

knee, for example; and think what a vast deal of friction or rubbing together of the end of the thigh-bone and of the two leg-bones, there must be. Why, a traveller probably swings each leg, in walking, about 1,200 times in a mile. If he should travel forty miles a day—and many travel more than this—it would be 48,000 times a day. If he should *continue* to walk, only thirty miles a day, all the year except Sundays, he would, at the same rate, swing each knee, 15,024,000 times. If he should do this every year, from the time he was twenty years old till he was seventy, or for a period of half a century, the number of movements would be 751,200,000!

"A continual dropping," it is said, and it means dropping of water "will wear away a rock." And the saying, though old, is true. Why, this continued rubbing of the bones of the knee together, if they were allowed to get dry, would wear them so much in a single day, that we should hear a grating noise at every step, long before night. And in a very few days the bones would be completely worn out, and unfit for use. I question, if they would last even a whole day. Iron, or steel, or even the hardest thing you can think of in the world, would wear out in a very short time. What, then, can be the reason why the knees, and all the other joints, do not wear out? There is no place to put in tar or oil, to prevent it.

I have said that many of the joints are completely shut up, as if by a sack. Now the author of the frame has so contrived it, that a substance called *synovia*, which answers all the purposes of oil or tar, continually oozes out on the inside of the ligaments, at the joints, and keeps the ligaments themselves, and the joints, soft and moist. Can any thing be more curious? Can anything prove, more clearly, a great DESIGNER, or, as I might say, a great MASTER BUILDER?—"House I live in."

#### FALSE APPEARANCES,

A Tale founded on Fact.

In the year —, a distinguished Highland regiment was quartered in Liverpool. Amongst the subalterns were reckoned the Hon. A. G—, and Mr. D. C—; the former was the son of the Earl of A—, a Scotch peer, the latter was of humble parentage, the youngest son of an industrious tenant of the nobleman just mentioned.

While yet in infancy, young C. had by some accident attracted the notice of the noble earl, who, having inquired into the circumstances of the child's father, learnt that he was a most deserving man, that he had been left a widower two years before, with a family of six children, of whom the boy in question was the youngest. The earl immediately proposed charging himself with the care and education of his little favourite,

and with his future fortunes, an offer which, (as will be readily believed) was joyfully and gratefully accepted by the father.

Young C. became from that moment an inmate of G. castle, and the companion and fellow student of Lord M., and the Hon. A. G., the Earl's sons. Between the latter and C. a warm friendship was early discovered. We shall pass over the period of their boyhood and education, and come at once to that when a choice of a profession was offered by the Earl of A. to his youngest son. The military one was that which the spirited young Scot selected,—on one condition however, that his friend C. should receive a pair of colours in the same regiment with himself. To this the Earl readily agreed, declaring that his son had only anticipated his intention. The commissions were procured, and the friends bade adieu to the Castle of G., the Earl having first settled upon C. an annuity sufficient, with his pay, to enable him to rank with his brother officers.

For a considerable length of time they continued inseparable; the remittances were made to G. by his father, which he regularly divided with his friend. The officers of the regiment were for the most part sons of noble or ancient Scotch families, and inherited with the pride of their own ancestry, all that hauteur and contempt for their inferiors in blood which distinguished the Scottish aristocracy of that day. In the eyes of those arrogant young men the humble birth of C. appeared a complete disqualification to hold society or *mess* with them; but they were obliged to submit to what they held an indignity, the lieutenant-colonel who was in command of the regiment having risen from the ranks, and therefore not being likely to second or approve the suggestions of their pride, C.'s reputation for personal courage—the partiality of the lieutenant-colonel, and the brotherly regard of "the Honourable Lieutenant G." protected him from direct insult; notwithstanding which his arrogant comrades contrived to render his life sufficiently unpleasant, displaying their contumely in every way possible, without absolutely committing themselves. He had been compelled, nevertheless to prove on more than one occasion that the motto of his country could be applied to himself, with as much truth as to the proudest of his competitors. Unknown to him, G. had also been obliged to testify his friendship, by calling to account one or two of those haughty youths who, in his presence, had spoken disrespectfully of his absent friend, C.

Matters remained thus, when G. received a summons to attend his father, the Earl, in London. Previous to his departure from Liverpool, he divided with C. his stock of money, assured him that he would regularly supply him with the instalments of his allowance, without which he knew it would be impossible for him to hold his place at the

mess, or his rank in that respectable though expensive regiment,—besought him to apply to him in any emergency for what further sums he might have occasion for, and, after an affectionate adieu, the two friends separated for the first time.

G. reached London, where he mixed with all the great and the gay and almost necessarily engaged in all the pleasures and dissipations of the metropolis. For some time he wrote and remitted to his friend C. with punctuality, but fell at length into the vice of gaming, and in one night was stripped of all the money he possessed, including his own and C.'s allowance for the ensuing half year, which he had just received. Distracted, he applied to his father's agent for a fresh supply, obtained in anticipation another year's allowance,—lost it also, and, in addition, other very large sums, for which he was threatened with exposure. In this state of mind he received a letter from C., entreating him to send him by return of post his half year's annuity. Unable to comply, and ashamed to acknowledge the truth, he did not answer C.; other letters from C. of similar import followed,—these he also suffered to remain unanswered, or burned them without reading. Amongst those which met the latter fate was one in which C. expressed himself in these words: "You cannot conceive to what indignities I am subjected, by the disappointment in receiving the stipend your noble father had the goodness to settle on me. The truth begins to be suspected, and, in addition, your silence gives my enemies reason to believe that I have lost your friendship and that of your family. Should I not receive the expected sum by return of post, I must relinquish my place at the mess,—what a triumph it will afford to those I have alluded to! I should be uneasy at your silence, lest it might proceed from illness, did I not see daily in the London newspapers which we receive here, an account of your being at parties,—the opera,—in the park, &c. Do, then, my dear friend, let me hear from you immediately." Having destroyed, without perusing, this letter, G. was spared the pain it would have caused him, but he suffered pangs not less torturing. The non-arrival of the remittance obliged C. to secede from the mess, and from this moment he ceased to be acknowledged by any officers, save the lieutenant-colonel already mentioned.

At this juncture, General W— arrived in Liverpool, being on a tour of inspection, and C.'s regiment was reviewed with the others stationed in that town and district.—After the review General W. invited all the officers to dinner at his hotel,—of course all accepted the invitation, and it was C.'s lot to sit next the general. The dinner past off most agreeably, and the general, being a man of convivial habits, kept his guests till a very late hour. When about to take leave