

Thus our primeval sire sat in Eden's bower listening to the gentle rippling of the waters as they passed out of the lonely garden, the twin rivers poured their waves along, parting and passing from each other, and seeming in the presence of their new made lord, as separating friends, sighing to each other as they moved away that touching word—farewell—a word ere long destined to fall upon his heart as the dread thunder-bolt of heaven.

Adam slept. There rests the last workmanship of God, in the bringing forth of his proud, his matchless—superstructure—there he rests—alas preparing for a long fatigue. And while he slept from out his side a shade arose which startled suddenly into life and stood to wake him with her magic touch. 'Twas woman—on her cheek sat angel innocence, on her person perfect beauty, her eyes beamed the mildness of female purity and love, she looked upon herself and her rising lord in the bright light of time, themselves the subjects of vast eternity. She wondered at the symmetry and excellence displayed in the exquisite form of her beloved spouse—his heavenly mien—his manly countenance, his dark eye, were objects of her surprise, and curious—as her daughters have ever been—she laid her soft hand on his peaceful brow, and exclaimed, we are one, bone of bone, and flesh of flesh. The happiness of Eden was complete.

## ALPHA.

**FARMS IN ENGLAND.**—The farms are regularly laid out in square and parallelograms of from two to forty acres, and in general they are laid down as smooth and level as the roller can make them. Here is a luxuriant wheat field, and there busy preparations for putting in potatoes or turnips, and there barley or oats just shooting up from the dark and rich soil. But scarcely a rod of the fence, such as we meet every where in the U. States of America, do you see in your 200 miles ride from Liverpool to the metropolis. All is hawthorn; and these hedges, which are, for the most part, neatly trimmed about the gardens and farmhouses, and by the roadside, add more to the beauty of the country than any description had pictured upon the mind. The common method of making the hedges is this: first, a ridge is thrown up, perhaps a foot from the level of the fields which are to be fenced off, then the young thorn is to be planted in two parallel rows, about a foot or eighteen inches apart. The growth is not very rapid, but when it has attained the height of four or five feet, in about as many years, it becomes so dense that no domestic animal would think of breaking through it. The leaf is small, deeply verdant, and beautifully serrated. In the month of May these hedges are clothed with a white fragrant blossom, very much resembling that of thorns of our own country, and it is then that the honeysuckle and other wild flowers unfold their wild hues and mingle their sweetness with the hawthorn. In the hedges, trees, such as the oak, the elm, and the horse chestnut, are planted, sometimes in rows near together, but oftener far apart, so that each one rises and waves by itself over the humble but not less charming growth below. Single trees of great age, and very large, are sprinkled here and there in every direction, and every now and then you catch a glimpse, in the distance, of a grove or clump, which adds not a little to the beauty of the landscape.—*Humphrey's Tour.*

**ESCAPE FROM A SHARK.**—HARDY, in his travels through Mexico, gives the following lively account of an escape from a shark:—The Placer de la Piedra Negada, which is near Loretta, was supposed to have quantities of very large pearl-oysters around it: a supposition which was at once confirmed by the great difficulty of finding this sunken rock. Don Pablo, however, succeeded in sounding it, and in search of specimens of the largest and oldest shells, dived down in eleven fathoms of water. The rock is not above one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards in circumference, and our adventurer swam round and examined it in all directions, but without meeting any inducement to prolong his stay. Accordingly, being satisfied that there were no oysters, he thought of ascending to the surface of the water; but first he cast a look

upwards, as all divers are obliged to do, who hope to avoid the hungry jaws of a monster. If the coast is clear, they may then rise without apprehension. Don Pablo, however, when he cast a hasty glance upwards, found that a tintetero had taken a station about three or four yards immediately above him, and, most probably, had been watching during the whole time that he had been down. A double pointed stick is a useless weapon against a tintetero, as its mouth is of such enormous dimensions, that both man and stick would be swallowed together. He therefore felt himself rather nervous, as his retreat was now completely intercepted. But, under water, time is too great an object to be spent in reflection, and therefore he swam round to another part of the rock, hoping by this artifice to avoid the vigilance of his persecutor. What was his dismay when he again looked up, to find the pertinacious tintetero still hovering over him, as a hawk would follow a bird! He described him as having large, round, and inflamed eyes, apparently just ready to dart from their sockets with eagerness, and a mouth (at the recollection of which he still shuddered) that was constantly opening and shutting, as if the monster was already, in imagination, devouring his victim; or, at least that the contemplation of his prey imparted a foretaste of the relish. Two alternatives now presented themselves to the mind of Don Pablo; one, to suffer himself to be drowned, the other, to be eaten. He had already been under water so considerable a time, that he found it impossible any longer to retain his breath, and was on the point of giving himself up for lost. But what is dearer than life? The invention of man is seldom at a loss to find expedients for its preservation in cases of great extremity. On a sudden he recollected, that on one side of the rock he had observed a sandy spot, and to this he swam with all imaginable speed; his attentive friend still watching his movements, and keeping a measured pace with him. As soon as he reached the spot, he commenced stirring it with his pointed stick, in such a way that the fine particles rose, and rendered the water perfectly turbid, so that he could not see the monster, nor the monster him. Availing himself of the cloud by which himself and the tintetero were enveloped, he swam very far out in a transversal direction, and reached the surface in safety, although completely exhausted. Providentially he rose close to one of the boats; and those who were within, seeing him in such a state, and knowing that an enemy must have been persecuting him, and that by some artifice he had saved his life, jumped overboard, as is their common practice in such cases, to frighten the creature away by splashing in the water; and Don Pablo was taken into the boat more dead than alive.

