

## VELOCITY AND MAGNITUDE OF WAVES.

The velocity of waves has relation to their magnitude. Some large waves proceed at the rate of from thirty to forty miles an hour. It is a vulgar belief that the water itself advances with the speed of the wave, but in fact the *form* only advances, while the *substance*, except a little spray above, remains rising and falling in the same place, according to the laws of the pendulum.—A wave of water, in this respect, is exactly imitated by the wave running along a stretched rope when one end of it is shaken; or by the mimic waves of our theatres, which are generally the undulations of long pieces of carpet, moved by attendants. But when a wave reaches a shallow bank or beach, the water becomes really progressive, because, then, as it cannot sink directly downwards, it falls over and forwards, seeking its level. So awful is the spectacle of a storm at sea, that it is generally viewed through a medium which biases the judgment; and lofty as waves really are, imagination makes them loftier still. No wave rises more than ten feet above the ordinary level, which, with the ten feet that its surface afterwards descends below this, gives twenty feet for the whole height, from the bottom of any water valley to the summit.—This proposition is easily proved, by trying the height upon a ship's mast at which the horizon is always in sight over the tops of the waves; allowance being made for accidental inclinations of the vessel, and for her sinking in the waters too much below her water-line at the instant when she reaches the bottom of the hollow between two waves. The spray of the sea, driven along by the violence of the wind, is, of course, much higher than the summit of the liquid wave; and a wave coming against an obstacle may dash to almost any elevation above it. At the Eddystone Light House, when a surge reaches it, which has been growing under a storm all the way across the Atlantic, it dashes even over the lantern, at the summit.

## CONGENIAL SPIRITS.

Oh! in the varied scenes of life,  
Is there a joy so sweet,  
As, when amid its busy strife,  
Congenial spirits meet?  
Feelings and thoughts, a fairy band  
Long hid from mortal sight,  
Then start to meet the master hand,  
That calls them forth to light.

When turning o'er some gifted page,  
How fondly do we pause,  
That dear companion to engage,  
In answering applause;  
And when we list to music's sighs,  
How sweet at every tone,  
To read within another's eyes  
The raptures of our own!

To share together waking dreams,  
Apart from sordid men,  
Or speak on high and holy themes,  
Beyond the worldling's ken.  
These are most dear! but soon shall pass  
That summons of the heart  
Congenial spirits soon, alas!  
Are ever doomed to part.

Yet, thou to whom such grief is given,  
Mourn not thy lot of woe;  
Say, can a wandering light from heaven  
E'er sparkle long below?  
Earth would be all too bright, too blest,  
With such pure ties of love;  
Let kindred spirits hope no rest,  
Save in a rest above.

## A BRITISH AMAZON.

The eccentric Lady Hester Stanhope, so long a resident in the East, on being visited by a recent traveller, who advised her to return to her native country, having lost much of her influence over the Turkish Pachas of Syria, from the diminution of her means to bribe them, thus expressed her determination, and described her dangers:—"As to leaving this country your advice is in vain; I never will return to England. I am encompassed by perils; I am no stranger to them; I have suffered shipwreck off the coast of Cyprus; I have had the plague here; I have fallen from my horse, near Acre, and been trampled on by him; I have encountered the robbers of the desert, and when my servants quaked, I have galloped in among them, and forced them to be courteous; and when a horde of plunderers were breaking in at my gate, I sallied out amongst them, sword in hand, and after convincing them, that had they been inclined, they could not hurt me, I fed them at my gate, and they behaved like thankful beggars. Here am I destined to remain; that which is written in the Great Book of Life who may alter? It is true, I am surrounded by perils; it is true, I am at war with the Prince of the mountains and the Pacha of Acre; it is very true, my enemies are capable of assassination; but if I do perish, my fall shall be a bloody one. I have plenty of arms—good Damascus blades; I use no guns; and while I have an arm to wield a *hanjar*, these barren rocks shall have a banquet of slaughter, before my face looks black in the presence of my enemies!"

## SONG.

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

*Set to Music by Joseph De Pinna.*

'Tis sair to dream o' them we like,  
That waking we shall never see;  
Yet, oh! how kindly was the smile  
My laddie in my sleep gave me!—  
I thought we sat beside the burn  
That wimplles down the flowery glen,  
Where, in our early days o' love,  
We met that ne'er shall meet again!

The simmer sun sank 'neath the wave,  
And gladden'd wi' his parting ray  
The woodland wild and valley green,  
Fast fading into gloamin' grey!  
He talk'd of days o' future joy,  
And yet my heart was haffins sair,  
For when his eye it beam'd on me,  
A withering death-like glance was there!

I thought him dead, and yet again,  
I thought that that could never be,  
For o'er our heads the mavis sang,  
And homeward hied the janty bee!—  
We pledged our love and plighted troth,  
But cauld, cauld, was the kiss he gave,  
When, starting from my dream, I found  
His troth was plighted to the grave!

I canna weep, for hope is fled;  
And nought would do but silent mourn,  
Were't not for dreams that shouldna come,  
To whisper back my love's return.  
'Tis sair to dream o' them we like,  
That waking we shall never see,  
Yet, oh! how kindly was the smile  
My laddie in my sleep gave me!