

ing this tenuity, an increased density may always be noticed towards the centre of the head, except in a few small comets unaccompanied with trains.

Astronomers of all ages seem to have been inclined to a belief in an ethereal medium, and the present one has afforded a conclusive evidence of its existence, in its effect upon the duration of the revolution of the Encke comet. Professor Encke, in a dissertation on this subject, after giving the minutiae of his observations, very modestly remarks—"If I may be permitted to express my opinion on a subject which for twelve years has incessantly occupied me, in treating which I have avoided no method, however circuitous, no kind of verification, in order to reach the truth, so far as it lay in my power; I cannot consider it otherwise than completely established, that an extraordinary connection is necessary for Pon's* comet, and equally certain that the principal part of it consists in the increase of the mean motion proportionate to the time." Professor Airy, in an appendix to a translation of Encke's memoir, adds—"I cannot but express my belief, that the principal part of the theory, namely, an effect exactly similar to that which a resisting medium would produce, is perfectly established by the reasoning of Professor Encke." Arago, in speaking of the discrepancy between the result of calculation and observation on the period of the Encke comet, states unhesitatingly that the cause "can be nothing but the resistance of the ether." And Dr. Bowditch, distinguished as he was for cautiousness, fully recognised the effect of an ethereal medium, in the translation of the "Mecanique Celeste." The fact, however, that Halley's comet, at its late return, reached its perihelion later rather than earlier than the calculated time, independent of an allowance for a resisting medium, seems to have created some doubts in reference to the doctrine of resistance: but of the three comets whose periods are certainly known, those of Biela and Encke can only be relied upon as indicating resistance, inasmuch as that of Halley has its aphelion in a region beyond the scan of human power, and the influence of planetary bodies which may exist there, is now, and will perhaps for ever, remain unknown to us. These facts, then, and the concurring opinions of the high authority above quoted, render it nearly unquestionable that there is diffused through the celestial regions an ethereal and exceedingly close medium; nor would it be unreasonable to suppose that this very medium constitutes the solar atmosphere, of which the zodiacal light may be a denser region.

When an opportunity is offered to observe a comet remote from the sun, it is generally found to be unaccompanied with a tail; but as it approaches, the tail begins to appear, and its length and brilliancy increase till it reaches the perihelion of its orbit, and by an illusion, sometimes beyond this point. Although there is some degree of diversity in the forms of the tails of different comets, yet they generally consist of two streams of light, not absolutely distinct from each other. In other words, the borders of the tail are brightest, plainly indicating a hollowness—the line of vision necessarily meeting with the greater number of luminous points on the edges than through the middle. Can any explanation of this hollowness be given, more simple and philosophical, than that the rays of the sun's light are more obstructed by the denser than the rarer portions of the comet?

That there is in these tails, which acquire a considerable length, a slight curve, concave to that portion of the orbit which the orbit has left, there is ample testimony. Now as light is progressive, a portion of time must elapse while the rays of light are passing from the head of the comet to their point of union, and during the period the comet moves onward in its course, and the result necessarily is a gentle or slight curve in the tail, the effect being greater or less, in proportion as the union of rays is more or less distant from the comet. It is manifest that if a ray of light could be traced through its entire course from the sun to a planet, it would present a similar phenomenon, equal in degree if the motion of a planet were swift as that of a comet. The comets of Biela and Encke have no tails, nor is there, strictly speaking, a nucleus in either. That of Encke, during the long period in 1828, when its position was so favourable to observation, had the appearance of a mere film of vapour, nearly circular, but not well defined, and no central, stellar point could be detected with the telescopic power which I employed on that occasion. In fact, all the phenomena of the tails of comets appear to be so well explained by this theory, that I cannot doubt its truth, although nothing like demonstration accompanies it. There are, indeed, optical difficulties which I have been unable to overcome; no one, however, which may not be fairly attributed to our ignorance of the particular physical constitution of these bodies. It is no small confirmation of the truth of this explanation of the tails of comets, that there is not the slightest evidence, worthy of confidence, that the earth which we inhabit has ever been sensibly affected by a visitation from these enormous appendages, while the chance of collision between the earth and the nucleus of a comet, properly so called, is exceedingly small; yet, when we reflect upon the number of comets belonging to our system, the hundreds that range within the earth's orbit, that their paths have every possible inclination to the ecliptic, that these immensely extended trains, projected in a direction from the sun, describe an inconceivable sweep when they are encompassing the sun in the region of their perihelion;—I say, in view of these circumstances, it is difficult to avoid the conjecture, nay, it is exceedingly

