THE CHILD AND THE MOURNERS.

A little child, beneath a tree,
Sat and chanted cheerily
A little song, a pleasant song,
Which was—she sang it all day long—
"When we sit blows the summer air,
But a good God reigns over all."

There passed a lady by the way,
Moaning in the face of day;
There were tears upon her cheek,
Grief in her heart too great to speak;
Her husband died but yester-morn,
And left her in the world forlorn.

She stopped, and listened to the child
That loudest to heaven, and singing, smiled.
And saw not, for her own despair,
Another lady, young and fair,
Who, also passing, stopped to hear,
The little's anthem ringing clear.

For she, but few sad days before,
Had lost the little babe she bore;
And still was heavy at her soul,
As that sweet memory o'er her stole,
And showed how bright it shone before the Past—
The Present, drear and overcast.

So the lady stood beneath the tree
Listening, soothed and placidly.
A youth came by, whose cheeks were red
Spoke of a load of miseries;
And he, grieved, like the swain,
Stopped to listen to the strain.

Death had bowed the youthful head
Of his bride beloved—his bride that morning wed;
Her marriage robes were fitted on—
Her fair young face with blushes shone;
When the destroyer smote her low.
And changed the lover's bliss to woe.

And these three listened to the song,
Silver-toned, and sweet, and strong,
Which that child, the livelong day,
Chanted in stroll or play;
When the wind blows, the blossoms fall,
But a good God reigns over all."

CHARLES MACKAY.

NEVER LOOK SAD.

Never look sad—sublime's no bad
An getting familiar with sorrow;
Treat him to-day in a cavalier way,
And he'll ask the same of you to-morrow.

Long you'd not weep, would you but peep
At the bright side of every trial;
Fortune you'll find, is often most kind
When chiding your hopes with denial.

Let the sad day carry away
Its own little burden of sorrow;
Or you may miss half of the bliss
That comes in the lap of to-morrow.

When hope is wreckt, pause and reflect
If error occasioned your misery,
If it be so, hereafter you'll know
How to steer to the harbour of gladness.

A SINGALESE BURGLARY.

It was a blowy, rainy night—such a night as had far better be spent by a good coal fire, than on Queen's Island Common. The weather was a-snoozing and grousing outside, as though it had a grudge against somebody, and was asking for more to do—a shepherd's dog would have caught a cold in the head on such a night. Mrs. B. had peeped one in a tumbler of hot punch, stuffed all sorts of warm clothing round into the cracks of doors, and put out "that horrid land wind," and, in short, we had made ourselves comfortable for the night. Mr. B. did not expect company for a stiff day's work and a stiffer glass of punch require no lessoning. But I was awoke, for in the night it must have been, by my wife nudging me on the arm, pulling my nose, and then pointing to a part of the ceiling. What did I see but my new chattie with one of my peppers, and sent it all to smithereens, the contents of it, of course, vanishing like smoke. The report brought a whole regiment of my servants, I took at their head; but without waiting for them, I gave chase as soon as I could open the door. I saw the tails of flapping coats in the passage, but after green tumbles and cuts and bruises, I was obliged to give up, and return with my feet full of thorns. But the whole house was my next scratch, but no cooky was there, neither was his deputy, so that my mind was at once made up on that point. I was right, too, about the song chattie; it was nowhere to be found, but the pieces in the hole in the floor savoured strongly of mollasgetawney. I looked at the bottom, through the hole just to see what was at all; for in half an hour they will undermine your wall, come up inside, or burrow down, and in less than no time from a hole in the roof, and while some are flying away through the air, the rest are disappearing into the bowels of the earth. Gibb assures us that some of these accomplished fellows lifted him out of bed, the bedstead to pieces, and walked it off by way of the key-hole, to be never discovered any other holes in the room.—*Life in the Jungle.*

INHALATION OF ETHER.

