

FAREWELL AND WELCOME.

Go, winter, go!
Thy frozen locks and tresses white,
And looks that kindle not delight,
And breaths that chill the young hearts' glow,
And frowns that make the tear-drop start,
No bliss, no pleasure can impart,
Go, winter, go!

Come, summer, come!
With genial skies and budding flowers,
And balmy gales and fragrant showers,
And smiles that clothe the earth in flowers—
Come, with thy bright and fairy band,
And scatter gladness o'er the land!
Come, summer, come!

A DOG STORY.

My eldest son was crossing the fields in the country, some distance from any dwelling, when he was pursued by a large and fierce dog, belonging to a gentleman whose land he was crossing. He struck into a piece of woods, and the dog gained upon him; when he looked round to see how near the creature was, and, stumbling over a stone, pitched off a precipice, and broke his leg. Unable to move, and at the mercy of the beast, the poor fellow saw the dog coming down upon him, and expected to be seized and torn; when, to his surprise, the dog came near, and, perceiving that the boy was hurt, instantly wheeled about, and went off for that aid which he could not render himself. There was no one within reach of the child's voice; and he must have perished there, or have dragged his broken limb along, and destroyed it, so as to render amputation necessary, if the dog had not brought him help. He held up his leg, and it hung at a right-angle, showing him plainly the nature of his misfortune, and the necessity of lying still. The dog went off to the nearest house, and barked for help. Unable to arrest attention, he made another visit of sympathy to the boy, and then ran off to the house, there making such demonstrations of anxiety, that the family followed him to the place where the child lay. Now observe that this dog was pursuing the child as an enemy; but, the moment he saw his enemy prostrate and in distress, his rage was turned to pity, and he flew to his relief. Here was true feeling, and the course he pursued showed good judgment. He was a dog of heart and head. Very few men, not all Christians, help their enemies when they are down. Some do not help their friends when they fall. This dog was better than many men who claim to be good men. I do not say that he reasoned in this matter; but there is something in his conduct on this occasion that looks so much like the right kind of feeling and action, that I think it deserves to be recorded to his credit. As few dogs will read the record, I commend the example to all mankind for their imitation.

DEAF AS A POST.

Maria Theresa had often expressed a desire to see Madame Bantru, wife of the celebrated wit of that name, but without effect. One day she told Bantru that she was resolved to see her. Bantru, finding that he could no longer avoid complying, said he would introduce her after dinner.

"But it is fit," said he, a droll thought entering his mind, "that I inform you that my wife has the misfortune to be deaf, inasmuch that those who address her are obliged to shout with all their force."

"Indeed!" said the queen. "Well, well, I shall be careful."

Away went Bantru to inform his wife that the queen insisted upon seeing her, at the same time intimating that her majesty was exceedingly deaf, and that she must talk very loud.

In the evening he escorted her to the Louvre. The queen no sooner saw her than she began talking in her highest key; and Madame Bantru likewise commenced, if possible, an octave higher. The king and some of his courtiers, who had been let into the secret, laughed to their hearts' content. At length the queen, perceiving the joke, said to Madame Bantru,—

"Prithee, tell me, madame, did not Bantru lead you to image that I was deaf?"

"Yes, your majesty,—deaf as a post."

"Ah! the rogue," continued the queen: "he told me the very same thing of you."

HOW MEN SHOULD TREAT WOMEN.

A Persian poet gives the following instruction upon this important subject: "When thou art married, seek to please thy wife; but listen not to all she says. From man's right side a rib was taken to form the woman, and never was there seen a rib quite straight. And wouldst thou straighten it? It breaks, but bends not. Since, then, 'tis plain that crooked is woman's temper, forgive her faults, and blame her not; nor let her anger thee, nor coercion use, as all is vain to straighten what is curved."

WORLD-MAKING.

There is nothing to distinguish our sun from the multitudinous stars which shine in the firmament. Astronomers readily admit that the sun is a star of middling magnitude, emitting light which is nearly white, with a very slightly marked character of periodical variability. We are therefore in the presence of a phenomenon which is undoubtedly of great importance to us, but which is at the same time extremely common in the steller universe. Starting, therefore, with the simplest and most general idea, and the one most applicable to the aggregate of stars, we have the successive union of matter in vast masses, under the empire of attraction, out of the materials primitively disseminated throughout space.

The star is in the state of a nebula; but at length a cooling takes place at the surface; the disunited elements gradually acquire the power of approaching each other, and chemical affinities are developed. The particles thus formed, acted on by gravity, will descend towards the lower strata, where, meeting with the temperature of dissociating, they will be sent up again as masses of gas. There are thus produced vertical movements of reciprocal exchange, which incessantly renew the emission of heat and light. At the outer circumference will be formed the apparent limit of the sun. The vertical currents which agitate the mass easily explain the appearances of the spots. Wherever the ascending currents find an outlet, they open a sort of vista into the interior, which appears to the eye comparatively black, in consequence of its lower radiating power. Father Secchi ascertained, by means of thermo-electric measurements, that the central portion of the spots on the sun is less hot than the superficial region.

