

MILK, BREAD, AND BUTTER TREES!—"We had heard several weeks before, of a tree, the sap of which is a nourishing milk. It is called 'the cow-tree'; and we were assured that the negroes of the farm, who drink plentifully of this vegetable milk, consider it a wholesome aliment. All the milky juices of plants being acrid, bitter, and more or less poisonous, this account appeared to us very extraordinary; but we found by experience during our stay at Barbuda, that the virtues of this tree had not been exaggerated. This fine tree rises like the broad-leaved star-apple. Its oblong and pointed leaves, rough and alternate, are marked by lateral ribs, prominent at the lower surface, and parallel. Some of them are ten inches long. We did not see the flower: the fruit is somewhat fleshy, and contains one and sometimes two nuts. When incisions are made in the trunk of this tree, it yields abundance of a glutinous milk, tolerably thick, devoid of all acridity, and of an agreeable and balmy smell. It was offered to us in the shell of a calabash. We drank considerable quantities of it in the evening before we went to bed, and very early in the morning, without feeling the least injurious effect. The viscosity of this milk alone renders it a little disagreeable. The negroes and the free people who work in the plantation drink it, dipping into it their bread of maize or cassava. The overseer of the farm told us that the negroes grow sensibly fatter during the season when the pale de vaca furnishes them with most milk. This juice, exposed to the air, presents at its surface (perhaps in consequence of the absorption of the atmospheric oxygen) membranes of a strongly animalized substance, yellowish, stringy, and resembling cheese. These membranes, separated from the rest of the more aqueous liquid, are elastic, almost like cat-chouche; but they undergo, in time, the same phenomena of putrefaction as gelatine. The people call the coagulum that separates by the contact of the air cheese. The coagulum grows sour in the space of five or six days. Amidst the great number of curious phenomena which I have observed in the course of my travels, I confess there are few that have made so powerful an impression on me as the aspect of the cow-tree. Whatever relates to milk or to corn inspires an interest which is not merely that of the physical knowledge of things, but is connected with another order of ideas and sentiments. We can scarcely conceive how the human race could exist without farinaceous substances, and without that nourishing juice which the breast of the mother contains, and which is appropriated to the long feebleness of the infant. The amylaceous matter of corn, the object of religious veneration among so many nations, ancient and modern, is diffused in the seeds, and deposited in the roots of vegetables; milk, which serves as an aliment, appears to us exclusively the produce of animal organization. Such are the impressions we have received in our earliest infancy; such is also the source of that astonishment created by the aspect of the tree just described. It is not here the solemn shades of forests, the majestic course of rivers, the mountains wrapped in eternal snow, that excite our emotion. A few drops of vegetable juice recall to our minds all the powerfulness and the fecundity of nature. On the barren flank of a rock grows a tree with coriaceous and dry leaves. Its large woody roots can scarcely penetrate into the stone. For several months of the year not a single shower moistens its foliage. Its branches appear dead and dried; but when the trunk is pierced there flows from it a sweet and nourishing milk. It is at the rising of the sun that this vegetable fountain is most abundant. The negroes and natives are then seen hastening from all quarters, furnished with large bowls to receive the milk, which grows yellow, and the casks at its surface. Some empty their bowls under the tree itself, others carry the juice home to their children."—*Humboldt's Travels.*

FLOWERS.

BY HORACE SMITH.

Ye matn worshippers! who, bending lowly
Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye,
Thro' from your chaises a sweet and holy
Incense on high.

Ye bright mosaics! that, with storied beauty,
The floor of nature's temple tessellate,
What numerous emblems of instructive duty
Your forms create!

'Neath clustered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume with the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields and ever ringing
A call to prayer.

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply,
Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder,
Its dome the sky.

There, as in shade and solitude I wander,
Through the green aisles, or stretched upon the sod,
Awd by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God.

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!
Upraised from seek or bulb, interred in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection.

And second birth.

Were I, O God, in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers and divines,
My soul would find in flowers of thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, suns.

COCHIN CHINA FOWLS.—Within the last few weeks a gentleman, near London, has sold a pair for 30 guineas, and another pair for 32 guineas. He has been offered £20 for a single hen; has sold numerous eggs at one guinea each, and has been paid down for chickens just hatched 12 guineas the half dozen, to be delivered at a month old. One amateur alone has paid upwards of £100 for stock birds.—*Collage Gardener.*

STATISTICS OF MUSCULAR POWER.—Man has the power of imitating almost every motion but flight. To effect these, he has, in maturity and health, sixty bones in his head, sixty in the thighs and legs, sixty-two in his arms and hands, and sixty-seven in his trunk. He has also 434 muscles. His heart makes 64 palpitations 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 the comparative speed of animated beings and of 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 cannot travel more than fifty paces in a day; a worm crawls only five inches in fifty seconds; but a ladybird can fly 20,000,000 of 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 greater than that; an eagle can fly eighteen leagues in an hour; and a Canary Falcon can even reach 250 leagues in the short space of sixteen hours.

WAGES HEIGHTENED IN CONSEQUENCE OF IMPROVEMENT OF MACHINERY.—It is stated in a report of the commissioners appointed in 1832 to inquire concerning the employment of women and children in factories, that "in the cotton mill of Messrs Houldsworth, in Manchester, a spinner employed on a mule of 336 spindles and spinning cotton 120 hanks to the pound, produced in 1823, working 74½ hours a week, 46 pounds of yarn, his net weekly wages for which amounted to 27s. 7d. Ten years later, the rate of wages having in the meantime been reduced 13 per cent., and the time of working having been lessened to 69 hours, the spinner was enabled, by the greater perfection of the