

Literature, &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From Household Words.

THE LEAF.

Thou art curl'd and tender and smooth, young leaf,
With a creamy fringe of down,
As thou slippest at touch of the light, young leaf,
From thy cradling case of brown.

Thou art soft as an infant's hand, young leaf,
When it fondles a mother's cheek;
And thy elders are cluster'd around, young leaf,
To shelter the fair and weak.

To welcome thee out from the bud, young leaf,
There are airs from the east and the west;
And the rich dew glides from the clouds, young leaf,
To nestle within thy breast.

The great wide heaven, and the earth, young leaf,
Are around, and thy place for thee.
Come forth! for a thread art thou, young leaf,
In the web-work of mystery!

Thou art full and firmly set, green leaf,
Like a strong man upon the earth;
And thou showest a sturdy front, green leaf,
As a shield to thy place of birth.

There is pleasant rest in thy shade, green leaf,
And thou makest a harp for the breeze;
And the blossom that bends from thy base, green leaf,
Is loved by the summer bees.

The small bird's nest on the bough, green leaf,
Has thee for an ample roof;
And the butterflies cool their wings, green leaf,
On thy branching braided woof.

Thou art doing thy part of good, green leaf,
And shedding thy ray of grace:
There's a lesson written in thee, green leaf,
For the eye of man to trace.

Thou art rough, and shrivell'd, and dry, old leaf,
And hast lost the fringe of down:
And the green of thy youth is gone, old leaf,
And turn'd to yellow and brown.

There are sisters of thine trod in clay, old leaf,
And in swollen rivers drown'd;
Ah, but thou tremblest much, old leaf,
Looking down to the greedy ground.

The autumn blast, with thy doom, old leaf,
Cometh quickly, and will not spare,
Thou art kin to the dust to-day, old leaf,
And to-morrow thou liest there.

For thy work of life is done, old leaf,
And now there is need of thy death.
Be content! 'Twill be all for the best, old leaf,
There is love in the slaying breath.

THE STAGE AND THE PULPIT.

WHILE Mrs Jordan was performing once at Chester, a poor woman, who had officiated as her laundress, was arrested for a debt, originally but forty shillings, tho' swelled by legal expenses into eight pounds. Mrs Jordan upon hearing of the circumstance, sent for the attorney and paid the amount. Walking out in the afternoon of the same day, she was compelled to take shelter from a shower of rain under a porch, where she was espied by the liberated widow, who fell upon her knees and blessed her—the children distressed at the position of their mother, contributing to make up a very affecting scene. The natural liveliness of Mrs. Jordan's disposition, not easily damped, but on this occasion she could not conceal the tear of feeling. Stooping to kiss the children, she slipped some money into the hands of the mother, saying, 'There, there it's all over; go, good woman, God bless you; don't say another word.' This interesting little episode was witnessed by another person, who had taken shelter near to the spot, and who now came forward, and exclaimed with a deep sigh, 'Lady, pardon the freedom of a stranger; but would that the world were all like thee!' The penetrating eye of Thalia's votary soon developed the profession of her new acquaintance, whose countenance and attire declared him to be a Methodist preacher. After listening to a brief sermon on the sisterly love that had been evinced, and of the fulfilled commandment to feed the hungry and relieve the distressed, Mrs Jordan interrupted the discourse by observing, 'Ah, you are a good old soul I daresay; but you'll not like me when I tell you that I am—a player.' The preacher sighed, and with a complacent countenance, remarked, 'The Lord bless thee! whoever thou art; and as to thy calling, if thy soul upbraideth thee not, the Lord forbid that I should.' Thus reconciled, and the rain having abated, they left the porch together on the way to Mrs. Jordan's dwelling. The offer of the preacher's arm was accepted, and the old streets of Chester beheld the serious disciple of Wesley walking arm-in-arm with the female Roscius of comedy.—*Bentley's Miscellany for April.*

A PICTURE OF EDINBURGH.