On awakening from the inebriation, the personal experience of the etherised are most interesting. A gentle "sure," of the most common and chilling character—the sense of cold perspiration and a sensation of the most perfect well-being possesses the mind. Then comes a gradual loss of consciousness, with the most delightful tactile sensation disappear. The mind appears perplexed what to make of such a condition, and feeling as if the elusive which had it to the earthly tenement was about to fly, it seizes on the most downright apathy with regard to the body. The soul then seems to labour in an atmosphere of light. The body may be carried off piecemeal apparently soulless world, while frequently a dream of transcendent glories passes before it. If the unfortunate be a continent, the blissful state is of short duration, and the stern touch of the unsympathetic world here disenchants him once more upon the recollection. The baseless fabric of the vision, and the dreamer, and now comes on the usual movement in the apartment somewhere the patient at length and of his bewilderment. But the same glorious things are not vouchsafed to every one. Some, on the contrary, are troubled with most unpleasant dreams; some are variously alarming with their relations, some are tumbling down bottomless abysms; and horrors of all sorts crowd in upon the minds of others. In these cases, it is frequent that groans, cries, convulsive struggles, contortions of the features, and other tokens of uneasiness, betray the troubled state of the dreamer's mind. A lady undergoing this process at our hands, the other day, was over head and ears in the whole time violently struggling and crying out to her child, with whom she conversed herself to be surrounded by flames. When this state exists, the termination of the process is an inexpressible joy to the etherised; it is a sudden and most convinced experience, no actual pain was felt us." It was like a frightful dream!" as "I thought a dead hold of me!" or "I felt as if I should have given wadds to be out of it," are the expressions often made use of on awaking. In some cases, there appears to be a temporary loss of imperfect imitation; but in others, it is a question whether the impurity of the ether employed is not the cause.—*People's Journal.*

SWALLOW SHOOTING.

Nothing can be so cruelly cool as to shoot those "children of the spring" during the breeding season, not only causing the death of the parent bird, but consigning the unfledged brood to a lingering death. The cruelty of killing the swallow at this season, it is obviously a great error. As the number of swallows diminishes, so will blight and mildew, and other disorders of our corn and plants, increase—the destruction of myriads of flies by these last being of great service to the country. The race of birds, some of the songsters excepted, that are so interesting as the swallow. Sir Humphrey Davy has recorded his admiration of it in the following words:—"The swallow is one of my best favourites among the birds, and is a rival to the nightingale, for he cheers my sense of seeing, as much as the other does my sense of hearing. He is the glad prophet of the year, the harbinger of the best season in love, free from pain, and of enjoyment. Amid the loveliest forms of nature winter is unknown to him—he leaves the green meadows of England for the myrtle and orange groves of Italy, and for the palms of Africa. He has always objects of pursuit, and his success is sure. He is the universal destroyer of insects, the friend of man, and may be regarded as a sacred bird. His instinct, which gives him his appointed season, and teaches him when and where to move, I say he regards as flowing from a divine source; and belongs to the oracle of nature, which speaks the social and sympathetic language of a present Deity." This bird becomes more interesting to us when we regard him as our guest—when places himself under our protection, and a part of our habitation slanders him and his little family.

Isaac Hinton, one of the police constables, against whom true bill for perjury was found at the late Essex Assizes, in connexion with the Dagenham murder, has been apprehended, after a disguised residence in Wales as a currier.

There is an alarming spread of fever amongst the labourers on the Caledonian Railway.

Glamorganshire Midsummer Assizes.

(*Continued from our last.*)

Charles Hutchins, aged 20, was charged with having thrown down Richard Jones, of the parish of Merthyr Tydvil, on the 8th of March last, thereby causing his death.—Mr. Crowder conducted the prosecution, and, after stating the case, called Ann Lewis, who said—I remember seeing Richard Jones at the end of March, just below the Crown Inn, Merthyr; he asked me if I would come in for a glass, and I told him I was in a hurry to go home, but afterwards went to the inn with the King's Head and had a glass of rum-shrub; he called for two pennys of gin, which was two shillings worth. The tools laid on the table in the middle, and carried me lower down by the Swan. Prisoner came up to me and struck me on the face with his fist, and said, D—n your eyes, what is it to you? A struggle then ensued, and deceased threw prisoner down at the edge of the pavement. Prisoner was upon deceased two or three minutes, and then got away.—Cross-examined by Mr. Nicholl Carne: Richard Jones appeared to be in a state of intoxication; I was not drunk; I had a noggin of gin in the Crown; he carried me up a private street, and tried to throw me down; he appeared my former acquaintance. When he saw prisoner come up, he said, You have taken my money—give it back; prisoner took my part, on which deceased struck him. A scuffle ensued, and both went down; deceased fell on the curb stone, but prisoner did not knock him against the ground.—Elizabeth Evans: I keep the Swan Inn, Merthyr, about half-past eleven on the 8th of March; I saw a man lying dead in the street; after I saw the shilling murder. —Cross-examined by Mr. Carne: It was dark; deceased was much bigger man than the prisoner.—Joseph Smith: I am a miner, and was at the Swan on the 8th of March; I was drinking; saw a young man and young woman there; the man said to the woman, I should not go home to-night; I have a mind strong, When that child, the livelong day, | Which that child, the livelong day, | Chanted in stroll or play | Chanted in stroll or play | When the wind blows, the blossoms fall, | When the wind blows, the blossoms fall, | But a good God reigns over all." | But a good God reigns over all."

CHARLES MACKAY. | CHARLES MACKAY.

NEVER LOOK SAD. | NEVER LOOK SAD.

