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SUMMER LEAVES.

Upon her pretty head the light streams down,
Through beech-boughs covered with a foliage
brown,
Mellowed by August—and a pattern
waves.

As fanciful and whimsical and fair,
As if some poet-faculty there were
In Summer leaves.
Changeful those shadows as the changeful
train
Of light caprices in her way and brain
Which the delicious dream of youth de-
ceives.

For youth is overflashed with fever of life,
And there is perilous fascination rife
"Neath Summer leaves,
And while the arrow-weed in the current
drags,
The moonfish and the crowded flags,
The great waterily dips and heaves
As the slow swans pass indolently by—
This studious maiden does not lift her eye
To the Summer leaves.

Is she where Arden's forest-valleys wind,
Where page-accounted, witty Rosalind
Through endless glens laughs and
gives?
Is it our master, Shakespeare, who doth shower
Upon her thoughtful head this happy hour,
His Summer leaves.

Is it some troubadour of modern times
Who loves beneath a larch tree to rhyme,
And with gay song his ivy frame re-
trieves?
Fain would I fancy that the maiden sweet
Turn page by page, in her serene retreat,
My Summer leaves.
—London Society.

A YACHEMAN'S ROMANCE.

The London season was over, and a considerable number of its late celebrities were collected in various pleasant spots close to the waters of the Solent. Brightly beaming had repaired to Cowes, and shattered hearts to Ryde. Gentlemen who were, in proper parlance, about "done up," were enjoying themselves with a hilarity that might have betokened the zenith of worldly prosperity and commercial success in different crafts belonging to the pleasure fleet which covers the English Channel with animation during the months of July, August and September. Of all social phenomena there is none probably more curious than that thus stated by a distinguished novelist: "How is it that men who in their palmy days I have seen baggard, careworn and dejected by the simple fact that they are utterly and irretrievably ruined, suddenly become the most light-hearted and jolliest of mankind?" The explanation probably is reaction—from the suspense of anxiety to the certainty of despair. Or possibly the philanthropists who propose to themselves the extinction of impecuniosity at a modest profit of eighty per cent. might consider that the true *raison d'être* was to be found in the fact that these volatile human wrecks are blest with expectations in the background, and usually have a reversionary interest more or less available.

The scene is Ryde Pier, and the hour about 7 1/2 P. M. A pretty spot, and by means an unfavorable hour for visiting it. Like Melrose, Ryde Pier, and the view which it presents may be visited with signal propriety by the pale moonlight or in the pale twilight. The eternal promenade on the pier-head, the perpetual accompaniment of brilliant music and interminable scandal, the ceaseless tide of demonstrative flirtation—these things are pleasant enough *per se*, but they have, no doubt, a tendency to become monotonous. It is a very different thing Ryde Pier after dinner. You can secure society without crowd and company without effect. You may meditate *solus*, or *solus cum sola*, you may flirt. And the prospect is not without its charms. There is the Solent in the background of misty craft, their sails furled, still and motionless at anchor, the lamp fixed to their mastheads reflecting itself with a quivering motion in the tide below; and the whole effect being that of a marine illumination. A little further on, and you see the line of light on the mainland, and distinctly trace the terraces of the Solent in the distance. If you turn round you will see full in your face the little town of Ryde, alive with gas and the windows of the Victoria Yacht Club all aglow. Then, probably, to enhance the sentiment of the moment, the strains of music steal upon you; and were it not that you are seasonably reminded of contingent rheumatic pains, you might be tempted to lapse into poetic reverie.

Mr. Jim Lawless, to address him at once by his familiar title, was scarcely a gentleman of a poetic temperament, yet from the prolonged intensity of his gaze upon the waters as he lounged across the railing of the pier, and the fact that he had suffered his cigar to become extinguished in his hand, he might, for all one could have told to the contrary, be meditating a sonnet to his mistress's eyebrow, or be speculating deeply on the philosophy of the unconditioned. Of that little yacht yonder—the one nearest the shore, with its tiny light twinkling from amid its rigging—the *Sea Fin* was her name—Mr. Jim Lawless was temporary proprietor. Jim's friends were in the habit of saying that, having made the lead too hot for him, he had taken to the waters; and there may have been reasons which rendered St. James street a slightly too public place for our hero. So Mr. Lawless had accepted an invitation from an old college friend to go on a yachting trip in the *Sea Fin*. But the *Sea Fin's* owner had been called away, and Mr. Lawless was the man in possession *pro tem*. A boat containing a gentleman and two ladies pulled to the pier, and Mr. Lawless's attention was aroused. The party had come from the *Petrel*, about a mile out, and consisted of the proprietor of the *Petrel*, Sir Hedworth Dare, and his two daughters, who stood to each other in the relation of step-sisters, as Sir Hedworth had married twice, Edith and Kate. When Mr. Lawless went up to the two as they landed it was pretty obvious that Sir Hedworth Dare would have been quite as well pleased had that gentleman not chosen to present himself; for the Baronet re-

