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THE HUMMING BIRD.

From the Columbian Magazine.

That promised sketch of the humming-bird! Forgive me Mary, that it was not written long since. As you know I have been deeply interested in my vocation, and while duty, that "stern daughter of the voice of God," has been calling me to "Teach! teach! teach! from weary chime to chime," shall I not be pardoned for unheeding the quiet tones which would have persuaded me to write? But now I am quite at leisure to tell you of that humming-bird. It is well you have seen it since no words can convey an idea of its transcendent beauty.

The admirably preserved specimen of the "ruby-crested humming-bird," or "Trochilus Moschutos," in my possession, is from the island of Trinidad. The friend to whom I am indebted for it has favored me with copious extracts from the works of Cuvier, Jardine, Audubon and Wilson, descriptive of this particular species. In speaking of it, they are rather poetical rhapsodists than natural historians. Their style seems in some degree to reflect the brilliant and changing hues of this wondrous "thing of beauty."

Sir William Jardine, in his "Natural History of Humming-Birds," published at Edinburgh in 1831, says, "Every epithet which the ingenuity of language could invent has been employed to depict the richness of their coloring; the lustres of the topaz, of emeralds and of rubies have been compared with them, and applied in their names. 'The hue of roses, steeped in liquid fire,' and even the *cheveux de l'astre du jour*, of the imaginative Buffon, fall short of their versatile tints; their gorgeous plumery."

Cuvier says, "Nature has confined to America this one of her *chef-d'œuvres*. The Indians, struck with the fire and splendor of their hues, which shine with the united radiance of gems and gold, have given them the expressive name of hairs of the sun." Audubon calls the humming bird "a glittering fragment of the rainbow."

There are varying theories in explanation of this exceeding brilliancy. Bullock says, as quoted by Jardine, "The preserved specimens are but the shadows in brilliancy to what they were in life. The sides of the lamina or fibres of each feather, being of a different color from the surface, will change when seen in a front or oblique direction, and as each lamina or fibre turns upon the axis of the quill, the least motion, when living, causes the feathers to change suddenly to the most opposite hues."

How many bright eyes have I seen grow brighter as they looked at my "ruby-crested" and sapphire-throated bird! How many glad voices have I heard in varying tones of exclaiming admiration! I have seen the red lips part, as with a new and strange delight, and I have wandered back to the changeable past. This is not the first humming-bird that has rested beneath my eye. And often have I seen them on the wing, now sipping the nectar of the flower, and then vanishing with an almost incredible swiftness. "They never walk, or creep, or themselves of the ground." They follow the advancing or retiring with him. They are absent in my mind with thoughts of the beloved—the departed. They have for me become the emblems of immortality.

Many years have passed since, on returning in a soft Summer sunlight from a long walk, my mother told me she had found a treasure in my absence. She had indeed caught a humming-bird! In the very climax of my enthusiasm, a pedlar entered. He examined it very knowingly, and then deliberately seated himself. He remained silent, drumming gently on the cover of his japanned trunk, yet making no attempt to offer his wares. A quiet pedlar! A pedlar in deep thought! A pedlar etherialized by a humming-bird! Soon however the mystery was explained. He had only been calculating the chances. Turning to my mother he said,

"If I was only a day's journey from Boston, I'd give you ten dollars for that bird."

In the morning it seemed quite exhausted. We reproached ourselves for not having given it sufficient air. Alas! it was dying, if not dead. We took it to the door, and placed it on the step in the warm sunshine. It seemed quite lifeless. We left it for a moment, and when we returned, it had flown. I have since learned that this is a favorite ruse of the humming-bird. When wishing to escape, it feigns itself dead. Thus is it not in life? May not what seems to us death be but the token of a new and more perfect life? Are you surprised that the past is vividly recalled by the humming-bird?

During those years, I used often to visit a beloved relative—the late Rev. E. W. D. at his quiet parsonage in R—d, eight miles from St—c, his first and last earthly home. The very spirit of love pervaded the pastor's dwelling. During the long mornings, so quiet and peaceful, I used to sit in the open door, shaded by a fragrant honeysuckle—oh! does it grow there yet, and are the steps as white as they were then?—and ever as I sat did I hear, what Audubon calls "a beautiful murmuring sound," and ever did I see the humming-bird sipping from the fairy cups of the honey-suckle, and ever came there to admire with me a bright and happy child—none other than the beloved one whom you saw smitten down at my side the last Winter—my precious cousin Mary? Do you marvel that I love the humming-bird?

In the Summer of 1833 my vacation was passed with an only sister in Ohio. While there I went with a friend to see "the tame humming-birds?" In the office, so called, of a physician, whose versatility of talent must have been a source of pleasure at least to himself as to his friends, amid books and dirt, with the bones of an arm here and a pair of boots there, with a range of busts on one side and

casts and plaster and sand underneath, with a skull here and the most beautiful and perfectly-finished model of a cottage *ornée* there, and all was a collection of tame and unspeakably beautiful humming-birds! My friend in her home beyond the Mississippi will recall the delight with which, like Lady Hammond, as related by Audubon and another "lady" by Wilson, we each took one in our hand, and held it to lip and bosom. Do you wonder that I gaze with delight on the humming-bird?

In the Summer of '42 I was advised to try for my health the waters of Avon. But of what avail were sulphur baths for the body while the spirit knew no fount of consolation? Dared I even hope for health while she, the beloved and cherished one, was dying? Was F. E. F., the latest flower of St—c, fading away in her brightness and beauty and must I linger there? As these thoughts pressed heavily, and I walked wearily up and down the garden paths, I heard a low murmuring, and a humming-bird flashed across my sight. I sought to follow it, but it eluded me. I reached for it but it vanished. And then I felt that it was for me "an messenger-bird," and my heart knew that she was dead! Oh! since that hour, my soul is deeply stirred by the sight of a humming-bird, and it hath become to me as a token of the spirit-land. Yet until this hour, none have known how my thoughts are thus linked to the past. Judge, then, of the surprise as well as delight with which I welcomed this gift. How gratefully it was received, the following lines in vain attempted to express.

TO H. H.

'Tis said the air around us oft is stirred,
By angel-visitants, on pinions light;
That their soft, waving music may be heard
By the rapt spirit, in the hush of night.
But on mine eye, at noon-day's waking hour,
Flashes a wing of radiance untold;
It bears me where no angry tempests lour,
Where gentle waters flow o'er sands of gold.
Oh! slay, hourly, dost thou bless my sight,
My precious bird! thy vision of delight:
How shall I thank the giver? In my heart
Are grateful thoughts, which may not reach
The ear—
Be every good in earth and heaven his part!
And life for him one long and blissful year!

"Beloved till life can charm no more—
And mourned—till pity's self be dead."

ONE WAY TO NULLIFY A BAD LEASE.

From the Boston Times.

There is a shrewd and wealthy old Yankee landlord away down in Maine, who is noted for drying his "sharp bargains," by which he has amassed a large amount of property. He is the owner of a great number of dwelling-houses, and it is said of him that he is not over-scrupulous in his rental charges, whenever he can find a customer whom he knows to be *responsible*. His object is always to lease his houses for a term of years, to the *best* tenants, and get the utmost farthing in the shape of rent.

