

women and ladies of rank, visit him to enjoy his lively and sensible chit-chat. If any one of his particular friends call upon him, he always presents him with a foot with great cordiality, and shakes him by the hand.

What a heart he has for true love and affection. His father has hardly once quitted him for a moment since his birth. In order to preserve the delicacy of his touch, he must abstain from walking. His father carries him from place to place.—Thus they are always together; two bodies with one soul. You cannot see one without the other. To part would be death to either of them.

JOHN CASSELL.

John Cassell is one of the most remarkable men of the day. He is really a sign of the times a striking representative of the active, practical, pushing, speculating, money-making, philanthropic, onward age in which we live. We need not inform our readers that he is one of the most extensive coffee dealers in England; and that the establishment devoted to its preparation and sale, is sufficient to occupy the attention of any one mind. But in addition to this, he has for his "lobby" a printing establishment in the Strand, London, which is a fountain of political truth and social reform, pouring forth its myriad streams in all directions throughout the United Kingdom and the Colonies.

His first issues from the press were Temperance Tracts, some of them consisting of essays for which he had himself offered prizes. He next established a weekly paper, the *Standard of Freedom*, which is already a journal of high authority, and large circulation, averaging 100 advertisements a-week, and employing some of the ablest public writers in London. Having purchased the establishment where the paper was printed, he next issued the *Working Man's Friend and Family Instructor*, the first number of which had a sale of 8,000, notwithstanding the number of competitors already in the field. The next speculation was his *Library*, each volume of which contains 144 pages for sixpence, and commands a sale of 20,000 copies, with an increasing demand. Several other useful works, among which is an essay on the "Working Classes," for which he gave a prize of £50, have come from his press. He has a Special Correspondent travelling through Ireland, who writes very judicious and truthful letters on the condition of this country; and he has offered a prize of £200 for the best Essay on the Social State of Ireland.

And now, the same enterprising philanthropist, who so admirably illustrates the maxim of Pope—"Self love and social are the same"—and so fortunately combines his own interest with the public good, has given the Irish people an Almanac for threepence, more practically useful than any popular almanac hitherto published in this country for four times the sum. The *Nation* complains that it is not sufficiently Irish or national; but certainly it is more so than could well be expected from an Englishman. It is a matter of humiliation that Irishmen of capital so seldom start anything generally useful to the masses. When others come forward and supply their lack of service we have no right to grumble. Were John Cassell an Irishman he would have had a "League Almanac" in the hand of every farmer and peasant, so full of tenant-right facts, statistics and arguments, that a landlord would as soon stand a Fellowship Examination in Trinity College, as stand a meeting of his tenants! Mr. Cassell takes so deep an interest in the English land question that he has published "The Freeholder," a monthly Journal devoted to the freehold land movement.—*Londonderry Standard*.

NATIONAL MUSIC.—The Russians and Danes are rich in possession of an original and most touching national music; Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, are alike favoured with the most exquisite native melodies, probably in the world. France, though more baryen in the wealth of sweet sounds, has a few old airs, that redeem her from the charge of utter sterility. Austria, Bohemia, and Switzerland, each claim a thousand beautiful and characteristic mountain songs. Italy is the very palace of music; Germany its temple. Spain resounds with wild and martial strains; and the thick groves of Portugal with native music of a splier and sadder kind. All the nations of Europe—I presume those of all the world—possess some kind of national music, and are blessed by Heaven with some measure of perception as to the joyfulness of harmonious sounds. England alone,

England, and her descendent, America, seem to have been denied a sense, to want a capacity, to have been stunted of a faculty, to the possession of which she vainly aspires. The rich spirit of Italian music, the solemn sound of German melody, the wild free Euterpe of the Cantons, have in vain been summoned in turns to teach her how to listen; tis all in vain—she does listen painfully, she has learnt by dint of time, and much endurance, the technicalities of musical science; she pays regally her instructors in the divine pleasure; but all in vain: the spirit of melody is not in her, and spite of hosts of foreign musicians, in spite of the King's Theatre, in spite of singing and playing young ladies, and criticising young gentlemen, England, to the last day of her life, will be a dunce in music, for she hath it not in her; neither—or I am much mistaken—hath her daughter.—*Fanny Kemble*.

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON, ESQ.

"No hand can make the clock which will strike again for me the hours that are gone."—JOHN PEERYBINGLE, in the "Cricket on the Hearth."

'Tis true. No more can come the hours of pleasure,
When heart met heart with rapturous delight,
Giving back throb for throb, in joyous measure.
And all of life was love, and bliss and light;
When to my soul the world, wealth's glittering coffer,
Honor and station, glory and renown,
Possessed no influence or charm to offer,
To lure me from thy side, my loved, mine own.