garded Mr. Lawless as a detrimental, and had a wholesome and parental horror of the class.
"Ah! Lawless; thought it was Moonington," said Sir Hedworth; "said it would be here to meet us."
The Hon. Sam Moonington was eldest son of the heir of Moonshine, and despatched with Miss Kate Dare. Sir Hedworth—so said Hyde society—was bent upon the match. The Hon. Sam was certainly a catch; so said the ladies; Moonington was an ass; so (somewhat abruptly) said the gentlemen in general, and Mr. Lawless in particular.
Jim, however, was not to be taken aback by this very tepid welcome, and walked down the pier with Sir Hedworth and his two daughters.
"Are you going to the ball to-night, Mr. Lawless?" asked Kate Dare. It happened to be within a few hours of the commencement of the Yacht Club ball.
Of course Mr. Lawless was going; and so was Mr. Moonington. That gentleman had just joined them; and so they all were. And who shall next again present themselves? And Jim Lawless sauntered off, after having bade the ladies an *au revoir*—in decidedly better spirits than when he had first met Sir Hedworth and the Misses Dare, too.
"I don't think I should mind backing my luck against that of the honorable Sam's," said Jim Lawless, as he proceeded to dress. Miss Kate Dare had promised Mr. Lawless the first waltz.

The dance given by the Royal Victoria Yacht Club was unusually and brilliantly successful that year; so said everybody; and the ball is certainly one which, if for no other reasons than those of a spectacular nature, is well worth seeing. The elegant devices which convert a blosomy into a corridor, the profusion of banners, the trophies of yachtsmen, the decidedly nautical features in the dresses of the ladies—all these add a charm which is exclusively their own to the affair.
Mr. James Lawless entered the room almost at the same time as the Dare party. On the arm of Sir Hedworth's partner was Miss Kate Dare, his daughter. The Baronet's tone was more chilled than ever when he caught sight of her here approaching in the distance.
Amid an indescribable chatter, strongly flavored with marine jargon, the first quadrille was danced. Mr. Moonington's partner was Miss Kate Dare, his former's sake christened the hero of this slight narrative. But the first quadrille, as even first quadrilles are sometimes or other, was over at last, and within a very few minutes of its termination Mr. Lawless claimed the younger daughter of Sir Hedworth as his partner in the first waltz; and Mr. Moonington surrendered the lady who would not doubt be the object of his affection and ambitions, certainly not with the best grace in the world. Miss Dare, however, was close by, and disengaged. Would Miss Dare give him, the Honorable Sam, the pleasure of that waltz? Most happy; and the pair whirled off. The elder of Sir Hedworth's two daughters was far from displeased at the *contretemps*, and she determined to make the most of it. She did not see why the heir to the Moonshine peerage should be calmly appropriated for and by her younger and half-sister. For her part, she could never quite understand what there particularly was to charm people in Kate. Besides, Kate had her time before her; she had only finished her first season, and Edith Dare's first season was an affair of the more or less long past. If Kate did not choose to know her opportunity, such a charge of ignorance should not be brought against Miss Dare. In plain terms, this young lady was as little pleased with her father as with her sister in the present matter. It would be no such bad thing, she thought, if the event should prove that the calculations of the former were at fault; and for Kate, the child was far too ignorant to calculate at all.

