TO THE IVY:

OCCASIONED BY RECEIVING A LEAF GATHERED IN THE CASTLE OF RHEINFELS.

Oh! how could Fancy crown with thee,
In ancient days, the god of wine,
And bid thee at the banquet be,
Companion of the vine?
Thy home, wild plant, is where each sound
Of revelry hath long been o'er—
Where song's full notes once peal'd around,
But now are heard no more.

The Roman, on his battle plains,
Where kings before his engles bent,
Entwined thee, with exulting strains,
Around the victor's tent;
Yet there, though fresh in glossy green,
Triumphantly thy boughs might wave—
Better thou lov'st the silent scene,
Around the victor's grave.

Where sleep the sons of ages flown,
The bards and heroes of the past—
Where, through the halls of glory gone,
Murmurs the wintry blast;
Where years are hastening to efface
Each record of the grand and fair—
Thou, in thy solitary grace,
Wreath of the tomb! art there.

Oh! many a temple, once sublime,
Beneath a blue Italian sky,
Hath nought of beauty left by time,
Save thy wild tapestry.
And rear'd 'midst erags and clouds, 'tis thine
To wave where banners waved of yore,
O'er towers that crest the noble Rhine,
Along his rocky shore.

High from the fields of air, look down
Those cyries of a vanish'd race—
Homes of the mighty, whose renown
Hath pass'd and left no trace.
But thou art there—thy foliage bright,
Unchanged, the mountain-storm can brave—
Thou that wilt climb the loftiest height,
And deck the humblest grave.

The breathing forms of Parian stone,
That rise round Grandeur's marble halls;
The vivid hues by painting thrown
Rich o'er the glowing walls;
Th' acanthus on Corinthian fancs,
In sculptured beauty waving fair—
These porish all—and what remains?
Thou, thou alone art there.

'Tis still the same—where'er we tread,
The wrecks of human power we see—
The marvels of all ages fled,
Left to Decay and thee.
And still let man his fabrics rear,
August in beauty, grace, and strength—
Days pass, thou "Ivy never sere,"
And all is thine at length.

ON INDIGESTION AND CONSUMPTION.

CHAPTER II.

Energy of character, vigorous frames, intellectual strength, moral courage, and industrious habits, are some of the advantages we derive from our climate, and these are certainly of the most valuable kind. What are the disadvantages? We shall only mention one of them. This is a disease, which, like a canker in the bud, preys upon the rosy cheeks, destroys the vitals, and lays in an early grave more people in New England and her mother country, than any other. It is a disease which is not known in warm climates, or in new or thinly settled countries. It is found mostly in civilized life and in crowded cities.

This disease is consumption. It is calculated that in England, one fourth of the inhabitants die of it. In France, one fifth; in Vienna, one sixth. In Boston, in 1830, 193 died of it; in 1831, 203; and in 1832, 246. This number is more than one eighth of the number of deaths. If, then, more than one eighth of the inhabitants of this favoured city are to be carried to their graves by this disease, the causes of it demand, at least, a few moments' consideration. It may be well, however, before speaking of the causes, to mention the varieties of the disease. There is one variety of consumption, which follows common catarrh, or ordinary colds, and which consists in inflammation of the lining membrane of the lungs. There is another, which follows bleeding from the lungs; and a third, which is by far the most common, and has for its foundation tubercles. Tubercles are small, hard globular bodies, found imbedded in the lungs of persons of scrofulous habits, and in some who have never exhibited any marks of this constitutional difficulty. have adverted to the effects of condition, and observed that the want of light, and a humid impure atmosphere, had a tendency to debilitate the body, and predispose it to a variety of diseases. These causes have an influence in the production of tubercles. But there are several other predisposing causes, to which the inhabitants of a city are subject; these are, in one class, a want of nutritious food and proper clothing; and in another, luxurious habits, fashionable dissipations, and hereditary, physical imbecility. These things The experiment will aid in the production of tubercles. Rabbits have been confined in has been tried on animals. a dark, damp room, deprived of proper food, and tubercles have been formed, not only in the lungs, but in other organs of the body. In men they are not confined to the lungs, but they are most frequently found there. Tubercles may be formed, and after that remain dormant. Let a man whose lungs are studded with them remove to a warm climate, and they will never trouble him; but let him remain here, expose himself to the changes of weather, without proper protection, and, ten to one, he will die of consumption.

We have said that salesmen are more liable to this disease than either of the other classes-and why? Because they are more exposed to the exciting causes—and what are these? One of the principal is the sudden exposure to cold, or to speak more philosophically, to a sudden abstraction of heat, for cold is a relative term, and implies a want of heat. sensation which we call cold is always produced when the abstraction of animal heat is more rapid than its production. What effect does a sudden abstraction of heat have on our The effect is to close the pores of the skin, to diminish the calibre of the small blood vessels, to drive the blood more forcibly to the lungs, and in greater quantities. This distends the numerous vessels, these crowd upon the substance of the lungs, the air cells are partially obstructed, and irritation and inflammation follow. If there are tubercles they are involved in the difficulty, and in them inflammation cannot be easily controlled. They require but a slight exciting cause, and they proceed to their work of de-struction; they throw out pus, this irritates the surrounding parts, and eventually the whole lungs are diseased, and ema-

^{• &}quot;Ye myrtles brown, and ivy never sere."

Lycinas.