

one day in that lady's company. After dinner Mrs. Fitzherbert said, 'By the bye, Mr. Fox, I had almost forgotten to ask you, what you *did* say about me in the House of Commons the other night? The news-papers misrepresent so very strangely, that one cannot depend on them. You were made to say that the Prince authorised him to deny his marriage with me!'—the Prince made imonitory grimaces at Fox, and immediately said, 'Upon my honour, my dear, I never authorised him to deny it.'—'Upon my honour, sir, you *did*,' said Fox, rising from the table; 'I had always thought your father the greatest liar in England, but I now see you are.' Fox would not associate with the Prince for some years, until one day he walked in, unannounced, and found Fox at dinner. Fox rose as the Prince entered, and said that he had but one course consistent with his hospitable duty as an English gentleman, and that was to admit him.—*Dawn's O'Connell.*

LANDSCAPE.

The moisten'd lowlands, delicately clear;
Through the thin haze and morning gleam appear;
On the smooth herbage cattle graze or sleep,
The neatherds by the rushy streamlet keep
Their quiet watch, until the day expire,
And slanting sunbeams gild the village spire.

"On the night before the battle of the Plains, the young English General passed close to the French batteries in a boat on a visit to one of his posts. The night was calm and serene. The crew plied their muffled oars as they passed, concealed by the deep shadow which even at night the citadel of Quebec and the Castel of St. Louis cast on the placid waters of the St. Lawrence. In the stern of the boat sat Wolfe and one of his aids, and close to them a young midshipman the coxswain of the boat, from whom the legend is derived—an anxious listener to each word that might fall from the general's lips. And of what was he conversing—was it of the next day's doubtful conflict—was it of the prospect of victory or defeat. His thoughts were of distant and gentler themes. He spoke of a new poem that had appeared in England just before he left there—he spoke of it as one might speak of any poem fresh from the London press, and reciting each Stanza of 'The Elegy in a Country Churchyard,' exclaimed, when he had finished it, 'I would rather have written that poem than take Quebec to-morrow.'

Distribution of Mountains.—Many chains of mountains enter within the range of continual frost with one or more of their summits; but there is not a single great chain in any of the fruitful and habitable parts of the world, which so far transcends this limit as to present an unbroken line of snow along its whole length. The height of the curve of congelation diminishes as we approach the pole; and if there was not a corresponding diminution in the elevation of the mountains, or if the principal chains in the different habitable zones were raised a little higher, they would sever the nations living on their opposite sides, as effectually as a wall of brass reaching above the clouds. The Andes, if we disregard their projecting summits, form an unbroken dike about 24 miles high, and 4500 miles long. Were three or four thousand feet added to their height, all access across, from one side of the chain to the other would be denied, to the foot of man. If great dangers attend the journey to the summit of Mount Blanc, what human skill or power could encounter the terrors of a snowy desert a hundred miles in breadth, beset with avalanches, and visited with storms. In these circumstances, such towns as Mendoza and Santiago, which are separated by a journey of three days, would be as far asunder for the purposes of traffic or intercourse as England and Jamaica. But the line which bounds the means of communication varies from clime to clime. Were the Alps as elevated as the Andes, all the passes across the former would be closed; and were the Doirines as high as the Alps, Sweden and Norway could only communicate by sea.—Though the altitude of the Andes in Chili and Patagonia has never been measured, various circumstances show that the chain descends as it advances from the torrid zone to its southern termination. In Quito and Peru, the back or crest of the ridge is free from snow, which only rests upon isolated summits; and with the aid of such arrangements as would be created by a dense population, the means of passing from one side to the other might perhaps be found wherever they were deemed necessary.

