

fabrick of diversified flights? The scheme of this was taken from the invention of the Beaver — But where throughout the animal creation was the instinctive indicator to the man who first conceived the thought of PUNCH?

NEWTON by the fall of an apple is said to have determined the Theory of Gravitation: how vast and limitless in it's application has been the discovery! Yet is the whole but the elucidation of one principle or element of knowledge — while four different and antagonistic elements associate and are made to combine homogeneously in the glorious beverage of PUNCH!

DAVY, in his wonderful invention of the Safety Lamp, went with it completed in his hand from the laboratory to the mine, and found his reasoning true! Throughout the terraqueous globe his achievement is cited as the conquest of abstract Science over Physics. But vain is all abstract reasoning here; all distant experiment; all knowledge of the gases; all study of the powers of repulsion; — here four palpable and repulsive reasons are placed in presence of the chemist and philosopher, and the irresistible argument of all is — PUNCH.

These are hints for reflection to thee, Gentle Reader, in the quiet and solitary concocting and brewing of thy Pitcher, during the two hours that thou shalt diligently pour it from one glass receptacle into the other. When all is finished, and thy star hath proved benignant to thee; and thy beverage shall have become like the harmony that steals away thy heart; gushing from four musical instruments where the sound of neither predominates; — then drink to the memory of the great original Genius who planned and inspired thy joy; and forget not to favour, with a passing thought, the verdant Spirit who would gladly be Thy Companion; and who here subscribes himself, Thy Friend,

JOHN WATERS.

H E R N A M E .

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

THE fragrant odor of the perfumed flower,
The plaint of one who doth his pain confess;
The farewell whispered in the shadowy hour,
The thrilling sound of love's impassioned kiss:

The seven-hued scarf that o'er yon field the cloud
A trophy leaves to the triumphant sun;
A trancing strain, now lost, now faintly heard,
The twilight hum that tells the day is done:

The accent of some voice remembered well,
The glorious ray that crowns the western sea;
The secret wish that maiden may not tell,
The first sweet dream of sleeping infancy:

A far, faint choral chant; the wakening sigh
The Memnon gave to morning's glance of flame;
All that thought hath of beauty, melody,
Less sweet is, O! my Lyre! than her sweet name!

M. E. H.

THE STORY OF ABUL CASSIM'S SHOES.

FROM THE ORIGINAL IN TURKISH.

It is related that there once resided in Bagdad a very wealthy man named Abul Cassim, who was celebrated for his avarice and parsimony. So strong was his ruling passion that he could not even be prevailed upon to throw away his old shoes, but whenever it became urgently necessary, he would have them stitched at a cobbler's stall, and continue to wear them for four or five years. So finally, they became so heavy and large that it was proverbial in that city to say that a thing was 'as clumsy as Abul Cassim's shoes.'

Now one day as this man was walking in the bazaars of Bagdad, a friend of his, a broker, informed him that a merchant from Aleppo was just arrived, bringing some bottles for sale. 'Come,' added he, 'I will get them for you at a low price, and after keeping them a month or so, you can sell them again for three times as much as you gave, and so make a handsome profit.' The matter was soon arranged between them; Abul Cassim bought the bottles for sixty dinars, and after employing several porters to carry them to his house, he passed on. He had also another friend, a public crier, whom he likewise happened to meet, and who told him that a merchant from the town of Yezd had some rose-water for sale. 'Come,' said he, 'I will get it for you now at a low rate, and dispose of it for you some other time for double the amount.' So Abul Cassim was prevailed upon to buy the rose-water also, and on reaching home he filled the bottles with the water, and placed them on a shelf in one of his apartments.

The day following, Abul Cassim went to a bath, and while undressing himself, one of his friends going out saw his old shoes, and jokingly said: 'Oh! Cassim, do let me change your shoes, for these have become very clumsy.' Abul Cassim only replied, '*Inshallah!* if God wishes;' and continuing to undress himself, went into the bath. Just then the *Cadi*, or judge of the city, came to the bath, and undressed himself near to Abul Cassim. Some time afterward Abul Cassim came out of the inner room of the bath, and when he had dressed himself, looked for his shoes, which not finding, but seeing a new pair in their place, he thought his friend had made the change that he desired; so putting them on, he returned to his house.

When the *Cadi* came out of the bath, and had put on his clothes, he asked for his shoes, but lo! they could nowhere be found; and seeing, close by, the old ones of Abul Cassim, he naturally concluded this latter person had purloined his. So the *Cadi* was greatly enraged; and ordering Abul Cassim to be brought before him, he accused him of stealing shoes out of baths, imprisoned him two or three days, and fined him.