

SELECTIONS.

UNPROFESSIONAL BENEVOLENCE.—I was informed by a barrister, now well known, that, a short time after his call, he received a brief assign hearing that the mother, in order to defray the expenses of the sacrifices, which left her only bed and wedding ring, and made other a distance in the country, he sent for her privately, and finding, on received from her agent, and thus enabled an aged woman to riding to the cars of one of the leaders, he spoke to my friend on the subject, assuring him that he had done wrong, inasmuch as such conduct was unprofessional.—*Hood's Magazine.*

THE DISCOVERER OF STEAM-POWER.—It is now, we believe, admitted by men of science, though the world in general either overlooks or is ignorant of the fact, that the Marquis of Worcester, an English nobleman of Charles II.'s time, an ancestor of the existing duke of Beaufort, was the person who first discovered the existing and remarkable mechanical capabilities of steam—thus revealing to our own age, is working out effects so vast and magnificent, in the name of his Maker he was humble. The following passage from a prayer of the Marquis, while it shows him elevated with the consciousness of being the depository of a stupendous discovery, also exhibits a mind imbued with humility and modesty: "Oh, infinitely omnipotent God! whose mercies areathomless, and whose knowledge is in essence and in quantity next to my creation and redemption, I render thee most humble thanks from the very bottom of my heart for thy vouchsafing me (the meanest in understanding) an insight in so great a secret of nature, beneficent to a mankind, as this water-commanding engine. Suffer me not to be puffed up with the knowing of it, but humble my haughty heart by thy true knowledge of my own ignorance!" Such language as this used by one whose genius discovered the steam-engine, reminds us of Newton's comparison of himself to a child picking up shells on the shores of the ocean of truth.—*Dublin Christian Journal.*

INCIDENTAL ASSOCIATIONS.—In all the variety of associations, there is nothing more remarkable than the deep hold which objects, in themselves utterly insignificant, take hold of the affections. The only child of a widow lately fell sick of a fever; her case was pronounced by the physicians to be hopeless, and her death was every moment expected. The disconsolate mother watched incessantly by her bedside in an agony of grief, and she felt her heart die within her as she saw the child picking at the bedclothes, which is considered a most fatal symptom; but what was her surprise when she saw the little creature, who had seemed in a state of stupor for hours, raise her hand and display between her finger and thumb a small feather, which had worked through the pillow, and heard her say—"Mamma, look at the pretty feather!" The poor mother's heart bounded with hope and thankfulness; from that moment the complaint took a favourable turn, and the little invalid recovered. Among the relics of former days, nothing was more fondly treasured than that little feather. Years and years have rolled away since it was first assigned to her pocket-book; but who could number the times when it has been taken out and gazed on with delight! To this day, the tears of gratitude and affection are often shed over it.—Dr. H— was devoted to scientific and literary pursuits, but in his hours of relaxation he used to amuse himself with his little grandchild, on whom he doted. He would often carry her in his arms to look out of his study window; his favourite would run her tiny fingers along the panes of glass, which bore the traces long after the little creature fell sick and died. The grandfather was often observed to saunter to the window, and stand there in a deep reverie. One morning, on entering the room, he found the servant had gained admittance before him, and discovered him busily engaged in cleaning the window. The marks of the little fingers were gone. A violent burst of agonized feeling showed plainly how fondly they had been associated with the memory of the dear child in the heart of a poor old man.

THE VAMPIRE.—The singular creatures which are productive of so much annoyance constitute the genus *Phyllostoma*, so named from the leaf-like appendage attached to their upper lip; they are peculiar to the continent of America, being distributed over the immense extent of territory between Patuxent and the Isthmus of Darien. Their tongue, which is capable of considerable extension, is furnished at its extremity with a number of papillae, which appear as if so arranged as to form an organ of suction; and their lips have also tubular symmetrical arrangement—these are the organs by which they draw the life-blood both from man and beast. These animals are the famous vampires, of which various travellers have given such redoubtable accounts, and which are known to have nearly destroyed the first establishment of Europeans in the New World. The molar teeth of the true vampire or spectre-bat, are of the most carnivorous character, the first being short and almost plain, the others sharp and cutting, and terminating in three or four points. Their rough tongue has been supposed to be the instrument employed for abrading the skin, so as to enable them more readily to abstract the blood, but zoologists are now agreed that such supposition is wholly groundless. Having carefully examined, in many cases, the wounds thus made on horses, mules,

pigs, and other animals, observations that have been confirmed by information received from the inhabitants of the northern parts of Brazil, I am led to believe that the puncture which the vampire makes in the skin of animals is effected by the sharp hooked nail of its thumb, and that from the wound thus made it abstracts the blood by the suction power of its lips and tongue. That these bats attack man, as well as animals, is certain; for I have frequently been shown the scars of their punctures in the toes of many who had suffered from their attacks,—but I never met with a recent case. They grow to a large size, and I have killed some that measure two feet between the tips of the wings.—*Gardner's Travels in Brazil.*

