

Raffsman's Journal.

COME AND TAKE ME.—DIVULGER.

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Poetry.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

When the hours of day are number'd,
When the voices of the night
Wake the better soul that slumber'd
To a holy, calm delight;
Are the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fiftly fire-light
Dance upon the parlor-wall;
Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
Then beloved ones, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more;
He, the young and strong, who cherish'd
Noble longings for the strife,
By the road side fell and perish'd,
Weary with the march of life;
They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore—
Folded their pale hands so meekly—
Spake with us on earth no more!
And they with them the Being Beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.
With a slow and noiseless footstep,
Comes the messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.
And she sits and gazes at me,
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saintlike,
Looking downward from the skies.
Utter'd not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer:
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.
O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!

THE NEW-MOWN HAY.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Talk not to me of southern bowers,
Of odors breathed from tropic flowers,
Or spices wafted from the East,
But of these sweets that freely flow
When June's fond breezes stir the low
Grass, heaping aloft the plain.
This morn'g stood the verdant spear,
All wet with diamond dew—the tears
By Night serenely shed;
This evening like an army slain,
They number the Pacific plain
With their fast fading dead.
And when they fell, and all around
Such perfumes in the air abound,
As if long-hidden hives
Of sudden richness were unsealed,
When on the fiftly field
They yielded up their lives.
In idle mood I love to pass
These ruins of the crowded grass,
Or listlessly to lie,
Inhaling the delicious scents
Cashed from those downcast verdant tents,
Beneath the sunset sky.
It is a pure delight, which they
Who dwell in cities, far away
From rural scenes so fair,
Can never know in lighted rooms,
Pervaded by exotic bloom—
This taste of natural air!
This air, so softened by the breath
Exhaled and wafted from the death
Of herbs that simply bloom,
And scarcely noted, like the best
Dear friends, with whom this world is blest,
Awaits the common doom—
And leaves behind such sweet regret
As in our heart as living yet;
Though heroes pass away—
Talk not to me of southern bowers,
Of odors breathed from tropic flowers,
But of the new-mown hay.

Miscellaneous.

THE MARSEILLES HYMN.

Oh! that is a song! It is the magic wand
That, with wondrous power, changes the boy
Into the man! Go to Paris; enter the first,
Best theatre; take the audience by surprise,
and sing in the midst of the performance:
"Allons, enfants de la patrie,"
and you will witness something most extraor-
dinary. The whole assemblage, actors and
audience, will at once arise, and, as with in-
spired voice, hymn forth, *Allons, enfants de la*
patrie. The children will shout with joy and
toss their caps aloft; the women will wear their
perfumed handkerchiefs, and an excitement
will be raised that will continue long after the
verses shall have been sung. And woe to that
power that should attempt to quell this ex-
citement in the moment of its might! Let
the government forbid the singing of this song
as strictly as possible; experience has proved
that the *Marseillais* will be sung to the end,
whenever its first tones have been raised in a
large assembly. The effect of this hymn is
truly wonderful; it often appears as a judge,
descending among men, and demanding an
account of their acts. Fools! to think its role
is finished. All revolutions, all *emeutes* which
have occurred since its composition, have but
verified its influence and its importance. The
Marseilles Hymn is one of the greatest tri-
umphs of which music can boast—it is the faith
and the trust of a nation.
RED MEN AHEAD.—A friend, some time ago,
handed us a paper published in the Indian
country, partly in the Choctaw language, in
which we observed that the wise men of the
nation fixed the compensation of their School
Teachers at forty dollars per month. In this
enlightened portion of the world, the far-seeing
people pay as low as twenty dollars per
month, for the performance of this most im-
portant and responsible labor. May we not
learn wisdom from the "Red man?"
Holiness, the most lovely thing that
exists, is sadly unnoticed and unknown upon
earth.

From Sharp's London Magazine.

THE AUTHOR OF "JANE EYRE."

On the northern side of one of the blackest
moors of Yorkshire stands the little village of
Haworth, consisting of a church and a few gray
stone cottages. One of these, scarcely superi-
or to its fellows, and distinguished only by a
sort of courtyard surrounded by a low stone
wall, and overgrown with grass (shrubs and
flowers refusing to vegetate in so ungenial an
atmosphere,) is the parsonage. The architec-
ture is of the simplest description—a straight
walk leads up to the front door, on either side
of which appears a window, that of the sitting
room looking into the churchyard, well filled
with gravestones. On this parsonage until
within a few months since, not a touch of paint,
nor an article of furniture, had been expended
for thirty years, the period which has elapsed
since the death of Miss Brontë's mother.