Burning of the Western Prairies.—One of the peculiarities of this climate is the dryness of its summers and autumns. A drought often commences in August, which with the exception of a few showers towards the close of that month, continues throughout the fall season. The immense mass of vegetation with which this fertile soil loads itself during the summer, is suddenly withered, and the whole surface of the earth is covered with combustible materials. This is especially true of the prairies, where the grass grows to the height of from six to ten feet and being entirely exposed to the sun and wind, dries with great rapidity. A spark of fire falling anywhere upon the plains, at such a time, would kindle a blaze, which would spread on every side and continue its destructive course as long as it could find fuel. Travellers have described these fires as sweeping with

a rapidity which renders it hazardous to fly before them. Such is true only of a few rare instances. The thick sward of the prairie presents a considerable mass of fuel, and offers a barrier to the progress of the flame, which is not easily surmounted. The fire advances slowly, and with power. The heat is intense. The flames often extend across a wide prairie, and advance in a long line. The sight is sublime, to behold in the night, a stream of several miles in breadth advancing across these wide plains, leaving behind it a black cloud of smoke, and throwing before it a vivid glare which lights up the whole landscape like noonday. A roaring and cracking sound is heard like the rushing of a hurricane. The flame, which, in general, rises to the height of about twenty feet, is seen sinking, and darting upwards in spires, precisely as the waves dash against each other, and as the spray flies up into the air; and the whole appearance is often that of a boiling, and flaming sea violently agitated.—*Illinois Mag.*

BATHING IN WARM WATER.—There is a great deal of sound, good sense in the following suggestions of some writer in the Mobile Tribune—suggestions, too, which are good for any latitude:

To the young we earnestly say, as you are now throwing aside your winter clothing—bathe. If you would avoid colds, the sure precursors of all sickness—bathe; and if you would enjoy your youth, lithness of limb and cheer of spirits—bathe, and bathe frequently. The ancients knew its efficacy and practised it thoroughly, as the wisest of moderns do. The theory of Beau Brummel has grown into a proverb, 'there is no perfume like fresh linnen—no cosmetic like pure water and plenty of it.' But what boy has not felt the invigoration of a swim? or what man fatigued, of a free ablution? Bathe, then, if you would be healthy.

But while bathing is so important to the young it is no less so to the mature. Of all the thousand ills that flesh is heir to, none can exceed these too common curses—dyspepsia, rheumatism and gout. Though when these are once seated they are deemed immovable, the most experienced physicians assure us they can be prevented, as their origin is clearly traceable to the stopping of the pores of the skin.

Then, if you would preserve your digestion and enjoy the good things of life—bathe! If you would avoid rheumatism and indulge in that joyous exercise which brings health and every comfort—bathe! And least you should be bed-ridden and tortured everlastingly with gout, bathe, and bathe freely.

With the best motives we again affirm—if there be a cheap luxury in the world, it is a hot, cold or shower bath.

A COMICAL COURTSHIP.—O'Connell mentioned a case in which he was professionally engaged—an action instituted by a Miss Fitzgerald against a Parson Hawkesworth for a breach of promise of marriage. 'Hawkesworth,' said he, 'had certainly engaged the lady's affections very much. He had acquired fame enough to engage her ambition. He was a crack-preacher—had been selected to preach before the Lord Lieutenant—his name occasionally, got into the newspapers, which then was not often the case with private parsons; and no doubt this notoriety had its weight in the lady's calculations. The correspondence read upon the trial was comical enough. The lady, it appeared, had at one period doubted his fidelity; whereupon the parson writes to reassure her in these words: Don't believe any one who says, I'll jilt you! They lie who say so; and I pray that all such liars may be condemned to an eternity of itching without the benefit of scratching.' Three thousand pounds damages were given against him. He was unable to pay, and decamped to America upon a preaching speculation which proved unsuccessful. He came back to Ireland, and—*married the prosecutrix!*

Elopement in High Life.—A great convulsion has just taken place in the fashionable world about Albany. As the story goes, a young aristocrat, accomplished, rich, and withal, a gentleman, was weak enough to love a woman. The frequency with which he was thrown into the society of this young woman only increased his attachment for her.