A diminutive Frenchman called on him, last winter, to hire a dwelling he owned in Portland, and which had long remained empty. References were given, and the Yankee landlord ascertaining that his applicant was a man "after his own heart" for a tenant, immediately commenced to "Jew" him. He found that the tenement appeared to suit the little Frenchman, and he placed an exorbitant price upon it; but the lease was drawn and duly executed, and the tenant moved into his new quarters.

Upon the kindling of fires in the house, it was found that the chimneys wouldn't "draw," and the building was filled with smoke. The window sashes rattled in the wind at night, and the cold air rushed through a hundred crevices about the house, until now unnoticed. The snow melted upon the roof, and the attics were drenched from leaking. The rain pelted, and our Frenchman found a "natural bath room upon the cellar floor;" but the lease was signed, and the landlord chuckled.

"I have been vat you call 'suck in,' vis zis dum maison," muttered our victim to himself, a week afterward; "but *n'importe*—ve sal see, vot ve sal see!" Next morning he rose bright and early, and passing down town, he encountered the landlord.

"A-ha! *Bon jour, monsieur*," said he, in his happiest manner.

"Good day, sir. How do you like your house?"

"Ah! Monsieur—elegant, beautiful, magnificent! *Eh, bien, monsieur*; I have but ze one regret—"

"Ah! what is that?"

"Monsieur, I sal live in zat house but tree littel year."

"How so?"

"I hav find, by vot you sal call ze lease, zat you hav give me ze house for but tree year, an' I have ver' mooch sorrow for zat."

"But you can have it longer, if you wish—"

"Ah, Monsieur, I sal be ver' mooch glad if I can have zat house so long as I pleas—eh, Monsieur?"

"Oh, certainly, certainly, sir."

"*Tres bien, monsieur*! I sal walk rite to your offices, an' you sal give vot you call ze lease for zat maison jes so long as I sal vant ze house. *Eh, Monsieur*?"

"Certainly, sir. You shall stay there your life-time, if you like."

"Ah, Monsieur, I have ver' mooch tanks for zis accommodation."

The old leases were destroyed, and a new one was delivered in form to the French gentleman, giving him possession of the premises for "such period as the lessee may desire the same, he paying the rent thereof, promptly," etc.

The next morning our crafty landlord was passing the house just as the Frenchman's last load of furniture was being started from the door; and an hour afterwards a messenger called on him with a "legal tender" for the rent for eight days, accompanied with a note as follows:

"MONSIEUR,

"I hav bin smoke, I hav bin drowned, I hav bin frees to death, in ze house vot I hav hire of you, for ze period as I may desire." I hav stay in ze dum house 'jes so long as I pleas,' an' ze bearer of zis will give you ze key.—*Bon jour, Monsieur.*"

It is needless to add that our Yankee landlord has never been known to give up "a bird in the hand, for one in the bush."

TENACITY OF LIFE IN A VULTURE.—

One day when we were out with our guns, one of the party shot a large vulture that had perched upon the carcass of a dead sheep, and was certainly doing the neighborhood a benefit by removing the nuisance. As soon as the bird was shot, it fell and turned upon its back; but struggling a good deal, two of the attendants, of which each person of our party had one, were ordered to despatch it with bamboos. This was accordingly done, and after receiving several severe blows upon the head, it appeared to be quite dead; one of the men then took it upon his shoulder, and we pursued our sport. We were out several hours, the vulture hanging all the while from the shoulder of the man, apparently lifeless, its eyes closed and its head much lacerated by the shot and the strokes from the bamboos. Upon our return, the man who carried the vulture, glad to get rid of his burthen, (for these birds will sometimes weigh as much as thirty pounds) slung it upon the ground with a force of itself sufficient to kill it; but to our surprise it seemed to be re-animated by the shock; for after opening its eyes, it suddenly turned, and was on its legs in a moment. Advancing a step or two, it stretched out its wings, rose heavily into the air, continuing to rise until it was entirely lost to our view in the distance. We were all so much astonished at thus so unexpectedly beholding the dead alive, that no one thought of making an attempt to prevent its escape. The tenaciousness of life which the vulture possesses, as this anecdote will show, is almost incredible; and so great is its rapacity, that when engaged in devouring its prey, it will allow a person to approach and seize it, though this is at all times a dangerous experiment.

WHO CANNOT BE RICH?—A Polish woman who has a stall in the Franklin market, found herself about five years ago, a widow with four young children and an estate of just one dollar and fifty cents in money. She did not, however, turn her steps towards the "Alms-house" or spend her time in begging from door to door. Though embarrassed by a very poor knowledge of our language, she immediately invested her capital in some articles which she could sell, and commenced operations, employing the children as she could for her assistance. For a year or two past she has had the market stall. A few months ago she learned that the owner of a good farm of seventy-five acres, in one of the central counties of the state, was very desirous to sell his farm, and it was accepted—for it was all in cash. The Polish widow now has her country estate, where she has been spending some months, though unwilling to retire as yet, she has returned and resumed her stall. What a fine provision for herself and family has she secured by five years of determined effort! What proof has she made, that this is the land where all may be rich, who have health, and where they only have it not, are proper objects of charity. We only hope that this honorable Polish widow will not be tempted to throw herself and her farm away upon some lazy loafer.

[Journal of Commerce.]

WONDERS OF CHEMISTRY.—Aqua fortis and the air we breathe are made of the same materials. Linen and sugar, and spirits of wine, are so much alike in their chemical composition, that an old shirt can be converted into its own weight in sugar, and the sugar into spirits of wine. Wine is made of two substances, one of which is the cause of almost all combustion or burning, and the other will burn with more rapidity than any thing in nature. The famous Peruvian bark, so much used to strengthen stomachs, and the poisonous principle of opium are found of the same materials.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

VICTORIA MAGAZINE.

Mr. and Mrs. MOODIE, Editors.

The Editors of the Victoria Magazine will devote all their talents to produce a useful, entertaining, and cheap Periodical, for the Canadian People; which may afford amusement to both old and young. Sketches and Tales, in verse and prose, Moral Essays, Statistics of the Colony, Scraps of Useful Information, Reviews of New Works, and well selected articles from the most popular authors of the day, will form the pages of the Magazine.

The Editors feel confident that the independent country to whose service they are proud to dedicate their talents, will cheerfully lend its support to encourage their arduous and honorable undertaking. The low price at which the Periodical is placed, is in order that every person within the Colony, who can read, and is anxious for moral and mental improvement, may become a subscriber and patron of the work.

The Victoria Magazine will contain twenty four pages in each number, printed on new type, and upon good paper; and will form at the end of the year a neat Volume, of 288 Pages, together with Title Page and Index.

It will be issued Monthly, commencing on the First of September, from the Office of JOSEPH WILSON, Front-street, Belleville—the Publisher and sole Proprietor, to whom all orders for the Magazine, and letters to the Editors must be addressed, (post-paid.)

The terms of subscription—ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM—invariably to be paid in advance.

[Continued from first page.]

