

mence running again. If you will look at the map, you see that it is a long distance from Marquette, or Ontonagon, to any point accessible by a railroad. Fond du Lac, on Lake Winnebago, is the most northerly place yet reached by the locomotive. There is a term between the close of the navigation of the lake and the fall of sufficient snow for sleighing, when scarcely any one attempts to make this journey. But when the ground is covered with snow, sometimes people go through in their sleighs. How do you think the inhabitants of Lake Superior receive their mails in midwinter? Once a week a dog train runs through from different points on the lake to Green Bay, and back again over the same route.—The conductor finds his way through the woods by the marks on the trees. A gentleman of my acquaintance told me he made the journey in this manner once.—The dogs were under perfect control, and seemed to consider their task in the light of amusement. Philosophical dogs I think they must have been. When night came, my friend said he dug a kind of cellar in the snow, made a floor of hemlock branches, built a huge fire, wrapped himself up in a buffalo robe, and slept as soundly as he ever slept in his life.—Sometimes he was waked by the barking of wolves, but knowing that they were miserable cowards, and were afraid of a fire, he easily fell asleep again. It took him some six days to reach Lake Winnebago.

I have no doubt that those of you who reside in the sunny South, think that the cold of Lake Superior must be almost intolerable. But such is not the fact. The mercury sinks very low, it is true, but the atmosphere is dry, and one can bear intense cold with less inconvenience than he experiences in the latitude of New York, during the month of March. All the Lake Superior people with whom I conversed about the winter season, assured me that they were as happy there as they used to be in their more southern homes. One gentleman, a physician, said that during one entire winter spent in Marquette, he never put on an overcoat but once, though he spent a great part of his time in the open air.

THE AFRICAN RHINOCEROS.

The black rhinoceros resembles in general appearance an immense hog; twelve

feet and a half long, six feet and a half high, girth eight and a half feet, and of the weight of half a dozen bullocks; its body is smooth, and there is no hair to be seen except at the tips of the ears and the extremity of the tail. The horns of concreted hair, the foremost curved like a sabre, and the second resembling a flattened cone, stand on the nose and above the eyes; in the young animals the foremost horn is the longest, whilst in the old ones they are of equal length, namely, a foot and a half or more; though the older the rhinoceros the shorter are his horns, as they wear them by sharpening them against the trees, and by rooting up the ground with them when in a passion. When the rhinoceros is quietly pursuing his way through his favorite glades of Mimosa bushes (which his hooked upper lip enables him readily to seize, and his powerful grinders to masticate), his horns, fixed loosely in his skin, make a chopping noise by striking one against the other; but on the approach of danger, if his quick ear or keen scent makes him aware of the vicinity of a hunter, the head is quickly raised, and the horns stand still and ready for combat on his terrible front. The rhinoceros is often accompanied by a sentinel to give him warning, a beautiful green-backed and blue-winged bird, about the size of a jay, which sits on one of its horns.

RAIN.

Did you ever say, "It is foggy, this morning?" and did you know that this fog is a vapor or steam caused by heat, which rises from the land and water, and ascends into the atmosphere till it is condensed or thickened by the cold? This converts it into clouds, which return again to the earth in the form of rain, hail, or snow.

Probably there is not a drop of water on the globe that has not passed again and again through this form of fog and vapor.

Some few years ago, during a heavy snow storm, we left the cars at Havre de Grace to cross the river Susquehanna; the cabin (which was the whole length of the boat) was filled with steam, that had escaped from the boiler. This vapor or steam arose to the ceiling, which, being cold, with a body of snow over the roof, condensed it, and made little drops

of water, that fell to the floor; and this was rain, just as you see it out of your window sometimes. And the mode of its formation was precisely similar in this case to all others.

OPEN AIR.

The most of us are apt to think, in these cold and piercing spells, that if we are well-sheltered, well-fed, well-clothed, and well-warmed, we shall be able to snap our fingers in the face of Old Boreas, and let him blow on his bugle till he is tired. Well, and we dress, and feed, and hug the fire, and make the most of it; indoors for a time is a realized heaven. But presently nature throws out her silent hints. We grow languid; our fire is not so pleasant a fire as it was; we don't care so much for our food as we thought we should; and things generally go wrong with us. What can be the matter now? Have we not everything about us that heart could wish to make us warm and comfortable? Could mortal ask for more? O, no; but still we are restless, uneasy, dissatisfied. What is the trouble? Simply this, we need of the same very wintry air we have been at such pains to protect ourselves against. We need to run out into the cold, and buffet the same north wind we so much affect to dread. Open air is what we want—and exercise, that brings healthy digestion, sound sleep and high spirits. And we find at length that we cannot do without it. If we make the attempt, we surely wither and die. We may enjoy as high a pulse in the sleets and snows of January, as under the soft suns that open all the roses of June.

WHY THE FINGERS ARE NOT OF A LENGTH.—A master, in illustrating on this question, made his scholar grasp a ball of ivory, to show that the points of his fingers are equal. It would have been better, says Sir Charles Bell, had he closed his fingers upon his palm, and then asked whether or not they correspond. The difference in the length of the fingers serves a thousand ends, adapting the force of the hand and fingers to different purposes—as for holding a rod, a switch, a sword, a hammer, a pen, a pencil, engraving tools, &c., in all of which a secure hold and freedom of motion are admirably combined.