

ner or from the agency of spirits is yet to be seen. For our part we could attribute it to nothing but some secret agency of nature. The only thing that we believed capable of making the noises was electricity. As for the answers given, we were disposed to think, that it was possible, by some means yet unknown to man in general, to ascertain the hidden thoughts of the soul. In our number on the 11th instant, we inserted an account, of a strange incident, that occurred in England last Summer; upon the death of a well known person. This incident is vouched for, as being authentic; we have others equally astonishing. This subject will be again referred to.

THE LAKE OF ALLIGATORS IN SCINDE.

This curious place is about eight miles from Kurachee, and is well worth inspecting by all who are fond of the monstrous and grotesque. A moderate ride through a sandy and sterile tract, varied with a few patches of jungle, brings on to a grove of tamarind trees, hid in the bosom of which are the grisly brood of monsters. Little would one ignorant of the locale suspect that under that green wood in that tiny pool, which an active leaper could half spring across, such hideous denizens are concealed. "Here is the pool," I said to my guide rather contemptuously, "but where are the alligators?" At the same time I was stalking on very boldly with head erect, and rather inclined to flout the whole affair, *aus adonco*. A sudden hoarse roar or bark, however under my very feet, made me execute a pirouette in the air with extraordinary adroitness, and perhaps with more animation than grace. I had almost stepped on a young crocodilian imp, about three feet long, whose bite, small as he was, would have been the reverse of pleasant. Presently the genius of the place made his appearance in the shape of wizard looking old Fakcer who, on my presenting him with a couple of rupees, produced his wand—in other words, a long pole, and then proceeded to "call up his spirits." On his shouting "Ao! ao!" "Come! Come!" two or three times, the water suddenly became alive with monsters. At last three score huge alligators, some of them fifteen feet in length, made their appearance, and came thronging to the shore. The whole scene reminded me of fairy tales. The solitary wood, the pool with its strange inmates, the Fakcer's lonely hut on the hill side, the Fakcer himself, tall, swart and gaunt, the robber-looking Beloches by my side, made up a fantastic picture. Strange, too, the control our showman displayed over his 'lions.' On motioning with the pole, they stopped (indeed they had arrived at a very disagreeable propinquity), and on his calling out "Bartho," "Sit down," they lay flat on their stomachs, grinning horrible obedience with their open and expectant jaws. Some large pieces of flesh were thrown to them, and to get which they struggled writhed, and fought, and tore the flesh into shreds and gobbles. I was amused with the respect the smaller ones had to their overgrown seniors. One fellow, about ten feet long, was walking up to this feeding ground from the water, when he caught a glimpse of another much larger just behind him. It was odd to see the frightened look with which he sidled out of the way evidently expecting to lose half his tale before he could effect his retreat. At a short distance, perhaps half a mile, from the first pool I was shown another, in which the water was as warm as one could bear it for complete immersion, yet even here I saw some small alligators. The Fakcer told me these brutes were very numerous in the river, about fifteen or twenty miles to the west. The monarch of the place, an enormous alligator, to which the Fakcer has given the name of "Mor Shaeb," "Lord Mor," never obeyed the call to come out. As I walked around the pool I was shown where he lay, with his head above water immovable as a log, and for which I should have mistaken him but for his small savage eyes, which glittered so that they seemed to emit sparks. He was the Fakcer said, very fierce and dangerous, and at least twenty feet in length.—*Dry leaves of Young Egypt.*

SCENERY OF LAKE SUPERIOR—ISLE ROYALE.—The scenery of Lake Superior is, in many respects, different from, and better than any other in our country. Our Geological Corps are the only persons who have fully surveyed it. From their account, the lake is much in the scenery and atmosphere of Lake Superior which should attract the attention of travellers in search of pleasure and novelty.

The following description of Isle Royale is from the pen of Dr. Jackson, late United States Geologist:

"Isle Royale is a most interesting island, singularly formed, cut up into deep bays, and sending out long spits of rocks into the lake at its north-eastern extremity, while at its south-western end it tapers off far into the lake, presenting slightly inclined beds of red sandstone, the tabular sheets of which, for miles from the coast, are barely covered with water, and offer dangerous shoals and reefs, on which vessels and even boats would be quickly stranded if they endeavor to pass near that shore. How different is the coast on that portion of the island where the rocks are of igneous origin. Bold cliffs of columnar trap and castellated rocks, with mural escarpments, sternly presenting themselves to the surf, and defy the storms. The waters of the lake are deep close to their very shores, and the largest ship might in many places lie close to the rocks as at an artificial pier. The color of the water affected by the hues of the sky, and holding no sediment to dim its transparency, presents deeper tints of blue, green and red prevailing, according to the color of the sky and clouds.

I have seen at sunset the surface of the lake off Isle Royale of a deep claret color—a tint much richer than ever is reflected from the waters of other lakes, or in any other country I have visited. Added to the fantastic irregularities of the coast and its castle-like islands—the abrupt elevation of the hills inland rising like almost perpendicular walls from the shores of the numerous beautiful lakes which are scattered through the interior of the island and corresponding with the finest of the mountain upheaved—we observe occasionally rude crags detached from the main body of the mountains, and in one place two lofty twin towers, standing on a hill-side, and rising perpendicular, like huge chimneys, to the elevation of 70 feet, while they are surrounded by deep green foliage of the primeval forest. I requested my assistant (Mr. Foster,) to make a sketch of these singular towers while I was engaged in measuring their height.

