

'Twill bless with a thousand joys the world;
 For when the flag of the Free's unfurl'd,
 And when the strong are cow'd by the weak,
 When Genius dares its crown to seek,
 When Poverty gains a helping hand,
 When Angels in the silence stand,
 And Truth, and Faith, and Hope have birth
 Spontaneous over the happy Earth,
 All men—all times—shall heartily bless
 The Work achieved by the Printing Press!

*O World, take heed! we sow the seed—
 O World beware when the millions read!*

THE VARIETIES OF NATURE.—There is more variety of pattern—in most cases of very elegant pattern—in the sliced fragments of the teeth of the ichthyolites of a single formation, than in the carved blocks of an extensive calico-print yard. Each species has its own distinct pattern, as if in all the individuals of which it consisted, the same block had been employed to stamp it; each genus has its own general type of pattern, as if the same inventive idea, variously altered and modified, had been wrought upon in all. In the genus *Dendrodus*, for instance, it is the generic type, that from a central nave there should radiate, spoke-like, a number of leafy branches; but in the several species, the branches, if I may so express myself, belong to different shrubs, and present dissimilar outlines. There are no repetitions of earlier patterns to be found among the generically different ichthyolites of other formations. We see in the world of fashion old modes of ornament continually reviving. The range of invention seems limited; and we find it revolving, in consequence, in an irregular, ever-returning cycle. But infinite resource did not need to travel in a circle, and so we find no return or doublings in its course. It has appeared to me, that an argument against the transmutation of species, were any such needed, might be founded on those inherent peculiarities of structure that are ascertained thus to pervade the entire texture of the framework of animals.—*The Cruise of the Betsy, by Hugh Miller.*

CIGARS.—The finest tobacco in the world comes from the Havana. But there is only a limited area in Cuba in which that tobacco is produced; so that whilst the Havana tobacco may be of excellent quality generally, the best is the produce of a small area, and is chiefly used in the island or as presents, a very limited amount going into general consumption. Tobacco, scarcely inferior to that from Havana, has, however, been brought from Trinidad, and the southern Russian Provinces. Manufacture, on the other hand, exercises a great influence over the quality of tobacco. In Algiers, where the climate is most favourable, the cigars are not smokeable, because they are badly prepared.—Again, some English-made cigars are of much greater excellence than many of the cigars imported from Havana, and paying the highest duty as manufactured tobacco; and there is no doubt whatever that it is quite practicable to make cigars in this country which shall be undistinguishable in appearance and not very distinguishable in flavour from any except those first class Havannah cigars, which scarcely ever come into consumption.—*Timb's Things not generally Known.*

THE TURKISH BATH.—As there has been much talk lately, about Turkish Baths, and whether it is possible or desirable to bring them into common use in this country, and as we know that there are most erroneous notions prevalent with respect to their cost and comfort, a short account of a visit to one recently constructed at South Preston Cottage, North Shields, may possess some public interest. On a fine, clear, cold, rather frosty night, just as the moon was rising above the trees, robed in the bath dress, a loose flowing cape reaching to the knees, we were conducted by our host from the vinery (with its sashes open) into the outer bath apartment, where, seated upon low stools, with the thermometer at 85 degrees, we were soon in a genial glow. Thus prepared, we entered the inner apartment (leaving the loose gown—wearing small aprons), the atmosphere at 125 degrees. Seating ourselves, *a la Turk*, on a low wooden bench, we waited in profound silence the moment when all our skin impurities should “melt, thaw, and resolve themselves into a dew.” Nor had we long to wait. Soon a most copious shower of perspiration ran from every pore. Our attendant commenced a brisk friction with hands and feet over the whole surface of the