* Called by others Enecke's comet,

probable, that these appendages, in very many instances, have brushed across the surface of our planet, harmlessly and unperceived.—*Siliman's Journal.*

When the following verses appeared, they caused a great sensation. Napoleon had but just descended to the tomb.

THE MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

At midnight from his grave,
The drummer woke and rose,
And beating loud the drum,
Forth on his errand goes.

Stirr'd by his fleshless arms,
The drumsticks rise and fall,
He beats the loud retreat,
Reveillè and roll-call.

So strangely rolls that drum,
So deep it echoes round,
Old soldiers in their graves
To life start at the sound.

Both they in farthest north
Stiff in the ice that lay,
And who, too warm, repose,
Beneath Italian clay.

Below the mud of Nile,
And 'neath the Arabian sand,
Their burial-place they quit,
And soon to arms they stand.

And at midnight from his grave
The trumpeter arose,
And mounted on his horse,
A loud, shrill blast he blows.

On airy coursers then,
The cavalry are steen,
Old Squadrons, erst renowned,
Gory and washed, I ween.

Beneath the casque their blanched skulls,
Smile grim, and proud their air,
As in their bony hands
Their long, sharp swords they bear!

And at midnight from his tomb,
The chief awoke and rose,
And followed by his staff
With slow steps, on he goes.

A little hat he wears,
A coat quite plain has he,
A little sword for arms,
At his left side hangs free.

O'er the vast plain, the moon
A palmy lustre threw,
The man with the little hat
The troops goes to review.

The ranks present their arms,
Deep rolls the drum the while;
Recovering then—the troops
Before the chief defile.

Captains and Generals round
In circles formed appear;
The chief, to the first a word
Now whispers in his ear.

The word goes round the ranks,
Resounds along the line;
That word they give, is—*France*,
The answer—*St. Helene*.

'Tis there at midnight hour
The grand review they say,
Is by dead Cæsar held
In the *Champs Elysées*.

From the Morning Despatch.

YANKEE EDITORS IN GOTHAM.

"Almost every press in this city has in it some very clever gentleman from Down East, which fact, while it gives so much superiority and interest to the New York press, would admonish us not to draw down a hornet's nest about our ears, by supposing that Boston folks are not always to have the preference."—*Star.*

The above set us to thinking; and counting upon our fingers, we find the *Star* is more than half right about the number of onion eaters that have wormed themselves in here, despite the ghosts of the old Dutch Governors and their descendants. Beginning at the post office, with the *Express*, we find them all Yankee "down-

cast." Pass on to the *Tattler*, and the editors are from Boston and Portland; the *Whig* editor is from New Hampshire; the *Sun* folks, with one exception, are down east; the *Despatch*, with no exception, do. do.; the *Signal*, Yankee entire; the *Herald* money articles and ship news are done by two Yankees, and the rest of its people are from places unknown; the senior editor of the *Commercial* is Yankee; the editors of the *Evening Post* do.; the *Gazette* senior is Connecticut; the *Journal of Commerce* is thoroughly Yankee; the assistant editor of the *Courier and Enquirer* is a Yankee; and thus we can count twelve among the dailies, and dare say there are more. The *Star*, *American*, and *Times*, and the two *Eras*, are the only uninfected papers—but of the *Times* we are not sure.

