

“ A robin on a branch above,
 Nodding by his dreaming love,
 Where four blue eggs are hatched not yet,
 Winks, and watches unconcerned
 A spider o’er the helm upturned
 Weave his careful net.

“ The sleeper’s hair falls curling fair
 From off his forehead, broad and bare,
 Entangling violets faint and pale ;
 Beside his cheek a primrose gleams,
 And breathes her sweetness through his dreams,
 Till grown too sweet they fail.”

Four queens of great estate come riding by, and very properly fall in love with the sleeping knight. They weave a spell of witchery above his eyes, and bear him homeward on his shield by the aid of their men-at-arms. He is locked up in a high chamber and plied with the wiles of the beautiful queens, but remains faithful to Guinevere, and is finally rescued by one of the damsels of the court. Let the Royal Society send a word of greeting to Mr. Roberts, and encourage him to go on cultivating a talent which must inevitably lead him to fame.

JOHN LESPERANCE, F.R.S.C.

OVER the fire-place in a quaint old mansion, erected nearly two hundred years ago in Mamaroneck, the following inscription is carved in stone:—

If the B mt put :
 If the B . putting :

The present occupant of the mansion, Hans Van Hamburg, was for a long time at a loss to decipher its meaning. The matter was brought before a number of antiquaries, and finally referred to the Tautog Club, when the following, and probably correct, solution was given by the Œdipus of that famous fraternity:—

If the grate be empty put coal on [:]
 If the grate be full stop [.] putting coal on [:]