EDINBURGH is complete in its stony beauty, whether beneath the autumn sun, or white and silent with winter snow. We have just come in; surely it never looked so fair before. What a poem is that Princes street! The puppets of the busy and many-coloured hour move about on its pavement—their interest how slight, their pursuits how trivial—while there, across the ravine, Time has piled up the Old Town ridge on ridge, gray as a rocky coast washed and worn with the foam of centuries; peaked and jagged by picturesque gable and roof; windowed from basement to cope, the whole surmounted by St. Giles's airy crown. The new is there looking at the old. Two Times are brought face to face, yet separated by a thousand years. Wonderful on winter nights, when the gully is filled with darkness, and out of it rises, against the sombre blue and the frosty stars, that undistinguishable mass or bulwark of gloom, pierced and quivering with innumerable lights. There is nothing in Europe to match that, I think. Could you but roll a river down the valley, it would be sublime—finer still, to place oneself a little beyond the Burns Monument, and look towards the Castle. It is more astonishing than an eastern dream. A city rises up before you, painted by Fire on Night. High in the air a bridge of lights leaps the chasm: a few emerald lamps, like glow-worms, are moving silently about in the railway station beneath; a solitary crimson one is at rest.—That ridged and chimneyed mass of blackness with splendor bursting out at every pore is the wonderful Old Town, where Scottish history mainly transacted itself, while on the other side the Modern Princes street is blazing through all its length. During the day the castle looks down upon the street as if out of another world, stern, with all its peacefulness, its garniture of trees, its slope of grass. The rock is dingy enough in colour, but after a shower its lichens laugh out green in the returning sun, while the rainbow is brightening on the lowering sky beyond. How deep the shadow of the Castle at noon over the gardens at its feet, where the children play! How grand when its giant bulk and towery crown blacken against the sunset! Fair, too, the New Town, sloping to the sea—From George street, which crowns the ridge, the eye is led down sweeping streets of cold stately architecture, to the white gleaming villas and woods that fill the lower ground, and fringe the shore; to the bright azure belt of the Forth, with its smoking steamer or its creeping sail; beyond, to the Lomonds of Fife, soft, blue, and flecked with fleeting shadows in the keen clear light of spring, dark purple in the summer heat, tarnished gold in the autumn haze; and higher still, just distinguishable on the paler sky, the crest of some distant peak, carrying the imagination away into the illimitable world. Residence in Edinburgh is an education of itself. Its beauty refines one like being in love. It is perennial like a play of Shakspeare. Nothing can stale its infinite variety.—*Rambles Round Glasgow, in Blackwood for April, evidently from the pen of Alexander Smith.*

HOW TO GROW RICH.

THE only way by which capital can increase, is by saving. This is the way the poor grow affluent, and the wealthy grow wealthier. If you spend as much as you get, you never will be richer than you are. It is not what a man gets, but what he saves, that constitutes his wealth. Go, learn the first two rules of arithmetic; learn addition and subtraction. Add to your present capital any amount you please; subtract the sum which you add, and tell me if the last amount will not be the same as the first. Every tradesman should, in every year of his life, make some addition to his capital. You say you get but little, never mind; spend less than little, and then next year you will get more, for you will have the profit upon the sum you save. There is no royal road to wealth any more than to geometry. The man who goes on spending all he gets and expects that by some lucky hit he shall be raised to wealth, will most likely sink into poverty; for, in case of adverse fortune, he has then no resource; whereas, by economy, he may lay by a stock that may serve as a provision in case of adversity. You may say that the times are bad, the seasons are bad, the laws are bad. Be it so, but were the case reversed, it would make no difference to you. Look at home; you spend more than you get; how, then, can you be otherwise than poor? How many respectable families have fallen from a high station, which they worthily and honorably filled, merely because neither the husband nor wife had been familiar with the first four rules of arithmetic! Had they known how to check the accounts of their tradesmen and servants, and know how to compare their receipts with their expenditure, and to see which preponderated, all their difficulties might have been avoided. A very small acquaintance with the principles of commerce is sufficient to teach that if a man spends every year more than he receives he will necessarily fall into poverty.

THE DEAD BODIES OF ANIMALS.

