

## Poetry.

## TO THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.

Come, snowdrop of the North! come peeping thro'  
The winter of our sorrow: come, thou pearl  
Of price and beauty, and thou shalt set  
The front of England's second diadem.  
Come, daughter of a hundred old Sea-Kings—  
And every wind be hushed before the prow,  
And every billow smoothed beneath the keel,  
That brings sweet Denmark to her island-home!  
Come, come; a lover-Prince is waiting thee;  
Come, change a Mother's grief to joy, and wipe  
With gentlest bridal-hand her tears away.  
O, come; and when two hands are clasped in one,  
From Cornwall's cliffs to misty Orcaides  
One shout of universal welcoming,  
One inextinguishable peal of joy,  
One jubilant noise shall rise and swell, and set  
Our island rocking in the startled seas!  
Then come; a loyal people and a true  
Will love thee, partly for thine own sweet sake;  
Partly for his sake who will call thee 'wife';  
Partly for the honored sake of him, who left  
Us sorrowing as it were but yesterday;  
Partly for the dear sake of her, who wears  
A royal diadem on widowed brows.

## Reviews.

## HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—New York, Harper &amp; Bros.

Harper's Magazine is always a welcome visitant. Never dull and tedious, but ever varied and interesting; it possesses all the elements which constitute a popular periodical. Its wide circulation is the best evidence of its suitability to public taste. Light and serious reading, gayeties and gravities, are admirably intermingled in its pages. Its illustrative wood-cuts, executed with artistic skill, form an additional attraction. The April number is in no way inferior to its predecessors, either in literary variety or pictorial embellishment. The adventures of a Scottish Nimrod—Baldwin, in Southern Africa are pleasantly reviewed. Harper's artist abroad, J. Ross Brown, sketches vividly with pen and pencil, the curious and amusing things he heard and saw while spending a few days at Moscow. The authoress of 'Romola'—greatest of female novelists—shows, as she tells her story, that she has lost none of that subtle insight into human character, that close fidelity to the realities of life, that exquisite grace of style, so full of strength and sweetness, which fills us with delight in 'Adam Bede,' and 'The Mill on the Floss.' 'The Nephew of mine Uncle,' has found his Tacitus at last. Kinglake, better known as the author of 'Bothen,' depicts with a vigorous and unsparing pen the character of the greatest of modern charlatans—Louis Napoleon. The portrait is extracted from 'The History of the War in the Crimea,' just published. 'Some Secession Leaders' are ably and impartially photographed. The monthly record of current events is, as usual, a valuable summary. The brilliant Howadji, sitting in his easy chair, converses in his pleasant manner on different topics. No one can gossip more entertainingly or with more graceful ease than the author of 'Nile Notes'—when he likes.

## SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN—Joseph Lyght, King street, Hamilton.

We have received the number for the present week of this excellent journal, from Mr. Lyght, who receives subscriptions for it. No practical man should be without it.

BEAUTY OF MIND.—It is something wonderful to think in how many ways beauty of mind manifests itself; what a number of things it prevents us from uttering and doing; what miraculous promptitude belongs to it in considering what we should say and what we should not say; what words we may pronounce plainly, and what turns of expression another thought may require, in order to be presentable with grace. 'He who writes for a woman,' said a French author, 'ought to dip his pen in the rainbow, and use for sand the dust of a butterfly's wing.' In order to enjoy one of these intervals, though it were only with good fellows, you ought to have a capacity for appreciating that light touch, that transparency of tone, that same delicate refinement which characterize the interchange of thoughts where the fair and natural ones are heard conversing. You should be able to feel, in short, that there is a sweet, graceful way of doing everything, as well as a manner that spoils and degrades all; that there are persons who can say and perform before you almost every thing without offence; while there are others on the contrary, whose purity is indelicate, and whose cleanliness is disgusting.

