

A Zion, arising with temple of prayer,
May open the gates of a home for me there.

How, then, shall affection's devotional flames
Inspire my breastplate of jewels and names!—
The husband and father, where'er he may roam,
Is ever anointed the priest of his home.

My colours may scorch in eruptions of fight,
As hotly they rush on the armies of might;
But thoughts of my home with enchantment will come,
To hearten me more than the trumpet or drum.

If mercy propitiously smile on my life,
And raise me in sickness, and shield me in strife,
And guard in temptation, and save me from harm,
Until I regain thee—my home and my charm—

O then! what a symbol of heaven will be
The meeting of rapture! the breast's jubilee!—
The tones of our cherubs, with home's happy noise,
Will echo the chime of our new-marriage joys!

AGRA.—DISCOVERY OF A BED OF FOSSIL (MARINE ?) SHELLS ON THE TABLE LAND OF CENTRAL INDIA.

A circumstance which must prove highly interesting to all lovers of geology has lately been brought to light by the discovery of a bed of fossil shells (marine ?) in a good state of preservation. Accident, as usual, in discoveries of this kind, led to their detection. A well had been sunk some fourteen years ago by a native, half a mile distant from Saugor beside the road leading to Jubelpore, and with the stones turned out of it, he erected a small hut for his workmen, little dreaming at the time that he was piling up such geological treasures. A man, the other day, seeing something unusual in a lump of the limestone of which the hut was built, dragged it out, and took it to his master, Mr. Fraser, who immediately recognised it as being a shell. So interesting a fact could not be lost sight of, and means were immediately taken to follow up the discovery. On searching the walls of the dwelling several other stones, equally rich in shells, were detected; and the owner of the ground being questioned, stated they came out of the well about half way down; but ocular proof was not to be obtained, from the sides of the well being stoned up with large blocks of sandstone. To allow a point of so much interest to remain in doubt would have been highly culpable, and Dr. Spry immediately set about sinking a shaft parallel to the well that the locale might be effectually set at rest. After striking through basalt both soft and hard, he came, I understand, upon a bed of soft, fatty, red soil, containing nodules of lime, and presently reached the anxiously sought limestone bed, from which he had the satisfaction of disintombing some rich specimens of shells. The bed is formed exactly seventeen feet below the present surface. The shells are composed of different sizes—some nearly as long as the hand, and all of them are what is termed *reversed* shells. I understood, however, he is proposing to send an account of them to the Asiatic Society, and I shall not therefore venture to do more than announce the discovery to you.

CRAY-SLATE AX FOUND IN A WHALE.

A clay-slate ax was found in the blubber of a whale lately, by the carpenter of a Greenlandman, of Montrose. It had sunk to the depth of 18 or 20 inches, and the wound had cicatrized. It is neatly ground, presenting the knife-edge, and seems to have armed an Esquimaux lance.

LOVE IS LIKE A DIZZINESS.

I lately lived in quiet ease,
An' never wish'd to marry, O!
But when I saw my Peggy's face,
I felt a sad quandary, O!
Though wild as ony Athol deer,
She has trepann'd me fairly, O!
Her cherry cheeks an' een sae clear,
Torment me late an' early, O!
O, love, love, love!
Love is like a dizziness;
It winna let a poor body
Gang about his bizness!

To tell my fears this single week
Wad mak a daft-like diary, O!
I drave my cart outow'r a dike,
My horses in a miry, O!
I wear my stockings white an' blue,
My love's sae fierce an' fiery, O!
I drill the land that I should plough,
An' plough the drills entirely, O!
O, love, love, love! &c.

Ae morning, by the dawn o' day,
I rase to cheek the stable, O!
I keust my coat, an' plied away
As fast as I was able, O!
I wrought that morning out an' out,
As I'd been redding fire, O!
When I had done an' look'd about,
Gudefaith, it was the byre, O!
O, love, love, love! &c.

Her wily glance I'll ne'er forget,
The dear, the lovely blinkin' o't
Has pierced me through an' through the heart,
An' plagues me wi' the prinking o't.
I tried to sing, I tried to pray,
I tried to drown't wi' drinkin' o't,
I tried wi' sport to driv't away,
But ne'er can sleep for thinkin' o't.
O, love, love, love! &c.

Nae man can tell what pains I prove,
Or how severe my pliskie, O!
I swear I'm sairer drunk wi' love
Than ever I was wi' whiskey, O!
For love has raked me fore an' aft,
I scarce can lift a leggie, O!
I first grew dizzy, then gaed daft,
An' soon I'll dee for Peggy, O!
O, love, love, love!
Love is like a dizziness—
It winna let a poor body
Gang about his bizness!

Now, as the sun declines, may be seen, emerging from the surface of shallow streams, and lying there for a while till its wings are dried for flight the (misnamed) *May-fly*. Escaping, after a protracted struggle of half a minute, from its watery birth-place, it flutters restlessly up and down, up and down, over the same spot, during its whole era of a summer evening—and, at last, dies, as the last dying streaks of day are leaving the western horizon. And yet, who shall say that in that space of time it has not undergone all the vicissitudes of a long and eventful life? That it has not felt all the freshness of youth—all the vigour of maturity—all the weakness and satiety of old age, and all the pangs of death itself? In short, who shall satisfy us that any essential difference exists between *its* four hours and *our* fourscore years?