The fair partner of Mr. Moonington put forth all her pleasures—and they were not inconsiderable—to captivate and please. She suggested a walk in the corridor—it was so hot in the ball-room. Curiously enough, Kate and Mr. Lawless had proceeded in the same direction only a few minutes previously. Obviously enough, also, the keen eyes of Edith Dare had noticed the movement.
"I think," said that young lady, in a low tone, "we will sit here, just behind that pillar. The air blows in so cool, and we have such a pretty view of the sea."
Almost immediately on the other side of the pillar were Miss Kate Dare and Mr. Lawless.
"Ah! Mr. Moonington, there, I declare, are my sister and Mr. Lawless. How very sentimental!" And Edith looked up into the face of the Honorable Sam, who, judging from his expression, was not particularly pleased. He looked in the direction indicated, and then turned again to his partner.
Under the shadow of the pillar Edith advanced with her cavalier a little nearer her sister.
"Romance, did you say, Mr. Lawless? I don't think there's much romance in the present company, least of all at Ryde. If you want romance I think it would be necessary to search for it on far wilder waters than those of the Solent."
"I suppose," returned Mr. Lawless, who had evidently been reading *Leila in Heaven*, "that romance is to the romantic."
"And who is romantic now—a-days?"
"The pair were standing close together, and Mr. Moonington and his partner could distinctly see Mr. Lawless's hand laid upon Kate Dare's.
"I think, Mr. Moonington, we will go inside. It is getting rather chilly to each other in the relation of step-sisters, as Sir Hedworth had married twice, Edith and Kate. When Mr. Lawless went up to the two as they landed it was pretty obvious that Sir Hedworth Dare would have been quite as well pleased had that gentleman not chosen to present himself; for the Baronet re-

ask Miss Kate Dare to dance again that evening.
In her dreams that night, when the ball was over and the dancers dispersed, Miss Dare saw herself the Countess of Moonington; and if any thoughts visited her sister's slumber, I am disposed to fancy that they were principally relative to Jim Lawless.

A beautiful morning, two or three days after the club ball; Ryde was thinning gradually; but among the visitors who remained were Sir Hedworth Dare, his two daughters, Hon. Sam Moonington, and Jim Lawless, the latter of whom still waited the return of his friend, the proprietor of the *Sea Fin*.
Sir Hedworth Dare was going to take a morning's sail in his yacht, the *Petrel*. His two daughters were coming, and they were to be accompanied by Mr. Moonington. The Baronet had noticed something of the events of the ball-night, and Mr. James Lawless was discreetly omitted from the party.
Kate Dare was passionately fond of the sea, and was herself an excellent sailor. She had told Jim as much the night before, and she had said, as she said, any life more perfect than that of the yachtsman's; and it must be allowed that the existence is not without its attractions. If you study independence, you realize it in a degree possible under no other circumstances. You go from place to place according to your own sweet will. The instant that a sentiment of boredom commences to creep over you your anchor is weighed and the scene is changed. Hotels may charge prohibitory prices, lodging-house-keepers may drive their inmates to distraction; what care you? All that hotels and all that lodgings could supply you have close at hand ready to your beck and call.
Sir Hedworth's party were on board the *Petrel*, and the yacht was just about to slip her moorings.
"Where's Kate, Edith?" inquired the Baronet, not seeing his youngest daughter on deck.
"Oh, down in the cabin, papa—I suppose."
These last two words were added in a somewhat lower tone, and as she said them Edith rather blushed. She sat down, however, presently, next to Mr. Moonington, and was soon making the running at a speed not less than that of the good yacht *Petrel*.
"Tell Kate to come up," said Sir Hedworth after he had leisure to think of other things than certain matters of purely nautical importance; and Edith Dare called for her sister down the companion-ladder. Receiving no answer, she descended into the cabin.
"Papa," she said, on returning, "I don't see Kate at all. I suppose at the last minute she made up her mind not to come."
This was not exactly the truth. Edith Dare had determined from the first that Kate should not be among the party, and to this end she had managed to divert her attention to something else at the moment they were leaving the house. Sir Hedworth with a start, and the explanation, and knit his brow. His younger daughter was his favorite, and, not being blind to the character of the elder, he did, in plain truth, suspect something of the ruse that had been executed; but he said nothing, and the *Petrel* went on.

