



HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

THE SLEIGH-BELLS.

FROM ROUGHING IT IN THE BUS, BY MRS. MOODIE

'Tis merry to hear, at evening time,  
By the blazing hearth the sleigh-bells chime  
To know the bounding steeds bring near  
The loved one to our bosoms dear  
Ah, lightly we spring the fire to raise,  
Till the rafters glow with the ruddy blaze;  
Those merry sleigh-bells, our hearts  
Keep time  
Responsive to their fairy chime.  
Ding-dong, ding-dong o'er valley and hill  
Their welcome notes are trembling still,  
Tis he, and hitherto the gay bells  
Sound,  
As glides his sleigh o'er the frozen ground;  
Hark! he has passed the dark pine wood,  
He crosses now the ice-bound flood,  
And hails the light at the open door  
That tells his toilsome journey's o'er.  
The merry sleigh-bells: My fond heart  
Swells  
And throbs to hear the welcome bells;  
Ding-dong, ding-dong, o'er ice and snow  
A voice of gladness, on they go.

Our hat is small, and rude our cheer,  
But love has spread the banquet here,  
And childhood springs to be caress'd  
By our beloved and welcome guest  
With a smiling brow, his face he leans,  
The urchins ring the merry sleigh-bells,  
The merry sleigh-bells, with shrill and  
ring:  
They drag the noisy string along,  
Ding-dong, ding-dong, the father a cone  
The gay bells ring his welcome home  
From the cedar swamp the giant waves  
Bow,  
From the oak loud whoops the felon  
owl:  
The snow-storm sweeps in thunder  
past,  
The forest creaks beneath the blast,  
The more I list, with balling fear,  
The sleigh-bells' distant chime to hear  
The merry sleigh-bells, with soothing  
power  
Shed gladness on the evening hour  
Ding-dong, ding-dong, what rapture  
swells  
The music of these joyous bells!

SOCRATES—HIS CHARACTER.

The ninth Lecture of the course was delivered last evening by Rev. Thomas Starr King, of Boston. His subject was Socrates, which formed one of the most attractive and eloquent lectures of the series.

The lecturer remarked, on commencing that only one other name was familiar to us as the representative of the spirit of highest beauty. It is believed that he was a teacher of pure morals, but of the man himself little is generally known. He was born in Athens, 469 B. C. Nothing but a common education had been given him in early life. He had worked with his father as a stonemason till he reached the age of thirty-five, when he threw down his tools and went to teaching men. It was at the period when Eschylus, Sophocles and Pericles were entrancing the citizens of Athens with their eloquence. Socrates at the first protested against their various theories, called philosophy. He determined his countrymen should know the importance of the words "Know Thyself," and he abandoned the hammer for the higher art of sculpture, and became a sculptor of men instead of marble.

Socrates never wrote a book, and he studied but little. He was a home missionary; the street and the market place were his school, and men were his subjects. His appearance was not very flattering. His nose was snub, being useful, as he said, as it could receive the various perfumes from all parts of the globe; mouth large, lips thick, and neck short and thick. The lecturer said there was no irreverence in thus speaking of him, as his own friends often made him the subject of merriment. He went barefooted, summer and winter. At the age of forty he was drafted for the army, and sent to Thrace, and in that cold climate, while the barbarians were clothed in furs, he went barefooted amid snow and ice, and astonished his comrades, once, by standing in the open air for 24 hours.

He was not a philosopher, but a seer. He always boasted of a divine communication, believed in supernatural influences, and had a sort of spiritual rapping in his bosom. He was a terrible logician, and could dissect the elements of a judgement with perfect ease. In all ranks of society he enlisted the people in discussion. He was an earnest seeker after knowledge. He called himself a learner, and the humblest of all, and yet most people found such ignorance hard to deal with. Socrates probably knew most of the male dwellers of Athens. At one time he was conversing with a priest; at another arguing with a merchant, lawyer, or laborer.

The Grecian Sophists were a sort of orators, or rhetoricians, and historians have put Socrates in a sitting posture in contrast to them. Most of the Sophists were of an attractive appearance, well educated, and boasted of being able to deliver polished orations. When they visited Athens, Socrates went to hear them, listened to their eloquence with pleasure, but with the reverence that a

wazel watches a rat. They taught for gain; Socrates taught in love for the people.

After a few more remarks under this head, the lecturer passed on to notice him in his domestic relations. He had a noble estimate for woman, and were he now with us would undoubtedly be found in favor of Woman's Rights &c. He had the opinion that females were inferior to us only in bodily strength, and though his wife Xantippe, was a Tartar, and belabored him with her tongue as well as her hands, he was never ruffled, and turned all domestic penis to good account.

He concluded by speaking of his accusation by Melitus, his argument before a hundred judges, his sentence of death, and the fortitude with which he pressed the cup of hemlock to his lips, which soon put an end to his life. His judges are forgotten, but his career gives strength to reformers, and teaches the majesty of self-sacrifice.

THE CHINESE.

The Chinese, with all their defects, contrive to produce some articles superior to the counterparts of European manufacture. Their vermilion, prepared from the same cinnabar which we ourselves employ, is far brighter than ours; the blue colors on their China are more perfect; while, in the ingenious carving of ivory into fans, pagodas, or nested balls, no other artists can vie with them. Their large horn lanterns are inimitable; their gongs cannot be made in Europe, though we know the metal; their silver filigree work, lacquered cabinets, engraved stones and gems, are all works of great skill. In the productions of the loom they are scarcely equalled by French manufactures; their silks, satins, embroideries and tassels are unsurpassed; while in the variety of their spices and perfumes, and the excellence of their paper, ink and printing, they may challenge the world. And yet the old customs of primitive times—the domestic weaving and dyeing, still continue the same as in those days when the beautiful tissues found their way into Greek and Roman houses. But, while praising the excellence of their works, we only allude to the finished product—the process is generally primitive, the tools are simple, and the artifice almost unassisted by machinery.