THE REVELATIONS OF CHAOS.—After making herself very agreeable Lucy Constance took up a book which was at hand, and said, "Do you know this?" And Tancel, opening a volume which he had never seen, and then turning to its title page, found it was "The Revelations of Chaos," a startling work just published, and of which a rumour had reached him. "No," he replied, "I have not seen it." "I will lend it to you if you like," it is one of those books one must read. It explains everything, and is written in a very agreeable style." "It explains everything," said Tancel; "it must, indeed, be a very agreeable book!" "I think it will just suit you," said Lucy Constance. "Do you know, I thought so several times while I was reading it." "To judge from the title, the subject is rather obscure," said Tancel. "No longer so," said Lucy Constance; "it is treated so scientifically; everything is explained by geology and astronomy, and in that way. It shows you exactly how a star is formed; nothing can be so pretty! A cluster of vapour—the cream of the milky way—a sort of celestial cheese—churned into light—you must read it, it is charming." "No body ever saw a star formed," said Tancel. "Perhaps not. You must read the 'Revelations'; it is all explained. But what is most interesting, is the way in which man is developed. You know, all is development. The principle is perpetually going on. First, there was nothing, then there was something; then—I forget the next—I think there were shells, then fishes; then we came—let me see—did we come next? Never mind that; we came at last. And the next change there will be something very superior to us—something with wings. Ah! that's it; we were I do not believe I ever was a fish." "But you must read it," "I do not believe I ever was a fish," said Tancel. "Oh! but it is all proved; you must not argue on my rapid sketch; read the book. It is impossible to contradict anything in it. You understand, it is all science; it is not like those books in which one says one thing and another the contrary, and both may be wrong. Everything is proved—by geology, you know. You see exactly how everything is made; how many worlds there have been; how long they lasted; what went before, what comes next. We are a link in the chain, as inferior animals were that preceded us; we in turn shall be inferior; all that will remain of us will be some relics in a new red sandstone.—*D'Israeli.*

The Manchester Athenæum was instituted ten years ago. It has now a library of 13,000 volumes, and its news-room is supplied with 140 newspapers. It has a theatre for lectures, in which, last year, 80 lectures were delivered by men eminent in the ranks of literature and science. There are classes for French, German, Spanish, Italian, Mathematics, Vocal Music; they have also essays, a gymnasium, &c. To all these, access is obtained for 25s per annum, with the exception of the evening classes, for which a small additional fee is charged. The number now attending are 2,300. It is a remarkable and encouraging fact, that since the establishment of the Athenæum, before. It has now a library of 9,000 volumes, and various important classes, for which the fee is 20s per annum.

JULIAN THE APOSTATE.—"Maximus of Ephesus, a celebrated philosopher, travelled into Numidia to teach Julian, the Apostate the art of magic, promising to enable him, by its means, to become emperor. Eusebius, Chrysantes, and Præscus, disciples of Maximus, aided him in initiating Julian in the avocations, enchantments, and magical sacrifices, in the performance of which numbers of innocent human victims were sacrificed with the most cruel and abhorrent rites, in the subterraneous chambers of the palace at Antioch, where their bones were found after the death of Julian."

THIS WORLD AND THE NEXT.—He that will often put this world and the next before him, and look steadfastly at both, will find the latter growing greater, and the former less.

EXPENSE OF CRIME.—A poor man robs the community, or some member of it (for that comes to the same thing) to the amount of one shilling a day, and conveyed to a police-office that cost perhaps five hundred pounds to build it. Here are found three or more officials, all brought up before a magistrate, also well paid, by whom the affair is investigated, and by him he is afterwards transmitted to the Sessions, where a new army of stipendiaries all await him. But his journey is not ended. Convicted of his offence, he is sentenced to seven years' transportation to one of the most remote quarters of the globe. To convey him thither the Government have provided a ship and a crew, a surgeon and a surgeon; and to sum up in one word, before he has commenced the expiation of his crime, that penny has cost the country something about three hundred pounds.