

"I," replied William, "would choose to be John Smeaton."

"John Smeaton?" questioned Charles, "and pray, who in the world was John Smeaton?"

"Bless me!" said George, "not know John Smeaton? he was a cobbler, to be sure, and wrote a punny pamphlet to prove how superior wooden shoes are to Grecian sandals!"

"Not he, indeed!" interrupted William, indignantly; "he built the Ldystone Light-house."

"Oh! yes, yes, to be sure he did! I wonder I should forget it," replied George. "He was a stone-mason, and had the honour of building a wall! Upon my word, William, yours is a noble ambition! Why Smeaton only did what any man might do!"

"Not so, either, my good Julius Cæsar! There are not ten men in England that could have built that Light-house as well as Smeaton did. It is a noble proof of the power and ingenuity of man. It defies the almost omnipotent ocean itself, and the other elements can never affect it.

"And now, George, consider Smeaton's case without your soldierly prejudices. Independently of his work being a masterpiece of human skill, its importance will not be lessened by time. Your conquests, most potent Cæsar! are wrested from you in your lifetime, and your successor will hardly thank you for exhausting your country's treasure and reducing its population, for distant empire, which, as soon as you have left it, rises in insurrection, and almost needs reconquering. Every year makes that work of Smeaton's additionally valuable; and as the commerce of the country increases, the importance of that wall, as you are pleased to term it, increases also. There's not a ship that comes into that sea but owes its preservation, in great measure, to that Light-house. Thousands of lives depend upon it; and, when I think of it on a tempestuous night, as I often do, shining out like a star when every other star is hidden, a blessing springs into my heart on the skill and service of that man who, when the endeavour seemed hopeless, confidently went to work, and succeeded.

"But I'll tell you a story now, about neither Julius Cæsar, Cicero, nor John Smeaton, and yet that is quite *apropos* :—

"There was a certain little city, formerly, that stood by the sea. It was very famous at that time; it had abundance of treasure, twenty thousand soldiers to defend its walls, and orators the most eloquent in the world. You may be sure it could not exist without enemies; its wealth created many, and its pride provoked more. Accordingly, once upon a time, it was besieged. Twelve thousand men encamped round its walls, which extended on three sides, and a powerful fleet blockaded its fourth, which lay open to the sea. The inhabitants of this little

city felt themselves, of course, amazingly insulted by such an attack, and determined immediately to drive their audacious enemies like chaff before the wind. They accordingly sallied out, but, unfortunately, were driven back, and obliged to shelter themselves behind their walls. Seven times this occurred, and the enemy had now been seven months encamped there: it was a thing not to be borne, and a council was called in the city. 'Fight! fight!' cried the orators; 'fight for your homes, for the graves of your fathers, for the temples of your gods!' But in seven defeats, the soldiers had been reduced to ten thousand, and they were less enthusiastic about fighting than the orators expected. Just then, a poor man came forward, and stepping upon the rostrum, begged to propose three things: first, a plan by which the enemy might be much annoyed; second, a means of supplying the city with fresh water, of which it began to be much in need; third, but scarcely had he named a third, when the impatient orators bade him hold his peace, and the soldiers thrust him out of the assembly, as a cowardly proser, who thought the city could be assisted in any way except by the use of arms. The people, seeing him so thrust forth, directly concluded he had been proposing some dishonourable measures, perhaps been convicted of a design to betray the city; they therefore joined the outcry of the soldiers, and pursued him, with many insults, to his humble dwelling, which they were ready to burn over his head.

To be continued.

Scientific Discoveries. Mr. Cross, of Bloomfield, Somerset, has discovered a method by which he can make twenty-four minerals, and even crystalline quartz. The principal agent used by him is galvanism. Mr. Cross says he uses water only to make his voltaic batteries, and that they will act for twelve months, without the aid of any acids. This gentleman, whose great discoveries will produce a complete revolution in science, expresses his firm conviction that at no distant period diamonds, and almost every kind of mineral, will be made by the ingenuity of men.

CURIOUS NATURAL PROFILES.—One side of Moel-y-gest, a hill near Tre Madoc, Carnarvon, when viewed from the high road at Criccieth, presents a profile of the human countenance, which bears a remarkable resemblance to the Duke of Wellington. This hill is about 1,000 feet high; and the side which presents this prodigious portrait, faces the north at an inclination of about 45 degrees, so that the face is turned upwards, as if the body lay in a horizontal position with its head raised upon a pillow. The features are very distinctly defined. A similar phenomenon is found in New Hampshire, United States, for, forming part of a range called the White Mountains, is the Profile

Mountain, so called in consequence of one side of it bearing a very accurate outline of the human face. Another occurs near Edinburgh. Immediately beneath the monument of Nelson, on Calton-hill, is a rocky precipice of about 100 feet high: the face of this precipice, when view from the south of Holyrood Palace, about half a mile distant, presents a profile in every way well proportioned, bearing a strong resemblance to the hero of Trafalgar. Another instance of the freaks of Nature exists at Malta, in the Lion Rock, which emerges from the sea to the height of several yards, and forms a gigantic statue of a recumbent lion. To these may be added a remarkable stone between Carnarvon and Beddgelert, about four miles from the latter place, which bears a strong resemblance to the profile of Pitt; the road passes close to it.—*Carnarvon Herald.*

Sublime Mathematical Calculation.—What a noisy creature would a man be were his voice, in proportion to his weight, as loud as that of a locust! A locust can be heard at the distance of 1-16th of a mile. The golden wren is said to weigh but half-an-ounce; so that a middling sized man would weigh down not short of 4,000 of them; and it must be strange if a golden wren would not outweigh four of our locusts. Supposing, therefore, that a common man weighs as much as 16,000 of our locusts, and that the note of a locust can be heard 1-16th of a mile, a man of common dimensions, pretty sound in wind and limb, ought to be able to make himself heard at the distance of 1,000 miles; and when he sneezed "his house might fall about his ears!" Supposing a flea to weigh, one grain, which is more than its actual weight, and to jump one and a half yards, a common man of 150 pounds, with jumping powers in proportion, could jump 12,800 miles, or about the distance from New York to Cochin China. Aristophanes represents Socrates and his disciples as deeply engaged in calculation of this kind, around a table on which they are waxing a flea's legs to see what weight it will carry in proportion to its size, but he does not announce the result of their experiments. We are, therefore, happy in being able to supply, in some degree, so serious an omission.

PRIDE.—Pride is always a distinct thing from real elevation of mind; yet on some occasions it appears like it. This is especially the case when it opposes another pride, and repels its insolence. The following anecdote of the Bishop of Noyon is an instance of this kind:—A Duke and Peer of a late creation, once expressed to him his surprise that the Ecclesiastical Peers should have precedence in Parliament over the lay Peers, adding, that the ancient Peers of the realm (these were all feudal Sovereigns) took place