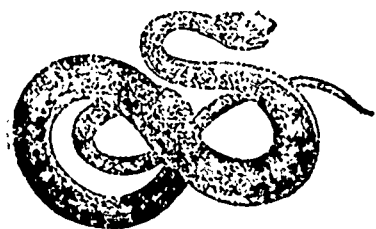


THE TWO STREAMLETS.

FROM THE SPANISH.

Two little streams o'er plains of green
Roll gently on—the flowers between;
But each to each defiance hurls—
And their artillery are pearls;
They foam, they rage, they shout—and then
Sink in their silent beds again;
And melodies of peace are heard
From many a gay and joyous bird.
I saw a melancholy rill
Burst meekly from a clouded hill:
Another rolled behind—in speed
An eagle, and in strength a steel;
It reached the vale, and overtook
Its rival in the deepest nook;
And each to each defiance hurls—
All their artillery are pearls;
They foam, they rage, they shout—and then
Rest in their silent beds again.
And if two little streamlets break
The law of love for passion's sake,
How, then should I a rival see,
Nor be inflamed with jealousy?
For is not love a mightier power
Than mountain stream or mountain shower?



A CHAPTER ON SNAKES.

RATTLE SNAKES AND ASH TREES.

It is a curious fact perhaps not generally known to those acquainted with this reptile, that it has a great aversion to a white ash tree. Strike it with a twig of this tree, and the rattle-snake becomes convulsed. And with such a wand in his hand, a person may travel through the habitations of this venomous reptile without fear of molestation. The Indian, aware of the virtues of this tree, strews his couch and his wigwam with them. A gentleman, who formerly was in the habit of hunting in the Popocatepec country not long since, gives us the following illustration of the effect of the white ash upon the rattle-snake:—

On returning from their traps one day, one of the party caught a rattle-snake and brought it alive into the camp. It was immediately proposed to experiment with him. Accordingly a winnow of leaves was gathered together in the form of a circle; a segment of the circle being composed entirely of the white ash, the remaining part of the leaves of the maple. The rattle-snake was placed within the circle, which was fifteen or twenty feet in diameter. The rattle-snake, in great fear and trembling, retreated towards the maple leaves, but here the experimenters met him with their ash twigs, and he was glad to stop his course, and laid his head down in quiet submission.

After he had in this manner been essayed for some time, the segment of maple leaves was set on fire, and the hunters retired to watch the effect. The rattle-snake raised his head, moved about in a small circle, turned his head towards the burning leaves, coiled himself for a throw, gave his shrill rattle, and plunging into the flame escaped from the circle. —Manchester Democrat.

This is undoubtedly true. The writer of this tried a similar experiment with a copper-head, red-head or red snake, as it is variously called. One-half of a circle was composed of ash leaves, and the remaining half of glowing coals. The snake raised his head, and, on perceiving the ash leaves, withdrew towards the fire, which he passed over, as the rattle-snake is described to have done. Snakes are no longer dreaded after the falling of the leaf, at which time they are said to retire to their dens on account of their aversion to the leaves of the ash.

At one time the writer was very much interested in studying the habits of this animal. He employed several Indians to obtain him living specimens of every variety of our serpents, excepting a description peculiar to the coast of New England. He succeeded in obtaining quite a number, which, strange to say, lived together in the most friendly way.

It has been quite a question whether snakes hiss. Some do and others do not. The varieties of the adder always hiss when approached or enraged. It produces a similar effect upon the nerves to that of a file creaking between the teeth of a handsaw.

The writer at one time possessed a snake with two perfectly formed heads and necks, and it can be produced now. There is a locality in Rhode Island where similar specimens are not unusual. Many years ago there was killed in the town of Stonington, a large black snake, with four feet like a lizard. The art of Taxidermy was not known in that region. It was kept till it was necessary to bury it, and hundreds of people went to see it. The writer once possessed a pet black snake, that evinced signs of evident attachment. As he entered his apartment it would come to him, and twining round the chair, climb to his back, and then extended its head over his shoulder or under his arm to be caressed. There is a person now living who was seen, when a child, every day, to take her porringer of milk and go over a hillock in the rear of the house. Her mother's curiosity being excited, she followed to see the cause of this regular visit. To her horror she beheld her child seated on the ground, with a rattle-snake feeding out of her porringer. At that instant the child hit the snake on the head with her little spoon, saying, "you shan't have it all," and then proceeded to eat her own share. The mother dared not move or speak till the meal was concluded, and these strange messmates had parted company. The snake was subsequently killed, and the child mourned bitterly for her "poor snake."

