

the stern old castle—grim relic of the stormy feudal times—we hope, in an early number of this MAGAZINE, to give numerous illustrations. Our frontispiece gives a good idea of the curious petrifying spring at Knaresborough, a parliamentary borough and market town in the West Riding of Yorkshire, on the left bank of the River Nidd. Sir Robert's cave, in the vicinity, is noted for the murder committed there of Daniel Clarke, by Eugene Aram, in 1745. Says an ancient chronicle: "If you journey through Yorkshire, be sure to stop opposite the ruins of Knaresborough Castle, because on the bank of the Nidd you will find the celebrated dripping-well. Here the peasants wend their way to add to their humble fortunes by petrifying, and afterward selling to travellers, small sprigs of trees, such as the elder or ash, pieces of the elegant geranium, the wild angelica, or the lovely violet completely turned into obdurate stone."

Twenty gallons are poured forth every minute from the top of the Knaresborough cliff in perennial and pellucid fall. The beauty of the scene can only be appreciated by those who have stood upon the margin of these petrifying waters and beheld the crystal fluid descending from above with metallic fall.

#### MY BOOKS.

SADLY, as some old mediæval knight  
Gazed at the arms he could no longer wield,  
The sword two-handed and the shining shield  
Suspended in the hall and full in sight,

While secret longings for the lost delight  
Of tourney or adventure in the field  
Came over him, and tears, but half concealed,  
Trembled and fell upon his beard of white.

So I behold these books upon their shelf,  
My ornaments and arms of other days :  
Not wholly useless, though no longer used,  
For they remind me of my other self,  
Younger and stronger, and the pleasant ways  
In which I walked, now clouded and confused."

—*Longfellow.*