

furnished with perfect instruments of progression. A portion of the fine mud, and a little sea-water from the bottom of Assistance Bay, seven fathoms water which contained abundance of decomposing vegetable and animal matter, and living polychaeta, was allowed to stand for a few weeks in my cabin, where the temperature was frequently below plus 24°, and never above plus 32°. The mud settled to the bottom of the vessel, and left about an inch in depth of supernatant fluid, which I examined very frequently. It soon teemed with infusoria exactly the same as those that had been in it on the first examination to which it was subjected immediately after coming into my possession; and I could follow them on the field of the microscope, as they enjoyed their merry pastime in thousands among the shreds and meshes of organisable matter in which the fluid abounded. Large individuals were frequently observed full of ova, which they could be seen permitting to escape into the fluid, in which they were to take up their future abode. A little of this fluid was added to about 20 times its volume of sea-water in a wine-glass and allowed to remain quiet and undisturbed for ten days, exposed to the air, except under such cover as might prevent the access of dust, and to a temperature of plus 27° to plus 31°. In a day or two a film of creamy-looking organisable matter appeared on the surface, which prevented evaporation, and thus assisted its countless inhabitants to obtain a higher temperature than that of the air around them. The first examination proved that reproduction was going on by the discharge of ova, which appeared like a pavement of sparkling ocelli in the cambium on the surface; while the water itself presented a living mass of creatures of great beauty and fertility."

[ORIGINAL.]

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

The amber shades of twilight flit, I anxiously grieve,
Counting pride and pomp's outfit, With names of humbler sound.
The rich and gaily gilded dome, The pauper's power cot;
The vagrant's den, and virtue's home, Are but in evening's blot;
Earth's late illumined scenes appear, A mingled mass of gloom,
Transformed in every scene most dear, To children of the tomb.
But oh! Great Father, when to thee, We upward turn the eye,
What brilliant beams of hope we see, Resplending through thy bright sky!
There thy great hand has opened a book, And spread 'fore mortal gaze,
A page in which each child should look, And read his Maker's praise;
Kempville, 1833. HENRY KEMPVILLE.

ALADDIN'S LAMP—A BEAUTIFUL COMPARISON.

At the opening of the Manchester, (England) Free Library, speeches were made by Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer, and others. Among the good things said by Sir Edward, in his characteristic, figurative way, was the following:

GENTLEMEN: You will remember that story of Aladdin, which we have read in our childhood, how a poor youth descended into a cavern, and brought back from its recesses an old lamp. Accidentally he discovered that at the mere friction of the lamp a mighty genius appeared at his command. Awed by the terrors of the spirit that he had summoned, he at first only ventured to employ its powers to satisfy his common and his humblest wants—to satisfy hunger and thirst—but gradually accustomed to the presence of this gigantic agent, he employed it to construct palaces, to amass treasures, to baffle armies, to triumph over foes, until, at the close of the story, the owner of the wonderful lamp is the sovereign of a peaceful empire, assured to his remote posterity. Gentlemen, that story is a type of labor at the command of knowledge. When we first find the lamp, we are contented to apply its genius solely to our common and physical wants—but as we are accustomed to the presence of that spirit which we have summoned, we find that we have obtained a secret which places the powers of earth, air and ocean at our command. That genius, left to itself, would be a threatening ministrant, because it is only rude physical force; but to him who possesses the lamp, that genius is a docile and benignant ministrant, because here physical force is the slave of intellectual will. Now, gentlemen, in that same physical force, which, in the phrase of the day, is sometimes called the "power of the masses" lies a great problem for all thoughtful men to resolve. Knowledge has brought us face to face with it, and knowledge must either instruct that force, or it will destroy the invoker. May, then all who possess the knowledge, who are gifted with the lamp, use it only for beneficent and useful purposes, so that the genius whose tread could bring down the storm, may only come to enrich the treasury and assure the empire.

FACTS ABOUT CUBA.

The population of Cuba is about 1,200,000. Of these there are 500,000 white inhabitants; 100,000 free mulattoes; 80,000 free blacks; 20,000 mulatto slaves, and 500,000 black slaves. Cuba is 780 miles in length averaging 52 in breadth, and covering an area of 43,500 square miles. It lies across the mouth of the Mexican Gulf, being only 120 miles from East Florida; 95 from Yucatan in South America, 42 from St Domingo, and from Jamaica 75 miles. There are fifty fine harbours on the coast of Cuba, some of which are spacious bays, affording anchorage and protection to the largest class of vessels. The climate is very fine, the warmest month averaging 82 degrees Fahrenheit's thermometer, and the coldest 70, at Havana. Ice rarely forms, and snow never falls. It is traversed by chains of mountains, whose peaks, in some instances, are 8,500 feet high; the plains beneath are proverbial for their fertility, though comparatively a small portion of its 34,000,000 acres of land are cultivated. Besides the staple articles of sugar, tobacco, and coffee, the soil is favorable for the growth of rice, corn wheat, and vegetables. Fruit is abundant embracing the plain-tain, orange, lemon, cocoa nut, and a vast variety of other kinds peculiar to tropical climates.

