

that as one revolution placed them upon the throne, another might remove them to bleed upon the scaffold. Thus, when the people took Louis Philippe by violence, and would make him their king, Amelia, in her retired chambers, wept bitterly over the wreck of her domestic peace. But there seemed to be a moral necessity that Louis Philippe should ascend the throne. The rulers of the people saw that probably he alone could stay the effusion of blood, conciliating in his regal lineage and his democratic principles both monarchists and republicans. He was, therefore, told that he must either ascend the throne, or leave France. The only choice before him was the crown or exile.

At twelve o'clock the next day, Louis Philippe, clambering over the barricades of the streets of Paris, on foot, entered the Hotel de Ville. The excited millions of Paris and its environs thronged all its avenues. They, however received him in silence. Louis Philippe was not very remotely a Bourbon. The blood of that family, so hateful to the people was in his veins. They feared that after all their conflicts and bloodshed they might be betrayed, and merely have one Bourbon for a king instead of another. The scale of popular enthusiasm was in that state of perfect equilibrium, in which it was uncertain whether the next moment the air would resound with applause or execrations.

At this critical moment, when a breath was apparently to decide the destinies of France, the venerable form of the people's idol, La Fayette, appeared upon the balcony of the Hotel de Ville, waving in one hand the tri-colored flag of the old republic, and with the other presenting Louis Philippe as the candidate for the new monarchy. The endorsement of La Fayette was at once accepted. Instantaneously every mind responded to the appeal. One loud, long, hearty, heaven-rending shout rose from the multitude, and Louis Philippe was the elected monarch of France. —*Rev. J. S. C. Abbott.*

#### BOOKS IN LONDON.

An American in London, after spending a few days in looking over the Library of the British Museum, and the stocks of the London booksellers, will not wonder that Englishmen should find it difficult to acknowledge that America has any literature at all. If the quantity of our books is the test, we certainly have no literature worth speaking of. It is my candid opinion that if you were to empty the stocks of all the Boston booksellers into one, the aggregate would not equal what may be found on the shelves and counter and floor of many a London bookseller. The press has been at work three or four hundred years, and for the last twenty by steam. Books beget books. Hundreds of writers employ themselves in diving into the depths of the book ocean, to bring up what pearls they can. Besides that literary genius which is born of poverty, which is sharp, pungent, and pushes its way in the world for very life—and which, in this great focus of the world is abundant,—there is the literary genius which is born of wealth, and which is sharper or duller as the case may be, but astonishingly prolific! One day I was looking over some magnificent pictorial works at a bookseller's shop, and came across one of inferior size which I had seen on this side of the water. It was Audubon's largest book of birds! At the Library of the Capitol in Washington, it cuts something of a figure, and is regarded by most visitors as the gigantic king of books. But here, on a bookseller's counter, it was but a humble and obscure individual; hid among stacks of larger works, the products of Dukes, Lords and great learned Societies. Some of these books, it is said, contain but little "matter." With paper as thick as paste board, and type as large as that of a show bill made to be read across the street, there were acres of margin. But they were generally full of costly engravings. Some literary lord who has several estates, and nothing to do but to be waited on, and catered up to by his flunkies, takes it in his head to write a history of his family or his castles. He employs writers, engravers, printers, and the result is, a magnificent book which might be read comfortably by the Titans. A few copies are sold at an enormous price, or given away to his friends, and the rest find their way to the trade. Stocks of such publications have accumulated with a few dealers, who make it their special business to buy the remainder of editions at a nominal price, and sell them as they can find purchasers. Henry G. Bohn of York street, Covent Garden, is the prince of this trade. He occupies about four four story dwell-

ings, all the rooms of which, from the cellar to the garret, are filled up with all manner of books, ancient and modern, acquired chiefly by purchasing the remainder of editions, from Longmans, Murray, Knight, and the Pater-Noster Row publishers. The space at command to-day, will not allow me to explain the peculiar system by which books are distributed from the great publishing offices. It will form the subject of some future number.—*Chroaotype.*