Some person else had selected the present occasion as favorable one for a sail, and that was Jim Lawless. He had taken no companion, and was talking abstractedly to the master of the *Sea Fin*. The regulation telescope was suspended from his neck, and something impelled him to look through it in the direction of what seemed a black speck. He examined it again.
"Looks uncommonly like a boat, and so far as I can make out, whoever is inside her is in distress, for it appears to me," said Jim, "as if they were making signs."
The master of the *Sea Fin* was of the same opinion, and the pair decided that they would "stand about" and try and get at the object.
"By Jove!" cried Jim, as they drew a little nearer, "it's a woman, I declare!"
And a woman it certainly was—evidently exhausted with the severity of her efforts to make headway against the waves. They were now within two or three hundred yards of the boat; and Jim ordered the yacht's pinnace to be let down, and said he would himself run up to this female Columbus.
"Miss Dare," cried Jim, as the pinnace touched the boat, "is that you? What on earth brought you here—three miles from the shore?"
"Oh! Mr. Lawless, I am so glad to see you, or some one. I was about getting exhausted, as you thought."
But Kate Dare was unable to say more, for she fell back in a dead faint.
Jim Lawless transferred himself into her boat, and rowed to the yacht; and when Kate Dare next became sensible, she found herself lying in the ladies' cabin of the *Sea Fin*; with Mr. James Lawless at her side.
"How very kind!" were her first words; and, "How very fortunate."
"It was certainly fortunate that I should have seen you; but there is no kindness," said Jim. "Don't speak till you have quite recovered."
The recovery was not long delayed; and Kate Dare commenced to tell Jim Lawless exactly what had occurred.
"You know," she said, "that what-is-it, papa, and Edith, and Mr. Moonington were to have gone out for a sail in the *Petrel* this morning. Well, I was dressing, and thought I had plenty of time, when, looking out of the window, I saw the yacht starting. I was determined not to be robbed of my cruise, so I hurried and went down to the water, and got into the little boat. You see, they were close to me. The *Petrel* didn't seem to be more than a hundred yards ahead, and I thought that I could easily attract their notice. Besides, I had imagined, naturally, that they would discover I was left behind; and I thought most likely they would put back for me. However, I couldn't manage it; and I rowed on and on; and when I looked back, the shore was ever

so far behind, and I didn't know what to do; and I only hoped some person would pick me up—and at last you did; and I am really most obliged that I can say."
Jim blurted out some disclaimer, in reply, which does not materially affect the course of this narrative.
It was decided that the best plan would be to steer for home immediately, and to land as near Sea View as possible—where Sir Hedworth Dare's house was situated.
"People talk so absurdly in Ryde," added Miss Kate Dare, as an argument to clench the plan.
When the shore was reached, there was scarcely a person visible; two persons, however, had noticed the disembarkation from the *Sea Fin*—one was Edith Dare, and another Mr. Moonington.
"If that does not convince him nothing else will," thought Miss Dare.
Miss Dare's wish was accomplished, and before the house was reached the heir of the earldom of Moonington had descended himself.
"Where on earth is Kate?" said Sir Hedworth, as he met Mr. Moonington and his newly-gained fiancée.
"We have just seen her, papa, landing from Mr. Lawless's yacht," was the sister's reply.
"The devil you have!" replied the Baronet, *sesto voce*.
"Ah! here they come, I declare," added Miss Dare. "Hope you've had a pleasant sail, Kate?"
"Kate," said Sir Hedworth, as that young lady was bursting out into all manner of ejaculatory explanations, "I want to speak to you at once. I am surprised," continued the Baronet when the library was reached, "that you should have given me the slip in the dishonest manner you did, simply to do a most improper thing—go out in the yacht of a young man to whom you know I exceedingly object. As for his conduct, it is simply disgraceful. I don't understand it, upon my soul!"
"Oh, papa! what do you mean?" burst in Kate. "Mr. Lawless has saved my life." And Kate narrated to her father all that had occurred. The Baronet's face changed more than once in the course of his daughter's story.
"Go up and dress for dinner, Kate, I will go and thank Mr. Lawless."
Sir Hedworth met that gentleman standing on the steps of the porch.
"No, thank whatever are due, Sir Hedworth," replied Jim. "I am only sincerely grateful that I saw your daughter when I did."
"Don't go, Lawless," continued the owner of the *Petrel*. "Come and stay to dinner." And so saying, Sir Hedworth turned aside to speak to his elder daughter, whom he saw coming.
"Edith," he said, "I should like to know what you mean by telling me that Kate was in the cabin this morning."
"Really, papa, I knew nothing to the contrary. I'm glad she was in more agreeable society. But Mr. Moonington is in the library, and I know is anxious to see you. He is calling you—prayer!"
Later on that evening there was another interview—this time between Sir Hedworth and Mr. Jim Lawless. It was entirely satisfactory. Kate had spoken to her father in the interval on the subject of her lover. Jim had made, and would make, no declaration without Sir Hedworth's consent. That consent was given.
"Lawless, you have not only saved my daughter's life, you have acted, as I have heard from her, in a manner infinitely creditable to yourself."
"Kate," said Jim to his affianced bride, before they parted that night, "don't you think I was right, and that there may be romance even close to Ryde, and on the waters of the Solent, after all?"—London Society.

