

middle—no, yes—that is no—any how, with one of the the fingers of my right I give the button a rotatory motion, letting it at the same time slide along the wire. Now it is evident its circumference will trace out in space an irregular cylindrical shape, and by varying the contortion of the wire, we may form as many cylinders of different irregularities as there are branches and twigs in all the trees that have ever existed; and it is in this manner I conceive that the law of formation is regulated; the creating or spiritual principle of nature assumes the form of an ideal circle with a hole through the middle, while the existing or material principle assumes that of a contorted mathematical line; and thus the former, revolving in its own plane, which perpendicular to the latter moves uniformly along it, fashions begets and creates twigs and branches.

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THE REPROACH.

'There's gin upon thy lips, and tobacco in thy breath,
Thy glazed eye is fixed—thy cheek as pale as death;
A curse upon thy cups— may all thy substance waste,
I should'nt say so much, but you never let me taste.

THE CITIZEN—A LA STERNE.

I took a fat citizen, and having first shut him up in his little sitting-room, I proceeded to take his picture.—I beheld his body gorged with long gratifica_

tion and confinement to the house, and I felt what kind of sickness of the stomach it is that arises from having eaten too much.—On looking nearer, I beheld him bloated and feverish.—In sixty years the country breeze had not once fanned his blood: and he had seen the sun and moon but indistinctly in all that time.—He was seated, or rather buried in a large arm-chair, which stood in front of the fire place, and which might have served either for a chair or a bed.—A bundle of promissory notes lay on the table scrawled all over, the fruits of the dark and dismal days and nights he had spent there.—He had one of these small slips of paper in his hand, and with a pen he was etching his own signature and the day of the month, to add it to the heap.—As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up an eye, swimming in fat, towards the door, bent his head forward earnestly to listen, and then went on with his work of delight.—I heard the rubbing of his hands, when he had with difficulty, turned his body round to place the note on the bundle—he gave a sigh of joy.—I saw the ecstasy that entered into his soul—I burst into a laugh—I could not contain myself at the picture which my fancy had drawn.

TOGATUS.