

lay it gently down upon it; its impact would be no greater force than the pressure of its weight. So far is this, however, from being the case, that, as it is well known to the workman, a slight blow from the lightest hammer is sufficient to abrade a surface, which the direct pressure of a ton weight would not make to yield. There is no force in nature comparable to that of impact.—*Mosely's Illustrations of Science.*

NEAR the Ghorde, (a hunting seat of the Electors of Hanover,) is the corner of a forest called the "Jammen Holy," or Wood of Groins. George II. once hunting near it, is said to have heard at a small distance a dismal cry, and directing his horse to the spot, found a Vendee peasant, who was burying his father alive. The monarch shuddered with horror; but the Vendee assured him he was only complying with the practice of his country, which, however, required secrecy for fear of the Germans amongst whom he lived.

FRIENDSHIP, the wine of life, should, like a well-stocked cellar, be continually renewed; and it is consolatory to think, that although we can seldom add what will equal the generous first growth of our youth, yet friendship becomes insensibly old in much less time than is commonly imagined, and not many years are required to make it mellow and pleasant: warmth will no doubt make a very considerable difference: men of affectionate temper and bright fancy, will coalesce a great deal sooner than those who are dull and cold.—*Boswell.*

THE great essential to our happiness is the resolution to perform our duty to God as well as we are able; and when this resolution is deeply infix'd, every action and every pursuit brings satisfaction to the mind.

WOMAN.—She spoiled us with an apple, but atoned for the wrong by forming a pair.

CHILLON.—VICTOR HUGO has lately paid a visit to the castle of Chillon, which is thus described in a letter to the *Moniteur Parisien*:

"Chillon is a mass of towers piled on a mass of rocks. The whole edifice is of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, except some of the wood-work, which is of the sixteenth. It is now used as an arsenal and powder magazine for the canton of Vaud. Every tower in the castle would have a sad story to tell. In one, I was shown the dungeons placed one above the other, closed by trap-doors, which were shut on the prisoners; the lowermost receives a little light through a grating; the one in the middle has no entrance for either light or air. About fifteen months ago, some travellers were let down by ropes, and found on the stone floor a bed of fine straw, which still retained the impression of a human body, and a few scattered bones. The captive in this cell could see through his grating a few green leaves, and a little grass growing in the ditch. In another tower, after advancing a little way on a rotten flooring, which travellers are prohibited from walking on, I discerned through a square opening, a hollow abyss in the middle of the tower wall. This was the *oubliettes*. These are ninety-one feet deep, and the floor was covered with knives set upright. In these were found a fractured skeleton, and a coarse goat-skin mantle, which were taken up and flung in a corner, and on which I found I was standing, as I looked down the gulf."

THE world is a theatre; mankind the performers; chance disposes the play, fortune distributes the parts, fools move the machinery, and philosophers are the spectators. The boxes are for the rich; the pit for the powerful; and the gallery for the people: beauty bears about the refreshments; tyrants sit at the gay places; folly makes the concert; those who are abandoned by fortune snuff the candles; time draws the curtain; and the drama is called "the perpetual sameness!"