

Forlorn were the sounds, and their burden was drear
As the sighing of winds in the wane of the year;—
As the sighing of winds in a ghoul-haunted vale,
Or howling of spirits in regions of bale;
The Goblin of Ruin
Black mischief seemed browng;
And, wringing her hands at her sudden undoing,
The woe-stricken landscape uplifted her wail.

I still dreamed my dream, and beheld him career—
Fly on like the wind after ghosts of the deer—
Fly on like the wind, or the shaft from the bow,
Or avalanche urging from regions of snow;
Or star that is shot by the Gods from its sphere:
He bore a Winged Fate on the point of his spear;
His eyes were as coals that in frost fiercely glow,
Or diamonds in darkness—"Dark Huntsman, what, ho!"

"What, ho!" I demanded, and heard the weird horn
Replying with dolefullest breathings of scorn;
The moon had gone down,
No longer did crown
With crescent the landscape, now lying light-lorn;
But rose amidst horror and forms half unseen
A cry as of hounds coming hungry and lean;
That, swelling sonorous as upwards they bore,
Filled all the vast air with their many-mouthed roar.

Roared, roared the wild hunt; the pack ravened, they flew;
The weird horn went winding a dismal adieu;
With hubbub appalling,
Hound unto hound calling,
Each fleet-footed monster its shaggy length threw;
Till faint grew the echoes, came feebler the bay,
As thunder when tempests are passing away.
As down the ravine in loud rage the flood goes,
As through the looped Ruin the hurricane blows,
So down the dark valley the eager pack sped
With howlings to Hades, the home of the dead:—
Therein they descended like creatures breeze-borne,
Or grovelling vapours by distance shape-shorn;
And, lost in the depths of that shadowy shore,
Hounds, horn, and dark huntsman alarmed me no more
For who that is mortal could meet without fear
The Figure endowed with the Fate-winged spear?
Or temper his breath
At thy presence, O Death,
Who hunteth for souls as one hunteth the deer!

MISCELLANY.

Where the Sun does not Set.—A seen witnessed some by travellers in the north of Norway, from a cliff elevated a thousand feet above the sea, is thus described:—"At our feet the ocean stretched away in the silent vastness; the sound of its waver scarcely reached our airy look-out; away in the north the huge old sun swung low along the horizon like the slow beat of the pendulum in the tall clock of our grandfather's parlour corner. We all stood silent looking at our watches. When both hands came together at twelve, midnight, the full round orb hung triumphantly above the waves, a bridge of gold running due north, spanning the water between us and him. There he shone in silent majesty, which knew no setting. We involuntarily took off our hats; no word was said. Combine, if you can, the most brilliant sunrise and sunset you ever saw, and the beauties will pale before the gorgeous colouring which now lit up ocean, heaven, and mountain. In half an hour the sun had swung up perceptibly on his beat, the colours changed to those of morning, a fresh breeze rippled over the flood, one songster after another piped up in the grove behind us—we had slid into another day."

English Reigns.—Queen Victoria has now attained a very high rank on the roll of our Kings for length of reign; having lately passed Henry VIII, and Henry VI, she now stands fifth in order, being still junior or inferior only to Elizabeth, and the three long Thirds, Edward, Henry, and George. Of our early English or ante Norman Kings no other reigned so long

as Ethelred the Unready, but his 38 years are already exceeded by our present Sovereign's 39 years. Elizabeth's reign, from the death of Mary, Nov. 17, 1558, to her own death, March 24, 1603, lasted 44 years and 126 days; so that Victoria has to reign five years 126 days beyond to-day before she will equal her great forerunner. Then will remain ahead only Edward III, 50 years and nearly five months; Henry III, 56 years and three months. But of course even these long reigns look short by the side, of 72 years of Louis XIV, of France. Probably no two successive Kings of any country reigned over so long a space of time between them of Louis XIV, and Louis XV, who from 1643 to 1774 made up together 131 years, or an average of rather more than 65 years per reign. How long will it be before France enjoys or suffers 131 consecutive years of rule under two persons, or even under two forms of government?

Mr. Ruskin's Advice on Dress.—Dress as plainly as your parents will allow you: but in bright colours (if they become you), and in the best materials—that is to say, in those which will wear the longest. When you are really in want of a new dress, buy it (or make it) in the fashion, but never quit an old one merely because it has become unfashionable. And if the fashion be costly, you must not follow it. You may wear broad stripes or narrow, bright colours or dark, short petticoats or long (in moderation) as the public wish you; but you must not buy yards of useless stuff to make a knot or a flounce of, nor drag them behind you over the ground, and your walking dress must never touch the ground at all. I have lost much of the faith I once had in the common sense and even in the personal delicacy of the present race of average English women, by seeing how they will allow their dresses to sweep the streets, if it is the fashion to be scavengers. . . . Learn dressmaking yourself, with pains and time, and use a part of every day in needle-work, making as pretty dresses as you can for poor people who have not time or taste to make them nicely for themselves. You are to show them in your own wearing what is most right and graceful, and help them to choose what will be prettiest and most becoming in their own station. If they see that you never try to dress above yours they will not try to dress above theirs. Read the little scene between Miss Somers and Simple Susan, in the draper's shop, in Miss Egworth's "Parent's Assistant," and, by the way, if you have not that book, let it be the next birthday present you ask papa or uncle for.

Iron in Buildings.—Invaluable as iron is, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, when properly handled, it is a very treacherous material when left to follow its own course without constant and competent inspection. It is often carefully embedded in the mortar of a building without the slightest suspicion of the fact that from the moment of its being embedded it commences a slow but irresistible process that must result, unless provision be made to prevent it, in the destruction of the building it was intended to strengthen. Instances are familiar to the engineer of the splitting and bursting of brick walls from the rusting of hoop-iron between the courses of bricks, which was inserted for the purpose of strengthening the bond. If the bricks had been laid in Roman cement no mischief would have ensued, as this material when set effectually prevents that chemical action which lime mortar invariably occasions. One of the most striking instances that can be cited of the slow but ultimately destructive action of iron plates inserted in a building was detected in the tomb of King Henry VII, in Westminster Abbey, some ten years ago. Most of the metal work of that structure was either copper or bronze; but at the four angles of the tomb itself, where the slab bearing the Royal effigy rested on the costly stonework of the sides, iron plates had been inserted by way of bond. Slowly and steadily for three centuries and half these iron plates attracted oxygen and carbon from the atmosphere or from the mortar of the tomb, and coated themselves with dense plates of rust of three or four times their own thickness on either side. The result of this irresistible wedge was the twisting and rising of the rest of the work, and had not these plates been removed when the grille was cleaned, they would, sooner or later, have overthrown the tomb. We have here the case of the secular action of the same cause, of which the more rapid and easily ascertainable action flooded the hospital the other day.

—Home and School for August contains a curious inquiry into the identity of the Behemoth and Leviathan of Scripture. The writer, Mr. Will Wallace Harney, collating the vigorous