

thus conceived it could not have existed; but that common sense will not be offended when it recollects that the superior sense of philosophy has denied this conclusion.

The reader might equally turn to the former analysis of the feather of the peacock, including a multitude of ideas which no man would willingly undertake to number; while, if he will examine the whole clothing of the animal, point by point, he may ask himself the question, which I need not repeat; as he may, after this, attempt the larger sum, which includes the whole feathered creation. This is to return from the point to which I have brought him; but it is to return upwards through all the animal organisations, under all their lowest details, including their internal structures and actions, with their external forms; while the constancy of the latter, and the precision of the former, will assure him that there was not the minutest circumstance which was not preconceived in the Creator's mind, could he still have any doubt on the subject. The steam-engine is repeated in successive ones, and its action is ever precise, for no other reasons than this—as in no other manner could it be what it is; and that which the less demanded was assuredly required for the greater.

The vegetable kingdom will afford an illustration under a somewhat different form, since I can here point out that comparison of simultaneous ideas which the extent of the animal world did not so well admit. There is here a plan of some kind, though we cannot trace the whole, and it involves millions of ideas, as, without the previous possession of all the included ones, no plan can be designed. Imperfectly understood as it is, we can see that it consists in some system of continuous subdivision, till it descends to a single species, and that the associations and the distinctions are produced through the forms of almost innumerable parts, under similitude and dissimilitude. The botanist nomenclator knows well what difficulty he finds in perceiving all these distinctions, among even a few species, as he knows the variety and multiplicity of minute circumstances on which they are founded; and he therefore will best estimate the mass of ideas contained in the whole. Differing in one thing, a single plant may differ from others in many—in flowers, and in slight variations of a flower; in leaves, and in their minute incisive and evanescent outlines, as in far more which I need not here note, while, when differing on one point, it may resemble other plants in many parts, and a few in nearly all; and thus under a much farther intricacy of relation than it is necessary that I should notice. Hence, independently of the endless forms, each comprising numerous ideas, we must attempt to conceive the comparisons and calculations implied in planning the combinations, through resemblance and dissimilitude, under which the arrangements of the vegetable world have been made, while in this there is necessarily involved a previous joint view, or simultaneous perception of every included idea. Man, attempting similar things, must have recourse to mechanical arrangements as a substitute for that simultaneous conception which is not one of the allotted powers of his mind, while this becomes a tacit acknowledgment of the existence of that power in the Omnipotent.

But under this mode, also, of viewing the co-existence of the Divine ideas, it is best to select a single example; and I may take the rose, as being one of those plants in which the distinctions of species are very delicate or difficult, while, being once known, they are recognised with certainty. This, in itself, marks that precision of ideas which nothing but the most entire knowledge could have possessed, while philosophy will acknowledge that an arrangement of this nature could not have been made unless, with that precision, every minute circumstance had been present at one view. In this flower, so marked as a genus that no one can mistake it, the variations and combinations of parts which give individuality to the numerous species are often so minute and evanescent, that they escape all but an acute botanist; nor is even he always secure, unless he can bring these parts or ideas into comparison; that is, we cannot retain in our memories the simultaneous ideas of the Omnipotent mind on a subject so narrow as this, since our senses, with our utmost attention, must be taxed to discern this infinitely minute atom out of all that was for ever known to the Creator, as it was executed by him; being in this case, as in others, assured of the knowledge and of the intention thus to produce individuality, because each species is repeated, through its seeds, for ever.

Thus, what metaphysics infer, natural science proves; while, if the cultivators of this have seldom raised their minds beyond it to Him through whom it exists, so have metaphysicians overlooked or remained ignorant of that which might often have aided them with proofs of those prior conclusions in which they rest, and, for the most part, with little effect. It is truly said, with all the human sciences, that he who limits himself to one will throw little light on it; nor is it less true, that scarcely one can be duly illustrated without the aid of all the rest.

As the reader can now pursue for himself those trains of thought respecting the physical universe, I may turn to the moral one, that in this also he may see how he can reflect on the question before us. The living and moving world of animals being a sentient, is also a moral one—a world of mind, of thoughts, wishes, purposes, efforts, enjoyments, while also replete with inventions

and adaptations, contrived for the due ordering of this great mass of will and power, under relations to existing objects; so that no desire should want its pursuit, nor any moral movement be without its means and its end.

