

was brought alive to the Duke of Bavaria's court, whence it lived forty years, seemed to be possessed of very uncommon sensations. It was much delighted in the company and conversation of men, and in music, both vocal and instrumental; for it would willingly stand (says he) by those that sung or sounded the trumpet; and stretching out its head, and turning its ear to the music, listen very attentively to its harmony, though its own voice was little pleasanter than the braying of an ass."

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

[FOR THE INSTRUCTOR]

THE WATERSPOUT.

The waterspout, one of the most wonderful phenomenons of nature, has long been made a subject of description; but, although it has excited much curiosity, we have no very satisfactory elucidation of the CAUSE.

The waterspout is an immense column of water, of a conical shape—which, in violation of the law of gravitation, rises perpendicularly in the air, forming a connexion between the waters of the ocean and the clouds. Two currents of wind, blowing from opposite points, happen to meet, and, at their point of coalition, are interposed by a cloud, or collection of dense moisture, it will, from the two currents taking effect on the opposite extremities of each side, be propelled round with such velocity, that the particles will necessarily divulge from the centre, leaving in it an unoccupied space. This may be illustrated by the spinning of a top. If it be immersed in water, and put in motion, the particles of moisture will be perceived to fly off in all directions—which is to be attributed to the tendency which matter has to fly from the circle in which it revolves. This vacuum being formed in the cloud, the water beneath rushes upwards to fill it, as water rushes up a common pump, to replenish the space left by the exclusion of the air by the piston.

Thus is the waterspout produced; but if air be admitted, the tube will fall to pieces, and be impelled, by the force of gravity, to its original source.

Mariners, fearful of coming in close contact with it, endeavour to effect this by the firing of a cannon. As sound travels with an amazing velocity, by striking it the air will gain accession.

W:

MISCELLANEOUS.

“WHY WON'T YOU ASK PA' TO BE STILL WHILE I AM DYING?”

She was a lovely girl of fourteen, the oldest and the favorite of a once happy family. When the school hours were over, she would hasten home, and sit with her needle work by her mother to tend her little brother yet in the cradle; or do whatever else was required of her, so kindly, so uncomplainingly, that her presence in the family was like an angel visit. When she was about house in her pleasant and quiet manner, her mother's brow of care would often be lighted up with hope and joy. She would sometimes sit and fondly gaze upon her daughter, after having listened to the sweet tones of her voice, while she narrated some little occurrence, some passing event, and as she looked upon her in the loveliness of her young and unembittered existence, she felt all the affection of a maternal heart. And yet her eyes grew dim with the rising tear, as she thought of the future; as she more than anticipated the woes which might in coming years be the portion of her beloved child. But only a short time from the period of which I am now speaking, a change came over the spirit of the mother; for a change had passed upon the lovely daughter. Ellen became penitive and languid. Her eye was sunken; her cheek was pale; her form was emaciated; and she lay languishing upon her couch, over which her mother watched, by night and by day, till the evening to which I refer.