

He was at Ryde now, neat and dapper, with a freshness of complexion and general youthfulness of aspect, which many an idle young patrician, a stranger to intellectual labour and City smoke, might have envied.

"I don't know how you do it, Weston," Mr. Harcross said to him, one wet afternoon when they were weatherbound in the pretty drawing-room which looked across a sloping lawn to the sea. "You must have some elixir, I think. Do you drink the blood of innocent young children, or do you wrap yourself in the skin of a newly-flayed ape occasionally, or by what other mediæval nostrum do you preserve that Hylas-like appearance of yours?"

"Do you really think I'm looking well?" inquired Weston, with his placid smile. "My specific is of the simplest order, I assure you. I don't gorge myself as some men do. I never drink any wine but Amontillado. I lunch on a biscuit and a bottle of soda-water. I have my clothes made by the best men in London, and I make a point of taking life easily. I am like that citizen of London, who got out of bed one night when half the streets of the city were being consumed in a general conflagration, and after ascertaining that the fire must burn three hours before it reached him, went quietly back to his room, and finished his night's rest. I never anticipate trouble, and it must come home to me before I concern myself about it."

"Would to God that I were master of your admirable philosophy!" said Mr. Harcross, with one of those little bursts of passion which sometimes set his wife, wondering.

She looked up at him now from the pages of the last volume of fashionable literature, with astonished eyes.

"I hope your life is not so very disagreeable that you need to be sustained by philosophy, Hubert," she said, in her coldest tones.

"My dear Augusta, what can be better than my life? Is it not the very existence that any sensible man would choose for himself? A little heaven here below, which many a man dreams of for years, labouring unavailingly, and never enters. How thankful, then, should I be for the magic pass which has admitted me within the gates of that earthly paradise! But, you see, there are clouds on the sunniest day, and I have my hours of shadow."

"You certainly have not the gift of high spirits," replied Augusta, "except in society."

"Can a bottle of Champagne go on effervescing for ever?" asked Mr. Harcross: "you may goad it into a factitious sparkle with a sip of bread, but what that stuff is after that transient resuscitation! Society asks too much of a man. He is perpetually being uncorked, perpetually called upon to sparkle, whereby his domestic condition becomes flatness. If you would let me take you through Spain this year, now, Augusta, you would find me the liveliest of companions. I am well posted up in all the Spanish pictures, and we should be away from the people you call your set. You can't imagine how I should revive under the genial influence of solitude; or if you would like a short sea voyage, we would go to St. Michael's and see the oranges growing."

"What preposterous propositions, Hubert! You have heard a hundred times that there is not an hotel in Spain fit for a lady to enter. Don't you remember that story of the inn-keeper, who was also a cobbler by trade, and who made an omelet in his dirty leather apron? Imagine my having to eat omelets made in leather aprons! Besides, you know very well that I have promised to go to the Clevedons on the fifteenth of August. Sir Francis Clevedon's birthday is the twenty-ninth; and there is to be a luncheon in the park, and a ball in the evening, and a fête for the tenantry and poor people, and so on."

"A failure, no doubt," said Mr. Harcross in his dreariest way; "those elaborate inventions, those bringing together of gentle and simple, a double debt contrived to pay, always result in a tussle. Cannot Sir Francis keep his birthday—the idea of a man keeping his birthday!—without our assistance? I don't care about going to Clevedon."

"I cannot understand what mysterious objection you can have to this visit," exclaimed Mrs. Harcross with evident displeasure. "One would really suppose you had some association with the neighbourhood—either so pleasant that you do not care to revisit the place under altered circumstances, or so painful that you cannot endure to renew your acquaintance with it."

Mr. Harcross frowned, and glanced at Weston, wondering whether this hint of suspicion arose from any suggestion of his.

"I have no mysterious objection to Clevedon," he said; "and of course if you make such a point of it, I shall go. I have never refused any request of yours that I had the power to comply with. But I tell you again that I hate other people's houses. When I have a holiday—and heaven knows my holidays are few and far apart—I like to live my own life, not to be awakened at half-past seven in the morning by the blurt of somebody else's gong, nor to find my host swelling with a sense of outrage because I was not down in time to hear him read family prayers. When the season is over, I languish for scenes remote from West-end man. I should like to take you to Algeria, and scrape acquaintance with the Moors. I should like to charter a ship and sail away to the Arctic seas, if there were time enough for such a voyage. Anything rather than Belgravia, and Tyburnia, and Kensingtonia out of town."

"I am sorry that the duties of civilised existence will not permit us to go to the North Pole," replied Mrs. Harcross with a little scornful laugh; "but, you see, if you do not value friendship, I do, and I should be very sorry to disappoint Georgia Clevedon. Poor child! it is such a new thing for her to be mistress of a great house like Clevedon, and I have promised to give her a good deal of advice about the management of her household."

"What! do you know anything about that science?" asked Hubert incredulously. "Have you ever skinned a cat, or a dog, or a pig? I thought Flanigan and Mrs. Cundy managed everything."

