

soda water, though I do not see that she actually does any business, or that the grand collation in her keeping suffers any disturbance or derangement.

Not more than five minutes have elapsed ere the train is again on its way; the new arrivals have filed off towards Clodbury, the station functionaries have vanished once more, and I am again alone on the platform—now more solitary than before, for Mariana has disappeared in toto, and has veiled her peculiar shrine with a square yard or so of sham venetian blind, which effectually shuts her out from my view. I have a notion that she is getting her dinner—I hardly know why; but soon I am fortified in this conjecture by certain odours of a savoury kind, suggestive to my fancy of the eidolon of a gridiron, with the willowy black ringlets bending over it—said odours exhaling from the sealed-up sanctuary and flavouring the silent air. How very silent it is! and what a strange, desert-kind of feeling comes over one in a silence so dead and profound, and in the presence of full sunshine, with all the material phenomena of life, bustle, and locomotion dumb and motionless around you, as though fixed and spell-struck by the wand of an enchanter.

I am sitting on the lone seat, looking up the long glittering line of rails, dreamily drinking in the "silence which is golden," and thinking of nothing, when, lo! dim, faint sounds of exquisite harmony steal over my dull senses and rouse them to a feeling of delectable enjoyment. Is it a peal of Memnon-like music coming from the clouds? is it the echo of some multitudinous chorus of inarticulate voices divinely concerted, and performing sacred anthems in some air-built cathedral, whose vaulted roofs and fretted aisles are not palpable to sense? is it the far-sounding surge of the sea, compelled into harmonious rhythm by the wandering ghost of Beethoven, and wafted inland by the summer breeze? is it the Berlin choristers in a balloon singing and sailing up aloft? No. What, then, *can* it be? Now it swells a grand billowy diapason, pervading the whole atmosphere, and now it dies away in the faintest murmur, returning again in fitful ripples of sound until it rolls as grandly as before. It is some time ere I discover that this mysterious concert is due to the action of the wind, which has gradually arisen to a gentle breeze, and is operating upon the strained wires of the electric telegraph, which here crosses the rail diagonally for a distance of nearly thirty yards, the wires being wound up to more than ordinary tension, and thus converted into a monster æolian harp. I am now aware that the notes I hear, grand and bewitching as they are, are not the fundamental notes given out by these long heavy wires, and that, were it not for the universal law which gives the twelfths and fifteenths along with the grand notes, it is doubtful whether, being so near the wires, I should hear any musical sound at all on the platform where I am sitting. To test this theory, I get up and make my way to a rising ground covered with a young plantation of firs and beeches in the rear of the station. It is as I had expected: from this point I hear the weird harmonies in tones fully two octaves deeper, but then

I do not hear them so distinctly, and should not hear them at all did I not listen intently to catch them.

I am aware of voices on the other side of the plantation, alternating with the click and thud of several mattocks upon the stony soil. Passing between the young trees, where I rouse up some of the companions of my speculative duck, I come out upon the edge of a bean-field, where four or five labourers are busily hoeing up the weeds from the beans, which, by the way, seem to be the only crops looking at all promising just now in this grain-growing district. An ancient labourer hails me with a "Good arternoon, sir," and commences a lamentable diatribe on the backwardness of the spring and the dismal state of the crops. He points to the broad acres of autumn-sown land which should be green and thick in the blade, but where the trace of a green blade is scarcely visible, owing to the long prevalence of wintry winds and biting frost. He is in despair about his own cabbages, which have all gone to the bad, and is going to tell me the price they are demanding for new plants—when, "ding, dong—ding, dong," there goes the platform bell, which is a signal to me that my train is in sight at last, so that I am compelled to run for it and cut off his tale in the middle.

In two minutes more I have got through my two hours' probation at Clodbury, and am trundling along towards the place of my destination. Ere half an hour more has elapsed, I see the square stone tower of Grey Town church sleeping in the sunshine, and the flocks and herds pasturing in the quiet meadows through which the gentle brook meanders lazily, and flashes back the beams of the April sun. "Grey Town! Who's for Grey Town?" bawls the porter. "This your luggage, sir?" "Yes—what's o'clock?" "Three fifty, sir."

Just in the nick of time to catch them sitting down to dinner.

#### HALLER THE PHYSICIAN.

AMONG the brightest ornaments of the medical profession, none shines more conspicuously for learning, genius, and virtue, than Albrecht von Haller. He was the son of an advocate at Berne, in Switzerland, and was born in that city on the 10th of October, 1708. He very early gave proofs of superior capacity; and when other children were only beginning to read, he was studying Bayle and Moreri. At nine, he knew Greek, and began to learn Hebrew. His father died when he was at the age of thirteen, and he was sent to the public school of Berne, having before that time had a domestic tutor, whose intolerable harshness he remembered with horror all the rest of his life. At school he was distinguished for his knowledge of Greek and Latin, but was chiefly remarkable for his poetical genius; and his poems in German were read and admired through the whole empire. In his sixteenth year he began the study of medicine at Tübingen, under Duvernay and Camerarius. After two years, the fame of Boerhaave attracted him to Leyden, where he had the advantage also of hear-

ing Ruysch and Albinus. In 1727, he visited England, and was kindly received by Sir Hans Sloane, president of the Royal Society, and founder of the British Museum. He went to Paris, and studied anatomy with Winslow; but the police having information of his zeal in that pursuit, he was obliged to make a hasty retreat from that city. He returned, after the acquisition of all kinds of knowledge requisite for the medical profession, to Berne, his native place, with the intention of practising there.