This feeling was apparently reciprocal; he loved her and she professed to love him. Thursday, this week, was the day fixed upon for the marriage; cards of invitation to the wedding were issued in great numbers; the preparations were grand, and even magnificent. Last Sunday the bride elect being on her way to church with her mother, feigned sudden indisposition, and returned home alone. In an hour after she eloped with a young man, between whom and herself there had apparently never been the slightest acquaintance or intimacy. They were married at —, and on Sunday evening were on their way to New York. This event has caused a terrible explosion among the aristocracy, and the cards of invitation to the wedding on Thursday were countermanded.—*Boston Bee.*

Singular Bargain.—Miss Edgeworth, though one of the most captivating and unexceptionable writers of the age, has never introduced the subject of religion into her works. This has been a subject of surprise to many. And yet a healthful morality pervades her works. Wil-

liam Howitt, in the course of an account of a recent visit to the venerable spinster, who is now upwards of eighty, accounts for the peculiarity to which we have referred, in this wise: 'Her father being a disbeliever in revealed religion, she made a promise never to write in favour of religion if he would consent never to write against it. Through a long life she has faithfully observed the compact.'

A PRETTY THOUGHT.

The Night is Mother of the Day,
The Winter of the Spring,
And even upon old Decay
The greenest mosses cling;
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all his works,
Hath left his hopes with all!

A Bargain.—The Knickerbocker tells the following anecdote, admirably illustrative of the 'language dicker' in Yankee land:

'How far is it to New Haven?' asked a traveller of a toll gate keeper on the Bridgeport road.

'Fifteen miles,' was the answer.

'O, no; it can't be so much, can it? I was told a mile or so back, that it was but twelve miles from this gate.'

'Well,' said the toll gatherer, hesitating—'well, you can take it at twelve, but I can't let anybody else go over it short of fifteen, and I never have!'

Time to Go.—An up-country gallant not long since went over to see his 'bright particular,' and after sitting for nearly half a day without saying a word, at last got up and said—'Well I reckon it's gettin' feedin' time—I must be goin. Well good evenin' to you all, Miss Nancy.'

'There are two things,' says Mrs. Partington, 'that should be at home every evening at dark—cows and women—especially if there are nursing babies in the house.'

Is there any situation worse than that of a lawyer's clerk? Yes, that of a lawyer's client.

NEWS CONTINUED, FROM PAGE 347.

The excitement caused among the ultra-Republicans by the return of M. Thiers for Paris, has produced a manifestation against him of a serious character. About nine o'clock on the night of the 8th inst., a large mob proceeded from the Boulevard to the Place St. George, in which his mansion is situate, crossed the iron palisading by which it surrounded, and would have forced their way into the house, and committed possibly further outrages, but for the arrival of a body of national guards, by whom they were expelled, and driven to some distance. It was eleven o'clock, however, before the crowd finally dispersed. A strong body of the garde mobile, who had arrived to the support of the national guards, bivouacked on the Place St. George.

The directors of the theatres of Paris waited on the Minister of the Interior on the 6th inst., to apprise him that, if the Government did not afford them assistance, they should close all the theatres under their management.

The central administration of the finance department has been completely reorganised by M. Duclerc, the present Minister. No less than 223 offices had been suppressed, viz., 12 of directors and sub-directors, 60 of chiefs or under-chiefs, and 151 of clerks. The annual saving for the treasury will exceed 800,000 francs.

The unexpected return of Prince Louis Napoleon, for Paris, as well as for the department of the Yonne, the Sarthe, and the Lower Charente, has caused great embarrassment to the Government. Having already admitted three members of the Bonaparte family into the Assembly, it is difficult to find a decent pretext for the exclusion of a fourth, who, though a pretender against the Government of Louis Philippe, sets himself up now as a sincere Republican. It is necessary, however, that something should be done.

The chief subject of discussion in political circles, and the source of serious alarm to the Republican parties, is the diffusion of the spirit of imperialism throughout the country, but more especially in the army. Several regiments have shouted 'Vive Louis Napoleon!' When the name of Louis Napoleon was announced from the steps of the Hotel de Ville, the military who were on the place raised their caps on the tops of their bayonets in token of exultation. The quay at the entrance to the Assembly is daily crowded with 'Invalides' and soldiers of the empire, forming a lane through which the representatives enter, waiting to salute the first appearance of Prince Louis. Brochures are distributed in the streets, at a nominal price, giving the biography of Louis Napoleon, and even describing minutely his personal appearance. A cart, similar to one of the London advertising vans, has been established, forming a sort of locomotive bureau for a new journal, entitled 'Napoleon Louis Republican.' This is all stuck over with placards and specimens of the journal, the vender sitting inside and distributing it from the door.