Her attachments were strong and enduring, and there was that element of heroism in her soul, that she would unhesitatingly have sacrificed life to the object of her love. It is not to be wondered at that, with such qualities of mind and heart, Karee was deeply impressed with the solemn and imposing superstitions of the Aztec religion. The rites and ceremonies by which they were illustrated and sustained, were well calculated to stir to its very depths, a soul like hers, and give the noblest exercise to her wild imagination. That pompous ritual those terrible orgies, repeated before her eyes almost daily from her infancy, had become blended with the thoughts and associations of her mind, and intimately related to every scene that interested her heart or engaged her fancy. Yet her soul was not enslaved to that dark and dreary superstition. Though accustomed to an awe of veneration of the priesthood, she did not regard them as a superior race of beings, or listen to their words, as if they had been audible voices from heaven. Her spirit shrunk from many of the darker revelations of the established mythology, and openly revolted from some of its inhuman exactions. Its chords hung loosely upon her; and she seemed tally prepared for the freedom of a purer and loftier faith. Her extreme beauty, her bewitching gaiety, and her varied talents, attracted many admirers, and some noble and worthy suitors. But Karee had another destiny to fulfil. She felt herself to be the guardian angel of the ill-fated Tecuichpo, and her love for the prince left no room for any other passion in her heart. She therefore refused all solicitations, and remained the solitary mistress of her floating island.

Karee's departure from the palace, did not in any degree lessen her interest in the welfare of the young princess. She was assiduous in her attention to every thing that could promote her happiness; and seemed to value the flowers she cultivated on her chinampa chiefly as they afforded her the means of daily correspondence with Tecuichpo. She managed her island like a canoe, and moved about from one part of the beautiful lake to another, visiting by turns the cities that glittered on its margin, and sometimes traversing the valleys in search of new flowers, or exploring the ravines and caverns of the mountains for whatever of rare and precious she might chance to find. The chivalry of the Aztecs rendered such adventures perfectly safe, their women being always regarded with the greatest tenderness and respect, and treated with a delicacy seldom surpassed in the most civilized countries of Christendom.

This chivalric sentiment was, not improbably heightened, in the case of Karee, in part by her extreme beauty, and in part by the power of her genius and the brilliancy of her wit. She commanded respect by the force of her intellect, and the purity of her heart; while the uncommon depth and splendor of her imagination, when excited by any favorite theme, and the seemingly inexhaustible fruitfulness of her mental resources, moved her, in the view of the multitude, with something of the dignity, and much of the superstitious charm of a prophetess.

CHAPTER II. YOUTH OF THE PRINCESS—HER EARLY LOVE REVEALED—PROPHETIC ANNOUNCEMENT AND SUDDEN ARRIVAL OF THE SPANIARDS.

Breathe not his noble name even to the winds, Lest they my love reveal.

I have mystical lore, And coming events cast their shadows before.

The childhood of the fair princess passed away without any event of importance, except the occasional recurrence of those dark prophecies which overshadowed her entrance into life. Her father, who had exercised the office of priest before he came to the throne, was thoroughly imbued with the superstitious reverence for astrology, which formed a part of the religion of the Aztecs. To all the predictions of this mystic science he yielded implicit belief, regarding whatever it foreshadowed as the fixed decrees of fate. He was, therefore fully prepared, and always on the look-out, for new revelations to confirm and establish his faith. These were sometimes found in the trivial occurrences of every-day life, and sometimes in the sinister aspect of the heavenly bodies, at peculiar epochs in the life of his daughter. With this superstitious foreboding of evil, the pensive character of the princess harmonized so well, as to afford, to the mind of the too credulous monarch, another unquestionable indication of her destiny. It seemed to be written on her brow, that her life was a doomed one; and each returning year was counted as the last, and entered upon with gloomy forebodings of some terrible catastrophe.

As her life advanced, her charms, both of person and character, matured and increased; and at the age of fourteen, there was not a maiden in all the golden cities of Anahuac, who could compare with Tecuichpo. Her exceeding loveliness was the theme of many a song, and the tone of her beauty and her accomplishments was praised in all the neighboring nations. While yet a child, her hand was eagerly sought by Cacamo, of the royal house of Tezcuco; but, with the true chivalry of an unselfish devotion, his suit was withdrawn, on discovering that her young affections were already engaged to another. The discovery was made in a manner too singular and striking to be suffered to pass unnoticed.

In the course of her wanderings, in the forest, Karee had taken captive a beautiful parrot of the most gorgeous plumage, and the most astonishing capacity. This chatterer, after due training and discipline, she had presented to her favorite princess, among a thousand other tokens of her unchangeable affection. Tecuichpo loved the beau-

tiful minnie, to whom she gave the name of Karee-o-than—the voice of Karee,—and often amused herself with teaching her to repeat the words which she loved best to hear. Without being aware of the publicity she was thus giving to her most treasured thoughts, she entrusted to the talkative bird the secret of her love, by associating with the most endearing epithets, the name of her favored cavalier. While strolling about the magnificent gardens attached to the palace of Montezuma, Cacamo was wont to breathe out, in impassioned song, his love for Tecuichpo, repeating her name, with every expression of passionate regard, which the language afforded. Karee-o-than was often flying about in the gardens, and soliloquizing in the affords, the favorite words of her beautiful mistress, and often attracting the notice of Cacamo.

One evening, as the prince was more than usually eloquent in pouring into the ear of Zephyr the tale of his love, the mimic bird, perched upon a flowering orange tree, had filled the garden with its delicious perfume, repeated the name of his mistress, as often as her lover uttered it, occasionally connecting with the name of Guatimozin, and then adding some endearing epithet, expressive of the most ardent admiration. The prince was first amused, and then vexed, at the frequent repetition of the name of his rival. In vain did he endeavor to make the mischievous bird to substitute his own name for that of Guatimozin. As often as he uttered the name of the princess, the echo in the orange tree gave back 'noble Guatimozin,' or 'sweet Guatimozin,' or some other similar response, which left no doubt on the mind of Cacamo, that the heart of his mistress was pre-occupied, and that the nephew of Montezuma was the favored object of her love. The next day, he bade adieu to Tecuichpo, placed himself at the head of the army of Tezcuco, and plunged into a war then raging with a distant tribe on the west, hoping to bury his disappointment in the exciting scenes of conquest.

Guatimozin was of the royal blood, and, as his after history will show, of a right royal and heroic spirit. From his childhood, he had exhibited an unusual maturity of judgment, coupled with an energy, activity, and fearlessness of spirit, which gave early assurance of a heroism worthy of the supreme command, and an intellectual superiority that might claim succession to the throne. His training was in the court and the camp, and he seemed equally at home and in his element, amid the remotest gardens of the palace, the grave decorations of the royal council, and the mad revelry of the battle-field. His figure was of the most perfect manly proportions, tall, commanding, graceful—his countenance was marked with that peculiar blending of benignity and majesty, which made it unspeakably beautiful and winning to those whom he loved, and terrible to those on whom he frowned. He was mild, humane, generous, considerate, yet stern and heroically just. His country was his idol. For one great passion of his soul, to which all other thoughts and affections were subordinate and tributary, was patriotism. On that altar he had possessed a thousand lives, he would freely have laid them all. Such was the noble prince who had won the heart of Tecuichpo.