Some six or seven years previous to that
date, an Irish clergyman, the Rev. Patrick
Brontë, then a resident of Henzance, espoused
a young lady, contrary to the wishes of her
relations, who refused to hold any further in-
tercourse with her after her marriage. Her
husband having obtained the perpetual curacy
of Haworth, took his bride to his new resi-
dence, where she spent the remainder of her
days, dying in a rapid consumption after the
birth of her sixth child, Charlotte. Mr. Brontë
who though advanced in years, is still alive,
is described as a man of studious and solitary
habits, and of a singular and highly eccentric
turn of mind, which, together with a peculiar
temper, must have rendered him anything but
a suitable guardian to a youthful family. Nor
can we wonder at the mother's dying exclamation,
"What will become of my poor children?"
Engrossed by his own pursuits, the father
never even dined with his family nor taught
them anything, and the children learned to
read and write from servants only. When
Charlotte was twelve years old, she (even then
of an original and self-reliant nature) asked
and obtained her father's permission that her
sister and herself should be placed at the clergy-
school at Cowan Bridge. This as it then
existed, she has described to the life in Jane
Eyre. Two of her sisters died of the fever
which at one time devastated the school; the
two others and probably Charlotte herself,
quitted it with the seeds of consumption in
their constitutions fostered by the cruel pri-
vations they underwent. The food was horri-
ble, and of it, bad as it was, they obtained so
little that often they were literally half starved.
Frequently has she crept under the table to
pick up the crumbs others had dropped.

At the time of the fever, the doctor exam-
ined the food; he put some in his mouth, and
hastily rejected it, protesting it was not fit for
dogs. "So hungry was I," said Charlotte,
"that I could have eaten what he threw away."
The three survivors returned to Haworth with
broken health, but there fresh trials awaited
them. "At nineteen," continued Charlotte,
"I should have been thankful for a penny a
week. I asked my father, but he said 'What
do women want with money?'" She was yet
only nineteen when she advertised for and ob-
tained a situation as teacher in a school. Not
finding it turn out as she had hoped, she wait-
ed until she had saved money enough to pay
her passage to Brussels where she had secured
a position as school-teacher. She started alone,
never having previously quitted Yorkshire.

When she reached London it was night; she
became alarmed, not knowing where to go,
and fearing to trust herself with strangers, she
took a cab drove to the tower stairs, hired a
boat, and was conveyed to the Ostend packet.
At first the officer in command refused to take
her on board till the next morning, but on hear-
ing her desolate situation, recalled his prohi-
bition. In Brussels she remained two years
her experiences there are detailed in "Vilette."
The character of "Adele," in particular is
drawn from life. On her return she found that
the health of her two remaining sisters was de-
clining and that her father's eyesight was be-
coming affected, and she considered it her
duty to remain at home. She tried various ways
to increase their income but failed in all.

Without mentioning her project to her
father, she wrote "Jane Eyre," a work of which
Messrs. Smith & Elder had the good sense to
perceive the merits and were courageous
enough to publish it in spite of its peculiarities,
which would have alarmed any but a really
spirited publisher. About three months
after the appearance of her novel, and when
its success was no longer doubtful, Miss Brontë
resolved to screw up her courage, and inform
her father of the step she had taken. Mr.
Brontë, it appears, did not then join with his
family even at meal times. At dinner, Char-
lotte announced her intention to her sister,
adding, that she would put it in execution be-
fore tea! Accordingly she walked into the
study with a copy of her work wrapped up in
a review of it, which she had received, and the
following conversation ensued:
"Papa I have been writing a book."
"Have you, my dear?" (He went on reading.)
"But, papa, I want you to look at it."
"I can't be troubled to read manuscript."
"But it is printed."
"I hope you've not been involving yourself
in any such silly expense."
"I think I shall gain some money by it, may
I read some reviews of it?"
She read the reviews, and again asked him

if he would look over the book; he said she
might leave it, and he would see. Later on
the same evening he sent an invitation to his
daughters to drink tea with him. When the
meal was nearly concluded, he said: "Child-
ren, Charlotte has been writing a book and I
think it is a better one than I had expected."
For some years he never mentioned the sub-
ject again.

