

Horace Walpole.

Horace Walpole was in his day "the glass of fashion, and the mold of form," valuable for little besides his epistolary style, in the material in which his own nothingness is inclosed, as in amber, till it has acquired a certain conventional value. Rank, fortune, humor, were all his own; yet he lived for few things which were not frivolous, and maintained the contemptible character of a male gossip. What his thoughts of death were, the following passage from his letters will demonstrate:

"I am tired of the world, its politics, its pursuits, and its pleasures; but it will cost me some struggles before I submit to be tender and careful. Christ! can I ever submit to the regimen of old age? I do not wish to dress up a withered person, nor drag it about to public places; but to sit in one's room, clothed warmly, expecting visits from folks I do not wish to see, and tendered and flattered by relations impatient for one's death! Let the god do its worst as expeditiously as it can; it would be more welcome in my stomach than in my limbs."

His letters, written at the end of life, some of which were to Miss Hannah More, show that, though occasionally much disgusted at life, religion exerted no influence whatever. Indeed, even in writing to that lady, he omitted no opportunity of satirizing both piety and its followers. Yet he confessed himself a disappointed man, though he could not forbear to jest at his own approaching desolation. Living and dying, he was the same heartless and selfish voluptuary. "I she be quite content," he writes, "with a sprig of rosemary [the symbolical language of the rosemary is remembrance: 'I'll remember thee.' Sprigs of it were often thrown upon the coffin when it had been lowered into the grave] thrown after me, when the parson of the parish commits my dust to dust."

Mouths.

From the Child's Paper.)

It is curious to see how many different kinds of mouths there are, each adapted to a different kind of food, the different ways of taking the food, and the different places where the food is found.

The human mouth has a good set of tools for biting and chewing, with the hands to wait upon it, to prepare and bring it food. The rough tongue, the broad cutting teeth of the horse, with his long neck, fit him for browsing in the pastures, and gathering up his food from the earth. The mouth of a chicken is a pair of nippers, long, sharp and bony, to pick up the corn and little seeds.

The woodpecker's mouth has not only to find the food, but it has to work pretty hard for it. It feeds upon the worms and insects which live in the hollows of old trees, and they have to be taken out some way or other. For this purpose it has a long, sharp, hard bill like a mallet, and with this it chisels and taps and taps, and was probably very busy getting its dinner, when the poet went out in the woods and heard him, and wrote the song,

"The woodpecker taps the hollow beech-tree,"

which has made the woodpecker a famous little bird ever since. He keeps on working until a hole is deep enough to reach the poor worm, when he darts out his tongue and seizes it. This tongue is made on purpose, for it is long, sometimes darted out two or three inches beyond the bill, and at the end it is sharp and long, and set with little teeth like a saw, only running backwards like the barb of a fish-hook. There is now no escape for the worm; it is hooked and drawn into the woodpecker's mouth, and made a meal of.

All this is very curious; yet very different is the butterfly's mouth, for the butterfly eats honey, and the flowers sometimes stow their honey down in little cells, quite out of the way. But the butterflies have an instrument to work with; their tongue is hollow inside like a tube, made of a great many little rings, moved by little muscles. When it is not in use, it is coiled up, so as not to be in the way; but when it is wanted, it is unrolled and darted down into the bottom of a flower, and the honey is sucked up through it,