

it appears to the careless eye, a mere lump of insensible bone fastened to the leg by a joint. It is made up of a series of thin layers, or leaves of horn about five hundred in number, nicely fitted to each other and forming a lining to the foot itself. Then there are as many more layers, belonging to what is called the "coffin bone," and fitted into this. They are elastic. Take a quire of paper and insert the leaves one by one into those of another quire, and you will get some idea of the arrangements of the several layers. Now, the weight of the horse rests on as many elastic springs as there are layers in his four feet—about 4000; and this is contrived, not only for the easy conveyance of the horse's own body, but whatever burdens may be laid upon him.

#### THE ECHO.

Hear the story of the child that went forth into the mountain ravine. While wandering there he cried aloud to break the loneliness, and heard a voice which called to him in the same tone and as he thought the voice again mocked him. Flushed with anger, he rushed to find no one. He then called out to him in anger, and with all abusive epithets, all of which were faithfully returned to him. Choking with rage, the child ran to his mother, and complained that a boy in the woods had insulted him with words. But his mother took her child by the hand and said: "My child, those names are but the echo of thine own voice. Send forth sunshine from thy spirit, and thou shalt never have a clouded day. Carry about a vindictive spirit, and even in the flowers shall lurk curses. Thou shalt receive even what thou givest, and that alone." "Always," said the speaker, "is that child in the mountain passes, and every man and woman is that child."

#### MOTHERS.

Sweetly and truly has it been remarked that the word "Mother" is the most beautiful in the English language. Mother! how the sound recalls to one's remembrance the scenes of earlier years, and the struggles through which, perchance, it may have been our lot to pass—struggles formidable indeed, were the burden not lightened by the sapient counsel and advice of that beloved parent! And yet how few, alas! how very few children—though they are blessed with the kindest

and most noble hearted mothers, who make the most strenuous exertions in their behalf, to aid them in cultivating these graces which pertain to life and happiness—prize her as they ought until by the fiat of an over-ruling Providence they are compelled to part with her—to see her anxious face no more forever. Then, perhaps, when they behold the damp of death upon her marble brow—when they gaze upon her lusterless eye and placid features, as she lies before them a cold, inanimate mass, do they feel that they have parted with the dearest object of their hearts; then do they imagine that could she be restored to them once more, their ambition, however much it might heretofore have partaken of misprision, should henceforth have for its object nought but her individual happiness. But she is gone. Gone! the word falls harshly on the ear. They scarcely realize that she who but a short time since bore the ruddy bloom of health upon her cheek, has left the unhallowed scenes of this world for those of purer and brighter joy in heaven, to mingle in the seraphic strains which echo around the throne of God and the Lamb. Never more will her voice break forth to quell the angry waves of passion and strife that from time to time break across their troubled spirits. Never again will her mild accents urge them forward to the duties which they owe to themselves, their country and their God. Should not this fact be a warning to those children who, wayward though they may be, have yet a mother spared to counsel and guide them as they advance step by step in life; to cheer them through the tribulation and disappointment which may cross their pathway? Should they not love and cherish her as a treasure which they know is to be spared to them for but a short period, and one which, when once lost, can never be restored to them? It may be well for the young to ponder these significant queries.

#### POWER OF HORNETS.

In "Sleeman's East India Rambles" we find the following description of the immense power of the hornet in that section, and of the terrible effect created in an encampment by a swarm of them. We thought our hornets were bad enough, but they are a different species of insects from these East India customers: "I have

seen six companies of infantry, with a train of artillery and a squadron of horse, all put to the rout by a single nest of hornets, and driven off some miles with their horses and bullocks. The officers generally save themselves by keeping within their tents, and creeping under the bedclothes or their carpets, and servants often escape by covering themselves up in their blankets and lying perfectly still. Horses often are stung to a state of madness, in which they throw themselves over precipices, and break their limbs or kill themselves. The grooms, in trying to save their horses, are generally the people who suffer most in a camp attacked by such an enemy. I have seen some so stung as to recover with difficulty; and I believe there have been instances of people not recovering at all. In such a frightful scene I have seen a bullock sitting and chewing the cud as calmly as if the whole thing had been got up for his amusement. The hornets seldom touch any animal that lays perfectly still."

#### INTERESTING FACTS.

Man has the power of imitating almost every motion but that of flight. To effect these he has in maturity and health, 60 bones in his head, 60 in his thigh and legs, 62 in his arms and hands, and 67 in his trunk. He has also 434 muscles. His heart makes 64 pulsations in a minute, and therefore 3840 in an hour, 92,160 in a day. There are also three complete circulations of his blood in the short space of an hour.

In respect to comparative speed of animated beings and impelled bodies, it may be remarked that size and construction seem to have little influence, nor has comparative strength, though one body giving any quantity of motion to another is said to lose so much of its own. The sloth is by no means a small animal, and yet it can travel only fifty paces in a day; a worm crawls only five inches in fifty seconds; but a lady bird can fly 20,000,000 times its own length in less than an hour. An elk can run a mile and a half in seven minutes; an antelope a mile in a minute. The wild mule of Tartary has a speed even greater than that. An eagle can fly 18 leagues an hour, and a Canary falcon can reach 250 leagues in the short space of 16 hours. A violent wind travels 60 miles in an hour; a sound 1142 English feet in a second.