

where another nest was constructed; and their sagacity and solitudo were finally crowned with success.

In some of the insect tribes, there seems to be an extraordinary faculty, which, if it can be called instinct, surely approaches to the highest faculty possessed by man—I mean the power of communicating information, by some natural language. Huber affirms, "that nature has given to ants a language of communication, by the contact of their antennæ; and that, with these organs, they are enabled to render mutual assistance in their labours and in their dangers, discover again their route when they have lost it, and make each other acquainted with their necessities." This power seems to be confirmed by what occurred to Dr Franklin. Upon discovering a number of ants regaling themselves with some treacle in one of his cupboards, he put them to the rout, and then suspended the pot of treacle by a string from the ceiling. He imagined that he had put the whole army to flight, but was surprised to see a single ant quit the pot, climb up the string, cross the ceiling, and regain its nest. In less than half an hour, several of its companions sallied forth, traversed the ceiling, and reached the repository, which they constantly revisited, till the treacle was consumed. The same power of communication belongs also to bees and wasps; as may be proved by any one who carefully attends to their habits. This is their language, not of articulate sounds, indeed, but of signs—a language which, as Jesse observes, "we can have no doubt is perfectly suited to them—adding, we know not how much, to their happiness and enjoyments, and furnishing another proof that there is a God all-mighty, all-wise, and all-good, who has 'ornamented the universe' with so many objects of delightful contemplation, that we may see him in all his works, and learn not only to fear him for his power, but to love him for the care which he takes of us, and of all his created beings." Whether this power of communication be rational or instinctive, it is obviously only suited to a being possessed, at least to a certain extent, of intellectual faculties—of the power of forming designs—of combining, with others, to execute them—of accommodating itself to circumstances, and, therefore, of remembering, of comparing, of judging, and of resolving. These are assuredly acts of reasoning; at least I know not under what other category to arrange them.

The instance which Dr Darwin gives of a wasp, noticed by himself, is in point. As he was walking one day in his garden, he perceived a wasp upon the gravel walk, with a large fly, nearly as big as itself, which it had caught. Kneeling down, he distinctly saw it cut off the head and abdomen, and then, taking up with its feet the trunk, or middle portion of the body, to which the wings remained attached, fly away; but a breeze of wind, acting on the wings of the fly, turned round the wasp, with its burden, and impeded its progress. Upon this, it alighted again on the gravel walk, deliberately sawed off, first one wing, and then another, and having thus removed the cause of its embarrassment, flew off with its booty. Here we have contrivance, and contrivance; a resolution accommodated to the case, judiciously formed and executed, and, on the discovery of a new impediment, a new plan adopted, by which final success was obtained. There is, undoubtedly, something more than instinct in all this. And yet we call the wasp a despicable and hateful insect!—*Duncan's Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons.*

From Miss Parloe's "River and the Desert."

THE PLAGUE AND BURIALS AT MARSEILLES.

Imagine a space of ground, somewhat exceeding six acres, devoted to the victims of one deadly malady! At first each body was committed singly to the grave—it had its own little spot of earth—its own distinguishing cross—its own garland of *immortelles*. Affection and regret had yet a resting-place for the imagination—the tears of tenderness could be wept upon the tomb of the beloved and lost. But this "luxury of woe" endured not long; the number of victims increased, not only daily, but hourly—the city streets became one vast funeral procession—the population which had thronged the walks now crowded the burial-place—and, too frequently, they who dug the graves died as they hollowed them and shared them with their employers. Others, as they plied their frightful task, recognised among the victims some friend, or relative, or parent; and with the partial insanity of despair, sickening at the sight of their own hurried and imperfect work, sought to violate the prouder tombs around them, in order to deposit within their recesses the remains of those who had been dear to them! Then came the second and still more revolting stage of the hallucination of misery. It was on one of the most fatal days of the disease—a bright sunshiny morning of July, when sea and sky were blue and beautiful; and Nature, pranked out in her garb of loveliness, seemed to mock at human suffering; that suddenly as the city groaned with victims, those who had hitherto laden the death carts, and carried them forth to burial, withdrew despairingly from the task, and literally left the dead to bury their dead. For a brief interval the panic was frightful; the scorching heat of the unclouded sun,—the rapid effects of the disease upon the bodies,—the difficulty of procuring substitutes for the revolting duty,—all conspired to excite the most intense alarm, lest the effluvia of putrefaction should be su-