A lady who afterwards became intimate with
Miss Brontë, thus describes her first introduc-
tion to her.
"I arrived late at the house of a mutual
friend; tea was on the table, and behind it sat
a little dark person, dressed in black, who
scarcely spoke, so that I had time for a good
look at her. She had soft light brown hair,
eyes of the same tint, looking straight at you,
and very good and expressive; a reddish com-
plexion, a wide mouth—altogether plain; the
forehead square, broad and rather overhanging.
Her hands are like bird's claws, and she is so
short-sighted that she cannot see your face
unless you are close to her. She is said to be
very shy; and almost cries at the thought of
going among strangers.

A GOOD STORY.

A gentleman who possessed an estate in the
eastern part of England, worth five hundred
pounds a year, had two sons. The eldest being
of a rambling disposition, went abroad.—
After several years the father died. The
younger son destroyed the will and seized on
the estate. He gave out that his elder brother
was dead, and bribed witnesses to attest it.—
In the course of time the elder brother re-
turned, in miserable circumstances. The
younger brother repulsed him with scorn, saying
that he was an impostor and a cheat—that
his real brother was dead long ago, and that
he could bring witnesses to prove it.

The real brother, having neither money nor
friends, was in a dismal situation. At last he
found a lawyer who agreed, (as he had nothing
to pay him,) that if he would give him one
thousand guineas, if he undertook and gained
the cause, he would act for him; to which he
assented. The case was to be tried at the
next General Assizes, at Chelmsford, Essex.
The lawyer being now engaged, he set his wits
to work to obtain success. At last he thought
that he would consult the first judge of that
age, Lord Chief Justice Hale; accordingly he
hastened to London, and laid open the cause
and all its circumstances. The judge, who
was a great lover of justice, listened attentive-
ly, and promised all the assistance in his
power. He having taken leave, the judge con-
trived so as to finish all his business at the
Kings bench before the Chelmsford Assizes
began. He started for Chelmsford, and when
within a short distance of that place he dis-
missed his horse and sought for a private
house; he found one occupied by a miller.—
After some conversation, making himself very
agreeable, he proposed to the miller to change
clothes with him, and as the judge had a good
suit on, the miller did not object; accord-
ingly the judge put on a complete suit of the
miller's best. Adorned with a miller's hat,
shoes and stick, away he marched to Chelms-
ford, where he procured lodging against the
Assizes next day. When the trial came on,
he walked like an ignorant fellow, backwards
and forward along the country hall, and when
the court began to fill, he found out the poor
fellow who was the plaintiff. As soon as he
came into the hall, the miller drew up to him:
"Honest friend, how is your case like to
do to-day?"
"Why, replied the plaintiff, 'my cause is
in a very precarious situation, and if I lose it,
I am ruined for life.'
"Well, honest friend," replied the miller,
'will you take my advice? I will let you
into a secret which perhaps you do not know.
Every Englishman has a right and privilege
to except any one jurymen through the whole
twelve; now do you insist upon your privi-
lege without giving a reason why, and, if pos-
sible, get me chosen in his room, and I will do
you all the service in my power."
Accordingly, when the clerk called over the
names of the jurymen, the plaintiff excepted
one of them. The judge on the bench was
highly offended at this.
"What do you mean," said he, "by except-
ing that gentleman?"
"I mean, my lord, to assert my privilege as
an Englishman, without giving a reason why."
The judge, who had been highly bribed, in
order to conceal it by a show of candor, and
having confidence in the superiority of his
party, said:
"Well, sir, as you claim your privilege in
one instance, I will grant it. Whom would
you like to have in place of that man excep-
ted?"
After a short time taken in consideration,
he said "My Lord, I wish to have an honest
man chosen in," and looking around, "there
is that miller in the court; we will have him,
if you please." Accordingly the miller was
chosen.

As soon as the clerk of the court had given
them all their oaths, a dexterous fellow came
into the apartment, and slipped ten carolines
into the hands of eleven jurymen, and gave
the miller but five. He observed they were
all bribed as well as himself, and said to his
next neighbor in a soft whisper, "How much
have you got?" "Ten pieces," said he.
The miller did not say what he had.

