

frequently, as the temperature falls below the freezing point, the consequence of which is the formation of the ice in question.

But the second query remains unanswered. Why does the ice thus formed disappear on the return of the cold season? Upon a superficial view of the case, this would indeed appear perfectly paradoxical, and the question would seem to admit of no rational reply. But by looking deeper into the subject, it is evident that this must be the natural consequence, as it is removed by a negative principle, or from the absence of that principle which caused it in the first place to form: which is a sufficiently high temperature of the atmosphere to produce evaporation. And it follows as a natural consequence that when this cause ceases to act, the ice would no longer be formed. Now the water which continues coming, being undoubtedly much above the freezing point, is sufficient to gradually dissolve the ice which was already formed; for, as the water in a deep well maintains the same temperature throughout the year, it will as readily dissolve ice in winter as in summer. **BREVIS.**

Wellington, May 5th.

* Caloric is used generally as a term synonymous with heat, but it means rather the cause of heat, being the effect, or the sensation felt upon touching a heated body.

Caloric is supposed to reside more or less in all bodies; and according as it exists in a greater or less degree, a body is said to have greater or less capacity for caloric; and heat thus residing in bodies is called latent heat or heat for capacity.

It must be a fact familiar to most of our readers, that there are several species of this bird in N. America. We give an extract of two of the common kinds among us, viz:—the Golden and the Bald Eagle.

BALD EAGLE.

“Elevated on the high dead limb of some gigantic tree that commands a wide view of the neighboring shore and ocean, he (the eagle) seems calmly to contemplate the motions of the various feathered tribes that pursue their avocations below; the busy tringæ scouring along the sands; trains of ducks streaming over the surface; silent and watchful cranes, intent and wading; clamorous crows; and all the winged multitude that subsist by the bounty of this vast liquid magazine of nature. High over all these hovers one whose actions instantly arrest his whole attention. By his wide curvature of wing, and sudden suspension in the air, he knows him to be the fish hawk, setting over some devoted victim of the deep. His eye kindles at the sight, and balancing himself with half-opened wings, on the branch he watches the result. Down, rapid as an arrow from Heaven, descends the distant object of his attention, the roar of its wings reaching the ear as it disappears in the deep, making the surges foam around. At this moment, the eagle looks of the eagle are all order; and levelling his neck for flight, he sees the fish hawk once more emerge, struggling with his prey, and mounting in the air with screams of exultation.—These are the signals for our hero, who,

plunging into the air, instantly gives chase and soon gains on the fish hawk;—each exert his utmost to mount above the other, displaying in these recourtes the most elegant and sublime aerial evolutions. The unincumbered eagle rapidly advances, and is just on the point of reaching his opponent, when, with a sudden scream, probably of despair and honest execration the latter drops his fish; the eagle, poisoning himself, for a moment, as if to take a more certain aim, descends like a whirlwind, snatches it in his grasp ere it reaches the water, and bears his ill-gotten booty silently and triumphantly into the woods.”—[Wilson's Am. Ornithology.]

GOLDEN EAGLE.

This powerful bird breeds, in the recesses of the sub-alpine countries which skirts the rocky mountains, and is, seldom seen farther to the eastward. It is held by the aborigines of America, as it is by almost every other people, to be an emblem of might and courage; and the young Indian warrior glories in his eagle plume as the most honorable with which he can adorn himself. Its feathers attached to the calumets or smoking pipes, used by the Indians in celebration of their solemn festivals, which has obtained for it the calumet eagle. Indeed so highly are these ornaments prized, that a warrior will often exchange a valuable horse for the tail feathers of a single eagle. The strength of vision of this bird must almost exceed conception, for it can discover its prey and pounce upon it from a height at which it is itself, with its expanded wings, scarcely visible to the human eye. When looking for its prey it sails in large circles, with its tail spread out but with little motion of its wings; and it often soars aloft in a spiral manner, its gyrations becoming gradually less and less perceptible, until it dwindles to a mere speck, and is at length entirely lost to the view. A story is current of the plains of Saskatchewan, of a half-bred Indian who was vaunting his prowess before a band of his countrymen, and wishing to impress them with a belief in his supernatural powers. In the midst of this harangue, an eagle was observed suspended as it were, in the air directly over his head upon which, pointing aloft with his dagger, which glistened brightly in the sun, he called upon the royal bird to come down. To his own amazement, no less to the consternation of the surrounding Indians, the eagle seemed to obey the charm, for instantly shooting down with the velocity of an arrow, it impaled itself on the point of his weapon.—[Zoology of North America.]

HISTORICAL.

“As morality is the science of human life, so history may be defined to be morality taught by example.”

PALACE OF VERSAILLES.

The palace, as it now stands, with all its appurtenances, was erected by Louis XIV. in the midst of an expensive war, and cost the nation, from first to last, an outlay

of many millions sterling. In one week alone, 22,000 men and 6,000 horses were employed daily, at an expence of 250,000 francs: and for a considerable length of time the labourers actually composed an army of not less than 36,000. Lead is usually considered rather a heavy article, and the French exchequer found it so, for its consumption amounted to a modest item of 32 millions of livres. Indeed the expenditure could not be otherwise than enormous, for the attractions of Versailles are all of them exclusively created by dint of labour and indefatigable art. Nature, it is apparent, has been strictly neutral, and the Duke de Crequi had certainly no less than reason to call his master's darling residence “a favorite without merit.” The reckless indifference with which monarchs in those days could dispose of the national resources, appears to be well exemplified by the simple act of Louis when the tremendous account of the cost incurred by the chateau and gardens was laid before him. His Majesty was “graciously pleased,” after having glanced at the sum total, to throw the paper behind the fire. There is, moreover, abundant cause to believe that the progress of Marlborough gave him no such uneasiness as a casual blunder of his architect or gardener. To those who are conversant with the intrigues of court, the alleged origin of the war of 1688 will hardly appear improbable. The king it is said, one morning discovered that a window in *Grand Trianon* was not uniform with the rest, and immediately became so incensed against the superintendent of the works, that Francois, Marquis de Louvois, keeper of the seals, exclaimed to one of his intimates, “I am lost if I do not find occupation for one who thus easily loses his temper. Nothing but a war can wean him from his buildings, and a war he shall have!”

“What dire effects from trifling causes spring!”

The palace has been uninhabited since 1789, and stands in its dreary grandeur a solitary memorial of fearful associations. Who can ascend without emotion the splendid marble stair case, where the *garde de corps* was murdered while the wretched queen made her escape from another part of the building. Who can regard without some tenderness of sentiment the scene consecrated to classical recollection by the touching apostrophe of Burke:—“It is now seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the dauphiness, on the terrace of Versailles, and surely never lighted on this orb, which she scarcely seemed to touch, a more delightful vision!” Who can call to mind without a shudder the memorable fifth of October, 1789, when the mob of the revolution, for the first time, profaned the sanctuary of the royal throne,