

could thus briefly enforce the necessity of irrigating the soil during droughts as deeply as practicable, not to interfere with the roots of growing plants and those of previous culture, so that a deep and light soil shall invite a free circulation of air beneath the surface. Hot air the moment it presses beneath the surface, becomes very moist, from the water which it originally contained, and it deposits it, thus not only aerating the soil, but adding to its moisture. Cold can hold but little moisture, but hot air dissolves an immense quantity, which it deposits as it cools, or on cool surfaces. Who has not noticed of a winter's day, a locomotive leaving behind it a snowy cloud of vapor, like a comet's tail, often floating for a minute after the train has passed? Think of this and watch the steam on days, when the hot breath just as full of vapor as in winter, is puff'd out into the eye of the sun, and not steam enough shows to make a flow—it is so quickly absorbed by the air.—*mislead.*

THE IDEA OF THE SPINNING-JENNY—Sudden y (James Hargreaves) dropped upon his knees, rolled on the stone floor at full length. He with his face toward the floor, and made a and circles with the end of a barred stick. rose, and went to the fire to burn his stick. took of his bristly hair with one hand, and bed his forehead and nose with the other and blackened stick. Then he sat upon a chair placed his head between his hands, elbow on knees and gazed intently on the floor. Then prang to his feet, and replied to some feeble question of his wife (who had not risen since the she gave birth to a little stranger) by a loud rance that he had it; and taking her in his dy arms, in the blankets, the baby in her s, he lifted her out, and held her over the drawings on the floor. These he explained she joined a small, hopeful, happy laugh his high toned assurance, that she should regain toil at the spinning-wheel—that he ld never again 'play,' and have his loom jing for want of weft. She asked some tions, which he answered, after seating her e arm-chair, by laying her spinning-wheel on cket, the horizontal spindle standing verti-, while he made the wheel revolve, and a roring of cotton from the spindle into tennated thread. "Our fortune is made that is made," he said, speaking of his ings on the floor. "What will you t," asked his wife. "Call it? What an all it after thyself, Jenny? They called Spinning Jenny," afore I had thee, because beat every lass in Stanehill Moor at the . What if we call it 'Spinning Jenny?'" . who have Risen.

FILED.—It was early in the month of July, and drops were glistening on the countless of the trees, as the rising sun shed his

glories upon them; I was silently for- ing through the water-laden branches which over-hung the path to the rendezvous, where I expected to meet the old voyager's son with his canoe, when I was startled, nay, nearly horrified, by the sudden and rapid reproach of some gigantic and unknown animal rushing towards me through the trees with a frightful noise. I stopped, I stood, my blood ran cold; I tightly grasped my gaff; I endeavored by string to ascertain what brute it might be and how I could defend myself. As it quickly approached me, when the apparition—which was nothing more than an Indian (and a boy) with his canoe carried in the usual manner upon his head and shoulders—passed me by, and in a soft and rather melodious voice uttered the words "allons"—*Salmon Fishing in Canada by a Resident; edited by Colonel Sir James Edward Alexander.*

THE DELIGHTS OF DEMERARA.—The men in Demerara are never angry, and the women are never cross. Life flows along a perpetual stream of love, smiles, champagne, and small talk. Every body has enough of everything. The only persons who do not thrive are the doctors; and for them, as the country affords them so little to do, the local government no doubt provides liberal pensions. The form of government is a mild despotism, tempered by sugar. The Governor is the father of the people, and the Governor's wife the mother. The Colony forms itself into a large family, which gathers itself together peaceably under parental wings. They have no noisy sessions of parliament as in Jamaica, no money squabbles as in Barbadoes. A clean bill of health, a surplus in the colony treasury, a rich soil, a thriving trade, and a happy people—these are the blessings which attend the fortunate man who has cast his lot on this prosperous shore. Such is Demerara as it is made to appear to a stranger.—*Mr. Trollope's West Indies.*

MENTAL POWER OF THE BULL TERRIER.—A well known black-and-tan terrier, which lately resided at Margate, and was named Prince, was accustomed to make his own purchases of biscuit, as often as he could obtain the gift of a half-penny for that purpose. On several occasions the baker whom he honored with his custom thought to put him off by giving him a burnt biscuit in exchange for his half-penny. The dog was very much aggrieved at this inequitable treatment, but at the same time could find no opportunity of showing his resentment. However, when he next received an eleemosynary half-penny, he wended his way to the baker's, as usual, with the coin between his teeth. As soon as the baker proffered him a biscuit Prince drew up his lips, so as to exhibit the half-penny, and then walked coolly out of the shop, transferring his custom to another member of the same trade, who lived on the opposite side of the road.—*Routledge's Illustrated Natural History; by the Rev. J. G. Wood.*