Meanwhile, to the anxious eye of her imperial father, the clouds of fate seemed to hang deep and dark over the realm of Anahuac. Long before the prophetic war, which welcomed the lovely Tecuichpo to a life of sorrow, Montezuma had imbibed, from the dark legends of ancient prophecies, and the faint outgivings of his own priestly oracles, a deep and indelible impression that some terrible calamity was impending over the realm, and that he was to be the last of its native monarchs. It was dimly foreshadowed, in these prophetic revelations, that the descendants of a noble and powerful race of men, who had many ages before occupied that beautiful region, and filled it with the works of their genius, but who had been driven out by the cruelty and perfidy of the Toltecs, would return, invested with supernatural power from heaven, to repossess their ancient inheritance. To this leading and long established faith, every dark and doubtful omen contributed its appropriate share of confirmation. To this, every significant event was deemed to have a more or less intimate relation. So that, at this particular epoch, not only the superstitious monarch, and his priestly astrologers, but the whole nation of Aztecs were prepared, as were the ancient Jews at the advent of the Messiah, for great events, though utterly unable to imagine what might be the nature of the expected change.

These gloomy forebodings of coming evil so thoroughly possessed the mind of Montezuma, that the commanding dignity and pride of the monarch gave way before the absorbing anxiety of the man and the father, and, in a manner unnoted him for the duties of the lofty place he had so nobly filled. He yielded, as will be seen in the sequel, not without grief, but without resistance, to the fixed decrees of fate, and awaited the issue, as a victim for the heaven-appointed sacrifice.

It was about fifteen years after the prophetic announcement of the doom of the young princess of the empire, that Montezuma was reclining in his summer saloon, where he had been gloomily brooding over his darkening prospects, till his soul was filled with sadness. His beautiful daughter was with him, striving to cheer his heart with the always welcome music of her songs, and the affectionate expression of a love as pure and deep as ever warmed the heart of a devoted child. She had gone

• One version of this singular prophetic legend represented the expected invaders, as the descendants of the ancient god Quetzalcoatl, who, ages ago, had voluntarily abdicated the throne of Anahuac, and departed to a far country in the East, with a promise to his afflicted people, that his children would ultimately return, and claim their ancient country and crown.

that day into the royal presence to ask a boon for her early and faithful friend, Karee. This lovely and gifted creature, now in the full maturity of all her wonderful powers of mind, and personal attractions, had often been admitted, as a special favorite, into the royal presence, to exhibit her remarkable powers of minstrelsy, and her almost supernatural gifts as an improvisatrice of the wild melodies of Anahuac. Some of her chants were of rare pathos and sublimity, and sometimes she was so carried away with the impassioned vehemence of her inspiration, that she seemed an inspired messenger from the skies, uttering in their language the oracles of the gods. On this occasion, she had requested permission to sing a new chant in the palace, that she might seize the opportunity to breathe a prophetic warning in the ear of the emperor. She had thus dreamed that the dark cloud which had so long hung over that devoted land, had burst in an overwhelming storm, upon the capital, and buried Montezuma and all his house in indiscriminate ruin. She had seen the demon of destruction, in the guise of a snow-white angel, clad in burnished silver, borne on a fiery animal, of great power, and fleet as the wind, having under him a small band of warriors, guarded and mounted like himself, armed with thunderbolts which they hurled at will against all who opposed their progress. She had seen the monarch of Teuochtitlan, with his hosts of armed Mexicans and the tributary armies of Tezcuco, Isacapan, Chalco, and all the cities of that glorious valley, tremble and cower before that little band of invaders, and yield himself without a blow to their hands. She had seen the thousands and tens of thousands of her beloved land fall before this handful of strangers, and melt away, like the mists of the morning before the rising sun. And she had heard a voice from the dark cloud as it broke, saying, solemnly, as the lurid lightning leaped into the heart of the imperial palace, 'The gods help only those who help themselves.'

Food and agitated with the strong influence of this prophetic vision, Karee, who had always regarded herself as the guardian genius of Tecuichpo, now imagined the sphere of her duty greatly enlarged, and deemed herself specially commissioned to save the empire from impending destruction. Waving her vision, and the warning it uttered, into one of her most impassioned chants, and arraying herself as the priestess of nature, she followed Tecuichpo, with a firm step into the royal presence, and, with the boldness and eloquence of a prophetess, warned him of the coming danger, and urged him to arouse from his apathy, unbecoming the monarch of a proud and powerful nation, east of the slavery of his superstitious fears, and prepare to meet, with the power of a man, and the wisdom of a king, whatever evil might come upon him. Rising with the kindling inspiration of her theme, she ventured gently to reproach the awe-stricken monarch with his unmanly fears, and to remind him that on his single will, and the firmness of his soul, hung not only his own destiny but that of wife and children; and more than that, of a whole nation, whose myriads of households looked up to him, as the common father of them all, the heaven-appointed guardian of their lives, liberty and happiness. At length, alarmed at her own energy and boldness, so unbecoming to the proudest noble of the realm, in that royal presence, she bent her knee, and, baring her bosom, she lowered her voice almost to a whisper, and said imploringly—

Strike, monarch! strike, this heart is thine, To live or die for thee;
Strike, but heed this voice of mine
It comes from heaven through me;
It comes to save this blessed land,
It comes thy soul to free
From those dark fears, and bid thee stand
The monarch father of thy land,
That only lives in fact.

Strike, father! if my words too bold
Thy royal ears offend;
The visions of the night are told,
Thy destiny the gods unfold—
Oh! be thy people's friend,
True to thyself, to them, to heaven—
So shall this lowering cloud be riven
And light and peace descend,
To bless this golden realm, and save
Tecuichpo from an early grave.

The vision of the beautiful pythoness had deeply and powerfully affected the soul of Montezuma; and her closing appeal moved him even to tears. Though accustomed to the most obsequious deference from all his subjects, even from the proudest of his nobles, he had listened to every word of Karee with the profoundest attention and interest, as if it had been from the acknowledged oracle of heaven. When she ceased, there was a breathless silence in the hall. The monarch drew his lovely daughter to his bosom in a passionate embrace. Karee remained prostrate, with her face to the ground, her heart throbbing almost audibly with her emotions. Suddenly, a deep long blast from a distant trumpet announced the arrival of a courier at the capital. It was a signal for all the attendants to retire. Tecuichpo tenderly kissing her father, took Karee by the hand, raised her up and led her out, and the monarch was left alone.

In a few moments, the courier arrived and entering, barefoot and veiled, into the royal presence bowed to the very ground, handed a scroll to the king and departed. When Montezuma had unfolded the scroll, he seemed for a moment, as if struck with instant paralysis. Fear, astonishment, dismay, seized his soul. The vision of Karee was already fulfilled. The pictured tablet was the very counterpart of her oracular chant—the literal interpretation of her prophetic vision. It announced the arrival within the realms of Montezuma, of a band of pale faced strangers, clad in burnished

armor, each having at his command a beautiful animal of great power, hitherto unknown in that country, that bore him with the speed of the wind wherever he would go, and seemed, what he was mounted, to be a part of himself. It described their weapons, representing them as having the lightning and thunder at their disposal, which they caused to issue sometimes from dark heavy engines, which they dragged along the ground, and sometimes from smaller ones which they carried in their hands. It delineated, faithfully and skillfully their water houses, or ships, in which they traversed the great waters from a far distant country. The peculiar costume and bearing of their commander, and of his chiefs, were also happily represented in the rich coloring for which the Aztecs were distinguished. Nothing was omitted in their entire array, which could serve to convey to the eye of the emperor a correct and complete impression of the appearance, numbers and power of the strangers. It was all before him, at a glance, a living speaking picture, and told the story of the invasion as graphically and eloquently as if he had been himself a witness of their debarkation, and of their feats of horsemanship. It was all before him, a terrible living reality. The gods whom he worshipped had sent these strangers to fulfil their own irresistible purposes—if, indeed, these were not the gods themselves, in human form.