THE fact that the remains of dead birds and beasts are so seldom found I think might ex-

plained in this manner:—All animals, when they feel themselves sick and dying, shun the society of their fellows and retire into the most remote and out-of-the-way places to end their days. Even domestic animals will do this, and, though known to be dead within a certain place or space, are sometimes very difficult to find; for instance, I observed one day that a fawn was ill, and could no longer keep with the herd and in a day or so he disappeared, and it was not till after a long hunt we discovered his body couched under some fern and rank grass, and nearly covered with leaves, and partly devoured, and in a few days would have been quite so; his bones would have been scattered and grown over by grass, and no one would ever have thought that so large an animal had lain there unburied. Again, I know an instance where, this autumn, in a lonely meadow, a dead bullock lay unburied, and in a short time he was quite devoured by birds and beast; and out of curiosity, being that way the other day, I went to see if there were any remains of him, but I found only a few of his larger bones and skull bleaching in the wind and sun. From these instances I draw my conclusions, that if large animals, such as a bullock and a deer, can get out of the way to die, and be difficult to find, except to animals who then make them their prey, and are quickly devoured, so that little or no trace of them is left—how much more so little birds, rabbits, mice, rats, &c. (the two latter, I know from experience, will devour one another). For these smaller animals there is always a large amount of enemies on the look out, such as owls, hawks, weazels, stoats, cats, &c., whose natural prey they are; and, if they cannot always catch them while young and active, they must at times put up with a sick or dead one, and I should suppose that their natural instinct would lead them to look for such places as these unfortunates choose as their last resting places. What, for instance, becomes of the bodies of keepers' victims nailed to a pole in different woods? There they hang for a time; but the ground beneath is not covered with their bones, or at least very few. I have observed this particularly since this question has been brought forward in "The Field." They must, in my opinion, be devoured by other birds or beasts, and even insects. Ants will reduce a mouse to a skeleton in a short time. Wasps are also fond of flesh in any state. The smaller and more prolific the animal, the more enemies it has, and in some cases is by no means safe from the inroads of the older and stronger of its own species, such as rats, mice, rabbits and ferrets. The old-age part of the question is very easily answered—animals have to shift for themselves young or old in health or sickness. When either of the latter come on, then they, as I have before said, creep away into some of the out of the way place to hide themselves, and thus perish by want or disease. There are certainly, rare instances of animals attending one another in sickness; but they are, I take it, confined to domesticated animals, and were food was easily come by; and I question if a wild animal who had enough to do to forage for its own subsistence, would trouble itself about a sick or wounded friend. Some animals may certainly escape for a much longer period than others. I have seen a fox killed by hounds with barely a tooth in his head; a rat who was found dead, with his teeth so grown up that he had evidently died of starvation; and Mr Grantley Berkeley, in his books of "The Forests of France," mentions a story of a wolf blind from age. Animals in a state of nature arriving at extreme old age is the exception; when their powers fail them they starve, and so easily become they prey of other animals who are on the look-out for them, and scud those places likely for them to have concealed themselves in.—*From the London Field.*

LOVE AND POETRY.—Young ladies shouldn't write poetical love letters. It's dangerous. Such a one was written to a Kentuck beau, not long since, which so affected him that he stole a horse to go and see the writer, and got into jail to pay for getting in love with a poetess. Here is the verse which did the damage:—

Mary Johnson is my name,
And single is my station;
And happy will be the little man
Who makes the alteration.

THE TWO WISHES.—Many men are far too courteous, and thereby lose the consideration in which they might otherwise stand. An excessively polite Frenchman once said to an Englishman, "If I were not a Frenchman I should like to be an Englishman." The Englishman very drily answered, "If I were not an Englishman I should like to be one."

A strange case of the man in Norwich who dug up his wife's body and took from the mouth a gold plate and set of false teeth, has resulted in the arrest of the man, Mr Harlan Hyde, on the charge of violating a grave yard. He has been bound over for trial before the Superior Court—bonds—\$1000.

Jefferson says that "no man ever repents eating too little."

LECTURE:

BY A. BARBARIE, ESQ.

