar into vapour, by the heat which originally occasioned the whirlwind, often forms a dense cloud. Waterspouts are observed of all sizes, from the thickness of a finger to twenty-five feet in diameter, and, at their junction with the ocean, the ocean appears to boil. If a large waterspout were to break over a ship, the vessel would either be destroyed or would sustain very serious damage; when, therefore, they appear to be coming very near, the sailors avert the danger by firing a shot against the water, and thus dissipating them. When not disturbed, they generally break about the middle. Several waterspouts are frequently seen within the space of a few miles, and they are attended in general with more or less noise, sometimes only a hiss, sometimes a murmur, and sometimes with a roar like that of an agitated sea. Waterspouts are sometimes driven from the sea to a considerable distance overland, where they at length break, and deluge the plain, besides the mischief produced by the gyratory motion of the air. As thunder and lightning frequently attend whirlwinds and waterspouts, it has been supposed that electricity, if not the sole cause of these phenomena, has at least a share in their production; but electricity is produced whenever water expands into vapour, or vapour is condensed into water; and the present state of knowledge on this subject is insufficient to decide whether the thunder and lightning may not be considered rather as the consequence than the cause of them.

EFFECTS OF COLD WIND.

THE power of violent winds when accompanied by rain not to say snow and piercing cold, in exhausting the physical powers, is little appreciated, and would hardly be believed if certain evidence of it did not exist. The chilling effect of a current of air is familiarly known. Arctic travellers have no difficulty in bearing a cold of 30 or 40° below zero, if the atmosphere be perfectly still; but the smallest wind, with a temperature even of zero, is almost insupportable. Even in the temperate climate of Great Britain, and at very moderate elevations, not unfrequently cases of death from exposure have come to our knowledge which took place in the summer months. One remarkable instance occurred in August, 1847. Two Englishmen travelling on foot by a well-marked road from King's House to Fort William in Scotland during a storm of wind and rain—violent, yet not excessively cold, and without a flake of snow—lay down and died on the path. Similar instances have happened of late years in Westmorland.—*Quarterly Review.*

DRUNKENNESS.

WHAT is it that saps the morals of youth, kill the germ of generous ambition, desolates the domestic hearth, renders families fatherless, digs dishonoured graves? Drunkenness. What makes a man shunned by the relatives who loved him, contemned by the contemporaries who outstripped him, robbed by the very wretches who betrayed him? Drunkenness.—What fills our asylums with lunatic, our ponds and rivers with suicides, our gaols with thieves and murderers, our streets with vice?—the same destructive habit. He who by precept, oral or written, shall succeed in rendering drunkenness detestible, and sobriety an inviolable virtue, throughout the land, will confer on society a boon beyond all price.

SCRAPS.

LIFE'S PLEASURES.—The greatest pleasure of life is love; the greatest treasure is contentment; the greatest possession is health; the greatest ease is sleep; and the greatest medicine is a true friend; but greater than all these is a truly excellent newspaper.

A LOWBRED WOMAN.—An American paper gives the following definition of a low bred woman; One who stays at home, takes care of her children, and never meddles with the business of her neighbours. Species almost extinct.