A Wonderful Dog.
The Marshfield (Mo.) Citizen gives an instance of a remarkable exhibition of intelligence by a member of the canine population of that town. The dog had been decoyed to Springfield by some teamster's, and was then taken to Mrs. Walton's boarding-house and chained. "Lord, what the *Olden* tell the way for, without making any inquiries as to what place it was, he bounded off the train and made his way home, seemingly the happiest dog alive. What makes it remarkable is the fact that he came alone, and was the only passenger that got off the train at this point, and that he should get on the right train at Springfield, even when the western bound train started a few minutes before the eastern. We hear his master intends to appoint him as travelling agent. He is now being trained for that purpose."
A good story is told of a patriotic dominie up in Berkshire, who, in the war times of 1812, was prone to thank the Lord very specially, as well as regally, for any favor shown to our arms. On Saturday night a neighbor received a packet of newspapers relating to one of our famous naval victories, and being familiar with the parson's peculiarity, despatched them to him. It was a great victory, and the good man rose to his prayer, trembling with excitement—all the more that the subject matter would be news to most of his hearers. "We desire to thank thee," he began, "for the great victory that our frigate, the— I've forgotten the name, but no matter—our frigate has gained over the enemy's ship-of-war, the—I've forgotten that name, too, but thou knowest, for it is in all the papers."

A Bear Fight in Arizona.
On the 19th of June last, Capt. James C. Hunt, First Cavalry, and Capt. W. S. Fuller, Twenty-first Infantry, with five mounted men, left Camp Apache, Arizona, for a short visit to the Zuni villages, or Pueblo Indians. On reaching the top of one of the swells an immense bear was discovered about a mile ahead, evidently coming down the trail to the river for water. The bear at the same moment catching sight of the party, turned off to his right, and was heading for the foot hills some eight or nine miles distant, as if desirous of gaining the timber. He struck a gait apparently of the clumsiest kind imaginable, but which, when tested by the speed of the horses, proved that at least for some distance a horse's full speed can hardly be kept up with a bear—such as we find in the chain of the rocky mountains or the continuation of that range.
By permission of Captain Hunt, Captain Fuller, with Corporal Hyde and Privates Armstrong and Haley, started out their horses to overtake the bear before he could reach the mountains or the rocks and timbers of the foot hills. With nothing but good condition and a free use of spurs, after a chase of four or five miles, they succeeded in closing to a few rods distance, or about thirty yards.
Captain Fuller by good luck first succeeded in sending a ball through Bruin's hind leg. The effect was to cause the brute to run on three legs, with his right hind leg held off the ground, crimsoned with a free flow of blood. The bear at first roared increased his speed, but he was soon brought to a halt, as he attempted, after gaining a little distance to turn and bite at the wounded foot. A shot from Corporal Hyde's carbine again cut him across the ham. The whole party, keeping up their fire, had drawn up to within some twenty yards of him, when he whirled short round to the left and bounded toward the horse of Corporal Hyde. The corporal turned his horse and gave him the spur, but in a wonderfully short time, considering his clumsy movements, he overtook the horse and caught him by the flanks. The poor horse gave one separate kick, for an instant throwing off the bear, but in a second more the horse was pulled down on his haunches, and with one motion of his paw the bear knocked Hyde out of the saddle. The horse galloped off wildly, while the corporal, without any weapons, was rolling on the ground struggling with the brute in an equal and literal wrestle with a wounded bear.
It was a desperate position and unequal contest on the ground. Captain Fuller and Armstrong reined in their horses, while within three yards of their horses' feet was this enormous bear ferociously biting and tearing the limbs of the unlucky corporal. The weapons of the party had been discharged and were empty; and with the coolest of men it requires some little time to load a Spencer carbine or revolver while in the saddle. Corporal Hyde struggled manfully, striking with his fists and arm down the mouth and throat of the bear, while his own blood ran in streams from his wounds.
The bear rose twice on his hind legs, standing much above the corporal's head, and the two literally wrestled as two men would in a prize fight. The wounded leg of the bear was Hyde's salvation, or the claws in the brute's hind feet would soon have torn him up to the neck. In ferocity and wildness nothing could surpass the horrid appearance of the brute, with bloody foam dripping from his jaws, while the poor man called to the party to help him for God's sake, or he would die. No one had a load to fire. Armstrong, believing that there was a load in his carbine, jumped off his horse, and placing the muzzle of his piece against the side of the bear, pulled the trigger, and it only snapped. The next instant the bear left Hyde, and was tumbling Armstrong, biting and tearing him as he had done with Hyde, who was lying covered with blood a few feet distant. It looked in this position of affairs as if two of the party would be mortal wounds before the others could assist them. But here Haley got one load in his pistol and fired it at the bear. The ball must have cut him, for he bounded away from Armstrong, and with his leg held up, again ran for the mountains. The two men presented a dreadful sight, with pale faces, streams of blood running down them, and their clothing torn to shreds. After a few more shots, and several attempts of the brute to get at the horses, he turned at bay under a scrub oak, evidently unable to go further, and ready to fight. Still the bear's vitality was so great that a dozen more deliberate shots were required, each passing through some part of his body, before he had dropped and expired.—Army and Navy Journal.

