

OUR TABLE.

THE ILLUSTRATED FLORA:—EDITED BY JOHN B. NEWMAN, M. D.

THIS periodical, which is one peculiarly devoted to the science of Botany, contains many articles of interest to the general reader, on subjects not strictly botanical, though intimately related to that science. In addition to the portion taken up with an "Introduction to Botany," and other papers more purely technical, we find in the numbers before us the Floral, the Biographical, and the Medical Departments. The first of these is devoted to a history and description of the various flowers figured in each part, together with poetry, original and selected, penned in praise of these bright gems of Nature. The second contains sketches of the history of those who have been celebrated for their botanical researches; and the third treats of the medicinal properties of plants, and of their various modes of preparation.

Amongst the poetry, as may readily be supposed from the nature of the subject, are to be found several very charming pieces, and as a fair specimen we present the following:

THE WEE FLOWER.

A bonnie wee flower grew green in the wuds,
Like a twinkling wee star among the cluds;
And the langer it leevit, the greener it grew,
For 'twas lulled by the winds, and fed by the dew;
Oh, fresh was the air where it reared its head,
Wi' the radiance and odours its young leaves shed.

When the morning sun rose frae his eastern ha',
This bonnie wee flower was the earliest of a'
To open its cups sealed up in the dew,
And spread out its leaves o' the yellow and blue.

When the winds were still, and the sun rode high,
And the clear mountain stream ran wimplin' by,
When the wee birds sang, and the wilderness bee
Was floating awa' like a clud ower the sea,
This bonnie wee flower was blooming unseen—
The sweet child of summer—in its rocklay o' green.

And when the night clud grew dark on the plain,
When the stars were out, and the moon in the wane,
When the bird and the bee had gane to rest,
And the dews of the night the green earth pressed,
This bonnie wee flower lay smiling asleep,
Like a beautiful pearl in the dark green deep.

And when autumn came, and the summer had passed,
And the wan leaves were strewn on the swirling blast,
This bonnie wee flower grew naked and bare,
And its wee leaves shrank in the frozen air;
Wild darnel and nettle sprang rank from the ground,
But the rose and white lilies were drooping around;
And this bonnie blue flower hung doon its wee head,
And the bright morning sun flung his beams on its bed,
And the pale stars looked forth—but the wee flower was
dead.

ANDERSON.

The articles in the various departments are on the whole well written, and the botanist and floriculturist will find much instruction in their perusal.

We should mention that the work is largely illustrated, each number containing five colored plates and a portrait. We cannot, however, add that the quality of these plates at all approximates their quantity; we must with regret pronounce them awkwardly designed and inartistically executed.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.

WE have already, on more occasions than one, given our opinion of this extraordinary publication; and in doing so, we have expressed our wonder and astonishment, which we now repeat, that so large and comprehensive a reprint, of the great mass of what is important and interesting to the general reader, from all the popular periodicals of the day, in every country in the old world, should be supplied at so cheap a rate. It is, indeed, an excellent epitome of periodical literature in general, and supersedes the necessity of subscribing to more than a score of works, by transferring to its pages, and that with the most correct judgment and the nicest discrimination, the most valuable and interesting portion of their contents.

Each monthly number contains 144 closely printed pages in small type, of Royal octavo size, embellished with a beautiful engraving, and all for the trifling subscription of five dollars a year.

They are certainly an extraordinary people, the Americans. There is no country in the world in which the price of labor is so high, and yet, strange to say, there is no country in the world in which work can be done at so cheap a rate. A carriage harness, a saddle, a suit of clothes, or a publication, can be sold cheaper in the United States than in any other portion of the Anglo-Saxon world, although the cost of manual labor is higher, aye, twice as much, as in any other country alluded to.

This is certainly a strange anomaly, which can only be accounted for from the fact, that an American laborer can do twice as much work in a day as any other man. In proof of this assertion we ourselves can state that we have seen a Yankee Crispin make a pair of men's shoes before breakfast.