

history of Art. There is one other name, which enters into no class, but which has its own honor, and will have its special remembrance. Lady Byron has gone from us—interesting to all from being the widow of the poet, and to not a few for her personal nobleness and her vast bounty, open and secret, to society.

THE "JERKS."—A singular phenomenon is related by Mr. Milburn in his work, "The Pioneers, Preachers and People of the Mississippi Valley," as following the earnest preaching of William Burke, who on one occasion "held forth" to an audience of ten thousand persons in the open air.

He took a stand on his own hook, on a fallen log, and here, having rigged up an umbrella as a temporary shelter, a brother standing by to see that it performed its functions properly, he gave out a hymn, and by the time that he had mentioned his text, there were some ten thousand persons about him. Although his voice when he began was like a crash of thunder, after three quarters of an hour or an hour, it was like an infant's. It is said that all these people, the whole ten thousand of men and women standing about the preacher, were from time to time shaken as a forest by a tornado, and five hundred were at once prostrated to the earth, like the trees in a "windfall," by some invisible agency. Some were agitated by violent whirling motions, some by fearful contortions; and then came "the jerks." Scoffers, doubters, deniers, men who came to ridicule and sneer at the supernatural agency, were taken up in the air, whirled over upon their heads, coiled up so as to spin about like cart-wheels, catching hold, meantime, of saplings, endeavouring to clasp the trunks of trees in their arms, but still going headlong and helplessly on. These motions were called the "jerks," a name which was current in the West for many a year after; and many an old preacher has described these things accurately to me. It was not the men who were already members of the church, but

the scoffing, the blasphemous, the profane, who were taken in this way. Here is one example: a man rode into what was called the "Ring Circle," where five hundred people were standing in a ring, and another set inside. Those inside were on their knees, crying, shouting, praying, all mixed up in heterogeneous style. This man comes riding up at the top of his speed, yelling like a demon, cursing and blaspheming. On reaching the edge of the ring, he falls from his horse, seemingly lifeless, and lies in an apparently unconscious condition for thirty hours; his pulse at about forty or less. When he opens his eyes and recovers his senses, he says he has retained his consciousness all the time—that he has been aware of what has been passing around—but was seized with some agency which he could not define. I fancy that neither physiology, nor psychology, nor biology, nor any of the ologies or isms, have, thus far given any satisfactory explanation of the singular manifestations that attended this great revival. These meetings taking place in the open woods, and attracting such immense multitudes, no provision could possibly be made for them by the surrounding neighborhood. People came in their carriages, in wagons, in ox-carts, on horses, and, themselves accustomed to pioneer habits and lives, they brought their own food, commonly jerked meat and corn dodgers, and pitched their tents upon the ground. Such was the origin of camp-meetings.

CURIOUS EFFECTS OF LIGHTNING.—Some time ago, a woman having taken shelter from a storm under the door of a mill at Lapion, Atsne, was thrown down by a stroke of lightning, but received no further injury, except that a figure of a tree hard by was found perfectly impressed upon her back, so that the trunk, branches, and leaves were minutely distinguishable, the impression being of a reddish tint. Cases of a similar description have been several times recorded.