Pass to the weeklies. General Morris's right hand man and active editor in the *Mirror* is a Yankee. The *Spirit of the Times* is Yankee. The *Corsair*, ditto. *New Yorker*, do. N. Y. *Observer*, do.; and most of the religious papers. The *Ladies' Companion* is in Yankee hands—all except the proprietor. The editor of the *Knickerbocker* is a Yankee. The *New York Review* is in New England hands. Hunt, of the *Merchant's Magazine*, is Yankee, and no mistake. But we have not time to go farther, though we might; and as to re-printing all the Yankee names of literary loafers, and business-men, who are of Yankee extraction, resident in this city, we cannot do it, without invading old father Longworth's Directory copyright.

New England is the Scotland of these United States. The jealousy might say that the Jonathans are driven away from home to forage. Happen that how it may, we find York pretty considerable of a nice place; and if agreeable to the *Star*, we reckon upon stopping a while, and making ourselves "to home." "Nothing like leather," as they say, "in the town where we come from." It is sleek and soft, and pliable, and will sit snug anywhere, like cod fish vertebrae in the eyelet holes of a Cape Cod mermaid's corsets. With marline or cod line for lacings, they get a mighty strong purchase on Sunday to their lace-ups, and brace up perpendicular till they bend backwards.

To go back to leather. Nobody is so like leather as the Yankees. They carry the injunction, to do in Rome as Romans do, wherever they land. They learn to make themselves useful from the time that they drive the cows home, while they are yet but knee high to that quadruped, until the hour when they are called to give up their "reckonings," "calculations," and surmises, for the right down sure certainty of death.

That is the secret of the Yankee's success. "Hang the fellow," a Southerner may say—"but he's useful, and I can't do without him." "Any work for a fellow?" said a fresh imported specimen across our counter the other day. "No," was the answer. "You don't know of any body round here that wouldn't like to hire nobody, do you?" "No." Still the chap hung about the counter. The clerk's attention was called away, and upon returning, he found the chap as busy folding penny papers as if hired by the "I waited." "But who told you to wait?" "Oh, nobody said I shouldn't, and I didn't know but something might turn up if I did—but if you're so mighty stuck up, I won't charge any thing for what I have done. Good morning—and I hope you'll be here when I come back." So he walked, and we'll bet he has wormed himself into a situation before this time. If he has not, it is no fault of his own, at any rate; and, if he has, his employer finds no fault with him, we'll be bound.

RAMAH—BEER OR BEEROOTH—BETHEL.—All Judea, except the hills of Hebron and the vales immediately about Jerusalem, is desolate and barren, but the prospect brightens as soon as you quit it, and Samaria and Galilee still smile like the land of promise. The road from Jerusalem northward is, at first, extremely ugly, hilly, and stony. At some distance to the left, as you leave the city, rises the hill of Jamuele, supposed to be the ancient Ramah; that name, however, was given by Punch to some ruins on a hill to the right, at two hours from Jerusalem. I cannot express to you my delight and surprise when he uttered the word with the full intonation of his Arab lungs, it startled me like the firing of a pistol; but the Arabs have, in instances innumerable, retained the scriptural names of places,—and no wonder, for both by blood and language they are Hebrews. At three hours and a half from Jerusalem, we encamped at Beer, or Beeri, as the Arabs pronounced it, supposed to be Michmash, but is it not rather Beeroth? This is generally, and I think with probability, considered to be the place where the caravan halted, returning from Jerusalem, and Joseph and Mary missed our Saviour. Two hours beyond it, next morning, and near the village Anabroot, we entered on some of the loveliest scenery I ever beheld, olive and fig gardens, vineyards and cornfields, overspreading the valleys and terracing on the hills, alternating with waste ground, overgrown with the beautiful prickly oak, and lovely wild flowers. One rocky vale struck us as particularly beautiful; we were in the neighbourhood of Bethel. I anxiously inquired for it of the Arabs, but in vain. I did not then remember the prophecy: "Seek not Bethel, Bethel shall come to naught." In fact not a trace, not even a tradition, remains of its existence.—*Lord Lindsay's Letters on the Holy Land.*

Time tries the characters of men, as the furnace assays the quality of metals, by disengaging the impurities, dissipating the superficial glitter, and leaving the sterling gold bright and pure.