Black snakes sometimes attack a man, and by twining round his legs make their way to his neck, and strangle him to death. We once knew a very respectable deaf and dumb man who had a dreadful encounter with a den of black snakes. We never saw so thrilling a piece of pantomime as his description of it, by signs. With his upturned fingers in motion, he represented their heads all about him amongst the rocks. He cut himself a stick, of the size of his finger in circumference, and as soon as he hit one they made a general onset. He struck about him, but their number increased faster than he could despatch them. His stick broke, and they began to writhe about his legs. He succeeded in getting his feet on each side of a stone, which probably saved his life; for, but for this, they would soon have mastered him. He finally got out his knife and continued to cut them as he would so many cords, till he had killed so great a number, that the mention of it would be thought extravagant. He was nearly exhausted with fright and exertion, and never could describe it without evincing great terror.

A man was once attacked in a similar way by a black snake, which made its way to his waist. He joined his hands, and by bracing them apart, checked its ascent, but he could feel the undulations of his working muscles as he slid slowly upward. Death from strangulation seemed inevitable; the cold sweat stood upon his brow, his heart beat audibly, and his whole frame was convulsed with a cold shudder, yet upward toward his throat stole that black and writhing form. His cries for help were unanswered, save by the cawing of some vagrant crow, or the scream of the blue jay. It seemed as if his last pulse was soon to beat, when, maddened by frenzy, he deliberately seized its back in his teeth and crushed it. The serpent quivering with agony, fell at his feet, and he fled with affright. So painful was the impression that he would for years after occasionally dream of that awful hour. —[New World.

FLOWERS.—There is no better warranty of good taste, good feelings, and good morals, than the cultivation of flowers. A true and refined taste for these simple, yet beautiful gifts of Nature, is incompatible with evil or corrupt thoughts. An ignorant boor would as soon admire and understand a classic and beautiful poem, as a licentious person would love and cultivate flowers; but we would not be understood as implying that every one must necessarily be depraved or corrupt who does not love and cultivate; nor, on the other hand, that all must be moral and refined who do. Yet we do say, that an admiration for flowers, tends to elevate and purify the soul. It cultivates taste for the good and beautiful, and furnishes healthy and delightful employment for many a leisure hour, which otherwise might be spent in idleness, or perhaps folly and guilt.

A widow woman named Marshall, residing at Florida, near Glasgow, aged ninety-six, has this, as an old-fashioned custom, cut her corn and barley, binding and cutting it single-handed. She has also dug the potatoes on her ground, as she was afraid they would be stolen, and she is now engaged in cutting out the barley in her barn.

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OF THE

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The Editors of the Victoria Magazine will devote all their talents to produce a useful, entertaining, and cheap Periodical, for the Canadian People; which may afford amusement to both old and young. Sketches and Tales, in verse and prose, Moral Essays, Statistics of the Colony, Scraps of Useful Information, Reviews of New Works, and well selected articles from the most popular authors of the day, will form the pages of the Magazine.

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The terms of subscription—ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM—invariably to be paid in advance.

A Spanish lady appeared at a masquerade recently, in a dress trimmed and ornamented with brilliant fire-flies. —Home Journal.

We have seen twenty dark-eyed Crickets at a West Indian fandango, thus attired all together. The fire-fly of Cuba is threeble the size and brilliancy of ours, and is called in Havana 'The Animal Diamond.' —Flag of our Union.

The Amber Witch.

The almost entire unanimity of the Press in praise of this little book, is quite sufficient, without any display of our in the way of an advertisement; for from the Quarterlies down to the Dailies, all speak in the highest commendation of the work. It was first introduced to the English reader by the Quarterly Review, which regards this exquisite work to De Poe, and is impossible to imagine any thing more absolutely truthful.

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Return Them Forthwith, particularly those whose term of subscription has expired.

We have about 400 vols. now out, and have been, many of them, for some 6, 9, and 12 months.

"There is a time when forbearance ceases to be a virtue."

JOSEPH WILSON, Belleville, Sept. 15, 1847.

'Has the cookery book got pictures?' asked Miss C. of a bookseller. 'No, none, was the answer. 'Why,' exclaimed the witty and beautiful lady, 'what is the use of telling us how to make a good dinner if they give us no Plates?'

'If ever you marry,' said my uncle, 'let it be to a woman who has judgement enough to superintend the work of her house; taste enough to dress herself; pride enough to wash herself before breakfast; and sense enough to hold her tongue when she has nothing to say.'

"Your pen wants mending," as the shepherd said to the stray sheep.