## Scientific and Useful.

EFFECTS OF LIGHT ON ANIMAL LIFE.—Light has an undoubted influence on the growth of some of the lower animals. Animalcules grow, in water, much more readily in the light than in the dark. If equal numbers of silkworms be exposed in a light room and a dark one, many more larvae will be hatched from the former than the latter. Dr. Edwards found that the development of tadpoles into frogs may be prevented by the absence of light. They only grow into big tadpoles. Several facts tend to the belief that the human body is greatly amenable to the influence of light. Persons living in caves or cellars, or in dark streets, are apt to produce deformed children; and the workers in mines are liable to disease and deformity beyond what could be accounted for by the condition of the atmosphere. It has been affirmed by Sir A. Wylie that, in a large barrack at St. Petersburg, Russia, the cases of disease in those men who have lived on the dark side for many years are three to one compared with those on the light side.

SCIENTIFIC SURVEYS.—It appears from the Navy Estimates issued this week, though there is a net decrease of more than a million in the whole service, there is a slight increase (from \$68,045 in 1862, to \$71,961 in 1863) in the cost of the scientific branch. This is owing to the expense of additional surveys under the hydrographical department. The surveys now in progress are: In England, on the East Coast, the Bristol Channel, Portsmouth Bar and the Scilly Islands; in Scotland, Argyle and Inverness, the Hebrides, Barra Island, and South Uist Island; in Foreign Stations, on the coast of Syria, the Greek Archipelago, the Cape Colony, Corea and Japan, the China Seas, Vancouver's Island, British Columbia, the Bay of Fundy, Newfoundland, the West India Islands, the Coasts of New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, Queensland and Tasmania. The estimates for the Royal Observatory and for the Observatory at the Cape of Good Hope are less than they were last year.—Athenaeum.

WHITWORTH SHELLS.—The new shells of J. Whitworth, of Manchester, England, which penetrated the iron target at Shoburness, have been patented and are described as follows: The shells are made solid in front of the cavity, to give them sufficient strength for penetration. No fuse is employed; the heat generated in the front part of the shell by the impact of the metal is sufficient to ignite the charge inside. The material of which the shell is made, is 'homogeneous metal'—a low carbonized steel. It is formed into bars, then cut into lengths, each of which is sufficient to form two shells; these are then carbonized to the depth of half an inch, to render them hard on the surface. They are then divided and bored internally and turned externally to form two shells, and afterwards case-hardened as follows: Each shell is placed in an iron box and surrounded with animal charcoal, cuttings of horns and hoofs, the box covered, placed in a fire and raised to a red heat. The shell is now withdrawn from the box, set up upon its end, and cooled by allowing several jets of acid salt brine to play upon it.

EFFECT OF SHOT ON VESSELS.—A shot does not make a hole of its own size right through the wood, but indents it, the fibers springing back after the shock. Generally the course of a shot can only be traced with a wire, sometimes with a hole as large as a man's finger. The damage most often happens on the inside of a vessel, in splintering and breaking the wood, after the main force of the shot is spent. The guns of Forts Hamilton and Richmond, in the harbor of New York, about a mile apart, with a vessel lying between them, could not send a shot through two feet of that ship's timbers. There is rarely an instance where a ship was sunk by a solid shot. Hot shot and shell do the mischief. The latter will sometimes make apertures of several feet through the sides of vessels.

A NEW SUBSTANCE AS FOOD.—All the gums are highly nutritious. A little, frequently dissolved gradually in the mouth, allays thirst and hunger. Soldiers shut up in a fortress could be kept alive many weeks with no other sustenance than gum-arabic, or cherry-tree gum. It is a powerful remedy in dropsy, from its affinity for water. In epidemic seasons, and as a preventive against ague, it may be used as an antiseptic, as it defends, or sheathes, the coat of the stomach against malarin. It braces up the nerves and lax-fibres of the corpulent, and reduces obesity. Dissolved in beef tea cases of debility are soon conquered.