The mind of Montezuma was overwhelmed. Like Belshazzar, when the divine hand appeared writing his doom on the wall, his soul fainted in him, his knees smote together, and he sat, in blank astonishment, gazing on the picture before him, as if the very tablet possessed a supernatural power of destruction. Paralyzed with the influence of his long indulged fears so singularly and strikingly realized, the monarch sat alone, neither seeking comfort, nor asking counsel of any one, till the hour of the evening repast. The summons aroused him from his reverie; but he regarded it not. He remained alone, in his own private apartments, during the whole night, fasting and sleepless, traversing the marble halls in an agony of agitation.

With the first light of the morning, the shrill notes of the trumpet, reverberating along the shadowy slopes of the cordilleras, announced the approach of another courier from the camp of the strangers. It rung in the ears of the dejected monarch, like an alarm. He woke at once from his stupor, and began to consider what was to be done. The warning of Karee, rushed upon his recollection. Her bold and timely appeal struck him to the heart. He resolved to be once more the monarch, and the father of his people. Uttering an earnest prayer to all his gods, he awaited the arrival of the courier.

Swift of foot as the mountain deer, the messenger were soon heard, measuring with solemn pace, the long corridor of the royal apartments, as one who felt that he was approaching the presence of majesty, and bearing a message of great and with the most important issue to the common weal. Bowing low, with that profound reverence which was rigorously exacted of all who approached the presence of Montezuma, he descended the ground with his right hand, and then bent to the earth, delivered his message, and retired. It was a courier as an ordinary messenger from the strangers, much degraded, requesting that they might be permitted to pass, respects to his imperial majesty, in his own capital. The quick-sighted monarch perceived at once that prudence and policy required that this interview should be prevented.

A council of the wisest and most experienced of the Aztec nobles was immediately called. The opinions of the royal advisers were variously expressed, but all with one accord, agreed that the request of the strangers could not be granted. Some counselled a bold and warlike message, commanding the intruders to depart instantly on pain of the royal displeasure. Some recommended their forcible expulsion by the army of the empire. The more aged and experienced, who had learned how much easier it is to avoid, than to escape, a danger, proposed a more courteous and peaceable reply to the message of the strangers. They deemed it unworthy of a great and powerful monarch, to be angry, when the people of another nation visited his territories, or requested permission to see his capital. To manifest, or feel anything like fear, in such a case, would be a reproach alike upon his courage and his patriotism. So long, therefore as the strangers conducted themselves peaceably, and with becoming deference to the will of the emperor, and the laws of the realm, they should be treated civilly, and hospitably entertained.

To this wise and prudent counsel, the monarch was fully prepared to yield. It was strongly seconded by his superstitious reverence for the heaven-sent strangers, and his mortal dread of their supernatural power. He, therefore, selected the noblest and wisest of his chiefs as ambassadors, to bear his message, which was kindly and courteously expressed; at the same time conveying a firm but respectful refusal to admit the foreigners to an interview in the capital, or to extend to them the protection of the court, after a reasonable time had elapsed for their re-embarkation. This message was accompanied with a magnificent royal present, consisting of the richest and most beautiful suits of apparel for the chief and all his men, with gorgeous capes and robes of feather-work, glittering with jewels—precious stones richly set in gold, and many magnificent ornaments of pure gold.

At the head of this embassy were princes of high estate, and most noble bearing, commanding in person, and of great distinction, both at the court and in the camp. When they arrived near the encampment of the strangers, which was the spot where the city of Vera Cruz now stands, they sent a courier forward, to announce their approach, and prepare for their reception.

[To be continued.]

NEW YORK POLICE REPORT.
PLEASANT NEIGHBORS.

Mrs. Ferrett had a red shawl that was the wonder and glory of the Eighth Ward, and her own particular adoration; but in an unlucky hour she hung the shawl on a line in the yard, for the treble purpose of dislodging the moths, of feasting her own eyes from her back window, and of breaking the envious hearts of her neighbors. We say in an unlucky hour; for oh, horror! while Mrs. Ferrett was yet in the seventh heaven of enjoyment, she was suddenly plunged into the bottomless pit of despair, by the opening of a window in the next room, and the discharge of a whole park of artillery, in the shape of a huge kettle of dirty suds, right over her soul's idol. What Mrs. Ferrett said on the occasion has escaped the records. What she did, was to rush like a house on fire into Mrs. Spratt's apartments, and to seize that lady by the hair of the head, and then the way the Deaf Burke's and Yankee Sullivan's were given and taken, was a thing to make eyes wink and noses tremble; and well indeed might they have done both on the present occasion, for all the eyes and noses engaged in the contest came away covered with laurels; while in addition, half the crockery in the room was smashed to mince meat.

The belligerents were good looking women, notwithstanding their nefarious nasal and optical developments. They were hard at it before the magistrate, when the reporter entered, so that he was only in time for the winding up of the row.

Mrs. Ferret. It cost me twenty dollars and odd shillings. Think of that, your honor!

Mrs. Spratt. It was only a dyed Rob Roy, your honor! But just think of my tea things! To begin, there was my china pot, your honor!

Mrs. Ferrett. Without handle or your honor!

Mrs. Spratt. And my six cups and saucers, your honor!

Mrs. Ferrett. And not a whole one among them, your honor!

Mrs. Spratt. And my soup tureen, your honor!

Mrs. Ferret. With but one end and no bottom, your honor!

Mrs. Spratt. And then my reputation, your honor!

Mrs. Ferret. Which had more flaws and cracks than all the rest, your honor!

Magistrate. Silence! and let me speak.

Mrs. Spratt. Wait, your honor, until I tell her a bit of my mind. Nancy Ferrett, who borrowed the woman's bellows, and wouldn't return it?

Mrs. Ferrett. Sally Spratt, who took my shirts to make, and pawned the linen?

Mrs. Spratt. Well, at all events, I don't paint my cheeks and pencil my eyebrows!

Mrs. Ferrett. If you don't, you drink as much gin a month as would drown a church steeple!

Mrs. Spratt. If I do, I pay for it; and that's more than you do for your paint!

Mrs. Ferrett. If I don't pay for my paint, I live with my own husband, and that's a hint.

Mrs. Spratt. Spotty, I defy you! Decency, your name's Nancy Spratt!

Mrs. Ferrett. The Devil might as well say, Piety, your name's Beelzebub!

Mrs. Spratt. Worse wouldn't better me.

Mrs. Ferrett. Worse couldn't worsen you.

Mrs. Spratt. Your honor, did you ever hear such a tongue?

