

A GENERAL NEARLY CAUGHT.

It is not generally known how near the Zulus came, after the disaster at Isandula to bagging Lord Chelmsford and his entire staff. The General would have ridden quietly into camp, which was in the possession of his savage foes, and was already within rifle-shot of it, when he met an officer, who had escaped, and who warned him of the true condition of affairs. The Zulus, after their victory, dressed themselves in the uniforms of their victims and prepared an ambush which would almost certainly have succeeded, had not one of them impudently fired his rifle at Lord Chelmsford's informant instead of quietly "assessing" him in true African fashion. The bullet missed its mark, and the officer galloped off just in time to save his commander.

THE CAULDRON LINN.

[near Devou near Dollar, Scotland.]

Down a shady walk, the music of the river sounding from below us as it hurries over its rocky bed. The previous day's rain has revived and refreshed the summer's green of the trees and bushes, and sight and the senses are filled with a bewildering amount of beauty and pleasure, as the eye, at every step, is met with fresh visions of loveliest verdure, and the myriads of wild flowers load the air with sweetest fragrance—And now, we reach the bank of the river and follow the course of its fast-flowing water, till, as we go, the confusion of sound which pervades the quiet air is gradually being dominated by one which grows more and more distinct and separate, till, at a quick bend of the river, we stand on the brink of the precipice over which it takes its leap into the pool below; and, now, clear and resonant, drowning all other sounds, the crash of the falling water rises high in the air. A narrow rocky gorge—the rocks carved by the ceaseless rush of the waters into curious and fantastic shapes—through which it turns, and curves, and twists, like a thing of life being tried and tortured beyond endurance, till it plunges madly downward, a clean leap of forty feet. Down a narrow path we scramble and over a confused and picturesque mass of fallen rocks and, now, within the circle of spray we stand in front of the fall and look inwards and upwards at the wondrously beautiful picture before us. A rock-encircled pool—deep, black, and still—the rocks rising in fantastic beauty high above us, crowned with a wealth of leafy foliage which creeps far down their sides, till the leaves bathe themselves in the spray which rises from the fall, and forms a halo over the pool as though it were the crown of the presiding genius.

But, what is this that dazzles our eyes, and sends the wild birds flitting overhead with shriller and more joyous notes! Behind us the sun has burst through a bank of clouds and his slanting beams have reached the crown of spray, and straight a glory rests upon

the scene: the quivering mass of vapour has become a brilliant cloud of color, the ever-varying hues of which glow and intermingle in an exquisite and wondrous beauty. Set off, as it is, by the grim shadows of the rocks, relieved by the vivid green of the spray-drenched ferns and the whole framed by the living profusion of tree and bush in their emerald covering—till, as we gaze, heart and soul are stirred within us to sweetest song.

To Thee our God, we too our song would raise,  
And, joined with all created nature, hymn thy praise,  
As gifts to man, Thou hast Thine earth adorned,  
With scenes like this, in radiant beauty formed,  
Emblems of loving kindness, constant care,  
A love so great, so wondrous, and so rare,  
Thus, whilst Thy works such willing service give,  
May we thy children to thy glory live.

PENSEES.

The balmy southern breeze now softly blows,  
And with the blush of spring all nature glows;  
The lily shows its beauty in the vale  
And buds, fresh bursting, scent the passing gale.  
The trees aloft trim out their leafy boughs  
On mountain side, or where the torrent flows,  
While all the warblers of the woods on high,  
In echoing notes proclaim the wakened joy;  
Mysterious life with silent power anew  
Unfolds the perfect form and various hue,  
And shows, in all that's grand, and fair, abroad  
An impress most divine, the mind of God,  
Great nature! loud thy thousand voices raise,  
The Lord of vast creation keen to praise

O Thou the great I Am the first the last!  
To thee alike the present and the past,  
The God who all things out of nothing brought,  
When worlds on worlds rose glorious from Thy thought;

Earth hears Thy voice and joyously again  
Spreads all her loveliness o'er hill and plain.  
If thus, the earth and sky, Thy glories show,  
Shall one on whom Thou didst a mind bestow  
In pride, and aucterity, and folly cry—  
Thou art not God till he believes the lie?  
Believe! what did I say—ah! he would deem  
Himself in happiness, could he but dream  
He had a single truth on which to rest  
His notions dark, to soothe his troubled breast;  
For still the shadow of an unseen hand  
Sweeps o'er his soul, and whisperings of the land  
Where life has found its last mysterious goal  
Startling with chill despair his toiling soul.

The Intidel! shall I describe him?—lost!  
For him no God—reason his only boast,  
A mind adrift upon a shoreless sea,  
Beneath a starless sky—no guide hath he.  
Is there some hazy coast in that above  
Some shadowy phantom land, where dreams are  
hiss?

His fancy forms a being less divine  
Than Athens worshipped at an empty shrine  
His life a lie— I may not further go.

For who can tell the vastness of the void,  
The anguish, and the dark despair  
Of those who spurn a gracious Father's care!  
As death to us no eternal night  
A chasm dire and deep, a pelting light,  
O! vain to wish that fearful night were done,  
Dread night of doom that hath no rising sun.