The cause was opened by the plaintiff's
counsel, and all the scraps of evidence they
could pick up were adduced in his favor.—
The defendant had a great number of witness-
es and pleaders, all bribed as well as the judge.
The evidence deposed that they were in the
self same county when the brother died, and
saw him buried; and everything went with a
full tide for the younger brother. The judge
summed up with great gravity and delibera-
tion—"And now, gentlemen of the jury,
bring in a verdict as you shall deem most just."
In a few minutes the judge said, "Are you
agreed? Who shall speak for you?"
"We are all agreed; our foreman shall
speak for us."
"Hold, my Lord," replied the miller, "we
are not all agreed."
"Why," said the judge, in a surley manner,
"what is the matter with you—what reason
have you for disagreeing?"
"I have several reasons, my lord," replied
the miller. "First, they have given all the
gentlemen of the jury ten broad pieces of gold,
and me only five, which is not fair. Besides,
I have many objections to make to the false
reasoning of the pleaders, and the contradic-
tory evidence of the witnesses."
Upon this the miller began a discourse that
discovers such a vast penetration of judgment
and extensive knowledge of law, that it
astonished the judge and the whole court.—
As he was going on, the judge in surprise,
stopped him.
"Where did you come from, and who are
you?" he asked.
"I came from Westminster Hall," replied
the miller. "My name is Mathew Hale, Lord
Chief Justice of the King's bench. I have
observed the iniquity of your proceedings this
day; therefore come down from the seat you
are in now worthy to hold. You are one of
the corrupt parties in this iniquitous business.
I will come up this moment and try the whole
case over again."

Accordingly Lord Mathew went up in his
miller's dress and hat, began the trial from the
commencement, and searched every circum-
stance of truth and falsehood; he evinced the
elder brother's title to the estate, and gained
a complete victory in favor of truth and jus-
tice.

COCK-FIGHTING AND PIGEON-SHOOTING.

In Valencia, it is *comme il faut* to go to the
cock-pit. This is a handsome little theatre on
the banks of the Turia, where, on two days
in the week, particularly if they happen to be
saints' days, the stranger may be entertained
or disgusted with this very Spanish amuse-
ment. Cock-fighting here is second only to
bull-fighting, to which all things are second.—
It makes the blood run; and your Iberian is
a lover of it, even though it be chicken's blood.
Attached to the theatre is a large penney,
where clipped roosters are kept to fight
against each other, and all comers. The John
Bulls are esteemed the most pugacious; be-
ing fed on roast beef and plum pudding, prob-
ably. There being no Yankees in the roost,
the Britisher is warranted to lick any cocks,
Christian or Infidel, that may presume to
crow at him. He is understood to be the Gallic
cock, neck and out, except it be in crowing.—
His own neck he rarely deigns to use for this
purpose on more than two occasions,—first,
when he goes into the ring, and last, when
having struck his antagonist the fatal blow,
he goes out of it.

The process of cock-fighting being a feat of
arms which has delighted every boy who has
ever seen a barn-yard, needs no description.
The only difference is, that what at the farm-
house is done according to nature, is done in
the pit on scientific principles, and after the
rules laid down in the books. The champions
must be duly and shockingly clipped. Particu-
larly, their tail feathers must be cut off short.
All their beautiful plumage must be sacrificed
on the altar of Mars, before they are deemed
worthy to fight his battles. They are not even
allowed combs, crowns, or top-knots. The
wretched plight they have been reduced to
before entering the arena, takes away well
nigh all the beholder's pity for them. Such
hideous-looking brutes might fight till dooms-
day; and all Spanish eyes, at least, would re-
tain their constitutional dryness. Should the
contest last so long as a quarter of an hour,
or more, there will be so much the more time
for betting; and at the end of it the *duros*
will be tossed across the pit, from loser to winner,
as thick and fast as hailstones. There are
judges present, sitting in seats of authority,
to decide all nice points. But the well-practised
eyes of the audience rarely make a mis-
take, and quickly detect any attempt at foul
play. All is done decently and in order. The
birds are either killed outright, or are with-
drawn when disabled. In a drawn game they
are parted; and they are hooted out of the
pit when they decline taking part in the per-
formances. This, however, rarely happens.
For cocks in Spain are always as mad as March
hares. They will fight, and crow, as long as
they can stand, and often much longer than
they can see. Poor things! their little life
was not given them to be thus sported away;
they were made to have their heads cut off at
a single blow. But 'tis partly their own fault
—if they will keep such dreadful tempers!

