

the success of the Atmopyre is most signal. Roasting, boiling, baking, broiling, stewing, and every variety of culinary operation is performed with unprecedented cleanliness, comfort, and economy. The coal-hole and dust-bin, with their attendant dirt and trouble; tongs, pokers, and fire-shovels, black-lead, and chimney sweeping, are all it would seem rendered useless.

The kitchen—at present too often avoided on account of its excessive heat and uncleanness—is converted into a laboratory, where the important and now ill-understood art of cookery may be practised by a lady with a success rivalling that of Ude or Soyer, without soiling her fingers or her muslin dress.

"The advantages just enumerated are the *immediate* effect of the adoption of the Atmopyre. The *prospective* benefits derivable from its use," says the inventor, "are, if possible, still more important, and will be more fully explained in a future advertisement. Being a contrivance by which all elastic fluids having an affinity for oxygen may be burnt, all such gases and vapours are—as its name implies—available as fuel; and hydrogen in particular has been employed to produce a brilliant fire. The application of this source of heat to the steam engine now occupies the attention of the Patentee, and the experiments now going on will result in the invention of a machine by which mechanical power will be drawn in abundance from the water of the ocean; and the means of perambulating the globe conferred upon the poorest of our species."

It is to be hoped that, by some mercantile agency, this new and seemingly useful improvement will be introduced into this Province, to whose variable climate and general necessities it appears to be peculiarly adapted.

### THE BOUQUET.

She holds the casket, but her simple hand  
Hath spilled its dearest jewel by the way.

Hoon.

From a strange old window, garlanded with Spring—  
Shrouded with the blessings its sun and showers bring—  
Leaned a woman's face forth, to the greeting air,  
Half-hidden by the vine-leaves and the veiling hair.

Did the shining waters, rolling blue below,  
And the drooping daylight, unheeded fade and flow?  
Was her heart reposing, like all she looked upon,  
In a sweet abstraction bequeathed by sunshine gone?

Very calm the face was—some would call it fair—  
For the soul, aye keeping its presence chamber there:  
Suddenly her heart goes where her eyes have been—  
Lip and brow no longer are changelessly serene.

Where the dying light falls on a distant pair,  
(Gay and gallant one was, the other pale and fair),  
Steadfastly she gazeth. What doth she behold,  
But a graceful emblem of something yet untold;