Hark! to the mournful voice of Him who wept  
Beside yon Judah's walls while sinners slept  
If thou hadst known, even thou, in this thy

The peace that hovers near, no blessed ray  
Of hope shall ever pierce thy darkened sight.  
Thy day of grace has set in endless night,  
And, yet, how lovingly I fain would bring  
All, all beneath the shelter of my wing.

I from the sower turn; I may not stay  
A nobler theme invites me thence a way  
In yonder vale, o'ercast by shady trees  
That wave their foliage in the evening breeze,  
Where hid by mossy banks, the brooklet flows,  
And setting day its last sweet radiance throws,  
Behold a christian in this calm retreat;  
He learns his Father's will at Jesus' feet.  
What blessed thoughts inspire him, that invest  
With charms unseen all nature to his breast.  
True child of God, how blest no tongue can tell!  
What holy raptures in thy bosom swell  
Whilst looking round on all things fair below  
Thou drinkest joys the world can ne'er bestow;  
"Father in heaven these are Thy works divine,  
And I am Thine, and Thou by grace art mine"  
While thus with rapt desire his heart above  
To heaven is raised in meek, confiding love,  
Earth's fascinations round his home may twine  
And all its glories on his dwelling shine  
But to the heart renewed all things are pure  
And lift the soul to joys that shall endure.

What is the spring of all that pure delight—  
That faith sublime, and that supernal light,  
Transforming all that's temporal and seen,  
Till things of earth assume a heavenly mien?  
Can it be, from an empty name proceeds  
That quenchless hope; a hope that ever leads  
The principle within that cannot die  
To soar with strong desire beyond the sky?  
It may not, cannot be; how many here  
The christian's name without his hope or fear.  
C. C. A. F.

ANIMALS SENSITIVE TO RIDICULE.

Mr. Sidney Buxton, in one of his amusing papers on animals in the *Animal World* for February, says that dogs and horses are, as far as he knows, the only animals sensitive to ridicule, while cats and birds are wholly unaware that they are being laughed at. He tells of a pony of his own which gets very cross when disparaging remarks are made upon him, and "becomes furious, and stamps about his stall, putting back his ears and attempting to bite," if he is openly laughed at, while praise greatly pleases him. The truth is, that it is only those creatures which can feel sympathy with man which can also appreciate ridicule. The horse sympathizes evidently with many of his rider's feelings and amusements, while the dog can enter into no small proportion of his feelings.

But birds and cats, though often exceedingly affectionate, and full of attachment to individuals, hardly ever attempt to enter into human feelings—as Cowper's dog "beau," for instance, entered into the poet's desire to possess himself of the water-lily. The hatred of ridicule always accompanies a capacity for sympathy. Certainly dogs, and probably horses, know the difference between being laughed at in derision, as we laugh at a fool, and being laughed at in admiration, as we laugh at a good comic actor, and enjoy the latter as much as they resent the former. It is questionable, however, whether some parrots do not understand and en-

joy the practice of making fun of their human acquaintances—do not appreciate the art of duping, and take pleasure in it.—*Spectator*

INQUISITIVENESS.

The man who wants to know about things. We have all seen him. Have all "been there," as they say in the beautiful West. A dear son of New England having plied a new comer in the mining region of Nevada with every conceivable question as to why he visited the gold region, his hopes, means, prospects, etc, finally asked him if he had a family.

"Yes Sir," was the reply "I have a wife and six children, and I never saw one of them."

Then, there was a brief silence, after which the bore commenced: "Was you ever blind, Sir?"

"No Sir."

"Did you marry a widow?"

"No Sir."

Another pause.

"Did I understand you to say that you had a wife and six children living in New York, and had never seen one of them?"

"Fact."

"How can that be?"

"Why," was the reply, "one of them" was born after I left!"—*Harpers Magazine*.

THE EPIDEMIC OF DRUNKENNESS.

Drunkenness has been, by many, believed to be on the increase, at any rate in higher circles. It is curious to note that just 150 years ago an epidemic of drunkenness seemed to break out in England. The passion for gin-drinking had got hold of the masses, and the result was, in London at least, that increase in the population was almost wholly checked. Before gin became popular the consumption of beer was enormous. Almost a third of the arable land in the country was devoted to barley. In 1688, with a population of 5,000,000, very nearly 12,500,000 barrels of beer were brewed. Up to this time our distilleries were very insignificant, and brandies were far too dear for the masses. But hatred to the French led to the encouragement of home distilling; the trade was thrown open, and in 1649 the importation of foreign spirits was absolutely prohibited. Then gin-drinking began, and in 1735 the British distilleries manufactured nearly 5,500,000 gallons. Gin cellars, where men could get "drunk for a penny, dead drunk for two pence, and have straw for nothing" abounded. Hogarth's "Beer Street" is bad enough, but his "Gin-lane" is so horrible that, but for contemporary descriptions, we should deem it an exaggeration.—Legislation endeavored to check the evil, but laying on a heavy duty merely produced a great deal of illicit distilling. The consumption rose to more than 11,000,000 gallons, and Fielding prophesied that, "if the drinking of this poison is continued at its present height for the next twenty years, there will be very few of the common people left to drink it."—*London Quarterly Review*.