Whoever may not fancy going to the cock-
fight, may go down to the dip of the Turia, to
witness the pigeon-shooting. 'Tis more hu-
mane, and is done in no theatre's walls, but in
the open face of day. Of a holiday afternoon,
all the world is there, looking on. The river's
bed is dry and grassy; for it is only at a sea-
son of unusual rains, that the slender moun-
tain torrent rises sufficiently high to fill its
banks. Here, below the bridge *del Mar*, is a
broad, open space, well suited to the game of
el tiro de las palomas.
The birds are thrown up into the air by their
owner, and whoever has a gun and pesetas
may have a shot at them. The person who
has the privilege of firing first, and has the ad-
vantage of a position nearest the thrower,
pays a fee of a peseta, provided his shot proves
a successful one. In that case, he is also entit-
led to the pigeon. If he misses his mark, he
pays nothing and gets nothing. Thereupon, as
many persons as choose to give a couple of
reals for the privilege of a shot, may fire as
fast as they like, until the poor bird either falls
or gets away. If killed, it belongs to the suc-
cessful marksman, and it is brought in by
small boys, aided by dogs, whose share of the
sport is by no means the least. As half-a-
dozen guns may be let off the same moment,
there is a judge present to decide all disputed
claims among the sportsmen. His interference,
however, is rarely necessary; for the boys, and
even the dogs, seem always to know, as if
by instinct, to which one of the guns belongs
the honor of the victory, and the prize. Most
birds which get out of the range of the guns
in the bed of the river, are brought down by
the peasants, who lie in wait under the neigh-
boring trees, for chance shots, and who are al-
lowed to fire at any fugitive coming within
their limits. Occasionally, a fortunate pigeon
soars high in the air, above the reach of all
missiles, and after describing a few circles in
mid-heaven, shapes its course to its well-re-
membered home, on some house-top in the
city. 'Tis so much clear gain to the owner,
besides a life saved to the poor bird.

This game of pigeon-shooting is a favorite
diversion with the Valentians. The marksmen
vie with each other in showing their skill, and
the best shot carries off a load of popular hon-
ors, besides birds enough to make a stew-pie.
A holiday, at the same time, is spent for hun-
dreds, and even thousands, of spectators, who
cover the river-bed, the quays, and the bridges.
So idle, so easily amused, are the dwellers
on these happy shores. With trifling toil, the
earth yields them its increase. Their wants
are few and simple. They think not of the
morrow. Grant them, then, but an occasional
pigeon-shooting or a bull-fight, a procession of
priests, or a parade of soldiers, the sight of a
prince, or even an elephant and monkeys, and
their happy, heedless hearts, will want no more
to render life a perpetual merry-making.

SKETCH OF LUTHER.

A course, rugged plebeian face it was, with
great crags of cheek bones—a wild amount of
energy and appetite! But in his dark eyes
were floods of sorrow; and the deepest melan-
choly, sweetness, and mystery were all there.
Often did there seem to meet in Luther the
poles in man's character. He, for example,
of whom Richter had said that his words were
half-battles; he, when he first began to preach,
suffered unheard of agony. "O, Dr. Staupitz,
Dr. Staupitz," said he to the vicar-general of
his order, "I cannot, I cannot; I shall die in
three months. 'Indeed, I cannot do it.' Dr.
Staupitz, a wise and considerate man, said
upon this: 'Well, Sir Martin, if you must die,
you must; but remember, they need good
heads up yonder too. So preach, man, preach,
and then live or die as it happens.'"
So Luther preached and lived, and he be-
came, indeed, one great whirlwind of energy,
to work without resting in this world; and
also before he died he wrote many, very many
books—books in which the true man was—for
in the midst of all they denounced and cursed,
what touches of tenderness lay. Look at the
Table Talk, for example.

We see in it a little bird, having alighted at
sunset on the bough of a pear tree that grew
in Luther's garden. Luther looked up at it
and said: "That little bird, how it covers
down its wings, and will sleep there so still
and fearless, though over it are the infinite
starry spaces, and the great blue depths of
immensity. Yet it fears not—it is at home.
The God that made it too is there."
The same gentle spirit of lyrical admiration
is in the other passages of his books. Coming
home from Leipsic, in the autumn season, he
breaks forth into living wonder at the fields of
corn—"*How it stands there,*" he says, "erect
on its beautiful taper stem, and bending its
beautiful golden head with bread in it—the
bread of man sent to him another year." Such
thoughts as these are as little windows, through
which we gaze into the serene depth of Mar-
tin Luther's soul, and see visible across its
tempests and clouds, the whole heaven of
light and love. He might have painted—he
might have sung—could he have been beautiful
like Raphael, great like Michael Angelo.

A lady being asked what business her
husband followed, said he was engaged in
"finishing." Further information was neces-
sary, and after a brief hesitation, she contin-
ued, "finishing his time in the State Prison."
Levity of manners and conversation, favors
almost every vice, and repulses every virtue.

