

frosts set in; and on this account the Dutch call it *everlasting strawberry*. The rough-fruited kind of strawberry is merely an accidental variety. The *Hautboy* is the kind most cultivated in England. This will soon degenerate where neglected; but, when well managed in a good soil, will produce a quantity of large well-flavoured fruit. The *Chili* strawberry yields plenty of firm well-flavoured fruit; but being unproductive, has been generally neglected. The *scarlet* strawberry, which differs very much from the common sort in leaf, flour and fruit, is the first strawberry that becomes ripe, and is also thought to be the best kind now known. The *pine* strawberry has something of the smell and taste of the pine-apple. Strawberries, either eaten separately, or with sugar and milk, are universally esteemed a most delicious fruit. They are grateful and cooling, and seldom disagree with the stomach, even when taken in large quantities. They promote perspiration, and have been known to give great relief in the gout and stone, when eaten daily. The first physicians have successfully prescribed them for consumptive habits. The strawberry surpasses the raspberry as a dissolver of the tartar which destroys the teeth, but requires more care in the cultivation. They grow best in a delicate loam, and will not bear much fruit in a light soil. The low growth and nature of this creeping plant are noticed by Shakespeare, who says, *Henry V.* act I, scene I—

The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,  
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best,  
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality.

We shall conclude the praises of the strawberry with the quaint saying of an old writer:—*God might have made a better berry than the strawberry—but certainly he never did.*

#### WHY DO WE LOVE?

I often think each tottering form,  
That limps along in life's decline,  
Once bore a heart as young, as warm,  
As full of idle thoughts as mine.

And each has had his dream of joy—  
His own unequalled pure romance;  
Commencing when the blushing boy  
First thrills at lovely woman's glance:

And each could tell his tale of youth,  
And think its scenes of love evince  
More passion, more unearthly truth,  
Than any tale before, or since.

Yes—they could tell of tender lays,  
At midnight penn'd in classic shades—  
Of days more bright than modern days—  
Of maids more fair than living maids;

Of whispers in a willing ear—  
Of kisses on a blushing cheek;  
(Each kiss—each whisper far too dear  
For modern lips to give, or speak.)

Of prospects too, untimely cross'd—  
Of passion slighted or betray'd;  
Of kindred spirits early lost,  
And buds that blossom'd but to fade.

Of beaming eyes, and tresses gay—  
Elastic form, and noble brow;  
And charms—that all have pass'd away,  
And left them—*what we see them now!*

And is it so?—Is human love  
So very light and frail a thing?  
And must youth's brightest visions move  
For ever on Time's restless wing?

Must all the eyes that still are bright,  
And all the lips that talk of bliss,  
And all the forms so fair to-night,  
Hereafter—only come to this?

Then what are Love's best visions worth,  
If we at length must lose them thus?  
If all we value most on earth,  
Ere long must fade away from us?

If that *one* being, whom we take  
From all the world, and still recur  
To *all she* said—and for her sake  
Feel far from *joy*, when far from her;

If that one form which we adore  
From youth to age, in bliss or pain,  
Soon withers—and is seen no more:  
Why do we love—if *love be* rain?

#### STONING JEWS IN LENT—AN OLD CUSTOM.

From the sabbath before Palm-Sunday, to the last hour of the Tuesday after Easter "the Christians were accustomed to stone and beat the Jews," and all Jews who desired to exempt themselves from the infliction of this cruelty, commuted for a payment in money. It was likewise ordained in one of the Catholic services, during Lent, that all orders of men should be prayed for except the Jews. These usages were instituted and justified by a dreadful perversion of scripture, when rite and ceremony triumphed over truth and mercy. Humanity was dead, for superstition Molechized the heart.

From the dispersion of the Jews they have lived peaceably in all nations towards all, and in all nations been persecuted, imprisoned, tortured, and put to death, or massacred by mobs. In England, kings conspired with their subjects to oppress them. To say nothing of the well known persecutions they endured under king John, the walls of London were repaired with the stones of their dwellings, which his barons had pillaged or destroyed. Until the reign of Henry II., a spot of ground near Red-cross-street, in London, was the only place in all England wherein they were allowed to bury their dead.

In 1262, after the citizens of London broke into their houses, plundered their property, and murdered seven hundred of them in cold blood, King Henry III. gave their ruined synagogue in Lothbury to the friars called the fathers of the sackcloth. The church of St. Olave in the Old Jewry was another of their synagogues till they were dispossessed of it: were the sufferings they endured to be recounted we should shudder. Our old English ancestors would have laughed any one to derision who urged in a Jew's behalf, that he had "eyes," or "hands," "organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions," or that he was "fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian is." They would have deemed a man mad had one been found with a desire to prove that

—the poor Jew,  
In corporal sufferance feels a pang as great  
As when a Christian dies.

To say nothing of their more obvious sufferings for many centuries. the tide of public opinion raged against the Jews