there is no further use for the carbonic acid. It is expired, and becomes diffused throughout the water, and being thus presented to the leaves or lungs of the plants is absorbed by them for their use in turn, for the plant tissue being principally composed of carbon, the instincts of that or those tissues throughout all the living parts of the plant know how to disengage the carbon from the oxygen of the carbonic acid; the carbon is therefore (and wonderful enough) appropriated for the plants' own growth, whilst the oxygen being of no individual service any longer is set free by the living analysis, is expired by the leaves becomes diffused in the aquarium water, to be presented anew to and inspired by the fish, reunion with the dissoived carbon occurs afresh, so thus the motion goes in matter and in spirit. And it is well while it goes that we should call things by their right names. "A spade is a spade." Carbon is carbon, and not oxygen, rhodium, platinum or Tellurium; and please let that be the excuse for this criticism. Yours truly,

J. W.

DEAR SIR,—In reference to "Impartiality's" letter in your last week's issue, asking why the sympathy of the United States "is ever on the side of England's opponents," etc. I would suggest that if "Impartiality knew more of the United States he would not have put the question. England did, he allows, sympathize with "The South," during the late civil war and the Americans are quite justified in feeling hurt about it. The bond existing between the various States is a compact, comparable with marriage, and not, as our enquirer seems to think, the merely inevitable relations of brothers. Each individual State has taken the others "for better or for worse," and an attempt at desertion (secession) by any is a breach of faith.

Now, as England began the trouble by countenancing error, can her child be blamed if it follows somewhat the example set by so worthy a mother? *If* "Impartiality" be unprejudiced he can settle the matter for himself.

COSMOPOLITAN.

THE MILL OF ST. HERBOT—A BRETON STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

CHAPTER VII.

A PONY'S TAIL.

Christophe had gone down towards the market-place of Huelgoat. He walked briskly, but with a certain rolling, sailor-like gait, and he whistled as he went along. His frank, comely face and cheerful smile seemed to brighten up the straggling grey stone houses as he passed them by. A few white-capped children were playing about and within some of the doorways; dark-eyed, keen-faced Madame Kerest stood at the entrance to the little inn, scolding her heavy-browed, stupid-looking maid; but for these signs of life, the town seemed asleep.

Past the market-place, however, Christophe came suddenly on a group of men—his cousin the barber, Jules Kerharo, a grasshopper of a man; Pierre Kerest, the inn-keeper; and old Mathurin. Mathurin made a striking contrast to the other two, who did not wear peasant costume; instead of the universal broad-brimmed black hat, they had greasy, faded cloth caps; they wore shoes instead of sabots, and had no buttons or trimmings on their long brown jackets. These two were making a careful inspection of a light brown pony which Mathurin held by the bridle.

The old man's grim, dogged face lightened when he saw Christophe.

"Good day to you all." Mao's voice was as fresh as a boy's; "why, Mathurin, how came you by that little nag? he is too small for work."

The barber clapped his hands, and struck in eagerly—

"That is exactly what we tell him, my cousin; but the old obstinate tells us to mind our own affairs, and——"

"Well, well," Kerest interrupted—he did not care for Christophe, who had no money to spend in liquor—"that is just what you should do, Kerharo, and I have a beard of ten days' growth at your service; we will leave this old obstinate to Mao."

The dogged, insensible look passed out of Mathurin's face, when he found himself alone with Christophe.

"How is it with thee, my lad?" his eyes glistened, "and when art thou coming to St. Herbot?"

"I am coming to the Pardon be sure," said Christophe. "I mean to dance with your young mistress; did she tell you she had seen me?" He looked shyly at the old man.

Mathurin smiled and nodded.

"Yes, yes, my son, leave her alone for that. She does not see thy like in Huelgoat or elsewhere. She has been eager to see thee since first she knew thou wert at the farm."

A warm glow of delight spread over Christophe's handsome face, and he drew himself up with pleasure.

"Thou dear old man! Stay, Mathurin, such a tail as thy little horse has should not hang loose to get tangled and matted, let me see what I can do for thee."

"His tail is long, and he is a good little beast, but I fear he is too small for the work." Mathurin stood looking at the young man as he divided the horse's yellow tail much as Louise had divided her tresses, and proceeded to plait them. "It is because I changed away our old brown mare for this colt that Kerest and the barber make so much ado." He fumbled in his baggy pocket, pulled out a flint and steel, and proceeded to light his pipe.

Christophe could not please himself with the pony's tail; he had half-plaited the thick, long hair, and then seized by a new idea, he undid his work and began again.

"Mathurin;" he did not look round; "when thou art home again, wilt thou say who trimmed up the pony?"

"Ah, surely; it will be known that it is too adroit for my handiwork. My fingers are too stiff and crooked for such nick-nackeries. While thou art plaiting it I will get some tobacco and some sewing thread; that rascal Coeffic has cleared the house of it."