Not less strange and fantastic are the effects of mirage on the appearance of the peculiar scenery of this island, and the coast of the lakes seen from it. For weeks in summer, the traveller may be gratified by a view of the most curious phantasmagoria—images of the island and mountains being most vividly represented, in all their outlines and their tufts of evergreen trees all inverted in the air and hanging over the terrestrial originals, and again repeated upright in another picture directly over the inverted reflection.

TEMPER.—Bad temper is oftener the result of unhappy circumstances than of an unhappy organization; it frequently, however, has a physical cause, and a peevish child often needs dieting more than correcting. Some children are more prone to show temper than others, and sometimes on account of qualities which are valuable in themselves. For instance, a child of active temperament, sensitive feeling and eager purpose is more likely to get into constant jars and rubs, than a dull passive child, and, if he is of an open nature, his inward irritation is immediately shown in bursts of passion. If you repress these ebullitions by scolding and punishment, you only increase the evil, by changing passion into sulkiness. A cheerful good-tempered tone of your own, a sympathy with his troubles arising from no ill conduct on his part, are the best antidotes; but it would be better still to prevent beforehand, as far as possible, all sources of annoyance. Never fear spoiling children by making them too happy. Happiness is the atmosphere where all good affections grow, the wholesome warmth necessary to make the heart blood circulate healthily and freely; unhappiness the chilling pressure which produces here an inflammation, there an excrescence, and, worst of all, "the mind's green and yellow sickness—ill temper."—*Education of the feelings, by Charles Bray*

ENERGY.—Energy is omnipotent. The clouds that surround the houseless boy of to-day are dispersed, and he is invited to a palace. It is a work of energy. The

child who is a beggar one moment, in a few years to come, may stand forth the admiration of angels. Who has not seen the life-giving power of energy? It makes the wilderness to bloom like the rose; navigates our rivers; whitens the ocean; levels mountains; paves with iron a highway from State to State, and sends through, with the speed of lightning, intelligence from one extremity of the land to the other. Without energy what is man?

EFFECTS OF HABIT ON THE INFANT MIND.—I trust every thing to habit—habit, upon which, in all ages, the lawgiver, as well as the school-master, has mainly placed his reliance; habit, which makes every thing easy, and casts all difficulties upon the deviation from the wonted course. Make sobriety a habit, and intemperance will be hateful and hard—make prudence a habit, and reckless profligacy will be as contrary to the nature of the child grown an adult, as the most atrocious crimes are to any of your lordships.—Give a child the habit of sacredly regarding the truth, of carefully respecting the property of others, of scrupulously abstaining from all acts of improvidence which can involve him in distress, and he will just as likely think of rushing into an element in which he cannot breathe, as of lying, or cheating, or stealing.—*Lord Brougham.*

THE AFFECTIONS.—There is a famous passage in the writings of Rousseau, that great delineator of the human heart, which is as true to human nature as it is beautiful in expression: "Were I in a desert I would find out, where within it to call forth my affections.—If I could do no better, I would fasten them on some sweet myrtle, or on some melancholy cypress to connect myself to; I would court them for their shade, would write my name upon and declare that they were the sweetest trees through all the desert. If their leaves withered, I would teach myself to mourn, and when they rejoiced I would rejoice along with them." Such is the absolute necessity which exists in the human heart of having something to love. Unless the affections have an object, life itself becomes joyless and insipid. The affections have this peculiarity, that they are not so much the means of happiness as their exercise is happiness itself. And not only so, if they have no object, the happiness derived from our other powers is cut off. Action and enterprise flag, if there be no object dear to the heart, to which those actions can be directed.

The Hungarian General BEM, expired with the half-century. Born at Tarnon, a Pole, he died at Aleppo, a Turk. In early life he served in the Russian Army against Napoleon in his disastrous campaign. He was the friend, companion, and favourite of the Grand Duke Constantine, until certain indignities to himself and cruelties to his countrymen made him the implacable foe of Russia. He joined the Polish insurrection of 1831, and performed prodigies of valour at the battle of Ostrolenka. Like many others, he became a fugitive and a wanderer. Unsuccessful patriotism reduced the companion of royalty to be a pensioner on the charity of the friends of Poland in London. 1848 gave Bem once more a career. He went to Vienna, and when the people were in the ascendant, in October, he held a command. But the Viennese could not trust the Pole. Incompetent men were placed over him. Vienna fell before the artillery of Windischgratz and Jellachich in November. Slaughter, terror, violation reigned. Never will the Viennese forget the red cloaks of the Croats. The educated youth of Vienna were shot in clusters. Robert Blum was led out to perish. The Odeon, although used as an hospital, was laid in ashes, with the wounded in it. Great rewards were offered for the apprehension of the popular leaders and generals still alive. The search for Bem was vigilant. He doffed the costume of a hackney coachman, filled his vehicle with a Hungarian family of nuns and children, mounted the box under the eyes of spies and soldiers, laughed at inspection, and drove off to Hungary. For ten months he was victorious there over the Austrians. "Bem beat the Ban." Splinters from an old wound escaping from his leg all the time, and able only to sit on horseback.