

woman by birth, Miss Mary Motley, as was Mme. de Lamartine, and as are Mme. de Montalembert and the wives of many other eminent Frenchmen. She is buried by her husband's side, in the little village cemetery of Tocqueville. She has bequeathed all her husband's manuscripts to M. Gustave de Beaumont, and his noble marble bust to the French Academy.

42. GENERAL KMETY.

We have to announce the death of General Kmety, whose name is associated with the events of the Hungarian Revolution and the Crimean war. He was one of the leaders in the Hungarian struggle for independence, who, with Kossuth, Bem, Dembiski, and others, took refuge in Turkey, when the Hungarian army surrendered, and the cause became hopeless. Kmety then entered the Turkish service receiving the name and title of Ismail Pasha. He is best known in this country from the part he bore in the defence of Kars, in 1855, against the Russian army under General Mouravieff. The name of Ismail Pasha is combined with that of Sir F. Williams in all the incidents of that long siege, which by the skill of the commanders and the unexampled endurance of the ill-provided Turkish garrison was prolonged for many months. The attack made by the Russians on the 29th of September in that year was repulsed by the Turks, after an engagement which lasted seven hours, and in which the Russians lost more than 5000 men. In this battle General Kmety and the Turkish soldiers under his command fought with the most determined bravery. The strict blockade of the place, however, continued, and Kars surrendered in November, the troops being nearly exhausted by famine. All the attempts made by the Turkish Government to relieve the place had failed. General Kmety had for some time resided in England. He had been indisposed for a few months past, but his death was unexpected. An attack of paralysis terminated his existence on the 25th. He was only 54 years of age.

VI. Papers on the Wind.

1. ON THE DIRECTION OF THE WIND.

Professor Hennessy, at the last meeting of the British Association, stated, as the result of his observations with an improved anemometer, that the wind rarely blows in a perfectly horizontal direction. The deviations from that direction, although usually very small, are sometimes very remarkable, and follow each other in such a way, especially during strong breezes, as to indicate a species of undulatory motion in the wind.

2. THE WIND AS A MUSICIAN.

The wind is a musician by birth. We extend a silken thread in the crevices of a window, and the wind finds it and sings over it, and goes up and down the scale upon it and poor Paganini must go somewhere else for honor, for lo! the wind is performing upon a single string. It tries almost anything on earth to see if there is music in it: it persuades a tone out of the great bell in the tower, when the sexton is at home and asleep; it makes a mournful harp of the giant pines, and it does not disdain to try what sort of a whistle can be made out of the humblest chimney in the world. How it will play upon a tree until every leaf thrills with the note in it, and the wind up the river that runs at its base in a sort of murmuring accompaniment! And what a melody it sings when it gives a concert with a full choir of the waves of the sea, and performs an anthem between the two worlds, that goes up, perhaps, to the stars, which love music the most and sung it the first. Then, how fondly it haunts old houses; mourning under eaves; singing in the halls, opening the old doors without fingers, and singing a measure of some sad old song around the fireless and deserted hearths.—*California Teacher.*

3. WHAT THE WIND SAYS.

"Do you know what the wind says, grandpa?" asked a little child at an old merchant's knee.

"No, puss; what does it?" he answered, stroking her fair hair.

"Remember the poor! grandpa; when it comes down the chimney it roars, remember the poor; when it put its great mouth to the keyhole, it whistles remember the poor; when it strides through a crack in the door it whispers it, and grandpa, when it blows your beautiful silver hair about in the street, and you shiver and button up your coat, does not it get to your ear and say so too, in a small, still voice grandpa?"

"Why, what does the child mean?" cried grandpa, who, I am afraid used to shut his heart against such words. "You want a new muff and tippet, I reckon. A pretty way to get them out of your old grandfather."

"No, grandpa." said the child, earnestly, shaking her head, "no it's no muff-and-tippet children I'm thinking of; my mother always remembered them, and so do I try to."

After the next storm, the old merchant sent pounds to the treasurer of a Relief Society, and said, "Call for more when you want it." The treasurer stared with surprise, for it was the first time he had collected more than a pound from him, and that, he thought came grudgingly.

"Why," said the rich merchant afterwards, "I could never get rid of that child's words; they stuck to me like glue."

"And a little child shall lead them," says the Scripture. How many a cold heart has melted, and a close heart opened, by the simple earnestness and suggestive words of a child.

VII. Miscellaneous.

1. THE INFANT'S DREAM.

O cradle me on thy knee, mamma,

And sing me the holy strain
That soothed me last, as you fondly press'd
My glowing cheek to your soft white breast;
For I saw a scene, while I slumbered last,
That I fain would see again, mamma,
That I fain would see again.

And smile as you then did smile, mamma,

And weep as you then did weep;
Then fix on me thy glistening eye,
And gaze, and gaze, till the tear be dry;
Then rock me gently, and sing and sigh,
Till you lull me fast asleep, mamma;
Till you lull me fast asleep.

For I dreamed a heavenly dream, mamma,

While slumbering on thy knee,
And I lived in a land where forms divine,
In kingdoms of glory eternally shine,
And the world I would give, if the world were mine,
Again that land to see, mamma;
Again that land to see.

I fancied we roamed in a wood, mamma,

And we rested under a bough;
When near me a butterfly flaunted in pride,
And I chased it away through the forest wide;
But the night came on, I had lost my guide,
And I knew not what to do, mamma;
And I knew not what to do.

My heart grew sick with fear, mamma,

And loudly I wept for thee;
But a white-robed maiden appeared in the air,
And she flung back the curls of her golden hair,
And she kissed me softly ere I was aware,
Saying, "Come, pretty babe, with me," mamma;
Saying, "Come, pretty babe, with me."

My tears and fears she quelled, mamma,

And she led me far away;
We entered the door of a dark, dark tomb,
And passed through a long, long vault of gloom,
Then opened our eyes in a land of bloom,
And a sky of endless day, mamma;
And a sky of endless day.

And heavenly forms were there, mamma,

And lovely cherubs bright;
They smiled when they saw me, but I was amazed,
And, wondering, around me gazed, and gazed,
While songs were heard, and sunny robes blazed,
All glorious in the land of light, mamma;
All glorious in the land of light.

But soon came a shining throng, mamma,

Of white-winged babes to me;
Their eyes looked love, and their sweet lips smiled,
For they marvelled to meet with an earth-born child,
And they gloried that I from the earth was exiled,
Saying, "Here ever bless'd shalt thou be, pretty babe;
Oh! here ever bless'd shalt thou be."