Their agriculture has been over-praised—their plows hardly merit the name—they have no succession of crops, simple rice is the staff of life, and their only claim to superiority appears to be in the general practices of irrigation.

The white mulberry-tree is grown in vast quantities to supply the silk-worm with food, and in the middle provinces large fields of cotton and patches of indigo are frequent. The tea-plant is cultivated extensively, only in particular provinces, but grows every where in gardens and enclosures. The leaves are gathered from the middle of April to the middle of May, and are exposed to heat in iron pans. A high temper produces the black tea; while the leaves exposed to less heat form the green tea. The berry of the tea-plant affords a fine oil for the table. Tobacco is in universal cultivation and use.—Westminster Review.

CURIOUS BIRD.—THE BRUSH TURKEY.

There is in the gardens at Regent's Park, London, a plain-looking member bird, a native of New Holland, called the brush turkey, whose habits of rearing its brood are among the most remarkable in the history of animal instincts. The bird is a thicket chameleon, and constructs for use, a patent incubator, on which a pair sits, by which it hatches its eggs in a scientific manner, without the tedious sitting in which other birds submit. This bird at present occupies part of the great aviary on the south side of the gardens on the right after entering the gate from the road. It is not a very striking bird in its appearance. The upper surface of the adult male, its wings and tail, is of a blackish brown, but on the under surface, the feathers are blackish brown at the base, going into silver gray at the ends. The skin of the head and neck is of a deep pink, verging on red, and thinly sprinkled with short dingy hair. The wattle is of a bright yellow shading off into red. In size it is nearly that of a turkey. In general habits this bird is nothing remarkable, it is in the reproduction of the species that its anomalous proceedings are manifested. It is a believer in fermentation and co-operation, for when the breeding season arrives, a number of the birds enter into partnership, and collect a huge heap of vegetable matter, which is allowed to ferment till it forms a hotbed. Several

weeks are patiently employed in this heap, but when once formed it does duty for several years, new matter being added at the top as that beneath rots away. In collecting, the birds use only the foot; the bill is not used at all. The surface of the ground surrounding the hotbed is thus cleared of every leaf and blade of grass, every scrap of vegetation being added to assist in the fermentation. When this pyramidal mound of green stuff has had sufficient time to heat, and when it is just at the proper temperature for hatching, the large eggs are inserted, not side by side, but planted at regular intervals from each other, and stuck into the fusty smoking heap perfectly upright, the large end downward, and at an arm's length below the surface. They are then covered up and left till hatched. Whether the chickens have to fight their way through the warm "artificial mother," or whether, as Mr. Gould was informed, the females remain to assist them, is a question not yet settled; there is no doubt, however, that in either case nature has provided for the safety of the young, and that all its instincts are adapted to the circumstances of its birth.—Eliza Cook's Journal.

WHAT IS IT!

BY LETA.

You hear me at evening, when round your bright hearth,  
You list to the tales of pleasure and mirth,  
And while the welkin rings with laughter's strain,  
You hear not my knock on the cold window pane.

I carol my song o'er hill-side and plain,  
And hup to the streamlets a wooing tale,  
I make love to the flowers that bloom on the heath,  
And they drop at my touch, and die with my breath.

I sing round your casement, and you look forth to see,  
But nothing is there but a broad vacancy;  
I'm ever a romping on mountain and plain,  
I'm heard always heard, but never am seen.

Northwood Cottage, Cleveland, O.  
—Cincinnati Garland

TALENTS ALWAYS ASCENDANT.—Talents, which are before the public, have nothing to dread either from the jealous pride of power, or from the transient misrepresentation of party, spleen, or envy. In spite of opposition from any cause, their buoyant spirits will lift them to their proper grade. The man who possesses the great and vigorous stamina which entitles him to a niche in the temple of glory, has no reason to dread the ultimate result; however slow his progress may be, he will, in the end, most indubitably receive that distinction. While the rest, the "swallows of science," the butterflies of genius, may flutter for their spring, but they will soon pass away and be remembered no more. No enterprising man, therefore, and least of all the truly great man, has any reason to droop, or repine, at any efforts which he may suppose to be made with a view to depress him. Let, then, the temper of envy or of malice howl around him. His genius will consecrate him; any attempt to extinguish that will be as unavailing as a human effort to quench the stars.—Wirt.

THE WHITE ROSE.—Written in the fifteenth century, and sent by the Duke of Clarence (of the house of York) with a white rose to Lady E. Beauchamp, a violent adherent to the house of Lancaster:

"If thy faire rose offende thy sight,  
That I have thus becomee late,  
Thy will shall be made more than whyse,  
And turne Lancastrian there.

But if thy ruby hope a spee,  
As kye it then may at deuce,  
With myse I will myse myse the dye,  
And Yorkish turne againe"

DAMNING TESTIMONY.—A lady being once closely questioned as to the age of a man that she was forty, and in corroboration, turned to an old gentleman who was rather more famed for em-  
picious than piousness, asked him if it was not true  
"My dear lady," he replied, "I'm sure I cannot doubt it as I have heard you repeat the same fact for the last ten years."