Delivered at the Mechanics' Institute, Dalhousie, on the 20th March, 1858, and published by request. Subject:

The rise and progress of the Agricultural Society of Restigouche.

"He who causes two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before, is a benefactor to his country."—*Dr. Johnston.*

Thus you see that our little society has since its commencement imported from the best stocks that Britain can produce, and have scattered up and down our County a sufficient number of superior animals from time to time to lay the foundation for the best breeding stock and of the most approved varieties, we can boast with pride of being a model society in that respect; and we have supplied our sister Counties from time to time with thorough-bred animals, and if we have our usual good luck with the last importation, in a very few years we can supply the whole Province with choice animals in their purity. In addition to this amount of importations, £2908 18s. 4d., the society has sown broad cast over the County in the shape of premiums for grain, domestic manufactures, exhibitions, cattle shows, ploughing matches, and improved articles of husbandry, no less a sum than £1,166 18 10d., besides £5 annually for agricultural journals and reading, likewise distributed as rewards of merit, making in all £1,266 18s. 10d. for that object; these two sums (importations and premiums) added make the handsome sum of £4,165 16s. 2d., (exclusive of the horse belonging to the society) which has been circulated in ready money exclusively amongst the farmers in our County. In consequence of (I may say) a continuation of unforeseen circumstances over which our own society had no control, our last importation (which was ordered in 1856, but did not arrive that year in consequence of no ship offering for this Port from the Clyde) costs far beyond our estimate and our means; they arrived last May in the ship Caledonia, from Liverpool. Our original order was limited to 8 neat cattle, 12 sheep, 8 pigs, and a dozen poultry. Our agent however wrote us that at that time he could not procure a pair of Devons, and that consequently only six would go; that a vessel was offering from Greenock, and that our friend Capt. Jas. Hamilton thought £40 would be about a fair estimate for the freight besides forage, but that he (Mr McCaw) thought it a high figure. The whole cost of the animals then ordered, together with the estimated freight and forage, amounted to £186 stg. This was so moderate, and having means to spare, we in 1857 ordered the Durham bull and some Heather sheep extra, and that with the understanding that the whole were to be shipped from some Port on the Clyde; unfortunately it so happened that no vessel offered from the Clyde to this place, and Mr McCaw having purchased the cattle, thought it best to ship them at all hazards, consequently he sent them to Liverpool, there to be shipped in the Caledonia, direct, the consequence was they were on expenses in Liverpool eleven days; and you may depend, if we may judge from the bill, people won't work for nothing there, indeed they charge for looking on; even a Veterinary Surgeon for looking at one of the young Ayrshire bulls that had got his foot-lock joint a little sprained by jumping out of the Rail Car, there was a charge of four guineas for that, which in this country any guide wife would have done better and much more effectual service with a decoction of cedar boughs; but there the animals were, and that scrape costs us £210 stg., that is the expenses attending the re-shipment at Liverpool. Then again the freight was enormously high, double what we had ever paid before; £138 or £140 was paid for the freight, besides they had the modesty to charge us the passage money of a man hired at our expense to take care of the stock, so that instead of £186 stg., or our additional order included, say about £250 in all as we expected, we had to dance to the tune of £840 ey. What was to be done? Our order was exceeded by an additional Ayrshire Bull, a year older than directed; then we ordered the shipment to be made from some Port in the Clyde—that was departed from—indeed, it would have been far cheaper to have chartered a vessel for the purpose, and let her take a return cargo. However, we got notice of the shipment, and directing us to insure well; we tried to insure but could not effect it, no Insurance Office would take the risk that is applied to, the animals were at the mercy of the waves. However, as my good friend (Mr Stewart) and myself were deploring, and counting, and comparing the chances, and trying to get information where we could possibly apply for Insurance by that very day's mail, to our great delight the Caledonia came to anchor in Dalhousie with the stock on board all safe and sound; and as there was neither a hoof or hair insured, so neither was there a hoof or hair the worse of their voyage, and all in excellent health and condition. Enormous as the costs were we could not help ourselves.—The stock was offered at Auction on the 4th June, to be competed for only by members of the society, or residents in the County, as the