**THE UPAS TREE.**—Before quitting Java I must say a word about the famed upas tree. Such a tree certainly exists on the island; but the tales that are told of its poisoning the air for hundreds of yards around, so that birds dare not approach it, that vegetation is destroyed beneath its branches, and that man cannot come near it with impunity, are perfectly ridiculous. To prove their absurdity, a friend of mine climbed up a upas tree, and passed two hours in its branches, where he took his lunch and smoked a cigar. The tree, however, does contain poison, and the natives extract the sap, with which they rub their spear and kris blades: wounds inflicted with blades thus anointed are mortal. Such I believe to be the origin of the many fabulous stories that have passed from hand to hand, and from generation to generation, about the upas tree of Java.—*Davidson's Trade and Travel.*

**PROMISES.**—There is a sort of people in the world of whom the young and inexperienced stand much in need to be warned. These are sanguine promisers. They may be divided into two sorts. The first are those who, from a foolish custom of fawning upon all those they come in company with, have learned a habit of promising to do great kindnesses which they have no thought of performing. The other are a set of warm people, who, while they are lavishing away their promises, have really some thought of doing what they engage for; but afterwards, when the time of performance comes, the sanguine fit being gone off, the trouble or expense appears in another light; the promiser cools, and the expectant is bubbled, or perhaps greatly injured by the disappointment.—*Burgh.*

**DRUIDICAL MONUMENTS.**—In no other part of England are there so many Druidical monuments remaining as in Devon and Cornwall. The discoveries which Mr. Dray has made among the rocks at Dartmoor warrant the assertion, that, perhaps, there was not a more celebrated station of Druidism than on Dartmoor; one reason for this being the facilities which the masses of granite, everywhere strewn throughout the moor, and the tors that crowned the summit of every hill, afforded for the purpose of their altars, circles, of elisks, and logans (or rocking stones). On the plains of Salisbury nature had done nothing for the grandeur of Druidism, and art had to do all. The architects of Egypt who planned the Pyramids, like the Druids of Stonehenge, had a level country to contend with, and they gave to it the glory of mountains, as far as art may be said to imitate nature in the effects of her most stupendous works. On Dartmoor, the priests of the Britons appropriated the tors themselves as temples, so that what in level countries became the most imposing object, was here considered as a matter of comparative indifference. In such scenes a Stonehenge would have dwindled, in comparison with the granite tors, into insignificance; it would have been as a pyramid at the foot of Snowdon. These tors are rocks which lie piled, mass on mass, in horizontal strata. They are mostly found on the summits of our hills.—*Sherrin's London Magazine.*

**THE TWO NEIGHBOURS RECONCILED.**—Two merchants of the same city, being neighbours and jealous of each other, lived in a scandalous enmity. One of them, entering into himself, submitted to the voice of religion, which condemned his resentments; he consulted a pious person, in whom he had great confidence, and inquired of him how he should manage, to bring about a reconciliation. "The best means," answered he, "is what I shall now indicate to you; whenever any person shall enter your store in order to purchase, and you have not what suits them, recommend them to go over to your neighbour." He did so. The other merchant being informed of the pious man whom these purchasers came to him, was so struck with the good offices of a man whom he considered his enemy, that he repaired immediately to his house to thank him for it, begged his pardon with tears in his eyes, for the hatred he had entertained against him, and besought him to admit him amongst the number of his best friends. His prayer was heard, and religion closely united those, whom self-interest and jealousy had divided.

**FEARFULLY AND WONDERFULLY MADE.**—There are 3,528 perspiration pores in a square inch of the palm of the hand. Each pore is the aperture to a little tube 1-4 of an inch long, consequently there are 882 inches, or 73½ feet of these tubes in a single square inch of the hand! The number of square inches of surface in a man of ordinary size is ascertained to be 2,500; the number of pores, therefore, is 7,000,000; the number of inches of perspiration tube, 1,750,000, that is, 145,833 feet, or 46,800 yards, or nearly 28 miles! Think of it, ye thoughtless! 28 miles exposed to morbid influence.