Alas! that humble home, so fondly cherish'd,
Is desolate and sad. My treasured bliss,
Thy love, which made life exquisite, has perish'd.
Can anguish know a keener sting than this?
No clock for me can strike the hours departed,
Or give me back the peace that once I knew,
But wearily and sad, and broken-hearted,
I mourn my life's best light in losing you.

But hark! The cricket on the hearth is swelling
Its simple notes of music on my ear!
They strike upon my heart-strings, and are telling,
In tender melody, sweet words of cheer.
They speak of love—of constancy unshaken—
Of faith as bright and spotless as the sun.
Blissful the hopes these gentle tones awaken;
I own their power—thou art—thou art mine own!

A SQUIRREL sitting on a hickory tree, was once observed to weigh the nuts he got in each paw, to find out which were good and which were bad. The light ones he invariably threw away, retaining only those which were heavier. It was found, on examining those he had thrown away that he had not made a mistake in a single instance. They were all bad nuts.—*Woodsworth's Stories*.

THE SABLE.—This animal resembles the marten, and is found in great numbers in Siberia and Kamtschatka. Its fur is very valuable, and the Russian government derives considerable revenue from its sale.

THE HUMANIZING INFLUENCE OF CLEANLINESS.—A neat, clean, fresh-aired, sweet, cheerful, well-arranged and well-situated house exercises a moral as well as a physical influence over its inmates, and makes the members of a family peaceable and considerate of the feelings and happiness of each other; the connection is obvious between the state of mind thus produced and habits of respect for others, and for those duties and obligations which no law can enforce. On the contrary, a filthy, squalid, noxious dwelling, rendered still more wretched by its noisome site, and in which none of the decencies of life can be observed, contributes to make its unfortu-

nate inhabitants selfish, sensual, regardless of the feelings of each other; the constant indulgence of such passions renders them reckless and brutal, and the transition is natural to propensities and habits incompatible with respect for the property of others or for the laws.

Scientific.

HOW COAL WAS MADE.

Geology has proved that, at one period, there existed an enormously abundant land vegetation, the ruins and rubbish of which carried into seas, and there sunk at the bottom, and afterwards covered over by sand and mud beds, became the substance which we now recognize as coal. This was a natural transaction of vast consequence to us, seeing how much utility we find in coal, both for warming our dwellings and for various manufactures, as well as the production of steam, by which so great a mechanical power is generated. It may naturally excite surprise that the vegetable remains should have completely changed their apparent character, and become black.—But this is explained by chemistry; and part of the marvel becomes clear to the simplest understanding when we recall the familiar fact, that damp hay thrown closely into a heap, gives out heat and becomes a dark color. When a vegetable mass is excluded from the air, and subjected to great pressure and bituminous fermentation is produced, and the result is the mineral coal, which is of various character according as the mass has been originally intermingled with sand, clay or any other earthly impurities.

On account of the change effected by mineralization, it is difficult to detect in the coal the traces of a vegetable structure; but these can be made clear except the highly bituminous caking coal, by cutting or polishing it down into thin transparent slices, when the microscope shows the fibres and cells very plainly. From distinctly isolated specimens found in the sandstones amidst the coal beds, we discover the nature of the plants of this era. They are most all of a simple cellular structure, and such as exist with us in small forms, (horse tails, club mosses and ferns,) but advanced to an enormous magnitude. The species are all long since extinct. The vegetation is generally such as now grows in clusters of tropical islands, but it must have been the result of high temperature, obtained otherwise than that of the tropical regions now is, for the coal strata are found in the temperate and even the polar regions.

The conclusion, therefore, to which most geologists have arrived is, that the earth, originally an incandescent or highly heated mass, was gradually cooled down, until the carboniferous period it fostered a growth of terrestrial vegetation all over its surface, to which the existing jungles of the tropics are barrenness in comparison. The high and uniform temperature, combined with a greater proportion of carbonic acid gas in the manufacture, could not only sustain a gigantic and prolific vegetation, but also create dense vapors, showers and rains; and these again gigantic rivers, periodical inundations and deltas. Thus all the conditions for extensive deposits of wood, in estuaries, would arise from the high temperature; and circumstances connected with coal measures points to such conditions.—*Chamber's Miscellany*.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY IN MAKING GLASS.—We learn that Mr. E. White, of Honesdale, has succeeded in constructing a furnace by which glass is manufactured with no other fuel than anthracite coal. The result is so completely satisfactory that the proprietor of the glass works of that place has dismissed all his wood choppers, intending as soon