

to 300 feet high. At one time all the amber found here, even by the peasants in ploughing, belonged to the German Government, the finder, however, receiving one-tenth of its value. For a piece in the Berlin Museum weighing 18 lbs. the finder is said to have received a thousand dollars. During stormy weather, when the wind and waves beat violently against the coast, a great quantity of amber is washed up. The total yearly product is, however, apparently on the decrease, and so the price of amber is on the increase. Professor Zaddach, of Königsburg, concludes that the trees yielding the amber resin must have grown upon the green sand beds of the cretaceous formation, which at the time formed the shores of estuaries where the lower division of the tertiary accumulated. Immediately over the amber-producing strata rest the brown coal beds, the fossil plants found in which differ entirely from the amber-bed flora. Many insects and plants are found embalmed in the amber. Over 800 species of the former have been named, and over 100 of the latter. When collected it is, for the purposes of trade, divided into classes, the best pieces being generally sent in the rough to Constantinople, where they are in great demand for the mouthpieces of pipes. The smaller-sized pieces are used for beads, &c., and the impure morsels for the manufacture of succinic acid or in the preparation of amber varnish. From other resins amber is distinguished by its hardness, its lesser brittleness, the much higher temperature required to reduce it, and its greater electric action. At certain temperatures it is also extremely flexible. The imitations of amber are numerous, but all are detected by the use of the electrometer. While the colour of true amber is generally yellow, it occurs in all shades, from pure white to black. Amber was intermingled with the myths and religion of the Greeks, their legends ascribing its origin to—

* * * * * the sweet tears shed
By fair Heliades—Apollo's daughters,
When their rash brother down the welkin sped,
Lashing his father's sun team, and fell dead
In Euxine waters.

Amber literature, indeed, has an interest of its own. Books in all languages refer to its many supposed qualities, and the insects contained in it have given rise to many a quaint metaphor.—*Times*.

THE HEART'S-EASE.

The specific name of the heart's ease, *tricolor*, needs no comment. The name pansy is derived from the French word *pensée*. Our minds at once turn to the passage in Shakespeare where Ophelia says, "There's pansies, that's for thoughts." That the thoughts the plant is supposed to suggest are altogether right and pleasant ones may be gathered from its other names, heart's-ease and herb-constancy. It is also sometimes by old writers dedicated to the Trinity, because it has in each flower three colours—like many of the old monkish ideas, a somewhat strained and fanciful one. The plant is in many old herbals called the *Herba Trinitatis*. The heart's-ease was formerly in great repute as a remedy in asthma, epilepsy, pleurisy, and many other ailments. As the plant was also considered a cordial, and efficacious in diseases of the heart, it has been by some writers supposed that its name, heart's-ease, really owes its origin to no such poetical association of ideas as is ordinarily imagined, but that it is simply a testimony to the plant's curative powers. The balance of evidence, however, in the writings of our poets goes far to outweigh this idea. Numerous passages from Spenser, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, and the writings of lesser men, might easily be brought forward did space permit, and it would then readily, we think, be felt that the poetical associations very considerably outweighed the medical—that the heart's-ease was no mere absence of bodily pain, but a considerably more subtle presence and possession, altogether beyond the power of pill or potion to produce or to destroy.—*Ex.*

A STAGE ENTRANCE.

Whilst standing here you have seen broughams and cabs flit away with their painted burdens. Now look at that heap of rags, and read the history of another misspent life, over there, crouching beneath the dim light of that lamp. This stage-entrance has a weird power over her. In the daylight she shuns it; but at night, no matter how rough, or wheresoever she may wander, her limping feet are sure to bring her here. She speaks to no one, but simply watches that door. Why? *She* was once one of the attractions there—a beauty-flame, with all kinds of moths circling around her. An actress? No, but one of those mockeries so often thrust before the public, able to understand a few lines of jingle, and look beautiful, but with only brain enough to know when they are well dressed, and hate children. She had her conveyance, the brightest of its kind, a dressing-room fitted up especially for her, and crowds of unwholesome parasites hovering about her. Now look at her; even her scarecrow rags, foul as they are, seem really to desert her. Her eyes are bleared, and her face all premature wrinkles, as she gathers her tattered garments about her shivering form. What a sight! And how her memory must ache as the sighs of wronged wives and children whisper in her ear, and the vision of ruined homes rises reproachfully before her. *So ends it.*—*Tinsley's Magazine*.

A DAY-DREAM.

I, often lying lonely, over seas,
At ope of day, soft-couched in foreign land
Dream a sweet dream of England; where young trees
Make murmur, and the amber-striped bees
To search the woodbine through, a busy band,
Come floating at the casement, while new tann'd
And tedded hay sends fresh on morning breeze
Incense of sunny fields, through curtains fann'd
With invitations faint to Far-away.

So dreaming, half awake, at ope of day,
Dream I of daisied greens, and village pales,
And the white winking of the sunny may,
In blossomy hedge, and brown oak-leaved dales,
And little children dear, at merry play,
Till all my heart grows young, and glad as they;
And sweet thoughts come and go, like scented gales,
Through open window, when the month is gay.

But often, wandering lonely, over seas,
At shut of day, in unfamiliar land,
What time the serious light is on the leas,
To me there comes a-sighing after ease
Much wanted, and an aching wish to stand
Knee-deep in English grass, and have at hand
A little churchyard cool with native trees
And grassy mounds thick-laced with osier band
Wherein to rest at last, nor further stray.

So, sad of heart, muse I at shut of day,
On safe and quiet England; till thought fails
To an inward groaning deep, for fields fed grey
With twilight, copses throng'd with nightingales,
Home gardens, full of rest, where never may
Come loud intrusion, and, what chiefly fails
My sick desire, old friendships fled away,
Whereat I'm vexed with loss. Kind Memory lay
My head upon thy lap, and tell me tales
Of the good old times, when all was pure and gay.

CORRESPONDENCE.

It is distinctly to be borne in mind that we do not by inserting letters convey any opinion favourable to their contents. We open our columns to all without leaning to any; and thus supply a channel for the publication of opinions of all shades, to be found in no other journal in Canada.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR.

SIR,—If the petty carping criticisms, and charges and counter charges of Mr. J. W. Gray and Mr. T. D. King are very interesting to themselves, they are certainly most uninteresting to many readers of the SPECTATOR, and I would gently hint that they give us a rest. *Subscriber.*

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—Mr. Gray and Mr. King have called each other liars. Now, if Mr. Gray told the truth when he said that Mr. King was a liar—and if Mr. King told the truth when he said Mr. Gray was a liar—then they have both told the truth; and if they have both told the truth, then they are both liars. But if they are both liars, how is it that they can tell the truth? So Mr. King had better take his Wedgwood plate and Mr. Gray take his joint picture and spend three months together on the Island Park, explaining matters to one another, as nobody else cares a fig about either of them. *Geo. Rothwell.*

"THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH,"

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—I have often wondered at the number of inaccuracies which some writers contrive to crowd into a short space. In your last issue Mr. T. D. King—a gentleman of education and a practical writer—uses the following language: "The duty is imposed upon * * * to make good my ingratitude, my dishonour, and my discredit, *which sins* he has insinuated I have been guilty of committing." What a dreadful thing for any one to charge another with being guilty of "committing" "dishonour" and "discredit"! It is a pity that some information was not given *how* the "committing" was done. But if Mr. King's opponent has sinned grievously he is to be heavily punished. Harken to the dire penalty to be imposed upon him; "He must still *lay* under the imputation" &c.! How can he, not being a hen, *lay*? This may be King's English but it certainly is not the Queen's. *Quillp*