

NATURAL HISTORY.

NATURAL INSTINCT OF THE TIGER.

A party of gentlemen from Bombay, one day visiting the stupendous cavern temple of Elephanta discovered a tiger's whelp in one of the obscure recesses of the edifice. Desirous of kidnapping the cub, without encountering the fury of its dam they took it up hastily and cautiously, and retreated. Being left entirely at liberty, and extremely well fed, the tiger grew rapidly, appeared tame, and fondling as a dog, and in every respect domesticated. At length when having attained a vast size, and, notwithstanding its apparent gentleness, it began to inspire terror, by its tremendous powers of doing mischief to a piece of raw meat, dipping with blood, which fell in its way. It is to be observed that up to that moment it had been studiously kept from raw animal food. The instant, however, it had dipped its tongue in blood, something like madness seemed to have seized the animal—a destructive principle, hitherto dormant, was awakened—it darted fiercely, and with glaring eyes, upon its prey, tore it with fury to pieces, and growling and roaring in the most fearful manner, rushed off towards the jungles. —*Brown's Anecdotes.*

PECULIARITIES IN PLANTS.

Many leaves, as those of the Mallow, follow the course of the sun. In the morning their upper surfaces are presented to the east, at noon to the south, and at sunset to the west. During the night, or in rainy weather, their leaves are horizontal.

The *sleep of plants*, as it has been called, affords another curious instance of vegetable motion. The leaves of many plants fold up during the night, but at the approach of the sun they expand. The modes of folding in the leaves are extremely various; but it is peculiarly worthy of attention, that they all dispose themselves so as to give the best protection to the young stems, flowers, buds, or fruit. For example, the leaves of the tamarind tree contract round the tender fruit, and protect it from the nocturnal cold. The Cassia or Senna, the Glyceme, and many of the papilionaceous plants, contract their leaves in a similar manner. The leaves of the Chickweed, of the *Asclepias*, (swallowwort,) *Atriplex*, (orach,) &c. are disposed in opposite pairs. During the night they rise perpendicularly, and join so close at the top that they conceal the flowers. The leaves of the *Sida* or *Althea Theophrasti* and *Chonthea* (evening primrose) are placed alternately. — Though horizontal, or even depending, during the day, at the approach of night they rise, embrace the stem, and protect the flowers. The leaves of the *Solanum* or *Night-shade* are horizontal dur-

*Resembling a Butterfly.

ing the day, but in the night they rise and cover the flowers. The Egyptian Vetch erects its leaves during the night in such a manner that each pair seems to be one leaf only. The leaves of the *White Lupine*, in the state of sleep, hang down and protect the young buds from being injured by the nocturnal air.

The flowers also, as well as the leaves, have the power of moving. During the night, many of them are enclosed in their calyx. Some, as of the *German Spurge*, *Geranium striatum*, and common *Whitlow-grass*, when asleep, hang their mouths toward the earth, to prevent the noxious effects of rain or dew. It is probable that such flowers are not defended by their leaves. It would appear that this *sleep of plants* was designed for the protection of the seed; for those plants, the seed-receptacles of which are sufficiently secure, never sleep; and a plant after fructification sleeps no more.

(To be continued.)

GRIZEL COCHRANE.

AN HISTORICAL FRAGMENT.

When the tyranny and bigotry of the last James drove his subjects to take up arms against him, one of the most formidable enemies to his dangerous usurpation, was Sir John Cochrane, (ancestor to the present Earl of Dononald,) who was one of the most prominent actors in Argyle's rebellion. For ages a destructive doom seemed to have hung over the house of Campbell, enveloping in a common ruin all who united their fortunes to the cause of its chieftains. The same doom encompassed Sir John Cochrane. He was surrounded by the king's troops—long, deadly and desperate was his resistance; but at length, overpowered by numbers, he was taken prisoner, tried, and condemned to die on the scaffold. He had but a few days to live, and his jailor only waited the arrival of his death-warrant, to lead him forth to execution. His family and his friends had visited him in prison, and exchanged with him the last, the long, the heart-yearning farewell. — But there was one who came not with the rest, to receive his blessing—one who was the pride of his eyes and of his house—even Grizel the daughter of his love.

Twilight was casting a deep gloom over the gratings of his prison-house, he was mourning for a last look of his favorite child, and his head was pressed against the cold, damp walls of his cell, to cool the feverish pulsations that shot through it like strings of fire, when the door of his apartment turned slowly on its unwilling hinges, and his keeper entered, followed by a young and beautiful lady. Her person was tall and command-

ing; her eyes dark, bright, and tearless; but their very brightness spoke of sorrow—of sorrow too deep to be wept away; and her raven tresses were parted over an open brow, clear and pure as polished marble. The unhappy captive raised his head as they entered.

"My child! my own Grizel!" he exclaimed.—and she fell upon his bosom.

"My father! my dear father!" sobbed the miserable maiden, and she dashed away the tear that accompanied the words.

"Your interview must be short—very short," said the jailor, as he turned and left them for a few moments together.

"Heaven help and comfort thee, my daughter!" added Sir John, while he held her to his breast, and printed a kiss upon her brow; "I had feared that I should die without bestowing my blessing on the head of my own child, and that stung me more than death; but thou art come!—and the last blessing of thy wretched father—"

"Nay, father! forbear!" she exclaimed; "not thy last blessing! not thy last! My father shall not die!"

"Be calm, be calm, my child," returned he. "Would to heaven that I could comfort thee! my own! my own! but there is no hope; within three days, and thou and all my little ones will be—" Fatherless he would have said, but the word died on his tongue.

"Three days!" repeated she, raising her head from her breast, but eagerly pressing his hand;—"three days!—then there is hope—my father shall live! Is not my grandfather the friend of Petre, the confessor and the master of the king?—From him he shall beg the life of his son, and my father shall not die."

"Nay, nay, my Grizel," returned he; be not deceived; there is no hope. Already my doom is sealed; already the king has sealed the order for my execution, and the messenger of death is now on the way."

"Yet my father shall not die—*shall not die!*" she repeated emphatically, and clasped her hands together, "Heaven speed a daughter's purpose!" she exclaimed; and turning to her father said calmly, "we part now, but we shall meet again!"

"What would my child?" inquired he, eagerly, and gazing anxiously on her face.

"Ask not now," she replied; "my father ask not now, but pray for me, and bless me—but not with thy last blessing."

He again pressed her to his heart, and wept upon her neck. In a few moments the jailor entered, and they were torn from the arms of each other.

On the evening of the second day after the interview we have mentioned, a way-