

The Commons resolved not to agree to the amendment, demanded a conference, and appointed a committee of managers. The leading manager was Edward Clarke, a staunch Whig, who represented Taunton, the stronghold, during fifty troubled years, of civil and religious freedom. Clarke delivered to the Lords in the Painted Chamber, a paper containing reasons which had determined the Lower House not to renew the Licensing Act. This paper completely vindicates the resolution to which the Commons had come. But it proves at the same time that they knew not what they were doing, what a revolution they were making, what a power they were calling into existence. They pointed out concisely, clearly, forcibly, and sometimes with a grave irony, which is not unbecoming, the absurdities and iniquities of the statute which was about to expire. On the great question of principle, on the question whether the liberty of unlicensed printing to be on the whole a blessing or a curse to society, not a word is said. The Licensing Act is condemned not as a thing essentially evil, but on account of the petty grievances, the exactions, the jobs, the commercial restrictions, the domiciliary visits which were incidental to it. It is pronounced mischievous because it enables the Company of Stationers to extort money from the publishers, because it empowers the agents of the Government to search houses under the authority of general warrants, because it confines the foreign book trade to the port of London, because it detains valuable packages of books at the Custom-house till the pages are mildewed. The Commons complain that the amount of the fee which the licenser may demand is not fixed. They complain that it is made penal in an officer at the Customs to open a box of books from abroad, except in the presence of one of the censors of the press. How, it is very sensibly asked, is the officer to know that there are books in the box till he has opened it? Such were the arguments which did what Milton's "Areopagitica" had failed to do. The Lords yielded without a contest. They probably expected that some less objectionable bill for the regulation of the press would soon be sent up to them, and in fact such a bill was brought into the House of Commons, read twice, and referred to a committee. But the session closed before the committee had reported; and English literature was emancipated, and emancipated for ever, from the control of the Government. This event passed almost unnoticed. Evelyn and Luttrell did not think it worth mentioning in their diaries. The Dutch Minister did not think it worth mentioning in his dispatches. No allusion to it is to be found in Monthly Mercuries. The public attention was occupied by other and far more exciting subjects.—*Macaulay.*

COMFORTABLE.

Humbolt says,—“Persons who have not navigated the great rivers of equinoctial America,—for instance, the Orinoco and the Magdalena,—can scarcely conceive how, at every instant, without intermission, you may be tormented by insects flying in the air, and how the multitude of these little creatures may render those regions almost uninhabitable. Whatever fortitude be exercised to endure pain without complaint, whatever interest may be felt in objects of scientific research, it is impossible not to be constantly disturbed by the mnsquitos, zanendos, jejens, and tempaneros, that cover the face and hands, pierce the clothes with their long, needle-formed suckers, and, getting into the mouth and nostrils, occasion coughing and sneezing, whenever any at-

tempt is made to speak in the open air. In the missions of the Orinoco, in the villages on the bank of the river, surrounded by immense forests, the plague of the mosquitos affords an inexhaustible subject of conversation. When two persons meet in the morning, the first questions they address to each other are,—“How did you find the zanendos during the night?” “How are we to-day for mosquitos?” These questions remind us of the salutations formerly used in China, indicating the ancient state of the Celestial Empire, (“bou-to-hou”)—“How have you been incommoded in the night by serpents?” “How comfortable must people be in the moon!” said a Salive Indian to Father Gumilla; “she looks so beautiful and so clear, that she must be free from mosquitos!” At Mandavaca, we found an old missionary, who told us, with an air of sadness, he had had his twenty years of musquitos, in America. He desired us to look at his legs, that we might tell beyond the sea, of their sufferings. Every sting leaving a small dark brown point, his legs were so speckled, that it was difficult to recognize the whiteness of his skin through the spots of coagulated blood.”

FILTERING CISTERN AND CISTERN BUILDING.

In a previous number we have spoken of pure water as essential to health. We regard rain water as pure, fit for use. How to get it and keep it is the question now before us. To do this, cisterns must be made in the ground. The size of cisterns may depend upon the quantity of water wanted. They may vary from five to twenty feet in diameter, and from ten to twenty-five feet in depth. A deep cistern will keep the water cooler and probably better. From sixteen to twenty feet is a good depth. We are of the opinion that excellent water can always be kept in cisterns of that depth. From six to nine feet is a good width for ordinary family purposes. They should be dug round, and with the utmost regularity, be perpendicular, the bottom smooth, and a little hollowed in the middle, to facilitate the process of cleaning and give greater permanency to the coat of cement. A permanent clay soil is generally solid enough when well dug, and the sides well smoothed and cemented, to make a lasting cistern; but it is always best to brick over the bottom and sides. This gives the most reliable permanency if the bricks are properly laid. It prevents any water pressure from bursting in, and makes a solid basis for the cement. The top should be arched over with brick, leaving a hole in the middle about two and a half feet in width, and arched sufficiently to sustain any pressure that may ever be expected to be put upon it. When it is thus dug and arched, or bricked, it is ready for the cement, which should be carefully put on at three coatings. Good hydraulic cement, well put on, will make a permanent water-tight lining for the cistern, which is cheap and not easily displaced.

The next important matter is a filter. Pure water cannot well be obtained in all seasons of the year without a filter. There are many modes of filtering cistern water. One is to dig a small cistern six or eight feet deep, near the main one, and fit a filter in the bottom of this, having first connected it with the main cistern by a lead pipe. The orifice of the passage to the main cistern is first protected by bricks or stones. These are covered with a strong coarse woolen cloth. Upon this is placed a layer of powdered charcoal: on this a layer of gravel; another cloth similar to the first: and then charcoal and gravel again. The more of these layers the more