

both of these objects have been well carried out.

In Hume's *History of the Learned Societies of Britain*, we find the following amongst other particulars concerning the club:—"This society possesses some features of a peculiar kind, which make it very interesting especially to its own members. It meets by day, not in the evening—usually at eight or nine o'clock, A. M. It examines the specimens of natural history *in situ*, and the explanations, whether oral or written, are the more interesting. It admits ladies, and none else, as honorary members. It is itinerating within a certain district; and a number of pleasing circumstances, not directly connected with the general objects, give it a decided preference to any other of them."

Dr. Johnston's sketch of a meeting of the club and one of its rendezvous, is given with the view of indicating the nature of the discoveries and discussions with which the morning walk is beguiled:—"It was a beautiful May morning, when the club assembled at Etal, the loveliest village of our plain; and so gay and happy with its parterres and green lawn, and broad walks and trees, and ruins and Hall, that I wren a prettier village may not well be seen any where. It does one good to visit that florulent village; and the zephyr, full of fragrance, that came upon us swarming from a thousand blossoms, gave a whet to the appetite, when the call to breakfast hurried us from these aerial essences to a substantial fare. The hearty and social meal over, we again sally forth to saunter awhile, amid such wildness as modern agriculture permits—in meadows and woods, in brakes and deans, and

By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And so away—all chatting, few listening—the admiration of every ruddy-cheeked lass, and the wonder of every Colin Clout—a queer group, as pined in dress and cast in as many characters as a strolling company; the clerical suit of sober black mellowed and relieved by the freckled and checkered sporting jackets, that suit so well this holiday. The village is left; and the lane leads us by an abrupt turn down to the rat-rat-rattling mill, all gray and dusty, and quite a picture, with the lusty miller leaning on the half-shut door, eyeing us complacently, while the two cats that bask at his feet seem to be half alarmed at the novel rout. How hurriedly the water runs from beneath that heavy revolving wheel, as it were glad to have escaped from thralldom and from under the wheel of torture; and the eye seeks relief from the painful image in the caek beyond, over which the river rolls itself, in a round and oily wave, into the limn beneath, where fretted by the fall, it ruffles into a white foam, and murmurs not loud, and scarcely displeased, at the accident and delay! After a short whirling play, the water goes on in a smooth and placid flow, that, after a space, quickens into a tumbling, brattling stream, as if suddenly become conscious that it had dallied here too long, and must make up the lost time. We take the hint, and we start to follow the river, leading by a pathway, which the inscription, carved on a rock in rusty fashion, informs us was made by my Lord Frederick Fitzclarence—not for our ease, who are all too regardless of a trespass. So onward we saunter, changing companions as whim and chance dictate—now in front, now lost in the

rear; now plucking a new variety of flower; and now entrapping the gorgeous insect that flit about everywhere. The air is full of life; but it 'twas unlucky to be so engaged just at this particular moment, for I cannot participate in that laugh which some story of Douglas has provoked, and I lost the fun, too, for the sake of a fly that I have not captured. Onwards a ain; and now the wood is passed, when we cross with a quicker pace the open fields, and scarcely tarry at the queer little house and mill which is sunk, as it were, in the bank, over which the road is carried. But we greet the good woman who stands there, with her infant in her arm, all awondering at the throng; and our greeting is returned with a cheerful smile, that bespeaks the good woman to be happy with her lot. And the opposite bank, covered with the bonnie broom, is sunny, and alive, too, with yur-yur-vurlings, and chirps and melody; and the river is alive with the leaping trout and the up-and-down flies; and it plays in its course with alternate streams and stills, rapids and circling deep pools; and the sun shines on all things, living and dead, and we know not what to say, but that this is beautiful and fine, and we say this to one another very often, and never dream that we repeat a twice-told tale. Now a precipitous rock, partly quarried and clothed with flowering sloes, with a golden whin or two, with hazel and budding hawthorn, with honey-suckle clambering amidst the shrubs, and with ivy that festoons the dark rock, and much varied herbage, draws us to remark with what successful art nature has grouped and mingled all this heterogeneous furniture; producing a very pleasing and picturesque effect, with materials which, separately viewed, are of a mean and regardless character.