CONCERT BY UNSEEN MUSICIANS.

The Home Journal translates the following
from a French paper:
Imagine yourself in a drawing-room, one of
a numerous audience, all gazing intently upon
the sounding-boards of several solitary harps.
No one is near these harps; no human hand
touches their ringing cords—and yet you are
present at a delicious concert; you listen to a
thrilling harmony which seems to come from
these mute instruments, or to magically ex-
hale from some mysterious region. In
listening to this harmonious combination, one
believes that he distinctly hears the brilliant
tones of the violin, the rapid chords of the pi-
ano, the clear and ringing tones of the clari-
net and hautboy, the grave and prevailing
voice of the bass viol.
One seeks with one's eye and one's ear to
discover the secret cause of this striking
phenomenon, but one sees only what one had
at first seen—these instruments standing apart,
which seem to speak and sing of themselves,
without even receiving the gentle caresses of
the wind, which make the Eolian harp breathe
such indescribable things.
The impression which this mysterious music
made upon those present was such that many
persons could not bear it—it made them ill.
A strange thing occurs. After several pieces
of music have been played, the music ceases
instantly, in the midst of a musical phrase.
A complete silence ensues. Then, in a few
moments, the music is resumed without any
change taking place in the hall but one, which
one would have supposed entirely foreign to
the phenomenon, and it was this: when the
music ceased, a hand pressed lightly upon the
harp had broken its connection with a small
strip of wood; when the music sounded again,
the connection had been restored.
Let us give the explanation of the mystery,
which is not one, but simply a new demon-
stration of that well known property of solid
bodies to transmit the waves of sound more
quickly and with greater intensity than air.
The idea originated with the celebrated physi-
cian, Wheatstone. The experiment was tested
at the Royal Polytechnic Institute of London,
under the supervision of its director, Mon-
sieur Pepper.
The strips of wood which we have spoken
of are of pine, two centimetres in thickness.
They pass through the floor into a very deep
cellar beneath, where the lower end of them
is fastened to the instrument played upon by
four musicians, playing sometimes alone, some-
times as a quartette. Two were fastened to
the bridge of the violin and violoncello, one
to the sounding-board of the piano, and the
fourth below the stop of the clarinet.
These strips of wood, like tubes, transmit
the waves of sound from the instruments be-
low to the sounding-boards of the harps above,
and thanks to the power of vibration with
which the wood is endued to so great a degree,
the resonance of the former is greatly increased.
The vibration of the sounding-boards can be
made apparent to the eye by the figures which
are drawn upon them by sand when thrown
upon them.
Air and gas transmit the waves of sound
much less distinctly than water or solid
bodies. Liquids transmit sound four times
faster than air, and solid bodies twelve or fourteen
times quicker. This principle is the key to
the mysterious concert which we have de-
scribed.
Use of Two Eyes.—To embrace all the ob-
jects before us, and see them with distinctness,
we require two eyes, because one is always
blind to a certain point before it which is
seen by the other. To prove that such is the
case, we may perform the following experiment:—
On the wall of a room, or on a sheet of black
paper held up for the purpose, fix three wafers
in a row, three inches apart from each other,
and then place yourself directly in front of
them, at the distance of from one to two feet.
Shut your right eye and look at them fixedly
and steadily for one or two minutes with the
left. You will now see only two wafers, sup-
pose the first and second in the row; on alter-
ing your position, you will see the third and
the first; altering again, you will see the sec-
ond and third; but never by any movement,
will all the three be seen together.
The cause of this phenomenon is, that there
is a certain point in the retina, at the junction
with the optic nerve, which does not receive
impressions—that is, does not picture objects
like other parts of the mirror—and on this
minute point the impression of the unseen
wafer falls. We observe from this experiment
the use of two eyes, for the person who has
only one, can never see at once three objects
placed in the position we have mentioned, nor
all the sorts of one object of the same extent,
without altering the situation of his eye.—
Chambers' Miscellany.
A lady in Cincinnati has recently had
a remarkable experience with a new Irish girl,
"Biddy," said she, one evening, "we must
have some sausages for tea this evening, I
expect company."
"Yes, ma'am."
Tea time arrived, and with it the company;
the table was spread, the tea was simmering,
but no sausages appeared.
"Where are the sausages, Biddy?" the lady
inquired.
"An' sure they're in the tea-pot, ma'am!
Didn't you tell me we must have 'em for ta?"