

whole stuck, with much importance, in the girdle. This is, without doubt, the instrument borne by the individual whom Ezekiel mentions, as "one man clothed in linen, with a writer's inkhorn by his side," Ezek. ix. 2.

**THE UPAS TREE.**—The Upas or Poison Tree is, it is stated, peculiar to Batavia, and its deadly influence at one time of the year is such that all who approach its pernicious locality become more or less its victims—birds, beasts, reptiles, and insects, not even man excepted.

## NATURAL HISTORY

### THE MOCKING BIRD.

The sweetest of American songsters, the rival of the nightingale of the Old World (the mocking bird) was in the full song, and wooing its mate—and sweeter melody than that which filled the ear during the short southern twilight, and beguiled the hours of darkness, was surely never heard under the stars. I have often listened to that song elsewhere, in the deep woods of North and West—but, whether it was the season, or the union of circumstances and thought which attuned my own temper and mind to the harmony, I think I never heard that inexplicably varied song poured forth with such effect as amid the sweet-scented dews of Darian. The air was filled with its vibrations, hour after hour, and every quality, power, clearness, and melody, seemed united and perfected in the quiet efforts of that sweet-throated bird. Their numbers were greater than I had ever witnessed elsewhere. If you stole in the starlight up the river bank from our seat under the piazzas of the village, there was no danger of your having the melody behind. There was a secluded dip on the shore full of palmetto and other low bushes into which you descended by a winding foot-path between rocky sandstone banks. A couple of canoes were moored within its shelter—and at the foot of the sandstone rock, where an aged tree slanted across it, a fresh spring welled out and ran its short bubbling course to the river. Here it was delicious to linger in the darkness, and listen to the melody in the branches above you. And again, between this point and the village lay an ancient Indian Mound, on the verge of a lawn like piece of level sward, extending from the steep high

bank of the Alutamaha some distance towards the forest—with groups of live oak sparkling over it, and thickening towards the cottages and rude church on its confines. Here on both evenings of our stay, I remarked one of these syrens take its perch on a solitary bush which broke the uniformity of the swell of the Mound, and sit hour after hour alternately listening to, and answering the notes of a mate concealed among the thick foliage and hanging moss of a thick tree. I listened to it till I thought I could almost interpret its full varied tale, with its innumerable periods. If the intensity of feeling be at all commensurate with the intensity and power of expression, who shall fathom the depth of that which God has implanted in the little fluttering heart of these his songsters? What can match the thrilling ecstasy of these clear and redundant notes, or express the depth of pathos, of which these slow plaintive modulations convey an impression to the breast? There is nothing in nature that speaks to me more plainly of the goodness of God, than the overflowing heartful, and joyous song of a bird. Is this not the voice of praise, and is it not a song of unutterable gratitude? Who can listen to a strain like this, or study the nature and attributes of any individual within the scope of animate nature without being struck with the degree of perfection which seems to be stamped on each in its sphere, however confined that may be: and, making the reflection, what a distinct line is to be drawn between man and them. The one we believe created with nobler powers and impulses, and for nobler ends: but, having fallen, now irregular and vacillating, subject to a thousand imperfections: the other, as far as we know, the creatures of a day—but how perfect and how uniform in their generations!

### PROVERBS.

If wise men play the fool, they do it with a vengeance.

If you would have a good servant, take neither a kinsman nor a friend.

It is not easy to make straight in the oak the crook that grows in the sapling.

It is a bad action that success will not justify.

If the best man's faults were written on his forehead, it would make him pull his hat over his eyes.