It would appear then that a star passes through several perfectly distinct phases. The first is the nebulous condition, in which our sun no longer remains. In the second phase, the outer strata are sufficiently cool to allow the play of certain molecular affinities to be possible. There is then formed a sort of superficial laboratory, which determines the apparent outline of the star. The emission of light and heat is considerable, and is maintained at the expense of the entire mass by the action of ascending and descending currents which are established between the deep strata and the surface. This phase lasts for an immense lapse of time, and presents great fixity in its phenomena. Our sun is now passing through this very phase. The vertical currents in his mass suffice to account for every appearance hitherto observed.

The third phase arrives when, in consequence of cooling, the vertical movements begin to slacken; when, the entire mass gradually contracting, the luminous surface little by little acquires a liquid, a pasty, and finally a solid consistence. From this condition, the sun is still far distant. By continued cooling, at last come the phenomena of definite extinction. Although the interior may be incandescent, the exterior is covered with an opaque, cool, and habitable crust. This is the geological phase.

Examples are recorded in history. The seventh star of the Pleiades, after languishing for centuries, went out at the fall of Troy. Hevelius, celebrated German astronomer, mentions five stars whose expiring rays he had the glory and sorrow to catch in his telescope. Herschel, after ascertaining the disappearance of a notable number of stars, by the comparison of ancient with recent catalogues, had also the honor of being present at a star's last moments, and of registering its decease. It was the fiftieth of Hercules. For some time past he had observed it growing paler; it then turned red; and after flickering some dozen years, it yielded up its flame, and disappeared forever in the shades of night. The 24th of March, 1791, was the date on which the great astronomer entered this remarkable phenomenon in his journal.

The earth and the moon, we are told, offer examples of this successive evolution. Evidently, the earth was once a veritable sun for the moon. The moon, whose mass is very much smaller, was naturally the first to cool. Then the earth, in her turn, after passing through the very same phases as our actual sun, at last acquired a crust and became entirely solid at the surface. After a fresh considerable lapse of time, organic life became manifested. The same transitions have been passed through by the moon, only much more rapidly.

It is probable that life was developed in the moon when it had scarcely yet appeared on earth. We are informed that the moon represents the earth's future, the sun her past. We are behind-hand with our satellite, and very much in advance of our sun. And thus, worlds have their distinct ages and their corresponding conditions of life. Each star passes through its successive transformations in the eternal harmony of the universe.

A VILLAGE OF HOURS.

A traveller in India gives the following interesting account of a remarkable community of women visited by him:

During the time we remained at Goa, we made an excursion along the coast to the neighboring village of Seroda, inhabited by a remarkable race of women, who are celebrated throughout the western parts of India for their great beauty and unusually fair complexion. They are Hindoos of the Conkany caste, but differ in many respects from any other tribe. They are not allowed to marry, nor are any men, except the priests belonging to the pagodas—of which there are several in the village—allowed to reside within its precincts. They are, however, encouraged to become mothers, and they are very particular in selecting fathers, likely from their appearance to perpetuate in their children the fair complexion and classic features for which they themselves are so justly celebrated.

I was not able to learn how the male children are disposed of, but I believe they are dedicated to the temples, and become priests; while the females, or perhaps only the finer specimens, for all the children we saw were strikingly handsome, are reared with the utmost care, to sustain the character of this village of the Houris.

Their origin is shrouded in mystery; but tradition says they are sprung from an ancient sisterhood of Portuguese nuns. A strange origin enough, if the tale be true. They never leave their native village—which they appear to think the most delightful spot on earth—and have a superstitious belief that if they were to ascend above the Ghauts they would immediately die.

On landing near the village we pitched our tents on the beach, and, in accordance with the etiquette of the place, we dispatched a messenger to announce our arrival. We were soon after waited upon by a deputation of smiling nymphs, who, in the most graceful manner, expressed their thanks for the honor we had done them, and informed us they were charged with a message from the matron of the village requesting the pleasure of our company in the evening to witness a "match;" and after throwing a garland of flowers around each of our necks, they returned to the village.

I was much struck with the grace and beauty of those young creatures. They were nearly as fair as Europeans, with beautifully regular features; and their deep-blue melting eyes, covered with long, silken eye-lashes, were perfectly bewitching. It was that peculiar eye—rare even in Europe, and unknown in any other part of India—which Byron so beautifully describes as

The Asiatic eye,

Dark as above us is the sky;
But through it steals a tender light,
Like the first moonrise of midnight,
Large, dark, and swimming in the stream,
Which seems to melt in its own gleam;
All love, half languor, and half fire.

Their figures were more stately, and their limbs fuller and better rounded, than those of Indian females generally are; and their peculiar dress—a flowing robe confined round the waist by a silver zone, and looped up on one side so as to expose the leg a little above the knee—closely resembled the drapery of an ancient Greek statue. Their hair, simply braided, was entwined with wreaths of jessamine, and secured behind with a gold bodkin. And the general effect of their charms was not a little heightened by the unaffected sweetness and simple modesty of their demeanor; for, notwithstanding their strange customs—shocking to our ideas of propriety, but considered perfectly proper by them—the poor things retain all the native modesty of their sex, and are not by any means meretricious in their behavior.