REX AND OLD HAT.—A Yankee, somewhere down east, has made a grand discovery, that a window glazed with old hats is a sure indication that the occupant has seen a rum bottle.

Humorous.

A little nonsense now and then, Is reached by the wisest men.

Lines on the marriage of Miss Mary Van Allen, of N. Y., to Mr. Ephraim Mudd.

Let's wife we read in the days of old, For one tedious fault, Was changed as we are plainly told, Into a lump of salt.

The same propensity to change, Still runs in female blood, For here we find a thing as strange, A maiden turned to MUD.

'My grandfather,' said Mrs. Partington, was captivated by the Indians. 'I should have supposed it was your grandmother!' the Major promptly injected.

Marriage is a certain cure for love—but the remedy is often worse than the disease.

The following pointed paragraph we extract from the "Editor's drawer" of Harper's Magazine. It may "hold the mirror up to nature" to some who read it:

"Nothing so much vexes a physician as to be sent for in great haste, and to find after his arrival, that nothing, or next to nothing is the matter with his patient. We remember an 'urgent case' of this kind, recorded of an eminent English Surgeon.

He had been sent for by a gentleman who had just received a slight wound, and gave his servant orders to go home with all haste imaginable, and fetch a certain plaster. The patient turning a little pale, said:

'Heaven! sir, I hope there is no danger!' 'Indeed there is!' answered the surgeon; for if the fellow doesn't run like a race horse, the wound will be healed before he can possibly get back!"

The best throw with dice is to throw them away.

Why is a fisherman like a ghost? Because he is a sh—! The youth that perpetrated this, has left the country and gone over to New Jersey.

IF A keeper of a boarding-house in New Orleans, finding that a tall buck-eye was rather severe on his corned pork and potatoes, after helping his ravenous guest for the third time, thus addressed his Western friend:

"I beg pardon, sir, but I should like to know if you haven't been in the pork-packing business, you seem to understand it thoroughly.

EPICRAM.—The following epigram is very clever. The reader has only to erase the name, substitute that of Miss—, mark a paper and send it to her.

"Maria's like a clock they say, Unconscious of her beauty, She regulates the live long day, Exact in every duty.

If this be true, such self command, Such well directed powers, Oh! may her little minute hand Become a hand of ours!"

IF There is sometimes a savage stretch on the imagination in abuse. Two editors quarrelling out West, one says the other is so mean that he'll have to die by subscription.

NEVER MARRY.—The following interesting piece of advice was given by a housekeeper of a maiden lady of thirty, who at last thought of entering into bonds.—"Take my advice, ma'am and never marry; now you lie down master and get up came. I married a cross man of a husband, and the very first week of our marriage ma'am, he snapped me because I put my cold feet to his'n. You don't know the men, ma'am, as well as I do."

"I wonder how they make lucifer matches," said a young married lady to her husband, with whom she was always quarrelling. "The process is very simple—I once made one," replied he. "How did you manage it?" "By leading you to church."

A man loaned an umbrella to a friend, a tradesman, in the street on a wet nasty day. It was not returned, and on another wet disagreeable day he called for it, but found his friend at the door going out with it in his hand.

"I've come for my umbrella," exclaimed the loaner. "Can't help that," exclaimed the borrower, "don't you see I am going out with it?"

"Well—yes," replied the lender, astonished at such outrageous impudence, "yes, but—but—what am I to do?"

"Do!" replied the other, as he threw up the top and walked off—"Do as I did, borrow one."

If all the nutmegs in the world were in a heap, why should a speck box still boast of a larger number?—Because it contains a nutmeg grater." The author of this left Piccon on Wednesday in a one horse wagon.

"LIKE CURES LIKE."—A clap out West who had been severely afflicted with palpitation of the heart, says he found instant relief in the application of another palpitating heart. Another triumph of homoeopathy. Like cures like.

AS FOOLISH AS MEX.—Some time since a swarm of bees entered a brew-house of an inn at Llandaff, and the queen bee got into the vat which had just been filled with boiling liquor. The other bees followed their queen, and not one of them escaped destruction.

IF Mrs. Partington "wants to know" what sort of drum a conundrum are! She thinks some are hard to beat.