"Turned by this rock, the river now runs in a rougher channel, banked on one side by a green pasture slope; while the steeper bank along whose base we travel, is wooded with almost impenetrable shrubberies and trees of minor rank, where the varied botany that luxuriates in their shelter calls us to frequent admiration. The primrose and violet banks, the trailing ground-ivy with its modest flowers, the tall and graceful rush, the starwort with its blossoms of vestal purity, are all beautiful, and although often seen before, their beauty comes fresh and new upon us. I do love these wild flowers of the year's spring; and on we stroll, almost palled with sweets, and almost weary with loitering, so that it is felt to be a relief when a sylvan dean that opens aside on our path, tempts us to trace its unknown intricacies and retreats. It is a dean without a name, but sunny, and odorous, and silent. Here the brae glows with whin and budding broom, there coped with gray willows and alders, and every wild shrub and trailer; here a gentle bank, with its sward pastured by a lamb or two and their dams, that have strayed from the field above; while opposite, a rough quarry contrasts, yet not disturbs, the solitude of the prickly briars and weeds, that partly conceal the defect, tell us that it has been some time unworked. Now a sloe-brake gives shelter to every little bird which is seen sitting out from its shelter stealthily, and stealthily returning; and the lark sings and soars above, and the black-bird alarms the dean with its hurried chuckle; and as we near the top, we find a grove of elms, and poplars, and willows, which hang partly over a little shallow

limn, formed by a rill that has fallen in a gentle stream over a moss-grown shelf of rock; and then the water steals, more than half-hidden, down the grassy bed of the dean. The quietness of the place begins to influence us all—the conversation assumes a subdued tone, and some are evidently meditative, when the current which the thoughts of some young dreamer amongst us has taken, is marked out visibly by the question that is asked:—"What is the blewart of Hogg?"

"No one—nor old nor young—has thought the question abrupt or out of place, but we enter upon it as if the scene had suggested it, and made our young friend its spokesman: "What is the blewart in Hogg's beautiful pastoral?"

"Why, the blewart must be the same as the blaver or blowort—the *Centaurea cygnus*."

"Nay! that cannot be: the *Centaurea* is a corn-field weed—an autumnal flower—nor is it a sleeper at eventide. Let us hear the verse."

"When the blewart bears a pearl,
And the daisy turns a pen,
And the bonnie lucken-gowan
Has faulted up her o—
Then the favrick frae the blue lift,
Draps down, and thinks wae shame
To wan his bonnie lassie
When the kye come hame."

"Very well, my good fellow! the blewart grows there at your feet, and its first blossoms are giving blue eyes to that sunny hillock. The blewart is the *Veronica chamaedrys*; its blossom is the pearl when at eve the flower has closed, and turned upon us the pale glaucous underside of its petals—it is the companion of the daisy and lucken-gowan; it is the ornament of the dean without a name."

"After a little more light discussion, the demonstration appears complete; and we feel that there is more interest, and as much utility, in settling the nomenclature of our pastoral bards, as that of old herbalists and dry-as-dust botanists."

AGRICULTURE AMONG THE HILLS OF NORTHERN INDIA.

At the June (1865) meeting of the Edinburgh Botanical Society, Dr. Cleghorn gave an interesting account of the valleys of certain rivers tributary to the Jumna, which he visited in an excursion from Simla.

In regard to the first or most western stream (Giri), the valley is low, warm, fertile, and dotted with scattered cottages; the mountain slopes are bare. Cotton-aster microphylla, carpeted the rocks. The crops are wheat, barley, several millets, til (*sesamum orientale*), tobacco, opium, poppy, and various pulses (*vicia*, *eryvum*, and *phaseolus*). There is no rule for rotation of crops; the hill men sow the same seed in the same ground in successive seasons, and if any villager changes the crop it is from his particular choice.

The valley of the Pahur is wider and more verdant than any other seen in this part of the Himalaya. Elms and horse chestnuts, walnuts and mulberries, occur near villages. Many of the trees are mutilated from the tender branches and young shoots being annually cut off to be stored as winter fodder for cattle. The dried twigs are lodged in the fork of the denuded trees, and secured with grass ropes; whence, when pasture is scarce, a bundle is taken as required. *Pistacia integerrima*, "kakkur," is frequent on the river