Magistrate. Never, but yours! But clear out! Here, watchman, hunt these termagants a mile off, and then leave them to the mercy of their own tongues

as their best punishment. And the amazons were forthwith furcibly ejected, and by the last accounts were making Kilkenny cuts of each other in a waste lot.

BIRTH-PLACE OF SHAKESPEARE.

From the London Herald.

On the skirts of the county of Warwick, situated on the low meadowy banks of a river, there is a little quiet country town, boasting nothing to attract the attention of the traveler but a fine church and one or two antique buildings, with elaborately carved fronts of wood or stone, in the peaceful streets. There would seem to be little traffic in that place; and the passing traveler, ignorant of the locality, would scarcely cast a second look out of his carriage window. But whisper its name into his ear, and hand in hand with his ignorance his apathy will straightway depart! He will order his horse to be stopped. He will descend from his carriage. He will explore these quiet streets. He will enter more than one of the houses in that quiet little town. He will visit that old church; he will pause reverentially before its monuments. He will carry away with him some notes—perhaps some sketches; and remember what he felt that day to the very close of his life. Indeed, you will seldom fail to see, even in that quiet little town, small groups of people on whose faces and in whose demeanor you will recognize the stranger-stamp. There is something to see in those unfrequented streets, and they have come a long way to see it. What wonder? The town is Stratford-on-Avon! It is the birth-place and the burial-place of William Shakespeare. It is with the former we have to do. There is a humble tenement, not long ago a butcher's shop, in one of the streets of Stratford, over the door of which is a board bearing the inscription—"The Immortal Shakespeare was born in this house." The upper room, which is said to have witnessed the nativity of the poet, is invested with an interest peculiarly its own. The surface of the walls is one great sheet of autographs; including many of the most renowned of modern names; so densely packed together that not a vestige of the original tement of the wall can be seen. Of all the heart-stirring relics which this old country boasts, there is not one so deeply interesting as this; there is not one which we would less willingly suffer to disappear; there is not one in the removal of which by the sacrilegious hand of modern avarice or utilitarianism would inflict a more lasting reproach upon the nation; and yet, the house is to be sold by auction; and may be carried away piecemeal and cut into tobacco-stoppers! The property is now in the possession of a family which cannot longer retain it among themselves; and it is therefore to be thrown into the market. The sale, we understand will take place at the end of some two months from the present time. Among the parties named as the probable purchasers of the hollowed edifice is the corporation of Stratford. But this body is not, we are informed, prepared, perhaps not in a position to exceed a certain outlay; and may therefore fail to grasp the prize. The sum which the property is expected to realize is between two and three thousand pounds. There are, it is stated, American "speculators" in the field, who are willing to go as far as the latter sum; but on this point we have no specific information. The property, however, will go to the highest bidder. An American may carry it off bodily, set it on wheels as a perambulating raree-show, and take the tour of the United States. A Frenchman may purchase the abode of the 'immortal William,' pull it down, and make it into snuff-boxes. A Dutchman may cut it into pipes. A Chinaman into card cases.

LAUGHABLE PRACTICAL JOKE,
AT SARATOGA SPRINGS.

How Herr Alexander offered to put a Man in a Quart Bottle!

The Spirit of the Times contains a letter from Saratoga Springs, which details a funny joke put upon a green horn by the Magician, Alexander. It appears that Alexander, to amuse his neighbors at the table, is in the habit of playing some trifling tricks, such as making their bread disappear, swallowing his knife and fork, squeezing wine out of an old half-smoked cigar, &c., which so astonished a young man at his side that he became a little alarmed. The Magician told him that those tricks were nothing, and that if he would make it an object, he would bet him that he could put him, skin and bones, into a pint bottle!—The young man opened his mouth and eyes simultaneously, said—"Without hurting me, or cutting me up?" "Yes," says Alexander. At which an older man opposite said that he didn't believe he could do it, and would bet him five dollars on it. "Done," says Alexander, "and after dinner I will undertake it."

You must know that Herr owed this person a grudge for having called him a humbug, and now was his opportunity for repaying him. Consequently, dinner being over, he informed me of his plan, and requested my assistance, as well as that of a doctor and lawyer, in case their services should be required.

These latter were soon found, and with three other friends of the Magician's, we proceeded to the stable which had been procured for the purpose, and there shut ourselves in, waiting for the appearance of our subject, who, alas! could not be found. One of the party suggested that the gentleman himself, (whom we shall call Mr. Verdant,) who doubted Alexander's ability to do the thing, should take his place—who consenting, an objection was made by one of Alexander's friends, that the gentleman was much larger than the one on whom the bet was made, and he would not consent; at which the lawyer proposed that a quart bottle be substituted for a pint bottle—to which all agreeing and the terms of the bet being duly recorded and signed by both parties, the Conjuror commenced his preparations by ordering a quart bottle, hammer, pair of pincers, and a charcoal furnace.

At the sound of this order, if you could have seen the expression of the victim's face, you would have died with laughter, whereas we were nearly expiring from being obliged to suppress all risibility, as the operator said he could do nothing without there was a perfect stillness. The instruments being procured, the next order was for the gentleman to take off his coat, then his vest, cravat, pantaloons, and boots; but when he was requested to take off his last remaining garment, he hesitated, and I thought "smelt a rat." However, saying that he was in for it, and would go through with it at all hazards, finally stripped to the buff. Here was a scene for a Hogarth, could I but give you an idea of it. Picture in your imagination a stable, large, damp, and dismal, lighted only from the crevices of the doors and windows, which were closed for the sake of privacy, in the centre of which is seated on a stool a figure clad as when first ushered into this breathing world, with a quart bottle before him, on which his eyes occasionally rest when he can take them from the operator. In front of this bottle the Magician is walking to and fro, with the huge pincers in his hand, muttering to himself some incantations, while we form as it were the magic circle around them. An hostler is holding one door, being minus a bar, while a stable boy is looking through

an expression of Mr. Verdant's face, as he follows with his eyes the conjuror, glancing from him to the bottle, and then to the pincers, which look formidable enough in the hands of a man whom you are conscious owes you a grudge, and you may then have a slight idea of the scene I then witnessed.

The subject at last began to get impatient and shake a little from cold or fear, and asked his persecutor how long he intended to keep him there?

"Read the bet," says Mr. Alexander to the lawyer.

Reads—"I, Herr Alexander, agree to put Mr. Verdant into a quart bottle, skin and bones, or forfeit \$5."

"Is that correct, Mr. Verdant?"

"It is," replied the victim.

"Well, then, as the time is not specified, it will keep me at least one hour and forty-five minutes, and as I have not performed the operation for the last two years, it will require that time to compose my mind and arrange my accessories."

At this announcement, up jumps the naked figure like a shot, saying that he'll be d—d if he runs the risk of catching his death of cold for \$5 or 500, and forthwith proceeds to dress himself.