**SPANISH INCONGRUITIES.**—Late in the evening we entered Ovar, a long, straggling town, in which I naturally concluded that some house of accommodation must exist; but literally there was none. The Peninsula generally, although it may be said more of Spain than Portugal, abounds in these strange inconsistencies. I once stopped at a venta in Andalusia, which not only possessed the necessaries, but many of the comforts of life. Meat and fowls, with tea, coffee, and chocolate, formed a sumptuous bill of fare for a Spanish country inn; forks abounded but when I called for a knife, I was told that no such implement was kept in the house, on a principle of self-preservation. The reason given was eminently Spanish; but, in fact, the road was chiefly frequented by smugglers, who live well, but always carry their own knives, and this was the real cause of the deficiency. The same curious contradictions are occasionally found in the higher ranks. I remember sleeping at the house of a decayed noble, who received me with the utmost hospitality. My sleeping apartment was, however, destitute of the most common conveniences of life; my bed had no curtains, there was not a looking-glass, there was not a chair in the room. Such being the case, I was surprised and somewhat amused at seeing a menial, attired in a faded livery of green and gold, enter my apartment with much state, bearing a basin of massive silver, which he was himself compelled to hold, because there was no table on which he could

place that ponderous relic of the departed splendour of the house.—*Portugal and Galicia.*

**2 KINGS, v. 17.** “And Naaman said, Shall there no then, I pray thee, be given to thy servant two mules' burden of earth?”—In some cases it is almost impossible to perform the ablutions which are required in the East, from the difficulty of obtaining water. Contrivances have therefore been adopted to obviate it. Some of the Arabs rub their hands on a smooth stone for this purpose. Other people make use of sand, as possibly the servant of Naaman wished to do of the earth he requested. “Both at sun-set and at eight o'clock, the whole assembly were summoned to prayers, a man standing outside the tent and calling them to their devotions, in the same manner as is done from the minarets of the mosques of Turkish towns: each man rubbed his face over with sand, a heap of which was placed in front of the tent for that purpose, to serve as a substitute for water for their religious ablutions. We could not but admire the decorous solemnity with which they all joined in the divine worship, standing in a row, and bowing down and kissing the ground together.”—*Irby and Mangle's Tour.*

**SCIENCE.**—If all we see and hear be true, our times are making rapid advances in the developments and improvements of science. In a paper recently presented by a learned Doctor Bannato to the royal academy of science at Paris, an examination was exhibited of the character and constitution of the celebrated fiddler Paganini. The Doctor attributed his high attainments to neither study nor practice but a singular and entirely original conformation of his physical being, nor does he confine the organs of his peculiar powers entirely in accordance with the accepted rules and locations of phrenology. Leaving the head, he proceeds to an examination of the arm which he describes as being a beautiful specimen of moveable machinery capable of discoursing admirable music, upon that prince of instruments the fiddle. The peculiar organization of his ear, which is no less singular than his arm, and the large development of his cerebellum, also contribute their portion in the construction of his inimitable perfections.

Thus Paganini is made a fiddler by a freak of nature in the formation of his corporeal structure.

**A LADY'S PROMISE.**—Lady Penelope d' Arcy, daughter and co-heir of Thomas, Earl of Rivers, who married Sir George Trenchard, was left a widow at seventeen. She wedded, secondly, Sir John Gate, Knt., and thirdly, Sir William Hervey, Knt. of Ickworth, in Suffolk. This fair lady and wealthy heiress was wooed by three suitors at the same time, and the knights, as in chivalry bound, were disposed to contest the prize with target and lance; but the lady herself forbade the battle, and menaced the disobedient knights with her eternal displeasure, promising jocularly that if they had but patience, she would have them all in their turns, and she actually fulfilled her promise, for she espoused, first, Sir George Trenchard of Wolverton, secondly, Sir John Gate, of Foile, and thirdly, Sir William Hervey, of Ickworth.—*Burke's Landed Estates.*

**PATENT BUTTER.**—We learn from the silk culturists that the Emperor of Russia has issued a patent to one of his subjects, for a new method of making butter. It is thus: simmer the milk while still sweet, 15 minutes, take care not to burn it, and then churd it. The butter comes very soon, and is of a quality much superior to that made in the common mode. It is richer and preserves its flavour, much longer, and the milk, being left sweet, retains its value for ordinary uses.

The experiment is so easy and promises so much, both in respect, to saving of labor and superior results, that it invites trial very strongly.

**NO BEER—NO BREAD!**—In the window of a respectable brewery in this town is the following:—“Notice No Tee-totaler will be supplied either with grains or yeast from this brewhouse.”—*Reading Mercury.*