I stated a human case as a basis for the former illustrations, I may here follow the same plan. To expedite an army across the seas is a frequent occurrence, while the reader must reflect for himself on the enormous mass of knowledge, the thousands of distinct ideas, in morals and physics, which must have existed somewhere before this could have been effected. Yet, of all these, but few ever belonged to one man, as no man could have conceived the whole, in even the slowest succession of detail; it is the united toil of hundreds, as, in them, it is but recorded knowledge—not seen, but sought when required. Yet all this bears not the smallest proportion to the ideas alone which produced those materials and gave those powers, as these constitute but an infinitesimal among all those in the Omnipotent mind on analogous subjects. The great army of animals which occupies the earth must be housed, and clothed, and fed; its commissariat is perfection, though but a small portion of the total government; while the multiplicity of ideas implied in this alone surpasses all conception when that army amounts to myriads, which must be numbered by the sands of Africa, under hundreds of thousands of different kinds desiring different food.—*Macculloch's Proofs and Illustrations of the Attributes of God.*

SPRING.

"SPRING is come at last! There is a primrose colour on the sky—there is a voice of singing in the woods, and a smell of flowers in the green lanes. Call her fickle April if you choose—I have always found her constant as an attentive gardener. Who would wish to see her slumbering away in sunshine, when the daisies are opening their pearly mouths for showers? Her very constancy is visible in her changes: if she veils her head for a time, or retires, it is but to return with new proofs of her faithfulness, to make herself more loveable, to put on an attire of richer green, or deck her young brows with more beautiful blossoms. Call her not fickle, but modest—an abashed maiden, whose love is as faithful as the flaunting May, or passionate June. Robed in green, with the tint of apple-blossoms upon her cheek, holding in her hands primroses and violets, she stands beneath the budding hawthorn, her young eyes fixed upon the tender grass, or glancing sideways at the daisies, as if afraid of looking upon the sun, of whom she is enamoured. Day after day she wears some additional charm; and the sky-god bends down his golden eyes in delight at her beauty, and if he withdraws his shining countenance, she is all tears, weeping in an April shower for his loss. Fickle sun! he, too, soon forgets the tender maiden, robed in her simple robes, and decorated with tender buds, and, like a rake, hurries over his blue pathway, and pines for the full-bosomed May, or the voluptuous June, forgetting April, and her sighs and tears. Oh! how delightful is it now to wander forth into the sweet-smelling fields! to set one's foot upon nine daisies, a sure test that spring is come; to see meadows lighted with the white flowers; to watch the skylark winging his way to his blue temple in the skies,

'Singing above, a voice of light';

to hear the blackbird's mellow flute-like voice ringing from some distant covert, among the young beauties of the wood, who are robing themselves for the masque of summer! All these are sights and sounds calculated to elevate the heart above its puny cares and trifling sorrows, and to throw around it a repose calm and spirit-like as the scene whose beauty hushed its heavings. There is an invisible chord—a golden link of love, between our souls and nature; it is no separate thing—no distinguished object, but a yearning towards the universal whole. We love the blue sky, the rolling river, the beautiful flowers, and the green earth; we are enraptured with the old hills and the hoary forest. The whistling reeds say something soothing to us! there is a cheering voice in the unseen wind; and the gurgling brook, as it babbles along, carries with it a melody of other years—the tones of our playfellow, the gentle voice of a lost mother, or the echo of a sweet tongue that scarcely dared to murmur its love. Who is there that is not a worshipper of nature? Look at the parties who emerge from the breathless alleys of the metropolis, when the trees have put on their summer clothing!—listen to their merry laughter floating over the wide fields from beneath the broad oak where they are seated: the cares, and the vexations, and the busy calculations of this work-a-day world are forgotten, and they loosen their long-chained minds, and set them free to dally with the waving flowers. They join in chorus with the birds, and the trees, and the free streams; and, sending their songs after the merry breeze, triumph o'er pain and care."—*Miller's Beauties of the Country.*

