

that of being *made*—i.e., regularly constructed; and doubtless, it was a work for which the general deserved infinite benedictions.—*Chambers*.

17.—The order of St. Patrick was instituted by George III. in 1782. It consists of the sovereign, grand master and twenty-two knights. The Reformers left St. Patrick's name out of the calendar, but there is little likelihood of his day being forgotten by the saint's adopted countrymen.

20.—Sir Isaac Newton used to say, with great modesty, that the great and only difference between his mind and the minds of others consisted solely in his having more patience.

27.—The habits of life of James I. were those of a man of letters. They were so uniform that one of his courtiers declared that if he were to awake after a sleep of seven years' continuance, he would undertake to enumerate the whole of His Majesty's occupations, and every dish that had been placed on the table during the interval.

29-31.—The "Borrowed Days" are the three last of March. They are of rustic authority, and the popular notion is that they were borrowed by March from April, with a view to the destruction of a parcel of unoffending young sheep—a purpose, however, in which March was not successful. The following rhyme upon the subject is common in some districts of Scotland. "Nebs," in the third line from the end, we may observe, means *beaks*; and "hirpling," in the last line, means *limping*.

"March said unto April
"I see three sheep on yonder hill,
And if you lend me days three
I'll find a way to make them dee."
The first o' them was wind and weet,
The second o' them was snow and sleet,
The third o' them was sic a freeze
It froze the birds' nebs to the trees;
And when the three days were past and gane,
The three puir sheep came hirpling hame."

A TALE OF TERROR

*What torments of grief you endured,
From evils which never arrived.*—EMERSON.

THE following exciting narrative is by Paul Louis Courier, a clever French writer. It is contained in a letter to his cousin, Madame Pigalle. He was travelling once, he tells her, in Calabria, a country of wild uncivilized people who cordially hate the French, along with a young man, when he lost his way in a wood, and, after much wandering, arrived when it was pit dark at a black-looking house. Here the two found a whole family of colliers at supper. The colliers bade them welcome, and invited them to share their meal, but M. Courier eyed the family with suspicion—he did not like their look at all. Besides, there was such a show of guns, pistols, and cutlasses, that the house looked like an arsenal. His companion, however, made himself quite at home. When supper was over, the two travellers were left to repose. They were to sleep in the upper room where they had supped; their hosts slept below. Our author's friend climbed up to his resting place, a sort of nest, in a loft, to which he introduced himself by climbing a ladder and creeping under joists loaded with provisions for the year. He was soon asleep, but M. Courier, fearing danger from the suspicious-looking people into whose hands they had fallen, felt that he could not sleep. "Having determined to sit up," he says, in his letter to his cousin, "I made a good fire and seated myself by the side of it. "The night, which had been undisturbed," he continues, "was nearly over, and I began to reassure myself, when, about the time that I thought the break of day could not be very far off, I heard our host and his

wife talking and disputing below; and putting my ear to the chimney, which communicated with the one in the lower room, I perfectly distinguished these words spoken by the husband: 'Well, let us see, must they both be killed?' To which his wife replied, 'Yes; and I heard no more. How shall I go on? I stood, scarcely breathing, my body cold as marble. Good heavens! when I think of it now!—we two, almost without weapons against twelve or fifteen who had so many I and my companion dead with sleep and fatigue! To call him or make a noise I dared not—to escape alone was impossible; the window was not high, but below were two great dogs howling like wolves. In what an agony I was, imagine if you can. At the end of a long quarter of an hour, I heard some one on the stairs, and through the crack of the door, I saw the father, his lamp in one hand, and in the other one of his large knives. He came up, his wife after him, I was behind the door; he opened it, but before he came in he put down the lamp which his wife took. He then entered barefoot, and from the outside the woman said to him, 'softly, go softly.' When he got to the ladder he mounted it, his knife between his teeth, and getting up as high as the bed—the poor young man lying with his throat bare—with one hand he took his knife, and with the other—oh, cousin!—he seized a ham which hung from the ceiling, cut a slice from it and retired as he had come. The door was closed again, the lamp disappeared, and I was left alone with my own reflections.

"As soon as day approached, all the family making a great noise, came to awaken us, as we had requested. They brought us something to eat, and gave us a very clean and a very good breakfast, I assure you. Two capons formed part of it, of which we must, said our hostess, take away one, and eat the other. When I saw them I understood the meaning of those terrible words, 'Must they both be killed?' and I think, cousin, you have enough penetration to guess now what they signified."

A FRIEND of ours was telling us, not long since, of an acquaintance of his who was noted for mendacity. He related of him the following anecdote:—Said some one to the liar, "Do you remember the time the stars fell, many years ago?" "Yes," said Mendax. "Well," remarked the other, "I've heard it was all a deception—that the stars did not actually fall." Don't you believe it!" returned Mendax with a knowing look. "They fell in my yard as big as goose-eggs. I've got one of 'em yet, only the children played with it so much they've worn the shiny p'int's off."

THE people live uncommon long at Vermont. There are two men so old that they have quite forgotten who they are, and there is nobody alive who can remember it for them.



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA.