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Poetry.

BEAUTIFUL MAY.

Welcome, sweet welcome,
Oh! jubilant birds,
Singing in concert
Your songs without words.
Welcome, sweet welcome,
Fair blossoms to-day,
Crowning so gaily
The beautiful May.

Summer hath glories
On meadow and plain;
Autumn hath fullness
Of fruit and of grain;
Winter hath beauty;
Yet poets all say,
No time so sweet
As the beautiful May.

Welcome, sweet welcome,
Then south wind and dew,
Music and flowers,
And skies of bright blue.
Welcome, sweet welcome,
Oh! green earth to-day,
Crown her with laurels
Oh beautiful May!

A Long Lost Uncle.

I love her, and yet she is not beautiful; nor has she any of the freshness of youth which often possesses the attraction of beauty. Neither is my love of that blind nature which invests its object with attributes existing only in the imagination of the worshiper. On the contrary, I am able to state candidly that she is old, and that her appearance is certainly not prepossessing. I do not love her for her virtues. She is not wise or learned, and her disposition is none the most amiable. It is true she is pious; but I fear I do not value her more on that account. I should not be sorry if her piety were less, and if it were less demonstrative and less aggressive. My affection is not of that romantic and exacting nature which is never happy save in the presence of its object. On the contrary, I am fondest of her when she is fartherest away. Yes, I am confident the feeling with which I regard her will outlast many more fierce and pretentious attachments.

The reader will understand my sentiments when I inform him that the lady I refer to is my wife's aunt, and that the esteem with which we both regard her is founded on her possession of a considerable sum in railway shares and consols, and a comfortable and yearly increasing balance at her banker's.

At the present moment we entertain toward her feelings of peculiar tenderness, for it is but only the other day we had nearly lost her. No, she has not been ill. We had no fear she was going to die. We could have borne that. It is the lot of all, and resignation in such a case is a duty.—The danger which she has just escaped is of a different nature. I tremble, even now to think how imminent it at one time appeared. But, thank Heaven! it is passed, and the tears which blot this paper are tears of gratitude and happiness.

* * * * * * *

I have an office in the city. I do a little in wine and cigars on commission, and occasionly traffic in tea.

I am a married man with a small family. My income, I regret to say, is also small. The former of late years, has been increasing; the latter has not. My Emily is an excellent manager, and, I honestly believe, lays out to the best advantage the limited amount that I am able to allow for our household expenditure. But we are exceedingly pinched at times. The nature of my business obliges me to reside in a genteel neighborhood; and we are frequently forced to sacrifice comfort for the sake of appearance.

My wife's aunt lives in the country; but she is good enough to visit us two or three times during the course of the year, and spend a week or two with us.

On these occasions, I need not say that we do all in our power to make her comfortable. This is not always a task unattended with difficulty. Like many elderly maiden ladies in easy circumstances, she possesses a peculiar talent for making other people uneasy. The remarks which she frequently feels herself called upon to make concerning our domestic arangements are generally more distinguished for freedom than politeness. And though the spirit of piety which prompts the utterance may be undoubted, it is not pleasant for a man to be told that he is 'a heathen,' and that he is 'leading his family in the broad path of destruction.' This, too, when my conscience acquits me of any such improper designs.

"But we must bear with her little weakness,' says my wife. "You know, Samuel, she does not possess the blessings which we do, in these dear children. Besides, we are her nearest relations, and—'

"Ah, true,' "The old girl will cut up well one of these days, no doubt; and in the meantime we must be civil to her, I suppose. That is what you mean to say, my dear?'

"I mean to say nothing of the kind, sir; and you ought to be ashamend of yourself.'

I was sitting at home one evening, in a melancholy mood—for I had just been reading a letter from 'our' aunt, in which she announced her intention of coming to see us in a day or two, and make a long, long visit,'—when there came a loud ring at the street door bell.

I started up.

"That can't be her, surely?' I said to my wife.

"On, no, that is not Aunt Jane's ring,' replied Emily. "Besides, I did not hear any carriage drive up to the door.'

I felt comforted. It could not very well be Aunt Jane. No, the idea was absurd. But, you see, I had just been reading her letter, and I felt nervous and easily startled.

Presently our little maid of all work came up stairs, and informed me that there was a gentleman below wished to see me.

I went down and saw a man standing in the hall. He was a tall, stout, elderly man, with a weather beaten face. He was well dressed, and displayed a quantity of jewelry about his person. But his clothes fitted him badly. He seemed like a man who had been got up to look like a gentleman, but the attempt had failed somehow.

He advanced toward me holding out his hands.

"Are you Sam Conroy?' he said.

"My name is Sam Conroy,' I replied, drawing back.

For I declined the tone of authority in which he addressed me.

"The tip of your flipper, my boy. Why Lord love ye, don't you know your old Uncle Joe?'

I looked at him, but I did not recognize him. This was not extraordinary, as I had never seen him before. However, I had heard that I had an Uncle Joe at the Antipodes somewhere, whom, by the by, I had always thought of as Uncle 'Joseph. But it was all right.

So this was my lost uncle.

I 'tipped him my flipper' at once.

I took him up stairs and introduced him to my wife. That dear creature, whose impressions of people are very quickly formed, did not seem to be greatly delighted with my relation. And I must confess that, after the enthusiasm of the first greeting had subsided—and cold must be the heart of him who is not moved when he grasps the hand of a new found uncle—I myself was disposed to receive him somewhat distantly. His language was coarse; and the man's manner exhibited a peculiar mixture of self-assertion and diffidence that was not prepossessing.

But he warmed into confidence, and as he related to us the simple story of his life and his wanderings, our hearts turned toward him, and we felt how base had been the prejudices which had caused us to be repelled by a rough and homely exterior. He had not been in England for twenty years. During that time he had traversed many strange and distant lands. He had undergone numerous privations. He had been a soldier in Mexico. He had been ship wrecked on the bleak, inhospitable shores of the Auckland Isles, in the far South seas. He had hunted the wild buffalo in the boundless prairies of the west. He had dug for gold in the deep and sunless mines of Ballarat. He had been a shepherd on the lonely plains of Warnambooler; and now, in his old age, he had returned to the land of his fathers, to lay his bones with theirs, and to leave his gold the fruit of long years of toil, to his friends and relations.

It was at this point of his narrative that my wife, who is of a very tender disposition, was affected to tears.

"Aye, ma'am, its an old saying, that blood is thicker than water; and, though he don't recollect it, many's the time I've dandled your husband on my knees when he was no bigger than little sonny there. Come, Tommy, and kiss your old uncle.'

This was addressed to our eldest hope, an urchin of some five years old. The boy however, held back, and did not seem inclined to accept the invitation.

"Run and kiss your uncle, you naughty willfull boy, do,' said my wife.

The boy obeyed with a very bad grace, and immediately afterwards ran and hid his face in his mother's lap.

"No, thank you, ma'am—I don't seem to care for another cup 'o tea. But if you have a dram of anything handy, I think I could take a drop along with my pipe.—Rum's my favorite tipple, ma'am—not to put you to any inconvenience.'

He was actually smoking a pipe in our drawing room, and my wife was looking on and smiling. "Oh, certainly,' replied my wife in reply to the last demand. "It is no trouble, I assure you. I—I think there is some in the house.'

"Of course we have, Emily,' I remarked. "Why, rum is our favorite tipple you know.'

My wife said nothing, but she gave me one of those peculiar looks with which she some times favors her devoted slave.

She went down stairs and shortly afterward I heard the front door close, by which I understood that our domestic had been dispatched to the nearest public house for a bottle of rum.

I was not mistaken. In a short time she returned with a bottle and two glasses.

"And now,' she said, "I will leave you two together while I go and put the children to bed. Say, 'good-night' to your uncle, Tommy.'

"Good-night, little one,' said Uncle Joe. Will he take a little of this, ma'am?'

"Oh, no,' said my wife, hastily drawing the child toward her.

But Tommy had seen the rum in the glass, and liked the look of it; and he declared stoutly he would have some.

"A little drop won't hurt him, ma'am,' said Uncle Joe.

And before my wife could interfere, the child had the glass to his lips, and had drank off half of it.

It nearly choked him; and after a brief interval, during which his countenance presented an amusing picture of surprise and consternation, he was led out of the room howling.

Uncle Joe remained some days with us, during which he developed some pleasing traits of character.

"I like you, Sammy, my boy,' he would say. "I have more money than I ever will have any use for, and you won't regret your kindness to your old uncle.'

Still, his presence in our household was productive of some inconvenience. He had a great fondness for rum, which he drank from morning till night; and this, with his continual smoking, made our parlor begin to smell like a tap room. He had a great partiality for cards, and he initiated me into several strange games.—There was one of them, I recollect, called "Blind Hookey,' in which you bet on a card; and another styled 'Poker,' in which you anted up, and saw your opponent's half crown, and went five shillings better.

I betted on a card, and saw my opponent's half crown, and in a very short time I found that I had lost five pound to my relative. This sum, of course, was a mere trifle to him; but it was more than I could afford, and I had to decline to ante up in future.

One thing gave me serious annoyance.—Uncle Joe had contracted a habit of using very powerful expletives and Tommy, who is very observant, began to repeat some of these most unnecessary words.

One day I heard a dispute between the boy and his mother.

"I want some more cake, ma.'

"You have had enough. Too much cake is not good for little boys.'

"I will have some more cake. If you don't give it to me I will say 'damn,' like Uncle Joe.'

I had a private interview with the child; and, after an argument which involed some slight physical exertion on my part, I think I convinced him of the impropriety of saying 'damn.'

Another matter gave me great uneasiness. I was in daily expectation of a visit from my wife's aunt. A meeting between my uncle and her seemed inevitable. How were two such contrary elements to be brought together without collision? I feared the most disastrous results, and I looked forward to the meeting with much trepidation.

But one evening on returning home from business, I found Aunt Jane, my uncle and my wife in the parlor together, conversing most amicably Uncle Joe was smoking his pipe as usual. I had told him of aunt Jane's expected arrival, and I had asked him not to smoke in her presence. I looked frowningly at his pipe.

"Oh, its all right, Sam, my boy,' said he "Miss Lillicrap don't object. She rather likes smoking in a single man.'

Does she? I know if I had attempted to smoke in my own house, she would have gone into hysterics, at the very least. And here was Uncle Joe pouring his foul tobacco smoke into her very face, and she was sitting opposite him, smiling graciously. I learned afterward that, on Aunt Jane's first arrival, my wife had explained to her privately the presence of Uncle Joe in the house. She had described my relative as a man long unused to civilized society, but of a kind and generous disposition and—oh! so rich! And these were the two people I had been afraid to bring together. Fool! to think that any difference in mere social usages could dissever the bond of sympathy which unites the possessor of money with—the possessor of money! Oh, Mammon, Mammon!

I find the reflections here suggested have run out into the form of an essay of some length, and of far too valuable a nature to be inserted in a mere casual sketch like the present. They are therefore omitted.

Uncle Joe and Aunt Jane became great friends; and the change that this companionship wrought in the old lady surprised me. Hitherto I had found her to be of a very staid and sober disposition, with a fondness for tea and gossip, but with a horror of all lighter and frivolous amusements. Now she would accompany Uncle Joe to threatres and concerts, and she encouraged me to give parties at which music, cards and whiskey and water were leading features. And in the two latter departments Uncle Joe distinguished himself.

"I say, Conroy,' said my friend Flatbede, during one of these gatherings, 'that uncle of yours is a regular old sharper.—He has just swindled me out of thirty dollars at the three card trick.'

I looked grave at this announcement.

"And look here, Conroy, my boy, I think you know me.'

I said I rather thought I did.

"My name is Flatbede and I'm a man of the world.'

"Nobody more so.'

"I fancy I know what's what, and can put two and two together as well as most people.'

"Better.'

"Well, better than some, perhaps. Now look here, my boy, you'll have a marriage in this house before many weeks are over.'

I started.

"What do you mean?' I said.

"Then this great observer simply nodded his head, and gave utterance to a monosyllable—"Twig!'

I looked in the direction indicated. A number of people were gathered around the piano, at which a lady was seated, evidently about to sing; and a gentleman was bending above her affectionately, and preparing to turn the music. The lady was Aunt Jane and the gentleman was uncle Joe.

Of the performance which followed, I will say nothing. I am a charitable man. The idea of marriage between Aunt Jane and Uncle Joe did not give me unalloyed pleasure. I spoke to my wife about it.—She treated the announcement with contempt.

"At her age,' she said, "it would be too ridiculous.'

Nevertheless, that night Emily said to me:

"Couldn't we pursuade Uncle Joe to take lodging somewhere—at least while my aunt is here? His habits are so uncivilized and Aunt Jane is such a sensitive creature you know.'

I failed to perceive that Aunt Jane's sensitive nature was shocked, and I could not see my way clear to turn my uncle out of doors; but my mind was troubled.

I was in my office one morning when I was surprised by a visit from our family solicitor, Mr. Sawyer.

"You have a person calling himself Joseph Conroy residing with you at present?' he inquired.

"Yes of course—Uncle Joe.'

"Hum! Are you sure he is the person he represents himself to be?'

"Why, of course I am. He is my uncle. He told me so himself.'

"Indeed! Then allow me to inform you I have strong reasons to believe that this man is an impostor.'

"Gracious powers! you don't say so.—How?'

"In the first place this is a much younger man than your uncle would be; and in the second place I happen to know that your uncle has been dead for ten years.'

"Dear me! And for these reasons you think this man cannot be my uncle.'

"For these reasons I think this man cannot be your uncle.'

I reflected seriously for some minutes and I could not but admit that the lawyer's conclusion was just.

"Nevertheless,' I said, "I must still regard him as an uncle—as more than uncle. Alas! how few real uncles so well deserve the name.'

The lawyer looked puzzled.

"Know,' said I, "that he whom you so cruelly stigmatize as an imposter has conferred upon me the greatest of benefits.—He has promised to make me heir to all his wealth.'

The lawyer laughed.

"So he has been humbugging you too, has he? I don't believe the fellow has five pounds in the world.'

"I am sure he has,' I said "He has won more than that of me at cards.'

But I began to feel uncomfortable.

"But this is not the worst, I fear he has designs upon your aunt, Miss Lillicrap.'

"Ha!'

Then the lawyer told me all. Miss Lillicrap, accompanied by Uncle Joe, had called upon him the previous day, and informed him that she wished him to sell out certain shares which she possessed. She intended to invest the money in some Australian mining company, which was paying large dividends, and which had been strongly recommended by her friend, Mr. Joseph Courcy.

The lawyer was naturally curious to know something of Mr. Joseph Courcy, and was rather surprised to learn that he was in the gentleman's presence, and that he was my uncle. Further, he was informed that Miss Lillicrap was to become Mrs. Courcy very shortly; but that, for the present, it was to be a secret. He had made no remark, but told Miss Lillicrap that her business would take some time to transact, and that she had better call upon him in a couple of days.

"I expect,' he said, "they will be at my office at two o'clock to-morrow.'

"And now,' said Mr. Sawyer, "I will tell you what I know about the matter.—Your uncle, Joseph Courcy, went to Melbourne twenty years ago. He had been a bankrupt, and I was left trustee of the estate. The cause of the bankruptcy was fast living and bad society. He was accompanied to Melbourne by one Thomas Byrne, a person with whom he had been intimate for some time, and was one of those who helped him to his ruin. This Byran, it was afterwards discovered, had been guilty of a forgery, for which crime he is still liable. Your uncle died in Melbourne ten years ago; and it is this fellow who personates him. From inquiries I have made, I believe he is almost without money, and his object evidently is to gain possession of your aunt's property, either by marriage or otherwise.'

"The infernal mercenary scoundrel!' I exclaimed. "But we will balk him.'

"Yes, I think we will. Call at my office a little before two o'clock to-morrow, and we'll arrange what is best to be done.

"Fear not—I will be there. Good day, my very dear sir—good day.'

Next day I was at Mr. Sawyer's office shortly before two o'clock. His expected visitors had not arrived, but they came presently. They both seemed rather disconcerted on seeing me, and sat for some minuntes without speaking. Miss Lillicrap was the first to recover herself.

"Of course, Mr. Sawyer,' she said, 'you will understand that we wish this to be a private meeting.'

"Oh, certainly. Only your nephew, Mr. Courcy, is here by my invitation, as I thought you might want his assistance.

"We neither require nor desire it,' said Miss Lillicrap, rising.

"By no means,' said Uncle Joe, standing up and looking dignified.

"Before we proceed to business, then,' said the lawyer, "may I ask you, Miss Lillicrap, if you are aware of the character of the person sitting beside you?'

"Hallo, sir! Do you use this language to me?' said Uncle Joe, blustering.

"I do not understand you,' faltered Miss Lillicrap.

"I mean simply to say that fellow is an impostor.'

"I'll break your lawyer's head for you if you call me those names,' said Uncle Joe.

"No you won't my man. I know you. Your name is Thomas Byrne. You are a thief and a forger; and, if I choose, I can at the present moment call in a constable and send you to jail.'

"It's a lie.'

But he turned very pale, and his voice faltered.

"Come,' said the lawyer, "let us have no nonsense. There is the door. Nobody will harm you. Or shall I call the constable?'

I expect you've got me to rights, governor. No use of showing fight, I suppose?

"Not a bit.'

"Honor?'

"Honor?'

"Then I'd better go. Good-bye, old gal. Good-bye, Sammy. I'll leave you all my money when I die. Compliments to the Missus.'

And he walked slowly out of the room.

"Rather a cool hand that,' said the lawyer.

"What a deceitful thing!' said Aunt Jane, and to think of all this money going out of the family.'

"Well, that's no great loss,' said Mr. Sawyer, "I don't believe the fellow is worth a sixpence.'

"What!' said Aunt Jane, "no money? Oh, the villain!'

I took Aunt Jane home, and having related the story to my wife, together we endeavored to console her.

This was at first rather difficult, as she persisted in laying all the blame of the affair upon me. But by degrees we got her into a better humor. She is staying with us at present. She says all the men are deceivers and she is determined to die an old maid. I think this is highly probable. Her railway shares have risen in the market lately, and we love her dearly.

My Friend.

BY MARY E. C. WYETH.

I had written to her in one of my dolorous moods, perhaps, and had caused some secret pang of wounded self-love, by giving the whole world of friend and foes a misanthropical side stroke. Very likely it had been so, for here was her dear, good letter, brimful of appreciative sympathy, cheer and loving helpfulness, and signed, "As ever, thy one, certain, true friend.'

My hungry heart accepted all she had to give, and fed itself upon the sweet and savory words of friendship, and expanded and warmed toward all mankind because of the grateful cheer of a genial and steadfast lover; and yet, as my lingering glance rested on the closing phrase, my whole being instinctively rejected all that those words seemed to imply—"As ever, thy one, certain, true friend.'

Ah! no. Earthly friendships are inconstant, unabiding, changeful and insecure. They may, indeed, endure for years; they may, outwear much of time and change; they may withstand many tests and strains; but to them, as to all things earthly, happens "a time and a chance,' and they perish.

I had known friends, as dear and genial as was she, lose faith, grow cold, take offence when none was meant. I had seen intimacies of tenderest nature abruptly terminate, when apparently least likely to end. I had learned that constancy had its limit on the earth, and that even the love of years a breath may turn away.

The certain true friend of to-day is certain and true only until some act real or fancied of mine, proves his uncertainty and his lack. The "forever" of the best and purest of human affection, is but an episode—at farthest lasting—until death! And ah! once beyond that barrier, what human love shall avail to satisfy our yearning, deathless souls? Alone on the dim confines of an untried, eternal world, what human friendship proves itself to our helpless hearts "forever, certain, true?'

Ah! thy only Friend, let me not rob thee of thy title. For thou only art certain, thou only art true. Thou only, in all things, by all ways, through all changes, all reverses, art constant, changeless, abiding. Thy friendship, O blessed one, depends not on my loneliness of grace, my capacity for loving in return, my merit or my gratitude.

When I least repay thee, even then thou carest most for me, for thy tender mercies fall on me in proportion to my needs.—Thou indeed, desirest love for love; yet, though I fail thee often, thou failest me never. Even it has been that I have denied and spurned thy gracious friendship, and grieved thy loving heart with my inconstancy, coldness and treachery; still, thou hast loved and pitied, and forgiven and loved afresh. Thou only, O Christ, art the strength of my soul and my portion forever. Thou didst love me, and prepare for me a sure abode, from the foundation of the world. Thou dost abide with me in every hour of life. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil for thou art with me.—Let no other name than thine be written for me, as "Ever, thy one, certain, true friend.'

MAY.

BY JEFFREY GIFFORD.

The bright and sunny May is here,
The hours are rife with light and bloom,
Balm fills the air, the sky is clear,
The flowers revel in perfume;
The trees have donned their green attire,
And the scarlet blush is veined with fire.

The birds are singing sweet and glad,
The butterfly is on the wing;
Where dwelleth gloom and lives are sad
The welcome May will rapture bring.
'Mid fields and woods the brook does stray,
Babbling of happiness and mirth;
While the golden hours of lovely May
Lie mellow on the Earth.

What is the Cause of Tides.

BY S. A. TROWBRIDGE.

There are occasional fallacies, which, in some mysterious way, gain credence in the minds of men till they finally become accepted as unquestioned facts. Among these may be mentioned the oft-repeated proverb: "It is always darkest just before day,' and the commonly accepted explanation of the rising of light bodies in a denser medium. It is not true that smoke, heated air, balloons, etc., rise because of their lightness, and then the air rushes in to take their place; but the air, being heavier, seeks by gravity the lowest place, and in so doing crowds up the lighter bodies. Water is said to contract down to a few degrees of the freezing point, and then expand in changing to ice; but it is probable that the molecules are drawing closer to one another all the time, and that the apparent expansion is because the crystals of ice do not fit together exactly, and hence leave between them interstices filled with air and thus occupy more space.

And it is quite possible, if not probable, that the common explanation of tides furnishes still another illustration. When sufficient credulity, the explained cause of the tide on the moon's side of the earth may be accepted as somewhat satisfactory; but there is room for reasonable doubt as regards that of the tide opposite the moon.—This luminary is said, in the first case, to draw the water away from the earth, and in the second, to draw the earth away from the water. This is considered possible because the nearer object will be influenced more by the moon's attraction than the more distant object, and this difference of attractive force, as exerted on the stable earth and the unstable water, is said to produce the tides as we observe them.—Attraction varies inversely as the square of the distance. If we represent the force with which the moon draws the earth by ten, the force with which it attracts the water on the opposite side of the earth will be about nine and two-thirds. This latter force is not diminished by the intervening earth, and tends to draw the water toward the moon. The earth, by its attraction, holds the water to its surface, and its influence is not lessend when the moon acts upon it. As both these forces tend to draw the water opposite the moon toward that luminary, we would reasonably expect a low, rather than a high tide at that point. It is said that the water remains behind by its inertia. But as the moon acts constantly upon the earth, and gradually upon any one point of its surface, the inertia of the water would be overcome at least as soon as that of the solid earth, and probably sooner, as the water is more free to yield to the influence of attraction.

Again, the theory rests on the supposition that the attraction of the moon gives the earth a daily motion toward itself; but this cannot be strictly true, for, if so, the earth and moon would be continually approaching each other, and we would live in constant fear of a collision, whereas they maintain a uniform mean distance between them. In opposition to this, it is argued that the deviations from the tangential motion of the earth in its orbit are precisely those which the earth would move through if falling toward the attracting body unaffected by any other impulse. Whether this is satisfactory, each must decide for himself.

The sun also exerts upon the earth an influence tending to produce tides, which is about two-fifths as great as that exerted by the moon. The sun's real attraction, of course, is much greater than the moon's, but, on account of its greater distance, the difference between its influence on the earth and on its aqueous envelope is less.—From the sun's influence, we would expect a tide to follow the sun, as one is said to follow the moon, and differ from it only in being smaller; and when the sun and moon are in quadrature, we should expect, according to theory, that there would be four tides a day; two caused by the moon and two by the sun, whose major axes would be at right angles with each other. When the sun and moon are in conjunction we have the highest tides, because both act together and in the same direction. When they are in opposition, we should expect the lowest tides because they act in opposite directions and each tends to counteract the effect of the other. But in fact this combination also appears to produce spring tides.