At this we could contain ourselves no longer, and some of the party roared, while the lawyer and doctor tried to compromise the matter and get the Magician to perform it within half an hour. But no use; he said it was impossible, and called upon the umpires to decide who had won. They, like modern Solomon, gave a most righteous decision, viz: that in consideration of the delicate constitution of the subject, his health might have been seriously injured by the exposure, he was somewhat justified in not submitting further; but not sufficiently to annul the bet; and as the other party had not accomplished what he agreed to do, we conscientiously think and hereby recommend that the money in the hands of the stakeholder should be appropriated for champagne, to be drunk this evening at 10 o'clock by all present. To which of course, we all consented, the Magician and his subject shaking hands as token of agreement.

Thus ended the most laughable and ludicrous practical joke it was ever my fortune to witness.

"HERE'S YOUR GOOD HEALTH."

How common a thing it is to see young men standing up at the bar of a rum-hole, their hands grasping a glass of poison, and bobbing their heads to each other like a gang of silly geese, and with "Here's to your good health," swallowing that which steals their own. Just look at the poor wretches! look at their bleared eyes, their swollen features, in which incipient drunkenness is already tracing the lines of his future empire, and hanging out his signals of success.

"Here's your good health." Young man you are a fool! You are ruining your own and your friend's health in your silly and wicked mockery of professing friendship. You are laying the foundation of an appetite that will drag you down in the prime of life to the lowest degradation of which human nature is capable.

"Here's your good health." What would you think of the intellect of the poor slave who, manacled, and scourged and trodden upon, should seize the cup, and with looks of satisfaction, smile upon his fellow slave and toss off a bumper to 'Liberty'?

Johann's van Achillidenhovenovencanuef That's only a specimen.

Valuable Receipts.

TO CLEAN PAPER HANGINGS.—Cut into eight half quarters a stale quatern loaf; with one of these pieces, after having blown off all the dust from the paper to be cleaned by means of a good pair of bellows, begin at the top of the room, holding the crust in the hand, and wiping lightly downward with the crust, about half a yard at each stroke, till the upper part of the wall is completely cleared all around; then go again round with the like sweeping stroke downward, always commencing each successive course with a line higher than the upper stroke had extended, till the bottom be finished. This operation, if carefully performed, will frequently make very old paper look almost equal to new. Great caution must be used not by any means to rub the paper hard, nor to attempt cleaning it the cross or horizontal way. The dirty part of the bread too must be each time cut away, and the pieces renewed as soon as at all necessary.

TO TAKE A COPY OF PRINT OR DRAWING.—Take a sheet of the most white paper, wet it over with clean linseed oil on one side, and wipe the oil off clean; then let it dry, otherwise it will spoil a printed picture by the soaking through of the oil. Having thus prepared the paper, lay it on any printed or painted picture and it may be seen perfectly through; then with a black-lead pencil copy with ease any picture on the oiled paper, then put it upon a sheet of clean white paper, and with a little pointed tracer or burnisher, go over the strokes drawn upon the oiled paper, and the same will be very neatly and exactly drawn upon the white paper.

TO TAKE INK OUT OF LINEN.—Take a piece of moud candle (or common candle will do nearly as well) melt it, and dip the spotted part of the linen into the melted tallow. It may then be washed, or sent afterwards to the laundress, and the spots will be washed clean away, without injuring the linen. This is the best method hitherto discovered.

TO TAKE THE STAINS OF INK, &c., OR IRON-MOULD, OUT OF LINEN.—First soak the iron-moulds, &c., well, next heat a flat iron moderately hot, then lay a clean thin cloth over the face of the iron; next lay on this the iron-mould, and rub it with a peeled lemon dipped in common salt, till the spots disappear, which will soon be. This is the best and safest way to extract them.

TO TAKE MILDEW OUT OF LINEN.—Rub it well with soap; then scrape some fine chalk, and rub that also in the linen, lay it on the grass, as it dries, wet it a little, and it will come out after twice doing.

TO EXTINGUISH FIRE IN CHIMNEYS.—Put a wet blanket over the whole front of the fire-place, which soon stops the current of air, and extinguishes the flame.

CURIOUS RESULT OF INJURY OF THE BRAIN.—There are instances, says Mr. Green in his lectures at Kings' College, as reported in the Medical and Surgical Journal, where a whole class of words, nay a language, was completely obliterated from a man's memory. I remember seeing a patient in St. Thomas' Hospital who had an injury on the head. During his illness he began suddenly to speak in a language which nobody in the ward could understand; very fortunately in one of the most volatile moments of this patient, the milkman of the hospital was passing through the ward and listening to the sick man, who instantly recognized the Welsh language. A freer communication immediately took place between the parties, and it appeared, according to the account delivered by the milkman, that the patient understood and spoke English very well, but that in consequence of the accident, that language had been fairly knocked out of his head.

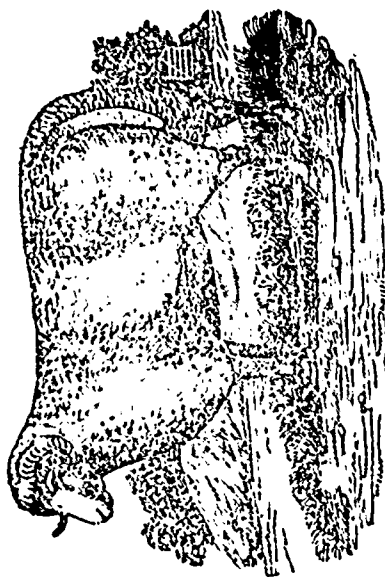
The Amber Witch.

The almost entire unanimity of the Press in praise of this little book, is quite sufficient, without any display of ours in the way of an advertisement; for, from the Quarterlies down to the Dailies, all speak in the highest commendation of the work. It was first introduced to the English reader by the Quarterly Review, which compares this exquisite work to De Foe's; and it is impossible to imagine anything in fiction more absolutely truthful.

I have a beautiful printed edition. Price, only One Shilling and ten pence halfpenny.

At the Victoria Bookstore, Front-st., Belleville.

J. WILSON, Publisher.



Merino or Spanish Sheep.

The Merinos were at one time in great request, in various countries, from a supposition that they would speedily supplant other breeds; but this has never been the case, as the animal soon degenerates when out of Spain, and is only valuable so far as giving rise to varieties, which are equal, if not superior to itself. Large profits were at first expected from their wool, but these were reduced to a trifle when the loss of weight, and fineness in the carcass, were taken into account. Mr. Rose, of Melton Mowbray, put a certain number of Leicester ewes to a ram of the same breed, and an equal number to a merino ram. The result was, that the Leicester fleece weighed 7 lbs. and the one from the cross with the merino, 8 lbs.; and that the former brought in the market 1s. per lb., and the latter 1s. 6d., being a gain of 5s. on the fleece. The carcass of the former, however, weighed 27 lbs. per quarter, and the latter only 25 lbs., being a loss of 5 lbs. on the mutton. Much advantage may, however, be expected from our crosses with the Saxon merino, which is in every respect well suited to our notions of a fine animal, as it yields a good wool, and is little inferior in carcass to some of our best breeds.

[Blacklock's Treatise.]

A QUICK MODE OF COOKING TOMATOES.—Boil the tomatoes a quarter of an hour, with milk sufficient to cover them; add while boiling, a little batter made of water and wheat flour, and season the dish according to your taste. The advantages of this mode over those usually practiced are, that the tomatoes are rich, though less acid, and are much sooner cooked.