LIFE OF AN ENGINEER.—The life of a railroad engineer is graphically depicted in the following extract from the Schenectady Star:

'But the engineer, he who guides the train by guiding the iron horse and almost holds the lives of passengers in his hands—his is a life of mingled danger and pleasure. In a little seven-by-nine apartment, with square holes on each side for windows, open behind, and with machinery to look through ahead, you find him. He is the 'Pathfinder'; he leads the way in all times of danger, checks the iron horse, or causes it to speed ahead with the velocity of the wind, at will. Have you ever stood by the track, of a dark night, and watched the coming and passing of a train? Away off in the darkness you discover a light, and you hear a noise, and the earth trembles beneath your feet. The light comes nearer; you can compare it to nothing but the devil himself, with its terrible whistle; the sparks you imagine come from Beelzebub's nostrils, the fire underneath, that shines close to the ground, causing you to believe the devil walks on live coals. It comes close to you; you back away and shudder; you look up, and almost on the devil's back rides the engineer; perhaps the 'machine' shrieks, and you imagine the engineer is applying spurs to the devil's sides.

'A daring fellow, that engineer—you can't help saying so, and you wonder wherein lies the pleasure of being an engineer. But so he goes, day after day, night after night.—Moonlight evenings he sweeps over the country, through cities and villages, through fairy scenes and forest clearings. He looks through the square holes at his side and enjoys the moonlight, but he cannot stop to enjoy the beauty of the scenery. Cold, rainy, muddy, dark nights, it is the same.—Perhaps the tracks are undermined or overflown with water; perhaps some scoundrels have placed obstructions in the way or trees been overturned across the track, and in either case it is almost instant death to him at least; but he stops not. Right on is the word with him, and on he goes, regardless of danger, weather, and everything save the well-doing of his duty. Think of him, ye who shudder through fear in the cushioned seats of the cars, and get warm from the fire that is kindled for your benefit.'

THE TOMB OF VIRGIL.—The locality of the grave of many a genius is now lost to the world. Even the tomb of Virgil, near Naples, which has been for so many centuries visited by travelers, and regarded by them with veneration, as having once retained the ashes of the great poet, cannot be pronounced with confidence genuine. It is a small square building with a rounded roof, and stands on the very brink of a precipice immediately above the entrance to the subterranean tunnel of Posillippo, a beautiful, and we learn, faithful view of which was given in Waugh's Italy. The old entrance to the tomb has been enlarged, and a modern window cut through the wall. The interior is a vaulted cell about twelve feet square, having many small recesses for urns. The urns, if ever any filled these recesses, are now wanting; and with them, of course, the one containing the ashes of the great poet.

A FRENCH WORK recently published maintains that every 10,500 years, the waters of the sea pass from one pole to the other, submerging and overwhelming in their passage the earth and all its inhabitants. According to the author of this theory, M. Paul de Jouvencel, the last of these deluges occurred 4,500 years ago; the next one is due in 6,000 years more. M. Jouvencel recounts this great cosmical drama with the vigor and pictorial effect of an eyewitness. Six thousand years—sixty centuries—then, only, are left to us wherein to do our whole world's work, and to complete and perfect that civilization which has hardly yet dawned on the greater number of mankind! Sixty old men may touch hands across the interval between the present moment and the last hour of the world as it exists; then all will be finished, all consumed, all will disappear! The sea for 10,500 years in its immeasurable depths will crush out our history and leave nothing of it all but a few fossils!—so, at least, says M. Jouvencel.

BENZOIC ACID MADE FROM ANILINE.—At the Royal Institution, London, Dr. Hoffman lately described a series of experiments illustrating the artificial formation of benzoic acid from aniline. It is found that when aniline, C<sub>6</sub>H<sub>5</sub>N, is passed through a red hot tube, it yields a certain proportion of benzo-nitride, the formula of which is C<sub>6</sub>H<sub>5</sub>N<sub>2</sub>; and further, that when this is boiled with potash, benzoic acid is formed, which unites with the potash, forming benzoate of that alkali.