Never look sad—sublime's no bad | Never look sad—sublime's no bad
An getting familiar with sorrow; | An getting familiar with sorrow;
Treat him to-day in a cavalier way, | Treat him to-day in a cavalier way,
And he'll ask the same of you to-morrow. | And he'll ask the same of you to-morrow.

Long you'd not weep, would you but peep | Long you'd not weep, would you but peep
At the bright side of every trial; | At the bright side of every trial;
Fortune you'll find, is often most kind | Fortune you'll find, is often most kind
When chiding your hopes with denial. | When chiding your hopes with denial.

Let the sad day carry away | Let the sad day carry away
Its own little burden of sorrow; | Its own little burden of sorrow;
Or you may miss half of the bliss | Or you may miss half of the bliss
That comes in the lap of to-morrow. | That comes in the lap of to-morrow.

When hope is wreckt, pause and reflect | When hope is wreckt, pause and reflect
If error occasioned your misery, | If error occasioned your misery,
If it be so, hereafter you'll know | If it be so, hereafter you'll know
How to steer to the harbour of gladness. | How to steer to the harbour of gladness.

A SINGALESE BURGLARY. | A SINGALESE BURGLARY.

It was a blowy, rainy night—such a night as had far better be spent by a good coal fire, than on Queen's Island Common. The weather was a-snoozing and grousing outside, as though it had a grudge against somebody, and was asking for more to do—a shepherd's dog would have caught a cold in the head on such a night. Mrs. B. had peeped one in a tumbler of hot punch, stuffed all sorts of warm clothing round into the cracks of doors, and put out "that horrid land wind," and, in short, we had made ourselves comfortable for the night. Mr. B. did not expect company for a stiff day's work and a stiffer glass of punch require no lessoning. But I was awoke, for in the night it must have been, by my wife nudging me on the arm, pulling my nose, and then pointing to a part of the ceiling. What did I see but my new chattie with one of my peppers, and sent it all to smithereens, the contents of it, of course, vanishing like smoke. The report brought a whole regiment of my servants, I took at their head; but without waiting for them, I gave chase as soon as I could open the door. I saw the tails of flapping coats in the passage, but after green tumbles and cuts and bruises, I was obliged to give up, and return with my feet full of thorns. But the whole house was my next scratch, but no cooky was there, neither was his deputy, so that my mind was at once made up on that point. I was right, too, about the song chattie; it was nowhere to be found, but the pieces in the hole in the floor savoured strongly of mollasgetawney. I looked at the bottom, through the hole just to see what was at all; for in half an hour they will undermine your wall, come up inside, or burrow down, and in less than no time from a hole in the roof, and while some are flying away through the air, the rest are disappearing into the bowels of the earth. Gibb assures us that some of these accomplished fellows lifted him out of bed, the bedstead to pieces, and walked it off by way of the key-hole, to be never discovered any other holes in the room.—*Life in the Jungle.*

INHALATION OF ETHER. | INHALATION OF ETHER.

On awakening from the inebriation, the personal experience of the etherised are most interesting. A gentle "sure," of the most common and chilling character—the sense of cold perspiration and a sensation of the most perfect well-being possesses the mind. Then comes a gradual loss of consciousness, with the most delightful tactile sensation disappear. The mind appears perplexed what to make of such a condition, and feeling as if the elusive which had it to the earthly tenement was about to fly, it seizes on the most downright apathy with regard to the body. The soul then seems to labour in an atmosphere of light. The body may be carried off piecemeal apparently soulless world, while frequently a dream of transcendent glories passes before it. If the unfortunate be a continent, the blissful state is of short duration, and the stern touch of the unsympathetic world here disenchants him once more upon the recollection. The baseless fabric of the vision, and the dreamer, and now comes on the usual movement in the apartment somewhere the patient at length and of his bewilderment. But the same glorious things are not vouchsafed to every one. Some, on the contrary, are troubled with most unpleasant dreams; some are variously alarming with their relations, some are tumbling down bottomless abysms; and horrors of all sorts crowd in upon the minds of others. In these cases, it is frequent that groans, cries, convulsive struggles, contortions of the features, and other tokens of uneasiness, betray the troubled state of the dreamer's mind. A lady undergoing this process at our hands, the other day, was over head and ears in the whole time violently struggling and crying out to her child, with whom she conversed herself to be surrounded by flames. When this state exists, the termination of the process is an inexpressible joy to the etherised; it is a sudden and most convinced experience, no actual pain was felt us." It was like a frightful dream!" as "I thought a dead hold of me!" or "I felt as if I should have given wadds to be out of it," are the expressions often made use of on awaking. In some cases, there appears to be a temporary loss of imperfect imitation; but in others, it is a question whether the impurity of the ether employed is not the cause.—*People's Journal.*

SWALLOW SHOOTING. | SWALLOW SHOOTING.