peradded to the miasma which was already feeding the malady. In this extremity, the Mayor of the town addressed himself to three young men, of whose courage and resolution he had a high opinion, and who instantly consented to devote themselves to the preservation of their fellow-citizens. The sexton, measuring and hollowing out his narrow space of earth, was replaced by workmen flinging up the soil from the deep trenches, extending some hundred feet in length; while the courageous trio who had undertaken to transport the bodies, speedily filled up the common grave which was thus prepared for them. The same prayer was murmured over a score; the tinkling of the same little bell marked the service performed for a hundred, whose sealed ears heard not the sound; and for awhile the work went on in silence. But that silence was at length rudely and strangely broken. Human nature, wrought up to its last point of endurance, acknowledged no authority—spurned at all duty,—and the tools of the workmen were cast down as they sprang out of the trenches, and refused to pursue their task. It must have been a frightful scene, and one never to be forgotten, when the gleaming of bayonets was apparent within the walls of the grave-yard, and the troops stood silently along the edge of the trenches, partially heaped with dead: compelling, by the mute eloquence of their arms, the labours of the living! And this in a burial-place! where all should be still, and solemn, and sacred! The compulsory work was completed, and I stood yesterday upon the spot of frightful memories, beside the long, deep, common graves of upwards of four thousand of the plague-smitten. The sun was shining upon them,—insects were humming about them,—on those which had been first filled up, the rapid vegetation of this fine climate had already shed a faint tinge of verdure; above them spread a sky of the brightest blue without a cloud: on one side the eye rested on the distant city, and the ear caught the busy hum of the streets; on the other, swelling hills and rich vineyards stretched far into the distance; but they lay there, long and silent, and saddening,—the mute records of a visitation which has steeped the city in tears of blood. It was awful, as I paused beside these vast tumuli, to remember that two short months had peopled them—to stand there, and to picture to myself the anguish and the suffering, the terror and the despair, amid which they were wrought; to know that within their hidden recesses were piled indiscriminately the aged and the young, the nursing and the strong man, the matron and the maiden; and, above all, it was affecting to trace the hand of surviving tenderness which had planted the record-cross, and the tributary wreath, upon some spot of the vast sepulchre, which was believed to cover the regretted one. I say believed: for who could measure with his eye that fatal trench, and make sure note of the narrow space where his own lost one lay, above, or beneath, or in the midst of that hour's victims?

Would you endeavour to divest yourself of these revolting images, they are brought back upon you with tenfold force, as you pause at the termination of the trenches; for there your eye falls on a tall black cross, crowned with *immortelles*, and bearing the inscription:—

Cholériques du Mois de Juillet.

You turn away with the blood quivering in your veins: and a second cross, wreathed and fashioned like the first, marks the graves of the

Cholériques d'Avant et Septembre.

And here, thanks to all-gracious Providence! the last formed trench yet yawns hollow and empty for full two-thirds of its length. The Destroying Angel, slowly furls his wings.—Death glutted with prey, pauses in his work of devastation—I do not think that I shall again have courage to enter the cemetery.

BITTER THINGS.

He sat himself at the feet of the clustered columns, and, covering his face with his hands, he wept.

They were the first tears that he had shed since childhood, and they were agony. Men weep but once, but then their tears are blood. I think almost their hearts must crack a little, so heartless are they ever after.—Enough of this. It is bitter to leave our father's hearth for the first time: bitter is the eve of our return, when a thousand fears rise in our haunted souls. Bitter are hopes deferred, and self-reproach, and power unrecognised. Bitter is poverty; bitterer still is debt. It is bitter to be neglected; it is more bitter to be misunderstood.

It is bitter to lose an only child. It is bitter to look upon the land which once was ours. Bitter is a sister's woe, a brother's scrape: bitter a mother's tear, and bitterer still a father's curse. Bitter are a briefless bag, a curate's bread, a diploma that brings no fee. Bitter is half-pay!

It is bitter to muse on vanished youth; it is bitter to lose an election, or a suit. Bitter are rage suppressed, vengeance unwreaked, and prize-money kept back. Bitter are a failing crop, a glutted market, and a shattering speck. Bitter are rents in arrear, and tithes in kind. Bitter are salaries reduced, and perquisites destroyed. Bitter is a tax, particularly if misapplied; a rate, particularly if embezzled. Bitter is a trade too full, and bitterer still a trade that has work out. Bitter is a bore!