## Notes and Queries.

## LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC &amp; ANTIQUARIAN.

'Ilic est aut nusquam quod quaerimus.'  
'The enquiring spirit will not be controlled;  
We would make certain all, and all behold.'

The Editor wishes it to be distinctly understood that he is not responsible for anything that may appear in this department. While every latitude is given for freedom of thought and expression, a discretionary power is reserved as to what 'Notes and Queries' are suitable for insertion.

Correspondents, in their replies, will please bear in mind that 'Brevity is the soul of wit.'

## NOTES.

GIVING THE LIE.—The great affront of giving the lie arose from the phrase 'Thou liest,' in the oath taken by the defendant in judicial combats before engaging, when charged with any crime by the plaintiff; and Francis I. of France, to make current his giving the lie to the Emperor Charles V., first stamped it with infamy by saying, in a solemn assembly, that 'he was no honest man that would bear the lie.'

Thorold.

ANSELMA.

WHIPPING A LADY.—The following is from a M.S. diary of the Rev. John Lewis, rector of Chatfield, and curate of Tilbury, England:—

August, 1719. Sir Christopher Hales being jilted by a lady who promised him marriage, and put him off on the day set for their marriage, gave her a good whipping at parting. Remember the story.

Toronto.

LEWIS.

## ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

DEAR N. & Q.—In reply to your correspondent C. M. who, in the 'News' of February 14th, asks the question: 'In what State of the dis-united States, is situated the oldest church in America?' I would state that the oldest church in America is one in the State of Virginia, and built of timber imported from England during the reign of Charles I.

Hamilton.

ATHENWOLD.

## QUERIES.

Can any of the readers of the 'News' tell me who is the author of the following beautiful sonnet on the Poets:

Were I to name, out of the times gone by,  
The poets dearest to me, I should say,  
Pulci for spirits, and a fine, free way,  
Chaucer for manners, and a close silent eye;  
Spenser for luxury, and sweet sylvan play,  
Horace for chattering with from day to day;  
Milton for classic taste and harp strung high,  
Shakspeare for all—but most society.

But which take with me could I take but one?

Shakspeare, as long as I was unoppress'd  
With the world's weight, making sad thoughts  
intenser;

But did I wish out of the common sun  
To lay a wounded heart in leafy rest,  
And dream of things far off and healing—  
Spenser.

Woodstock.

ELVIRA.

'THE DUST WE TREAD UPON WAS ONCE ALIVE.'—A few feet below the level of the crowded pavements of London lies a city of richer ornament and finer architectural tastes than the great metropolis which conceals it. Outside the boundary wall, thirty feet high and twelve in thickness, the wooded south shore of the clear and silvery Thames, sloping upwards towards Camberwell and Herne Hill, was studded with the mansions of the military and civil chiefs. A beautiful landscape must have presented itself to the citizens who wandered up to the court of the sacred fane on Ludgate-hill, for, on all sides, the view was unobscured by lofty buildings, and nothing was seen but the porticos and gardens of those rustic retirements and the windings of many little brooks, now degraded into drains and cesspools, which pursued their course through groves and meadows till they were lost in the abounding river.—Within the rampart, wherever we make an opening and dig deep enough, between Newgate and the Tower, magnificent tessellated pavements and fragments of marble statues reward our toil. The juxtaposition of modern names and associations with those re-appearances of a long vanished state of manners, is almost ludicrous—a mosaic picture of Europa on the bull, fresh in colors and perfect in design, beneath the busy multitudes of Bishopsgate-street, and bracelets of noble ladies beneath the gaspings of Cornhill—though it perhaps has a fitter connection with the site of its discovery when we read of a splendid representation in colored tiles of Bacchus, the conqueror of the East, in front of the India House in Leadenhall-street.