Nothing can be so cruelly cool as to shoot those "children of the spring" during the breeding season, not only causing the death of the parent bird, but consigning the unfledged brood to a lingering death. The cruelty of killing the swallow at this season, it is obviously a great error. As the number of swallows diminishes, so will blight and mildew, and other disorders of our corn and plants, increase—the destruction of myriads of flies by these last being of great service to the country. The race of birds, some of the songsters excepted, that are so interesting as the swallow. Sir Humphrey Davy has recorded his admiration of it in the following words:—"The swallow is one of my best favourites among the birds, and is a rival to the nightingale, for he cheers my sense of seeing, as much as the other does my sense of hearing. He is the glad prophet of the year, the harbinger of the best season in love, free from pain, and of enjoyment. Amid the loveliest forms of nature winter is unknown to him—he leaves the green meadows of England for the myrtle and orange groves of Italy, and for the palms of Africa. He has always objects of pursuit, and his success is sure. He is the universal destroyer of insects, the friend of man, and may be regarded as a sacred bird. His instinct, which gives him his appointed season, and teaches him when and where to move, I say he regards as flowing from a divine source; and belongs to the oracle of nature, which speaks the social and sympathetic language of a present Deity." This bird becomes more interesting to us when we regard him as our guest—when places himself under our protection, and a part of our habitation slanders him and his little family.

Isaac Hinton, one of the police constables, against whom true bill for perjury was found at the late Essex Assizes, in connexion with the Dagenham murder, has been apprehended, after a disguised residence in Wales as a currier.

There is an alarming spread of fever amongst the labourers on the Caledonian Railway.

Glamorganshire Midsummer Assizes.

(*Continued from our last.*)

Charles Hutchins, aged 20, was charged with having thrown down Richard Jones, of the parish of Merthyr Tydvil, on the 8th of March last, thereby causing his death.—Mr. Crowder conducted the prosecution, and, after stating the case, called Ann Lewis, who said—I remember seeing Richard Jones at the end of March, just below the Crown Inn, Merthyr; he asked me if I would come in for a glass, and I told him I was in a hurry to go home, but afterwards went to the inn with the King's Head and had a glass of rum-shrub; he called for two pennys of gin, which was two shillings worth. The tools laid on the table in the middle, and carried me lower down by the Swan. Prisoner came up to me and struck me on the face with his fist, and said, D—n your eyes, what is it to you? A struggle then ensued, and deceased threw prisoner down at the edge of the pavement. Prisoner was upon deceased two or three minutes, and then got away.—Cross-examined by Mr. Nicholl Carne: Richard Jones appeared to be in a state of intoxication; I was not drunk; I had a noggin of gin in the Crown; he carried me up a private street, and tried to throw me down; he appeared my former acquaintance. When he saw prisoner come up, he said, You have taken my money—give it back; prisoner took my part, on which deceased struck him. A scuffle ensued, and both went down; deceased fell on the curb stone, but prisoner did not knock him against the ground.—Elizabeth Evans: I keep the Swan Inn, Merthyr, about half-past eleven on the 8th of March; I saw a man lying dead in the street; after I saw the shilling murder. —Cross-examined by Mr. Carne: It was dark; deceased was much bigger man than the prisoner.—Joseph Smith: I am a miner, and was at the Swan on the 8th of March; I was drinking; saw a young man and young woman there; the man said to the woman, I should not go home to-night; I have a mind strong, and when I came out I saw deceased lying on the ground, with the legs a-kimbo and moving, and a man holding him by the ears, and knocking his head on the pavement; the man was not the prisoner; I said, For God's sake don't kill the man. He then saw a good deal, and I asked him what he was about, and he said that was with deceased when I parted; she said, Yes. I asked her if she was not ashamed to be with such a man, and she said but she made no reply. Prisoner then let go deceased's ear, and beat him with his fist; I then saw the shilling murder.—Cross-examined by Mr. Carne: It was dark; deceased was much bigger man than the prisoner.—Joseph Smith: I am a miner, and was at the Swan on the 8th of March; I was drinking; saw a young man and young woman there; the man said to the woman, I should not go home to-night; I have a mind strong, and when I came out I saw deceased lying on the ground, with the legs a-kimbo and moving, and a man holding him by the ears, and knocking his head on the pavement; the man was not the prisoner; I said, For God's sake don't kill the man. He then saw a good deal, and I asked him what he was about, and he said that was with deceased when I parted; she said, Yes. I asked her if she was not ashamed to be with such a man, and she said but she made no reply. Prisoner then let go deceased's ear, and beat him with his fist; I then saw the shilling murder. —