

our youth arrived, and we felt that, on the next, we were to be launched forth into the world, a tender melancholy sense of the important nature and uncertain event of the desperate plunge we were about to take came over our mind. We took a solitary stroll to feast our eyes, perhaps for the last time, upon the river, and the hall, and the little park and the church, and the three beech-trees on the mount, and then slowly returned to bid adieu to certain juvenile property which we possessed in our uncle's small domain.

We found ourselves, towards evening, sitting under the walls of an old ivy-clad ruin of a round tower, built at the lower extremity of the garden, no one knows when or why. We had, in happier hours, penned up a glittering rill of the pure element which issued from a spring above the house, and after supplying the wants of the inmates, made its rustling way over a narrow pebbly bed to that spot which we had chosen for our waterfall. Never shall we forget its triumphant delight with which we, after almost a fortnight's toil, heaping up stones and "puddling" clay, sat down to watch the rising of the sparkling water. It seemed a long time ere the element had attained the brink of our barrier. Then we gazed thereon most intensely; and our cup overflowed with joy when the first trickling came down to the rocky basin we had formed beneath. And, anon, we beheld the falling element swell into picturesque beauty. The spot which, an hour before, had been nothing more than a hole in the earth, dark, damp, and dismal, was now all life, and motion, and beauty; and a cheerful melody came forth from its depths—and all appeared to be the work of our own hands. The Blandusian fount could not have been half so clear. There might be a greater fall, we allowed, at Tivoli; but then it could not be more romantic; and as for the cataracts and plunges of the Niagara, Nile, and Rhine, it was allowed generally that they were terrific rather than beautiful. But in ours there was nothing alarming, the main fall being precisely four feet three inches. There we might sit and read, or muse in security—and not we alone, but, in after times—oh yes, even then we had strange dreams respecting the future; and when we left that great work of our own hands on the first night of its completion, we inwardly and proudly breathed, "Exegi monumentum!"

This wonderful performance was achieved in the thirteenth year of our age, by and with the aid of Corporal Inglis; and, on the morning after its completion, our uncle, who, during its progress had kept aloof, from a high notion of honor that he might not rob us of our laurels, walked with us, hand in hand, to the spot, to see and approve. We revealed then to him our intention of planting a willow, and of framing a rustic seat, &c. &c. and he forthwith put his hand into his pocket, and gave us a convincing proof of the high estimation in which he held our abilities; and then he bestowed upon us some good advice which we did not then value mayhap quite so much as we ought, but which we have often thought of, and, we hope, derived benefit from since. The main purport thereof was to impress upon our mind that happiness was the result of employment.

[To be Continued.]

The Dutch proverb saith—"Stealing never makes a man rich; ams never makes a man poor; and prayer never hinders a man's business."

POETRY.

From the *New-York Observer*.

MY BIRTH DAY.

This day, some thirty years ago,  
Began my helpless life;  
And though not forty yet,—I know,  
The folly of its strife.

The ignis fatuus of Love,  
First lured my heart astray;  
And deeply did it bleed to prove,  
How Beauty can betray.

Then Fortune's glittering torrent rolled,  
Its wealth before my eye;  
I plung'd amid the billowy gold,  
The Basra stream was dry.

Next burst the pleading trump of Fame,  
Upon my ravished ear;  
I flew and saw her wings of flame,  
In silence disappear.

Thus all my weary course of life,  
Has been of hopes destroyed;  
To memory,—all a dream of strife,  
To hope,—"an aching void."

"An aching void!" methinks I hear  
Some spirit's voice reply,  
A trembling voice, as if a tear  
Were gushing from his eye.

"An aching void!" and can the tune  
For blest probation given,  
Appear a void,—while hopes sublime  
Illumine it from heaven?

Oh no! nor will time thrown away  
In youth and manhood seem,  
In the garce blaze of the last day,  
The tissue of a dream.

Each hour, each moment of thy life,  
Shall rise before thee then;  
With overwhelming interest rife,  
To bless thee or condemn.