In the cool of the evening we proceeded to the village, on the outskirts of which we were met by another deputation of the fair inhabitants, and conducted to the house of the head matron.

The village is beautifully situated in a grove of orange, citron and palm trees, through which the soft sea-breeze comes laden with perfume; a beautiful salt water lagoon, wooded to the edge, sweeps by in front of it; and in the background the deep-blue mountains appear to form a barrier between this enchanting spot and the remainder of the world.

We were received with great ceremony by the matron, and all the beauties of the village, in a large, open apartment, where we were sprinkled with rose-water and regaled with tea. We then seated ourselves around the room to witness the performance of some "naucht-girls" belonging to the temple; and departed at a late hour, after distributing some little presents, such as embroidered slippers, bangles, &c., among the fairest of our entertainers, and taking a sketch of a beautiful creature named Biaca.

THE PAINTER AND THE POET.

Joshua Reynolds was apprenticed to Hudson, the portrait painter, and while with him the happy boy met with an unexpected delight. He was sent one day to make a purchase for his master at a sale of pictures. The auction room was crowded, and he was at the upper end of it, next to the auctioneer. There was a bustle near the door, and he presently heard, "Mr. Pope, Mr. Pope," whispered through the room. The crowd opened a passage for the poet, and the hands of all were held out to touch him as he passed along, bowing to the company on either side. Reynolds, though not in the front row, put forth his hand under the arm of a person who stood before him, and the hand that had penned the "Rape of the Lock" was shaken by that which was to immortalize on canvas the Belindas of the coming age, as well as all Pope's successors in genius.

In relating this incident to Malone, in after life, Reynolds described Pope as "about four feet six inches high, very hump-backed, and deformed. He wore a black coat, and, according to the fashion of that time, had on a little sword. He had a large and very fine eye, and a long, handsome nose; his mouth had those peculiar marks which are always found in the mouths of crooked persons, and the muscles which ran across the cheek were so strongly marked that they seemed like strong cords."

Long after this occurrence, Reynolds possessed himself of the fan that Pope presented to Martha Blount, and on which the poet had painted a design of his own, from the story of Cephalus and Procris, with the motto of "Aura Veni." On being asked his opinion of it, Reynolds said it was such as might be expected from one who painted for his amusement alone—like the performance of a child. This must always be the case where the work is only taken up for idleness and laid aside when it ceases to amuse. But those who are determined to excel must go to their work whether willing or unwilling, morning, noon, and night; and they will find it no play, but, on the contrary, very hard labor.

WHITE LIES.

"How do you do, Mrs. Jones? I am glad to see you." Now here is a white lie at the very beginning of things; and yet what else can I say, and what harm have I done? and yet again, lie as it is, I contend that it is absolutely necessary, and even an act of virtue into the bargain. I certainly am not glad to see Mrs. Jones. I have no dislike to her, and perhaps I rather like her than not, and it may be that I distinctly respect her and think highly of her moral qualities; but glad to see her! when she has come just at the most awkward time she could have chosen—only cold mutton for dinner and not enough of that, Emma gone a visiting, and only that dirty slatternly Jane left to wait and do all the work, baby fractious with his teeth and will not go to the new nurse, and I with a headache that almost distracts me. And Mrs. Jones has a shrill metallic voice, not unlike the rasping of a file or the setting of a saw. But can I, ought I, to tell her that she is a nuisance, and that I am anything but glad to see her? In strict truth, I am telling a lie if a white one, when I welcome her and bid her be seated and take off her bonnet; but it seems to me the only thing left me to do, and I can see no outlet any where else. If she says—shrieking out her words more like a poll-parrot than a human being—"Am I in your way, my dear?" truth would bid me answer, "Abominably so;" but good-breeding and Christian charity—and, let me tell you, Christian charity is the best breeding we have—crisp my lips into the proper smile, and toll from off my tongue like beads upon a string the conventional words, "Not at all, dear Mrs. Jones. I am very glad to see you, if you can put up with things a little uncomfortable and out of order." If I were to say, "Yes, you are in my way, and I shall be obliged to you if you will go," I think I should be doing a great wrong. Mrs. Jones has come very many miles to see me: she lives at Watford and I live at Bayswater; she has had nothing to eat since her eight o'clock breakfast and it is now one; but if I were to tell her, though never so mildly, that she was a nuisance, and an encumbrance, and decidedly on my back as the French say, she would take huff as surely as straw catches fire, and about as quickly, and be off again at a moment's notice, unrested, unrefreshed, and my enemy for life. I look upon my white lie as simple self-sacrifice and discipline, and I should regard the truth as a bit of rather coarse and uncharitable selfishness.

—HOW LIARS ARE PUNISHED.—In Turkey, where a man is convicted of telling a lie, his house is painted black, to remain so for a month. If there was such a law in force in this country, what a sombre and gloomy aspect some of our cities would present.