He first applied for appointment to some medical institution, but his countrymen did not know his value, and adverse interests prevailed. George II made him Professor in the University of Gottingen, in the dominions of Hanover. Soon after his going thither, driving along the streets of Gottingen, then in a sad state of disrepair, the carriage of the new professor was upset, and his wife was killed. He was devotedly attached to her, and bewailed her death in an ode, the finest he ever wrote. He successfully cultivated all the sciences akin to medicine, and especially botany. The king procured him a patent of nobility from the emperor; and he is commonly known as Baron Haller. On the death of Dillenius, he had the offer of the chair of botany at Oxford.

The States of Holland invited him to fill the chair of Albinus. The king of Prussia, Frederick the Great, was anxious he should succeed Maupertuis at Berlin, and by his command Marshal Keith wrote to offer him the chancellorship of the University of Halle, vacant by the death of the celebrated Wolff. Count Orloff invited him to Russia. All these offers, however flattering, he declined, and remained at Gottingen for seventeen years, till, finding his health declining, he retired to his birth-place, Berne, whose citizens were now sensible of his merits. A pension for life was conferred upon him, and he filled several of the most important offices in the state. He was for several of his last years confined to his house, but still continued writing till within a few days of his death, which happened on the 12th of December, 1777.

It would not interest the general reader were we to enumerate his various medical works, which abound with information on the subjects treated of. We shall merely mention his "Elementa Physiologia," in eight volumes quarto, known throughout Europe, and full of science, learning, and the most candid statement of the claims of every author to discoveries in physiology. His works in German are numerous. He wrote in opposition to the deists and atheistical philosophers of his day; he wrote also on the principles of constitutional liberty as exemplified in England, "Letters to a German Princess," "Letters to his Daughter," and numerous poems, among which, one entitled "The Alps," and the Ode on the death of his wife, are greatly admired.

Mr. Fletcher of Madeley, whom friends and opponents alike revered as a saint, was in Switzerland, his native country, for the recovery of his health, during the years 1778 and 1779. Writing from Nyon, his birth-place, December, 15th, 1779, he says: "Last year saw the death of three great men of these parts—Rousseau, Voltaire, and Baron

Haller, a senator of Berne. The last was a great philosopher, a profound politician, and an agreeable poet; but he was particularly famous for his skill in botany, anatomy, and physic. He has enriched the republic of letters by such a number of publications in Latin and German, that the catalogue of them is alone a pamphlet. This truly great man has given another proof of the truth of Lord Bacon's assertion, that although smatterers in philosophy are often impious, true philosophers are always religious. I have met with an old pious apostolic clergyman, who was intimate with the Baron, and used to accompany him over the Alps, in his rambles after the wonders of nature. With what pleasure (said the minister) did we admire and adore the wisdom of the God of nature, and sanctify our researches by the sweet praises of the God of grace! When the emperor (Joseph II, son of Maria Theresa) passed this way, he stabbed Voltaire to the heart by not paying him a visit; but he waited on Haller, was two hours with him, and heard from him such pious talk as he never heard from half the philosophers of the age. The Baron was then ill of the disorder which afterwards carried him off. Upon his death-bed he went through sore conflicts about his interest in Christ, and sent to the old minister, requesting his most fervent prayers, and wishing him to find the way through the dark valley smoother than he found it himself. However, in his last moments, he expressed a renewed confidence in God's mercy through Christ, and died in peace. The old clergyman added that he thought the Baron went through this conflict to humble him thoroughly, and perhaps to chastise him for having sometimes given way to a degree of self-complacency at the thought of his amazing parts, and of the respect they procured him from the learned world. He was obliged to become last in his own eyes, that he *might* become first and truly great in the sight of the Lord."

#### DEATH.

BY GEORGE HERBERT.

DEATH, thou wast once an uncouth hideous thing,  
Nothing but bones,  
The sad effect of sadder groans:  
Thy mouth was open, but thou couldst not sing.

For we consider'd thee as at some six  
Or ten years hence,  
After the loss of life and sense,  
Flesh being turn'd to dust, and bones to sticks.

We look'd on this side of thee, shooting short;  
Where we did find  
The shells of fledge souls left behind,  
Dry dust, which sheds no tears, but may extort.

But since our Saviour's death did put some blood  
Into thy face:  
Thou art grown fair and full of grace,  
Much in request, much sought for, as a good.

For we do now behold thee gay and glad,  
As at doomsday;  
When souls shall wear their new array,  
And all thy bones with beauty shall be clad.

Therefore we can go die as sleep, and trust  
Half that we have  
Unto an honest faithful grave;  
Making our pillows either down, or dust.