The tenant of precarious clay!  
Since all is treachery here,  
Thy pinions plume to soar away,  
Above this gloomy sphere.

In that blest world, no fickle Love  
Shall pierce thy faithful breast,  
But with the kindness of the dove,  
Shall every heart be blest.

No sordid gold like lava pours  
Its wasting torrent there;  
For heaven bestows its richest stores,  
As freely as the air.

The flight of Fame eludes no more  
Ambition's restless wing,  
Forever folded, to adore  
The glory scraps and song

There thou shalt chase no idle dream  
Of tantalising joy,  
But transports in an endless stream,  
Thy every power employ."

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE SPARROW PROTECTED.—M Hecart, of Valenciennes, procured the kitten of a wild cat, which he so effectually tamed, that she became the friend and protector of a domesticated sparrow. M. Hecart always allowed the sparrow to fly about at perfect liberty. One day, a cat belonging to a neighbouring house, had seized upon this sparrow, and was making off with it;

but this wild cat, observing her at the very moment, flew at puss, and made her quit the bird, which she brought bleeding and half dead, to her master. She roamed, from her manner, really to sympathise very sincerely with the situation of the poor sparrow, and rejoiced when it recovered from the injury, and was again able to amuse itself with this wild grimalkin.

INDICATORS OF EARTHQUAKES.—The following extraordinary anecdote of the sensibility of cats to approaching danger from earthquakes is well authenticated. In the year 1783, two cats belonging to a merchant of Messina, in Sicily, announced to him the approach of an earthquake. Before the first shock was felt, the two animals seemed anxious to work their way through the door of a room in which they were. Their master, observing their fruitless efforts opened the door for them.

At a second and third door, which they likewise found shut, they repeated their efforts, and on being set completely at liberty, they ran straight through the street, and out of the gate of the town. The merchant, whose curiosity was excited by this strange conduct of the cats, followed them into the fields, where he again saw them scratching and burrowing in the earth. Soon after there was a violent shock of an earthquake, and many of the houses of the city fell down, of which number the merchant's was one; so that he was indebted for his life to the singular foresight of his cats."

OLD SPARROWS ARE NOT CAUGHT WITH STRAWS.—A cat, belonging to an elderly lady in Bath, was so attached to her mistress, that she would pass the night in her bedchamber, which was four stories high. Outside of the window was a parapet wall, on which the lady often strewed crumbs for the sparrows that came to partake of them. The lady always sleeping with her window open, the cat would pounce upon the birds, and kill them. One morning, giving a 'longing, lingering look' at the top of the wall, and seeing it free from crumbs, she was at a loss for an expedient to decoy the feathered tribe, when reconnoitering, she discovered a small bunch of wheat suspended in the room, which she sprang at, and succeeded in getting down. She then carried it to the favorite resort of the sparrows, and actually threshed the corn out by beating it on the wall, then hiding herself. A fter a while the birds came, and she resumed her favorite sport of killing the dopes of her sagacity.

HISTORY.

Ruins of the Capital of Ancient Edom or Idumea.—Its capital city is now without an inhabitant, except the wild animals foretold by the prophets a thousand years before it ceased to be terminated by men, presents one of the most wonderful scenes that can possibly be conceived. In the vicinity of mount Seir, the extensive ruins of a large city, heaps of hewn stones, foundations of buildings, fragments of columns, and vestiges of paved streets, spread over a valley which is enclosed on each side by perpendicular cliffs, varying 400 feet in height, which are hollowed out into innumerable chambers of different dimensions, rising in the cliffs, till it seems improper to approach the uppermost. Columns also rise above columns and adorn the front of the dwellings; horizontal groves for the convenience of waters also run along the side of the cliffs; flights of steps formed the means of ascent, and the summits of the heights, in various places, is covered with pyramids cut out of the solid rock. The identity of the scene is described by the prophet Jer. xlix. 16, in all the terribleness of the human power which pertaineth to it, and as depicted in the desolate aspect it now exhibits, is such as cannot be mistaken. The Mausolems and sepulchres are very numerous and magnificent. They are of various periods and orders and architecture. One of them, in particular, is