It is bitter to lose one's hair or teeth. It is bitter to find our an-

nual charge exceed our income. It is bitter to hear of others' fame when we are boys. It is bitter to resign the seals we vainly would keep. It is bitter to hear the winds blow when we have ships or friends at sea. Bitter are a broken friendship and a dying love. Bitter a woman scorned, a man betrayed!

Bitter is the secret woe which none can share. Bitter are a brutal husband and a faithless wife, a silly daughter, and a sulky son. Bitter are a losing card, a losing horse. Bitter the public hiss, the private sneer. Bitter are old age without respect, manhood without wealth, youth without fame. Bitter is the east wind's blast; bitter a step-dame's kiss. It is bitter to mark the woe which we cannot relieve. It is bitter to die in a foreign land.

But bitterer far than this, than these, and all, is waking from our first delusion!—For then we first feel the nothingness of self—that hell of sanguine spirits. All is dreary, blank, and cold. The sun of hope sets without a ray, and the dim night of dark despair shadows only phantoms. The spirits that guard round us in our pride have gone. Fancy, weeping, flies. Imagination droops her glittering pinions and sinks into the earth. Courage has no heart, and love seems a traitor. A busy demon whispers that all is vain and worthless, and we among the vainest of a worthless crew!—*D'Israeli.*

From the New-England Farmer.

CULTIVATION OF FLOWERS.

The pleasures of the eye are among the most varied, the most abundant, the most impressive, the most instructive of any of the senses; we had almost said of all the others combined; and throughout universal nature, in all its departments and productions, external beauty is every where present and predominant, that this sense might be cultivated and gratified, that the eye might be filled to the full.

The cultivation of a taste for the beautiful in creation, is laying a broad foundation for innocent pleasures and moral devotion; and multiplying the instruments and excitements to a grateful piety. This taste, then should by every means be encouraged and improved; and it is impossible in this case that we should go too far. It is impossible for us to become too much in love with nature; with the beauty of the land, the ocean, the skies, the forests, the beasts, the birds, the insect world, the flowers; and the vast and ever changing procession of animal and vegetable life, as it passes before us.

We greet, therefore, with unaffected delight, every effort to cultivate, and strengthen this taste, and to lead men away from the grovelling cares and wasting perplexities of common life, to study nature in her vast laboratory; and to mark the divine agency in her every operation, and admire and adore that beneficent prodigality of beauty, which is every where poured out around us.

We cannot forget the delight with which, the last season, we visited the splendid tulip plantation of a distinguished cultivator in the vicinity of Boston. This man is a fool, says one, to spend his time and money in the cultivation of these paltry flowers! But he was a much greater fool who said it. We saw in it the truest wisdom. What a profusion and what an endless variety of beauty! What a wonderful organization; and what exquisite tints, and tints, and colouring, and shades! What skill, what wisdom, what beneficence, illuminate this simple and narrow page of God's earliest revelation, and were here concentrated in a blaze of glory. What a source of innocent and delightful recreation to the cultivator; and what a benefaction to others in the pleasures which it imparted.

Away then with party politics, which madden men to frenzy; and embitter all the waters of life. Away with the miserable sophistries, and conceits, and arrogancies of controversial theology, which disturb the temper, and narrow the mind, and nourish pride and inflame resentment. Away with the wretched drudgery of a never-to-be-satisfied avarice, which extinguishes all generous and noble sentiments; and hardens the heart like stone. Learn to love the purer, the heart-enlarging, the heart-improving pleasures of nature; drink of the crystal waters of this exhaustless fountain; and worship our Creator in this, his glorious temple; adore his goodness and perfection in infinitely multiplied forms of beauty, which every where crowd upon the sight; in the snowdrop which first peeps above the ground to whisper to you that spring is coming, in the rose, the queen of flowers, that sits upon her mossy throne and sheds her fragrance upon your path, in the floating and golden clouds which draw their glowing folds around the retiring monarch of the day, and in the sparkling stars which watch with their eternal fires over your hours of repose.—"See God in every thing, and every thing in God."

HAPPINESS.—It was Gray the poet, we believe, who said that the highest state of enjoyment which he could imagine, was to lie all day on a sofa and read books of romance. The imagination of the Burman soldier was equally fertile when he replied to a question concerning his ideas of a future state. "I shall, said he, be turned into a great buffalo, and shall lie down in a meadow of grass higher than my head, and eat all day long, and there won't be a musquito to trouble me!"—*Jean Paul.*