A Belgian Journal contains a curious account of a gaint, who, having made his fortune by exhibiting himself to the idle and curious in various countries, has lately retired to his native town, Verniers, near Liege. Although of truly colossal magnitude, with thighs as large as the bodies of ordinary sized men, and a

thumb which a boy twelve years old cannot grasp, he is systematically proportioned, and has a head and countenance rivalling in beauty and grandeur the Olympian Jove. He is not devoid of education, and converses on most subjects with good sense. As no room was high enough to contain him, he has been obliged to have one made to suit, by removing ceilings, and thus converting two stories of his house into one, heightening the doors, and making other alterations in proportion. His furniture is upon the same grand scale; the seat of his arm chair is upon a level with an ordinary table, and his table, with a chest of drawers, and his bed, filling an entire room. His boots cost 80*l.* a pair, his hat 60*l.*—He feeds himself with a fork rivalling that with Guy's porridge pot at Warwick Castle, and a spoon with corresponding dimensions. With all these appliances the poor man has no enjoyment of his life. If he walks by day he is followed by all the boys and vagabonds of the town; and if he ventures forth at night his ears are assailed by the screams of many who take him for some supernatural being. He can have no hope of finding any woman who will venture to marry him, and therefore must remain deprived of the enjoyments of the domestic circle. He passes his time, consequently, almost in solitude.

THE LATE MR. REEVE.—Kean's name was the "open sesame" at all the houses near the theatres; and ere Reeve came upon the stage, he was apt to indulge much in the "little hours." He and his friends, lads of his own age, could not have got admission, but he knew the secret, and acted accordingly. After giving a mystic knock, he applied his mouth to the keyhole, and, with an exactitude of imitation that defied detection, exclaimed—"Tis I—Kean—Edmund Kean!" In an instant the door was opened; in glided John, saying, with an easy assurance, "Ned's just going round the corner—back in a moment." "At one time he had a servant boy who certainly did not attend to Mr. Reeve's toilet as carefully as he might; John was too late; a friend was on the fret beside him, and was vainly attempting to shave himself with a razor which bore some resemblance to a young saw: it might have been expected that a man of his quick temperament would have flown into a furious passion; not so, he turned coolly round, and said, in a tone of expostulation, "Dick, don't open any more oysters with my razors."

PHILANTHROPY.—Under the auspices of philosophy may there be one day extended from one extremity of the world to the other, that chain of union and benevolence which ought to connect all civilized people! May they never more carry among savage nations the example of vice and oppression! I do not flatter myself that, at the period of that happy revolution, my name will be still in remembrance; but I shall at least be able to say, that I have contributed, as much as was in my power, to the happiness of my fellow-creatures, and pointed out the way, though at a distance, for the bettering of their condition. This agreeable thought will stand me in the stead of glory. It will be the delight of my old age, and the consolation of my latest moments.—*L'Abbe Raynal.*

THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG.—In a review of Bucke on the 'Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature,' in the Gentlemen's Magazine, there is the following passage; 'All our readers not living north of Lincolnshire, or west of Whiltshire, have heard the nightingale; but none have ever read their written song from Mr. Bucke's work, which we give as a curiosity. It was made by a German composer on a bird esteemed a capital singer:

Tiou, tiou tiou tiou
Spe, tiou, squa.
Tio, tio, tio, tio, tio, ti.
Coutio, coutio, coutio, coutio.
Tzu, tzu, tzu, tzu, tzu, tzu, tzu, tzu, tzu, tzi.
Corror, tiou, squa—pi pi qui.
Zozozoz zozozozozoz zozo—zeshaoing.
Tsissi, tsissi, si si sisisis.
Dzorre, dzorre, dzorre, dzorre, hi.
Tzatu, tzatu, tzatu tzatu tzatu tzatu tzatu dzi.
Dio, dio, dio, dio, dio, dio, dio, dio,
Quio tr rrrrrrr itz.

HOW TO BOTHER THE BUGS.—An Armenian, a clever good-tempered fellow, who had known better days, thus described an ingenious contrivance by which he avoided the vermin that abounded at Ortakeni. "I take care to examine and clean a large wooden table; on it I lay my mattress, and then I put the four legs of the table each into a pan of water on the floor; I am thus insulated—the bugs can't very well cross the water!" "And do you escape their invasion?" "Yes, all but that of a few bugs that may drop from the rafters and ceilings of the old house!"—*Newspaper paragraph.*

The woes of human life are relative. The sailor springs from his warm couch to climb the icy topmast at midnight without a murmur; while the rich merchant complains of the rattling cart which disturbs his evening's repose. In time of peace, we hear the breaking of a bone a 'melancholy event'—but in war, when we read of the slaughter of our neighbors and thousands of the enemy, we clap our hands and exclaim 'Glorious victory!'