

**GIGANTIC HORNED DEER.**—The largest, and decidedly the most remarkable, skeleton remains of the great horned deer of ancient Ireland ever before discovered, have recently been exhumed at Killowen, county of Wexford, the property of Henry P. Woodroffe, Esq. This splendid specimen of a long-extinct animal tribe is perfect in the minutest particular, and has been dug out and restored to form without receiving the smallest injury. It was discovered four feet from the surface of the earth, between vegetable mould and plastic clay. The roots of the black willow and German rush had entwined themselves round the bones, and some seeds, ascertained to be wild cabbage seeds, were found in the same bed with the skeleton. Within an area of fifty square yards some smaller skeleton remains of the same species were discovered, but none of them approaching the vast dimensions of this former antlered monarch of the woods. The following brief measurement summary will afford some idea of the size of this magnificent specimen. The skeleton stands  $12\frac{1}{2}$  feet from the hoof to the tips of the horns; the breadth between the tips or points of the antlers being 11 feet, or 13 feet 6 inches measuring by the curve. From the hind foot to the pelvis measures 7 feet, and the palm of the antlers is 2 feet 7 inches long by 1 foot 2 inches broad; some of the spikes of the antlers are  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet long, and the face is 1 foot 10 inches in length; three of the cutting teeth of this animal have also been found, which did not accompany any specimen hitherto discovered. The bed in which the skeleton was found had been experimented on. It has a depth of more than twenty feet, and is different in appearance from any mould in that country. When exposed to the air, it exfoliated into plates as thin as the leaves of a book, showing a beautiful stratified structure.

**BUSH HOSPITALITY.**—The hospitalities of all settlers in the bush (and on the coast south of Sydney, I should say "the bush") commenced at the Shoalhaven) are gladly extended to all comers, who indeed, receive them, not as a favour, but as a matter of course. If the settlers happen to be out, the traveller takes possession, and makes himself as comfortable as he can. I hear that on one occasion, when Mr. — returned home late, he found a stranger in a red nightcap, in comfortable possession of his bed. The nightcap nodded, and the wearer said, "How d'ye do, Mr. I don't know-your-name? I found you out, so I turned in—good night." The owner of the house thereupon made his bed on the table. The owner of the nightcap was afterwards transported for 15 years, for shooting a tie-passer on his grounds, and, perhaps, but for this circumstance, I might not have recollected the incident.—*Townsend's Rambles in New South Wales.*

**AN OAK AT EDMONSTONE STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.**—During the thunder-storm on Saturday last, a magnificent oak in the policy of Mr. Wauchope, of Edmonstone, about three miles from Edinburgh, was struck by the lightning, and instantly reduced to a picturesque heap of ruins. The tree was about fourteen feet in circumference at the base, and is supposed to have been nearly six hundred years old. The electric fluid appears to have entered the trunk about ten feet from the ground, stripping it completely of its bark, and cleaving it asunder into a thousand segments down to the root, and apparently through the root itself, while the vast branches—each equal in size to a considerable tree—were torn from the stem and thrown to the ground, covering an area nearly a hundred feet in circumference. The splinters of the trunk are of all sizes—from filaments as fine as flax up to massive planks, several of which, weighing probably upwards of four or five hundred pounds, have been projected to the distance of forty, fifty, and even a hundred feet. None of the fragments have the least appearance of being scorched. The proprietor has, with excellent taste, thrown a fence around the prostrate "monarch of the wood," to prevent his remains from being disturbed; and although the beautiful grounds of Edmonstone have been thus deprived of one of their most venerable vegetable ornaments, its ruins will long remain an object of engrossing interest.—*Edinburgh Post.*

**CAPITAL.**—One could almost fancy that this word capital had been invented by what has been not inaptly called a money-power to cheat us in the belief that the existence of that power is essential to our welfare. Men talk of capital as if it was a mysterious something, lying in a Bank in London, or snugly shut up in the safe of the millionaire. They forget that all the elements of human wealth are human labour, and the materials and powers that God has placed in and upon the soil and elements around us. These things themselves are capital; and there is no capital that is not formed from their combination. Wherever these are there is capital, and there are the means of its indefinite increase. Industry creates capital—not capital, industry. The mightiest mill, with the most perfect machinery, is but stone, and timber, and iron, wrought together by the industry of man. The waste of undrained soil is now in Ireland, profitless to all; drain it, and dig it, and fence it, and it becomes land to which capital has been applied. The labour of man turns the stones of the field, the wood of the forest, the minerals that are hidden under the surface, into capital. The capital of every nation must be formed by the industry of its inhabitants from its own resources. To apply that industry to those resources is the only secret of its production.—*Mr. Butt's Pamphlet.*