A DETROITIAN CONSULTING THE RAFFLES.—"Is dat you, Mrs. Hauntz?" inquired the Dutchman. "Yes, dearst, it is your own wife, who—" "You lie, you ghost," interrupted Hauntz, starting from his seat, "mine vrow speak nothing but Dutch, and she never said torest in her life. It was always 'Hauntz, you thief!' or 'Hauntz, you tirty shkamp!' And the Dutchman hobbled from the room, well satisfied that the "rapping spirits" were all humbug, and that he was safe from any further communications with his shrewish vrow on this earth.



Ladies' Department.

[ORIGINAL.]

A VALENTINE.

I dare not say, I will not tell, But beauty's power, of magic thrill, The thousand thoughts, my bosom; I felt not till you made me ill.
The most castles built of air, And yet, I dare but think, I dream, And crumbled again in cold despair. The present, past, and future, seem As if to me love's but a name, The spectre of a burned flame.
But this I tell, and this I say, The bright refreshing showers of May, Are to the plant, the flower, the tree, Less cheering than thy voice to me.
Years have pass'd, a heart that's blighted, And only in its hopes benighted, GAZETA, February, 1833. ALLEN.

THE LOST AND THE LIVING.

BY FANNY FEEN.

The husband's tears may be few and brief, He may woo and win another, But the daughter clings in unchanging grief To the image of her mother!

But a fleeting twelvemonth had passed since the heart (that for years had beat against his own) was for ever stilled, when Walter Lee brought again a fair young creature to share his widowed home. Nor father nor mother, brother nor sister, claimed any part of the orphan heart that he coveted and won. No expense or pains had been spared to decorate the mansion for their reception. Old familiar objects, fraught with tenderest associations, had been removed, to make way for the upholsterer's choicest fancies. There was no picture left upon the wall, with sweet, sad, mournful eyes, to follow him with silent reproach. Everything was fresh and delightful as the new-born joy that filled his heart.

"My dear Edith," said he, fondly pushing back the hair from her forehead; "there should be no shadow in your pathway, but I have tried in vain to induce Nelly to give you the welcome you deserve; however she shall not annoy you, I shall compel her to stay in the nursery till she yields to my wishes."

"Oh, no! don't do that," said the young step-mother, anxiously, "I think I understand her. Let me go to her, dear Walter;" and she tripped lightly out of the room.

Walter Lee looked after her retreating figure with a lover-like fondness. The room seemed to him to grow suddenly darker, when the door closed after her. Reaching out his hand, he almost unconsciously took up a book that lay near him. A slip of paper fluttered out from between the leaves like a white-winged messenger. The joyous expression of his face faded into one of deep sorrow, as he read it. The hand writing was his child's mother's. It ran thus:

"Oh to die, and be forgotten! This warm heart cold, these active limbs still, these lips dust! Suns to rise and set, flowers to bloom, the moon to silver leaf and trees around my own dear home: the merry laugh, the pleasant circle, and I not there! The weeds choking the flowers at my head-stone; the severed tress of sunny hair forgotten in its envelope; the sun of happiness so soon absorbing the dew-drop of sorrow! The cypress changed for the orange wreath! Oh no, no; don't quite forget, lose your eyes sometimes, and bring before you the face that once made sunshine in your home; feel again the rousing clasp of loving arms; the lips that told you (not in words) how dear you were. Oh, Walter, don't quite forget! From Nellie's clear eyes, let her mother's soul still speak to you.

"MARY LEE."

Warm tears fell upon the paper, as Walter Lee folded it back. He gave himself time to rally, and then glided gently up to the nursery door. It was partially open. A little fairy creature of some five summers, stood in the middle of the floor. Her tiny face was half hidden in sunny curls. Her little pinafore was full of toys, which she grasped tightly in either hand.

"No, you are not my mamma," said the child. "I want my own dead mamma, and I'm sorry papa brought you here."

"Oh, don't say that," said the young step-mother: "don't call me mamma, if it gives you pain, dear. I am quite willing you should love your own mamma best."

Nellie looked up with a pleasant surprise. "I had a dear mamma and papa once," she continued; "and brothers and sisters so many and so merry! but they are all dead, and sometimes my heart is very sad; I have no one now to love me, but you papa and you."

Nellie's eyes began to moisten; and taking out one after another of the little souvenirs and toys from her pinafore, she said, "And you won't take away this—and this—and this—that my dead mamma gave me?"

"No, indeed, dear Nellie."

"And you will let me climb into my papa's lap, as I used; and put my cheek to his, and kiss him, and love him as much as ever I can, won't you?"

"Yes, yes, my darling."