There is a man in this place who is so tall that he is obliged to stoop whenever he passes the Telegraph wires.

Cheap Publications.

HEADLONG HALL AND NIGHTMARE ABBEY. Price, One Shilling and ten pence halfpenny.

THE ENGLISH COMIC WRITERS, by William Hazlitt. Price, Two Shillings and six pence.

TABLE TALK, by William Hazlitt. Price, One Shilling and ten pence halfpenny.

BUBBLES FROM THE BRUNNEN, by Sir Francis Bond Head. Price, Two Shillings and six pence.

ENVENUTO CIELLINI, by Roscoe. Price, Two Shillings and six pence.

All the above are from Wiley & Putnam's Library of Choice Reading and Foreign Library. That, together with the Authors' names, is quite sufficient to recommend them to the public.

For sale at the Victoria Bookstore, by J. WILSON, Publisher, Front-st., Belleville.

THE GOOD WIFE.—How much of this world's happiness and prosperity is contained in the compass of these two short words! Her influence is immense. The power of a wife, for good or evil, is altogether irresistible. Home must be the seat of happiness, or it must be forever unknown. A good wife is to a man wisdom, and courage, and strength, and hope, and endurance; a bad one is confusion, weakness, discomfiture and despair. No condition is hopeless when the wife possesses firmness, decision, energy and economy. There is no outward prosperity which can counteract indolence, folly, and extravagance at home. No spirit can long resist bad domestic influence. Man is strong, but his heart is not adamant. He delights in enterprise and action; but to sustain him, he needs a tranquil mind and a whole heart. He expands his whole moral force in the conflicts of the world. His feelings areacerated to the utmost point of endurance by perpetual collisions and disappointment. To recover his equanimity and composure, home must be to him a place of repose, of peace, of cheerfulness, of comfort; and his soul renews its strength, and again goes forth with fresh vigor to encounter the labor and troubles of the world. But if at home he finds no rest, and there is met with bad temper, sullenness, or gloom, or is assailed by discontent, complaint, and reproaches, the heart breaks, the spirits are crushed, hope vanishes, and the man sinks into total despair.

HOW TO MAKE CLOUTED CREAM.—Devonshire is celebrated for a delicacy prepared from the milk, well known as clouted cream. In order to obtain this, the milk is suffered to stand in a vessel for twenty-four hours; it is then placed over a stove or slow fire, and very gradually heated to an almost simmering state below the boiling point. When this is accomplished (the first bubble having appeared) the milk is removed from the fire, and allowed to stand twenty-four hours more. At the end of this time the cream will have risen to the surface in a thick or clouted state, and is removed; in this state it is eaten as a luxury; but it is often converted into butter, which is done by stirring it briskly with the hand or a stick. The butter thus made, though more in quantity, is not equal in quality to that procured from the cream which has risen slowly and spontaneously; and in the largest and best dairies in the vale of Honiton, the cream is never clouted, except when intended for the table in that state. [Knight's Far. Lib.]

Four gentlemen recently made an ascent in a balloon from Vauxhall Gardens in the night time, and narrowly escaped death. A dreadful thunder storm came up, and they came down, the balloon having been shattered by lightning. They landed in Pinlloe road, but luckily were uninjured. The storm was most terrific, and continued the best part of the night. A number of houses near the Greenwich Hospital were struck and consumed. A house in Paulin street was also destroyed. On the Surry side of the water the electric fluid did almost incalculable damage tearing houses to pieces, and killing, as well as severely injuring, pedestrians. The policemen suffered dreadfully, and several are presumed to be crippled for life. In Broad street, a Mrs. Flynn was knocked from her husband's arm, and instantly killed, while he escaped without a mark. It was a most violent storm, and quite equal to any American demonstration of the kind ever heard of.

A RIDDLE.

Deem me not powerless, though I small appear;
I have worked wonders in my narrow sphere;
Wielded by gentle hands, more victories won
Than war-like beauty or life-destroying gun:
To youth and beauty I impart new charms—
A woman's safest, and her only arms. [M.]

The following are extracts from the ode, written by Wordsworth, the Poet Laureate, on the occasion of the installation of Prince Albert as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge:

INTRODUCTION AND CHORUS.

For thirst of power, that heaven draws—
For temples, towers, and throne—
Too long insulted by the spoiler's shock,
Indignant Europe east
Her stormy foe at last,
To reap the whirlwind on a Libyan rock.

CHORUS.

This day, when Granta hails her chosen lord,
And proud of her award,
Conquering in that star serene,
Welcomes the Consort of a happy Queen.

AIR—CONTRALTO.

Prince, in these collegiate bowers,
Where science, leagued with holier truth,
Guards the sacred heart of youth,
Solemn monitors are ours.
These reverend aisles, these hallowed towers,
Raised by many a hand august,
Are haunted by majestic powers,
The memories of the wise and just,
Who, faithful to a pious trust,
Here is the founder's spirit sought
To mould and stamp the ore of thought
In that bold form and impress high
That best betokens patriot loyalty.
Not in vain those sages taught—
True disciples, good as great
Have pondered here their country's weal,
Weighed the future by the past,
Learnt how social frames may fast,
And how a laud may rule its fate
By constancy inviolate:
Though worlds to their foundation reel,
The sport of factions hate or godless zeal.

AIR—BASS.

Albert, in thy race we cherish
A nation's strength that will not perish;
While England's scepter'd line
True to the King of Kings is found;
Like that Wise ancestor of thine
Whi threw the Saxon shield o'er Luther's life,
When first above the yells of bigot strife
The trumpet of the Living Word
Assumed a voice of deep portentous sound,
From gladdened Elbe to startled Tiber heard.

CHORUS

What shield more sublime
E'er was blazoned or sung?
And the Prince whom we greet
From its hero is sprung.
Resound, resound the strain
That hails him for our own!
Again, again and yet again;
For the Church, the State, the Throne!
And that presence fair and bright,
Ever blest wherever seen,
Who deigns to grace our festal rite,
The pride of the Islands: Victoria the Queen!

THE MUSQUETO.

From the Genesee Olio, (Rochester, N. Y.)

Who is the Musqueto,
And where does he live,
And what sort of a fellow is he?
Why, he's half alligator,
And springs from the water,
And flies like a bird, as you see.

The Musqueto's a warrior,
And he's a marauder,
A dangerous fellow is he;
He comes with his trumpet,
He comes with his dagger,
And he's hostile to you and to me.

He is very courageous,
And sometimes outrageous,
He will beard the King on his throne;
He comes in the evening,
As well as the morning,
And dares to attack you alone.

He fears not your anger,
He does not know danger,
All he cares for is war and melee;
His war song is dreadful,
'T will startle a bed full,
For a blood-thirsty villain is he.

The Musqueto a thief is,
My certain belief is,
For he comes in the midnight hour;
And while sweetly you are dreaming,
He comes along screaming,
Your heart's blood to steal and devour.

And when you would slumber,
His voice comes like thunder,
And more fearful, I venture to say;
For though you are weary,
His voice soundeth near ye,
And filleteth your soul with dismay.

The Musqueto's an Arab,
With a phiz grim and bad,
And his figure is gaunted and thin;
And his bill is against
Every decent man's hand,
And every man's hand against him.