

wards, Dr. Dwight saw abundance of the same timber still lying, though the people around had been continually using it as fuel since the time of the eruption. The site of Long Lake remained, ever after the event, without water, though the bottom continued soft and marshy. Mud Lake was not entirely exterminated, though the mud from the upper pool filled it up so much as to make it a shallow and trifling body of water ever afterwards.

Though the men who caused this violent and unexpected deluge were scarcely blameable, they were prosecuted by the proprietor of one of the destroyed mills, who sought damages of a thousand dollars from them, but afterwards took a hundred in compromise. After all, it was fortunate that the eruption took place at the time it did, when the country was very scantily settled. From the slight and fragile nature of the northern barrier, as well as from the local position of the lake, it may be safely pronounced that its waters would, sooner or later, have discharged themselves in the way they did; and had this taken place when the country was thickly peopled, as it is now, the calamity might have been one of the most signal and destructive that ever resulted from similar causes.

PROGRESS.—Greater changes have taken place in no single age than are at this time in progress; and the revolutions in which empires, kingdoms or republics are made and unmade, and political constitutions rise and burst like bubbles upon a standing pool, when its stagnant waters are disturbed by a thunder-shower, are not the most momentous of those changes, neither are they those which most nearly concern us. The effects of the discovery of printing could never be felt in their full extent by any nation, till education, and the diffusion also of a certain kind of knowledge, had become so general, that newspapers should be accessible to every body, and the very lowest of the people should have opportunity to read them, or to hear them read. The maxim that it is politic to keep the people in ignorance, will not be maintained in any country where the rulers are conscious of upright intentions, and confident likewise in the intrinsic worth of the institutions which it is their duty to uphold, knowing those institutions to be founded on the rock of righteous principles. They know, also, that the best means of preserving them from danger is so to promote the increase of general information, as to make the people perceive how intimately their own well-being depends upon the stability of the state, thus making them wise to obedience.

TO PREVENT FLIES FROM INJURING PICTURE FRAMES, GLASSES, &c.—Boil three or four leeks in a pint of water, then with a gilding brush wash over your glasses and frames with the liquid, and the flies will not go near the articles so washed. This may be used without apprehension, as it will not do the least injury to the frames.

From an oversight, a portion only of the following article appeared in our last number. (See page 404):—

FLOWERS ON THE ALPS.—The flowers of the mountains—they must not be forgotten. It is worth a botanist's while to traverse all these high passes; nay, it is worth the while of a painter, or any one who delights to look upon graceful flowers, or lovely hues, to pay a visit to these little wild nymphs of Flora, at their homes in the mountains of St. Bernard. We are speaking now generally of what may be seen throughout the whole of the route, from Moutier, by the little St. Bernard, to Aosta,—and thence again to Martigny. There is no flower so small, so beautiful, so splendid in colour, but its equal may be met with in these sequestered places. The tenaciousness of flowers is not known; their hardihood is not sufficiently admired. Wherever there is a handful of earth, there also is a patch of wild-flowers. If there be a crevice in the rock, sufficient to thrust in the edge of a knife, there will the winds carry a few grains of dust, and there straight up springs a flower. In the lower parts of the Alps, they cover the earth with beauty, Thousands and tens of thousands, blue, and yellow, and pink, and violet, and white, of every shadow and every form, are to be seen, vying with each other, and eclipsing every thing besides. Midway they meet you again, sometimes fragrant and always lovely: and in the topmost places, where the larch, and the pine, and the rododendron, (the last living shrub), are no longer to be seen, where you are just about to tread upon the limit of perpetual snow, there still peep up and blossom the "Forget me not," the Alpine ranunculus, and the white and blue gentian, the last of which displays, even in this frozen air, a blue of such intense and splendid colour, as can scarcely be surpassed by the heavens themselves. It is impossible not to be affected at thus meeting with these little unsheltered things, at the edge of eternal barrenness. They are the last gifts of beneficent, abundant Nature. Thus far she has struggled and striven, vanquishing rocks and opposing elements, and sowing here a forest of larches, and there a wood of pines, a clump of rhododendrons, a patch of withered herbage, and, lastly, a bright blue flower. Like some mild conqueror, who carries gifts and civilization into a savage country, but is compelled to stop somewhere at last, she seems determined that her parting present shall also be the most beautiful. This is the limit of her sway. Here, where she has cast down these lovely landmarks, her empire ceases. Beyond, rule the ice and the storm!—*New Monthly Magazine.*

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