Mathurin hobbled away to the little shop where thread and buttons, and tapes and needles were sold, when such unusual purchases were made out of fair time. Two large barrels of cider, and several smaller ones of wine and brandy, showed that the shop had other and more popular means of existence. It was kept by a sister of Mathurin's, and he was soon engaged in an interesting talk, in which rheumatism and the price of fodder formed the chief topics.

Meantime Christophe had finished plaiting the horse's tail, and was feeling in his pocket for an old bit of string with which to fasten it up in the approved Breton fashion, a fashion which would have irritated Sir Charles Grandison; his back was turned to the road, or he would not have stood so still. He would have descried Coeffic coming towards him as fast as his limp would permit, with a most malicious grin on his ugly face.

"Good day, Monsieur Christophe; always hard at work for yourself or your neighbours."

Christophe blushed like a girl; but Coeffic did not mean to give him offence. "How handsome you look," he said; "do you want me to embroider you a new waistcoat for the Pardon, eh?" he looked flatteringly up in the young man's face.

Christophe shook his head.

"I have no money to spend on embroidery; Jeanne is shaping a waistcoat of my father's for me."

The tailor looked compassionate.

"Ah!—an old waistcoat! Holy Virgin! it is suitable, is it not, that the finest young bachelor in Huelgoat should go to St. Herbot in an old waistcoat tinkered up by a serving woman who knows no more how to fashion it than Mathurin's pony, and who was never taught tailoring in her life. Yes, yes, you should see the gown and bodice I have been making for the pretty maid of the Mill of St. Herbot; aha! my young spark can listen now, I'll warrant. I have been at the mill these three or four days, and a little bird whispered to me, for whose sake it was that the pretty Louise was so fussy about the hang of her skirt and the fit of her bodice. And what a bosom that bodice will cover! We tailors hear all the secrets, but mum—we only tell them to the persons concerned."

Christophe knew that Coeffic was a liar, and he looked incredulous, but the tailor construed the real meaning of his look to be "Convince me."

"It is your trade to couple young folks, Coeffic," he sighed. "But I warn you I am an unprofitable subject. I have no money for the Bazvalan, nor can I afford to take a wife."

Coeffic's sharp ears heard footsteps; he looked 'round and saw Mathurin hobbling briskly forward.

The tailor's red locks brushed Christophe's cheek, as he stood on tiptoe and whispered—

"The mill wants a master, and the maid wants a husband, to her, my man; you can kill two birds with one stone, if you will, Master Christophe."

He limped off with a spiteful look at Mathurin's vexed face, as he came quickly towards his young master.

"Aha!" Coeffic chuckled as he limped home, "that is a fine revenge I am taking on the brutal wild man; curse him! It is always harder to be cut out by a friend than by a stranger, and by his own brother, too; ha! ha! ha!"

He gave so unearthly a yell of delight that a donkey standing within one of the low arched doorways set off braying as if he found sympathy in the tailor's outcry.

(To be continued.)

OUR QUESTIONERS.

Q. In a conversation with a gentleman, the other day, he mentioned he had once seen in his "many travels" a "fata morgana." Not wishing publicly to expose my ignorance (very weak-minded you will utter *sotto voce*) I did not venture to ask him what that might be, so I now apply to you to enlighten me hereon.

A. A fata morgana is a phenomenon of extreme rarity, and but very few—even extensive—travellers have had the good fortune to see one. It is an unusual refraction seen, we believe only in the Straits of Messina. A spectator may see upon—under certain conditions of light—the Sea of Reggio, a series of pillars, lofty towers, palaces, castles, villages, trees and extensive plains with flocks of sheep and herds, armies on foot and cavalry all passing rapidly over the surface. So perfect are these mirages occasionally that even the windows and balconies of the palaces can be easily seen and distinguished.

Q. Can you inform me the origin of the instrument called "monochord?" One would infer from the name the instrument had only one string, whereas it has two.

A. The word monochord comes from two Greek words signifying *a chord*, and *sole, only*. It was originally a musical instrument of one string only, and was invented by Pythagoras, who used it for investigating the laws governing the vibration of strings. Ptolemy used it, and proved his interval by it. In the modern instrument, the extremity of one of the strings is fixed, the other having a weight attached to it, the ends of the other strings are wound round screws fixed to the box in which the whole is put. Moveable bridges diminish or increase as the case may be the vibrating parts of the strings.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

HARPER'S HAND-BOOK: For Travellers in Europe and The East. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

A good, because a useful book. Especially this year will such a book be in requisition—for it is a complete guide to Paris. This edition, which is quite new, gives all the latest changes in railway routes, &c., and is full of needful information. It has a new map of Switzerland, giving the different roads tourists may take: also, maps of Sweden, Denmark, Norway, England, Scotland, Ireland, Italy, Germany and France. Counting all there are one hundred and twenty maps, plans and diagrams of countries, cities and routes. Objects of interest are noted and described: reasonable expenses given by careful calculation, and on the whole the Handbook is as near completeness as this shifting world will let anything be.

Modesty is silent when it would not be improper to speak; the humble, without being called upon, never recollects to say anything of himself.—*Lavater.*