If the tidal wave is caused by the moon, and follows her as she apparently makes a complete circuit of the earth in about 25 hours, it must travel at the rate of one thousand miles per hour, and this is hardly reconcilable with its mildness and harmlessness in dashing upon the shore, nor with Mr. Airy's law for the velocity of tidal waves, which makes it the "same as that which a free body would acquire by falling from rest, under the action of gravity, through a space equal to one-half the depth of the water." The Pacific Ocean is estimated to average 440 fathoms in depth, and according to this rule the velocity would be less than 200 miles an hour; or, by a slight change in its application, the rule would make the average depth of water over the whole surface of the earth more than twelve miles. The tidal theory supposes the anomalous condition of an interrupted ocean enveloping the whole globe. Again, if the moon or sun causes the tide, we would expect an observable uniformity in the direction and velocity of the tidal wave from the eastern borders of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans to their western borders; but on the contrary, it is acknowledged by orthodox believers in the lunar and solar cause of tides that we have little or no clue to the course or rate of travel of the ocean tide. Even for the North Atlantic, which is constantly alive with commerce, no connection has yet been discovered between tides of the opposite coasts.

The tide on either side of the earth does not rise to the vertical between the earth and the attracting body, but, under favorable circumstances, about three hours behind it; and when these are not favorable, the retardation may be almost indefinitely prolonged. The reason of this is said to be that the inertia and friction of the water, and other causes, prevent its rapid change of form; and although the elevating force is greater under the vertical, it still continues to act in the some direction, and with but little diminution of force, for some hours after the passage of the moon. But, strange to say, when the influences of the sun and moon are combined to overcome this friction and inertia, the interval between the meridian passages of these luminaries and the spring tide is longest of all. The retardation so varies with the depth of the sea, form of the basin, interruption of the land, etc., that confessedly no regular progressive movement of the tide wave can take place except in the unfrequented Southern Ocean. This, together with the acknowledged want of observed connection between the tides on the opposite coasts of the North Atlantic—though here subject to constant inspection—leads to the conclusion that the belief, respecting the movement of the tidal wave around the earth from east to west, is based on conjecture rather than positive demonstration. On the other hand, there are some reasons for the supposition that this wave moves in the opposite direction. Mr. John Wise who suggests some of the objections mentioned above, claims that it moves from west to east, and is due to the action of the earth's centrifugal force, just as water is thrown forward on the surface of a rapidly revolving grindstone. In substantiation of this, he says: "The first authenticated records we have of this centrifugal wave rolling around the earth, from west to east, are given in the log of the clipper ship Sovereign of the Seas, in his remarkably short passage of eighty-three days from the Sandwhich Islands to New York, in 1853, in accordance with Maury's chart furnished by our government. This ship made 16½ knots an hour in her casting for four consecutive days while riding this great centrifugal wave in her doubling of Cape Horn. And in the same year, by the same directions, the sailing ship Flying Scud made equally good castings, and made as much as 449 miles in one day, taking advantage of this fact of the great tida wave." These statements would seem to necssitate the progressive movement of the water as well as the wave, for their explanation. But it is generally held that the water itself has little or no real forward motion.

Mr. Wise also claims that there are not two distinct daily tides in the Southern Ocean, nor at all intertropical points; and that here two appear, they are due to gurgitation and regurgitation of the water, occasioned by its forcible contact with the shores between which it oscillates, and may be influenced by the fact that the equator of the earth is an ellipse and not a perfect circle. He assigns, as the cause of their regularity, what Herbert Spencer calls the rhythm of motion, and says: "They have their elucidation in, and are manifestly referrable, that harmonious pulsation of Nature which exhibits itself in the throbbing of the heart, in the motion of the blood, the vibration of sound, the 'nodding' of the poles of the earth, in all mechanical movements, and in the measured cadence of the waterfall as it rises and falls in its musical rhythms."

That most of the objections cited herein have their stereotyped answers is not denied. But it will doubtless be conceded that there is some reasonable doubt as to their correctness, and that strict science, which rests on facts and not on theories, would not be injured by a careful revision of this whole question. With this end in view, we close our remarks as we began, with the honest query: What is the cause of tides?

SHE WAS ALL RIGHT.—"He died very suddenly,' said one female to another at the post-office window, last evening.

"And did he have his life insured?' asked the other.

"Yes, three thousand dollars.'

"O, well then, it isn't so bad. His wife can have a coral set, some new furs, a silk dress, and just make mourning goods git up and wave!'

Mrs. Gubbins sys her husband is like a tallow candle; he always will smoke when he goes out.