A Horse Story.
A Minnesota paper, the Blue Earth City Post, has the following:
A good story is told of one of our athletes. He is something of a horse fancier, and in addition to his team has sundry colts running loose. A short time since some colts broke into a field near the village and damaged the crops. The colts were taken up by the owner of the crops, and advertised to be sold to pay the damage pursuant to law. The sheriff's return of the sale came under the attorney's notice, and he was at once struck with the description of the animal sold. He struck a bee line for that colt, only to find that it was his own, and had been sold to pay the damages inflicted not only by it, but by all the colts and other animals that had been that lot since spring! The matter was compromised, and our legal friend returned with his colt.
The fall and winter crop of female lecturers bids fair to be very heavy. All sorts of subjects will be introduced. "How to Keep Down the Family" is announced by a "beautiful Indians lady of twenty-five."

A New Volcano.
Under this heading the *Halleboe Zeltung* publishes a letter under date of Manila, the 24th of May, from which the following is an extract:
"What has been looked forward to for a long time with anxious forebodings, the outbreak of a volcano, has at last occurred in a sad and unexpected manner. The island of Camiguin was the scene of this frightful event. For some months back the inhabitants of this island, as well as those of Bojot and Cebri, had been alarmed by repeated shocks of earthquake, every district having been anxiously they awaited a catastrophe which would put an end to the general alarm. Camiguin had been gradually deserted by most of its inhabitants, although the fugitives found their position in the neighboring islands little less perilous, every district having been more or less affected by the heaving of the ground. At last, on the 1st of May, about five o'clock in the evening, a rumbling like thunder was heard from a mountain near the village of Catarmin, interrupted by a few violent shocks which rent the air with reverberations, and which steadily increased until, at last, the ground burst asunder, and an opening was left fifteen hundred feet long. Smoke and ashes, earth and stones were thrown up, and covered the surface of the ground far and near. Then succeeded a long pause, but only to be followed by a still greater throes of nature. About seven o'clock, as darkness was approaching, the explosion came, followed by a shower of fire. Sad to say, about two hundred persons who, tempted by curiosity, had thoughtlessly collected around the crater, were buried under the matter which fell. At the time of sending off this letter fifty dead bodies had been extricated. The woods over a large area caught fire, the flames spreading rapidly and with much smoke, drove men and cattle before them. The spectacle is said to have been frightful, and the event is without precedence in the by no means scanty volcanic annals of this archipelago. It is remarkable that the event was not preceded by any meteorological phenomena which might have warned the inhabitants of the approach of danger."

The Human Ear.
It would appear that all our hearing is done in a very literal sense under water, as shown by the following extract from a London paper:
"Professor Tyndall concluded one of his recent lectures by giving a minute description of the human ear. He explained how the exterior office of the ear is closed at the bottom by a circular tympanic membrane, behind which is a cavity known as the drum; the drum is separated from the brain by two orifices, the one round and the other oval. These orifices are closed by fine membranes. Across the cavity of the drum stretch a series of four little bones, one of which acts as a hammer and another as an anvil. Behind the bony partition, which is pierced by the two orifices already mentioned, is the extraordinary organ called the labyrinth, filled with water; this organ is behind the partition and the brain, and over its lining membrane the terminal fibres of the auditory nerve are distributed. There is an apparatus inside the labyrinth admirably adapted to respond to these vibrations of the water, which correspond to the rates of vibration of certain bristles, of which the said apparatus consists. Finally, there is in the labyrinth a wonderful organ, discovered by the Marchese Corvi, which is, to all appearance, a musical instrument, with its chords so stretched as to accept vibrations of different periods, and transmit them to nerve filaments which traverse the organ. Within the ears of men, and without their knowledge or contrivance, this lute of three thousand strings has existed for ages, awaiting the arrival of the right vibrations to set it vibrating. It is, to all appearance, a musical instrument, with its chords so stretched as to accept vibrations of different periods, and transmit them to nerve filaments which traverse the organ. 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