

garden is adorned with this graceful flowers, while in the loneliest spots it is found in every variety.

We now come to describe a gigantic flower, discovered by Sir Stamford Raffles while on a journey to the Hill of Mists, in Sumatra, and named after him *Rafflesia Arnoldi*. It is perhaps the largest and most magnificent in the world; and is quite distinct from any other flower. Across, from the extremity of each petal, it is rather more than a yard; the nectarium is nine inches wide, and as deep, holding a gallon and a half of water. The whole flower weighs fifteen pounds.— This giant flower, the native name of which is *Petrum Sinkinlil*, or, the Devil's Betel-box, is generally found in the forests, parasitic on the lower stems and roots of other plants. It appears at first in the shape of a diminutive round ball, which by degrees dilates to a great size. The flower-bud is invested by numerous membranaceous sheaths, or plates, which surround it in successive layers, and expand as the bud enlarges, until at length they form a cup round its base.— These sheaths are large and firm, and dark brown in colour. The bud, before expansion, is depressive, round, with five obtuse angles, and of a deep red. When fully expanded, this flower may well be termed the wonder and glory of the floral kingdom. It forms a broad, deep cup, capable of holding twelve pints of water. Inside, it is of an intense purple hue, more or less marked with yellow, with soft, flexible spines of the same color. Towards the mouth are numerous depressed spots of the purest white, which appear strongly in contrast with the deep, rich purple of the surrounding substance. The petals are of a brick red, with numerous pustular spots of a lighter colour. Nor is this flower tender, fragile thing, likely to be blown away by the breeze. The substance of its petals is not less than half an inch thick, and of a firm, fleshy consistence. Soon after expansion, it begins to give out a smell like that of decaying animal matters. The fruit never bursts, but the whole plant gradually rots away, and the seeds mix with the putrid mass. This flower is almost unknown to the natives of its indigenous country. Very few accounts of it, indeed, have reached this land of inquiry and research, of science and thirst for knowledge. This flower takes three months from the first appearance of the bud to arrive at maturity. It is generally seen clinging to the roots and lower stems of those gigantic creepers which are everywhere seen in the forests of Java. Sometimes they climb the trunk of some majestic tree which towers to the height of a hundred and ninety feet before throwing out branches, and then drop to the ground like a huge cable, along which are seen darting the squirrel and monkey.

Another flower growing in many of the islands in the Straits of Malacca is remarkable. It also grows parasitically on rocks and tree trunks. The stems are as thick as a man's wrist, and six or seven feet long, without branches, and at the extremity produce abundance of leaves. But the most extraordinary feature of it is its magnificent inflorescence, which forms an erect spike six feet high, with upwards of one hundred large, spreading brown and white chequered fragrant flowers, between two and three inches in diameter.

Among the ornamental productions of the Indian islands, the clove tree is not the least remarkable. It grows in the form of a pyramid, its branches sprouting forth close together. It is as large as a cherry-tree, but more resembles the laurel. In the midst of each leaf is a large vein which sends forth many lesser branches; these leaves grow on long stalks, sometimes single, but for the most part in clusters; those that grow near the extremities of the branches are of a purple colour, but the rest dark green; if they are rubbed between the hands they scent as strong as the cloves themselves, and so do the branches. On the extremities of the branches grow many sprouts which produce buds, from which springs the flowers which at last produce the knot.— The blossom is white at first, not unlike our cherry blossom, each leaf of the flower having three small streaks; they then turn green, afterward red, and last of all dark yellow inclining to black. A cluster of these trees affords a very agreeable sight.

Miscellaneous.

THE ACORN.

A FAMILIAR MORALIZING.

What do I see in thee, thou little ball,
Which yon weak twig—shook by the breeze—let fall?
The incipient Oak lies in this narrow space,
Which shall ere long the young plantation grace.

What do I see prospectively in thee?
In all its majesty, the Forest Tree,
Which Art shall shape into a thousand things,
Fit to adorn the palaces of kings!

What do I see in thee? The man-of-war,
Ploughing the mountain-waves of ocean far—
Conveying to some distant hostile shore,
The thundering cannon with tremendous roar,

What do I see in thee? The festive broad,
Groaning beneath the splendid ponderous load
Of gold and silver vessels, richly filled
With sparkling liquid from the grape distilled.

What do I see in thee? The miser's chest,
Where lie the treasures which disturb his rest:
In servile homage to his god he bends,
But to the poor he neither gives nor lends.

What do I see in thee? The awful seat
From whence the culprit will his sentence meet,
And the dread steps he trembling must ascend,
A wretched life of infamy to end.

What do I see in thee? The shelves which bear
The fruits of midnight literary care;
Which ages yet unborn shall learn to prize,
Above all other sublunary joys.

What do I see in thee? The classic chair
Round which the youthful students quake with fear,
Which bear away those lessons which shall guide
The aspiring genius near fair Virtue's side.

What do I see in thee? The sacred place
Where the ambassador of gospel grace
Stand up between the living and the dead,
Proclaiming life to men through Him who bled,

What do we see in thee? Oh sad to tell!
The poor man's coffin and the rich man's shell;
Both, side by side, they slumber in the dust,
Until the resurrection of the just.

Lullerworth.

T. B.

HORSEMANSHIP IN CHILI.

The Guachos are well known to be perfect riders. The idea of being thrown, let the horse do what it likes, never enters their head. Their criterion of a good rider is a man who can manage an untamed colt, or who, if his horse fall, alight on his own feet, or can perform other such exploits.— I have heard of a man betting that he would throw his horse down twenty times, and that nineteen times he would not fall himself. I recollect seeing a Guacho riding a very stubborn horse, which three times successively reared so high as to fall backwards with great violence. The man judged with uncommon coolness the proper moment for slipping off—not an instant before or after the right time; and as soon as the horse got up, the man jumped on his back, and at last they started at a gallop. The Guacho never appears to exert any muscular force. I was one day watching a good rider, as we were galloping along at a rapid pace, and thought to myself, "surely, if the horse start, you appear so careless on your seat, you must fall." At this moment a male ostrich sprang from its nest beneath the horse's nose; the young colt bounded on one side like a stag; but as for the man, all that could be said was, that he started and took fright with his horse. In Chili and Peru more pains are taken with the mouth of the horse than in La Plata, and this is evidently a consequence of the more intricate nature of the country. In Chili, a horse is not considered perfectly broken, till he can be brought up standing, in the midst of his full speed on any particular spot, for instance, on a cloak thrown on the ground; or, again, he will charge a wall, and, rearing, scrape the surface with his hoofs. I have seen an animal bounding with spirit, yet