

in its course, tranquil in its close, and peacefully losing itself in eternity;

In virtue's tranquil course
Still onward calmly glide—
And shun the sudden plunge
Of vice's stormy tide.

Edmund.—I will try to remember that remark, whenever I look on a rushing torrent, or a gliding river.

Traveller.—At no great distance from the city of Gottenburgh, in Sweden, the river Gotha rushes down from a prodigious high precipice, into a deep pit, with a terrible noise. It is customary to float trees down the river, which are intended to be used as masts of ships. These are turned over by the force of the fall and driven so far under water, that they do not rise again until a quarter of an hour, and sometimes half an hour afterwards.

Gilbert.—We have often sent sticks down the waterfall yonder, but they always come up again to the top of the water in a minute.

Traveller.—The mountainous country of the Alps abounds in waterfalls. The Fall of the Staub-Bach, in the valley of Lautesbrannen, is estimated at nine hundred perpendicular feet. The torrent Evanson, descending from Mount Rose exhibits a still greater fall, and that is again exceed by a cataract of the river Orca.

Edmund.—Such waterfalls must look as though they fell from the clouds.

Traveller.—Persons who live in England can have little conception of the magnitude of the falls in mountainous countries. The cataracts of the Nile are of great extent, for the river runs through abrupt and precipitous countries. One fall, by way of eminence, is called the Cataract of the Nile. The river is, in this part, confined between two rocks, and runs into a deep trough, with great roaring and an impetuous velocity. The cataract presents itself amid groves of beautiful trees, and as the sheet of water which falls in rainy weather is half-a-mile in breadth, and at least forty feet deep, you may imagine to yourselves, as well as you can, what an imposing spectacle it is to look upon.

Edmund.—A waterfall half a mile wide! What a deal of foam there must be at the bottom of it!

Traveller.—The Cataract of the Mender much delighted me, for, though a large fall of water is always an object of great interest, it is doubly so when in a secluded situation, and when surrounded by bold and picturesque scenery. The Cataract of the Mender is the source of the river which bears the same name. As I climbed up the rocky steep on one side of the fall, the sound was truly terrible. An amphitheatre of wondrous beauty drew my attention, and I entered it as a kind of fairy land. Huge craggy rocks rose, covered with pine trees, apparently to the very clouds. These trees grew in every possible direction, sometimes crossing each other among a variety of evergreen shrubs, while enormous plane trees waved their vast branches above the torrent. The whole of the face of the rock was clothed with moss; evergreens, hazels, plane trees, oaks, and pines decorated the place. The sun was bright over head, the torrent white as snow beneath, and a naked fearful precipice on one side seemed to raise its head to the skies. I had a hymn book in my pocket, and, through my voice was drowned by the stunning noise of the cataract, I could not help chanting aloud a verse or two, for my heart was full of gratitude to Him who had so liberally spread his wonders abroad in the earth.

"Come let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one."

The Marble Cascade, so called because the mountain down which it falls is almost wholly composed of marble, lies about three miles from Terni. The precipices around are of a stupendous kind; and the river, which descends a perpendicular depth of three hundred feet, is divided into many parts by the rocks on which it falls. A continual vapour ascends from the bottom of the cataract, which waters the neighbouring valley with a perpetual shower.

Gilbert.—There are not two alike among all the cataracts that you have mentioned. I never thought that there could be such a variety in them.

Traveller.—Variety is one of the greatest charms of nature. The Grand Cascade of Anio, near Tivoli, flows down the edge of a precipitous rock, and its waters have hollowed out at the bottom

grooves of various shapes and sizes, so beautifully picturesque, that hours might be pleasantly spent in tracing them. On the opposite bank of the river, the woody steep presents a most romantic scene, varying at every point of view from which it is seen. And I can almost fancy that I hear the thunderings of one of these great cataracts echoing among the rocks, which might be imagined to be cleft asunder to give a free passage to its waters. The thunders of the fall, the trampling of the horses and mules which pass near the hallooing of the passengers, are all echoed in different directions, some six or seven times over, with a noise so deep and wild, as to strike the traveller unaccustomed to them with terror. The report of a gun or pistol is echoed in claps of thunder. One of the falls of this place, called the Non of Arpena, is estimated to exceed a thousand feet.

Leonard.—What a number of falls you have seen!

Traveller.—When I was in Africa, that part of the world so famous for wild beasts, noxious reptiles, and burning sands, I visited a waterfall of great beauty at Waterfall Mountain. Almost all European travellers, who proceed from Cape Town to the interior of Southern Africa, visits this enchanting spot. The great chain of mountains, which runs from north to south through the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, divides into two branches; one runs to the southwest, while the other stretches out in a northerly direction. At the end of this latter branch is the Waterfall Mountain. I climbed up the broken rocks, opposite the fall, to an amazing height, and, standing at the top, looked down upon the rushing cataract opposite me.

Gilbert.—Ay that is the way I should always look at a cataract; for then you must see it to the best advantage.

Traveller.—But it often happens that there is no rock to climb opposite a waterfall, so that this plan cannot always be adopted. The cataract at Waterfall Mountain is more than eighty feet in depth, and perhaps about thirty or forty feet wide; and though it is comparatively, much inferior in size to many I have seen, yet from its position, and the scenery around, it is a most delightful spectacle to gaze on. The falls of the Missouri, the Montmorency and the Niagara, are famed all over the world. The Missouri is a river in North America, fed by a great variety of streams. In one part its waters are broken into successive rapid falls, torrents, and cataracts of different depths, and of every variety of form. This continues for a length of between two or three miles, so that a lover of waterfalls may here find amusement for a month. The river Montmorency empties itself into the great river St. Lawrence. The boundless forests and desolate hills, which it approaches in its course, are in some degree enlivened by the sound of its shallow currents, broken cataracts, and sweeping torrents. From the middle of April to the end of May, its waters roll with increasing rapidity, swollen by the melting of the snows at the breaking up of winter. Vast fragments of the horizontal rocks are forced from their position, and swept along by the rushing violence of the stream.

Leonard.—If a man were to fall in such a river, he would be drowned in a moment.

Traveller.—In one place the river forms a grand cascade, throwing itself from a rock two hundred and fifty feet high into the profound abyss below, where the boiling stream rages and foams with perfect fury. The effect from the summit of a cliff is awfully grand. The depth of the fall, the brightness of the water, its swiftness through the air, the clouds of rising vapour, assuming the prismatic colours the gloomy precipice crowned with woods, and the spreading of the stream after the fall, to the breath of fifteen hundred feet, all add to the imposing effect of this celebrated cataract.

Gilbert.—Well, I always thought the cascade yonder was a very fine fall of water, but the cataracts that you have described make it a mere speck; however, it is the best that we have got within many miles of us therefore we must not leave off admiring it.

(To be Continued.)

AGRICULTURE.

On the Management of Cows.

Having formerly kept a large number of cows, I observed many amongst them that dried up their milk so early in the fall, at they were not profitable, while others, with the same keeping, gave milk in plenty until late in the season. I likewise have