

from the accounts, related by travellers, of the Pongo, an ape of extraordinary magnitude, of whose exploits the negroes narrate incredible stories. The Westminster Review, however, sanctions a belief in the existence of the African Orang Outang of whom the following anecdote is related in a late number of that Journal.—"The name of the Orang Outang in Africa is *Rong Oton*, which is believed to mean wild man. In confirmation of the name's signifying wild man, the Africans maintain that there are two races, a black and a white, which they consider as a harmony with what takes place in the human species, and it is true, as stated by some of the old voyagers, that there is a popular opinion that the Orang Outangs are men, who refuse to speak, lest they should be made to work."

Naturalists have differed on the origin of the Orang Outang, some contending it was but one or two removes below the human species, and others that it was in fact a branch of the human family itself. Its anatomical structure, however, is essentially different from the human body, and other animals exist approaching much nearer to the latter species. It is greatly to be desired that the specimen now in Boston may be well taken care of, and be generally exhibited throughout the country. It is decidedly as great a curiosity as the Siamese youths.

FOR THE CANADIAN CASSET.

ICE SPRING.

Much speculation having arisen respecting the ice springs in Clinton, Niagara District, I would suggest to those who have doubts respecting its existence, and those who disbelieve altogether, to visit the place during the present month, where they will have ocular demonstration that ice will freeze in summer, and thaw in winter. Those who are fond of viewing natural curiosities will be well paid for their trouble by making a journey to this spring. The road to it lies a little west of John Henry's Tavern; and the spring is about one mile and a half distant after reaching the road. P.

THE ARTS.

"What cannot Art and Industry perform,
Where science plans the progress of their toil!
They smile at penury, disease and storm;
And oceans from their mighty mounds recoil."

Selected.

REMARKABLE PHENOMENON.

If we hold a narrow slip of paper vertically, about a foot from the eye, and fix both eyes upon an object at some distance beyond it, then if we allow the light of the sun or the light of a candle to act strongly upon the right eye without affecting the left which may be easily protected from its influence, the left hand strip of the paper will be seen of a bright green colour, and the right hand of a red colour. If the piece of paper is sufficiently broad to

make the two overlap each other, the overlapping parts will be perfectly white and free from colour, which proves that the red and green are what is called *complementary*. When equally luminous, or candles are held near each eye, the two strips of paper will be white.—If when the candle is held near the right eye, and the strips of paper are seen red and green, then on bringing the candle suddenly to the left eye, the left hand image of the paper will gradually change to a green, and the right hand image to a red.—*Brewster's Optics.*

ESSAYS.

"The soft amusement of the vacant mind."

SELECTED.

DRESS.

Dress, that was at first our shame, has become our pride; and we therefore glory in our shame. It was first used for a covering; it is now made for display. A fashionable dress may hardly be defined as a covering; it is so scanty that the plainest coat is half show. The sober drab of the Quaker, cut in straight lines, is yet ornamented in its own way. It is cut in a shape that gratifies the wearer, and that makes him proud of his humblity.

All our fashions are fleeting, and the form of a cloud is not more liable to change. In the shoe and the boot, those minor and inferior parts of dress, what change may come ere we have shuffled off this square toed pair: All human inventions, however, have a limit; for all combinations may be exhausted, and new fashions, like new boots, are but imitations of the old. Of shoes, we remember the duck billed, the snipe billed, the pointed, the rounded, and the square; shoes horizontal, that exactly coincide with a flat surface, and others so much hollowed, that the heel and toe only leave a track in the sand. Others are turned up at an angle, equal to the eighth of a circle, and my toes are now pinched by a pair, small and square, of the exact fashion that has for centuries prevailed in China, that happy country where wise laws make the fashions unchangeable.—Boots have been more mutable than shoes, but after a course of changes return to an old form. In the sculptures around the Parthenon, the work of Phidias himself, the equestrians have boots of as finical a fit and wrinkle as any in later times. Their form is that of the old white tops.

There are boots military, civic, and dramatic there is the bootee, which is a sheer abridgment and the jack boot, that would not be filled after having swallowed them all.

The fashion at one time requires the boot to be wide and stiff in the back; and at another close and limber. Suwarrow and Wellington have a greater name among cordwainers than among soldiers. Of their victories, the remembrance will fade away, but their boots promise immortality. I remember my first pair of Suwarrows; they made a part of the great equipment with which I came from Col.

lego into the world. Four skeins of silk did I purchase of a mercer, and equal expense did I incur with the sweeper, for aid in twisting them into tassels for the boots. I would incur double the expense now to have the same feeling of dignity that I enjoyed then, when walking in those boots. I stepped long and slowly, and the iron heels, which it pleased me to set firmly on the pavement, made a greater clatter than a troop of horses—"shed with felt." But if I wore them with pride it was not without suffering; nor did I get myself into them without labor. Before I attempted to draw them on, I rubbed the inside with soap, and powdered my instep and heel with flour.—I next drew the handles of two forks through the straps, lest they should cut into my fingers and then commenced the "tug of war." I contracted myself into the form of a chicken, trussed for the spit, and whatever patience and perseverance Providence had given me, I tested to the utmost. I cursed Suwarrow for a Scythian, and wished his boots "hung in their own straps." I danced round the room upon one foot many times, and after several intervals for respiration, I succeeded in getting my toes into trouble, or I may say purgatory.—Corns I had as many as the most fanatic pilgrim would desire for peas in his shoes, yet I walked through the crowd (who were probably admiring their own boots too much to bestow a thought upon mine,) as if I were a carpet Knight, *pelonaizing* upon rose leaves. I was in torment, yet there was not a cloud upon my brow,

Spent culta simulat, premit altum corde dolorem.

I could not have suffered for principal as I suffered for those memorable boots.

The coat I wore, was such as fashion enjoined; the skirts were long and narrow, like a swallow's tail, two thirds at least of the whole length. The portion above the waist composed the other third. The waist was directly beneath the shoulders; the collar was a huge roll reaching above the ears, and there were two lines of brilliant buttons in front. There were nineteen buttons in a row. The pantaloons, (over which I wore the boots,) were of non elastic corduroy. It would be unjust to the tailor to say that they were fitted like my skin for they sat a great deal closer. When I took them off, my legs were like fluted pillars, grooved with the cords of the pantaloons. The hat that surmounted this dress had three quarters of an inch rim, and a low tapering crown. It was circled with a ribbon two inches wide. There is no modern dress that does not deform the human shape, and some national costumes render it more grotesque than any natural deformity. Dress, at present, seems as much worn to conceal the form as language is used to hide and not to express the thoughts. In a fashionable costume, all are alike; there is no difference between Antinous or Æsop; Hyperion or a Satyr.—N. A. Magazine.