"How stupid you are, Hubert! Of course I am not my own housekeeper, if that's what you mean. I never interfered with anything of that kind in my life; no woman dare do it who hopes to hold any position in society. Imagine one's mind being distracted by a question of dinner. With Papa, I made it a point never to find fault with a servant. If they did not suit, they were dismissed; and the housekeeper had full authority. 'I never question anything you do,' I said; 'and in re-

turn you must never disturb me by so much as a hint of household annoyances."

"In that case, would it not be better to send Mrs. Cundy to Clevedon? She would be best able to advise Lady Clevedon."

"You surely don't suppose that Georgina Clevedon wishes to be advised about soups or jellies, or housemaids' wages, or soap and candles. I am going to put her in the way of taking her position in the county."

"But, my dear, do you know anything about counties?"

"I know society," replied Augusta with dignity. "Society in Kent is the same thing as society in Mastodon-crescent."

"Unhappily, yes," cried Mr. Harcross with a faint groan. "It was said that the printing-press had driven away Robin Goodfellow and the fairies; and I fancy that the railway system has, in the same manner, banished all individuality. There is no such thing as a country gentleman. If Sir Roger de Coverley were alive now, who would not rejoice to visit him? And there would be some fun in spending a week with Squire Western; the fellow was at least racy."

"Then I am to understand that you will go with me to Clevedon, I suppose," said Augusta, after a pause, during which she had returned to her book, and Mr. Harcross to the contemplation of the rain-drops chasing one another down the plate-glass window, or the leaden sea beyond. Weston stood with his back to the chimney-piece, pretending to read the *Times*. This discussion about Clevedon was particularly interesting to him, and he became more and more inclined to think that Mr. Walgrave's visit to the Kentish farmhouse was associated with some episode worth his knowledge.

"I will go, of course, if you really wish me to go. It cannot signify very much where I spend the last weeks in August."

"We need not stay longer than a fortnight at most," said Mrs. Harcross graciously, evidently softened by this concession. "And then, if you really care about the Continent, I shall be happy to go anywhere you please."

"Even to the North Pole," Mr. Harcross observed, with a smile. "We could hardly be a colder couple if we spent our lives there," he said to himself afterwards.

"Weston is invited," continued Mr. Harcross. "Sir Francis asked him when they met in the square. Papa was asked too, but, with his gout, he prefers remaining quietly here. I don't think there'll be a very large party staying in the house, for Sir Francis has few old friends in England, and of course Georgie does not wish to crowd the house with her people."

It was settled, therefore, that Hubert Harcross should visit Clevedon; should eat, drink, and be merry in the place where he had spent that one idyllic happy summer day—in a place that was associated with the dead. He thought of the room with the oriel window, the room where he had told Grace Redmayne his fatal secret, where he had held her in his arms for the first time. He wondered how that room would look—changed or the same—and how he should feel when he looked upon it.

For a long time after that hideous November day, when she sank dead at his feet, he had lived in constant apprehension of some encounter with Grace Redmayne's kindred. But nothing had come of this dread except a visit from John Wort, who had accused him straightly enough of having tempted the girl away, and to whom he had deliberately lied. So, little by little, his fears had worn themselves out. He had heard of the migration of Mrs. James and her family, heard that the old farmhouse was tenanted, and believed himself tolerably secure from the evil consequences of his sin. But notwithstanding his sense of security, nothing could have been more repellent to him than the idea of this visit. It was only from the fear of awakening suspicion in the mind of his wife that he consented to go. Had he been asked what he was dreading, or why he, who was not a man prone to sentimentality, should shrink from looking once more on that familiar scene, his explanation must have been of the vaguest. He only knew that he did shrink from this visit, and that it was against his own judgment he consented to go to Clevedon.

"If there is any danger for me in that neighbourhood—danger of scandal or unpleasantness of any kind—I am running into the teeth of it," he said to himself; "but I hardly think there can be. The whole family are in Australia, and Brierwood farmhouse shut up. Poor old house, where I first learnt that my heart was something more than a force-pump to assist the circulation of the blood. Poor old garden, where I was so foolishly happy."

(To be continued.)

A REMINISCENCE OF ETON LIFE.

Jekling was not only one of those boys who are bent upon going wrong themselves, but he dearly loved to drag others into scrapes with him. It was warned of this fatal propensity on his part both by Groggley and Blazepole; Stumps Minor also conveyed a friendly admonition to me on the subject, and Ashton one morning sent to me on purpose to say that I must be careful what I did when Jekling was by to advise me. But these counsels, though they kept me from falling into any of Jekling's more dangerous snares, did not remove him from my company. He was always with me. He acknowledged with a candor that did him honor, that he liked "fellows whom you could humbug till all was blue."

"Well," said Ashton to him, after an exploit at Windsor trial, "you and Rivers there have become heroes as it were; and it's been said that a fellow who has the stuff in him that you showed on that Windsor fair day is worth better things than to be continually in hot water, and at sixes and sevens with everybody."

Jekling changed color slightly, went to the door, poked it violently without his having any need of such operation, and said, "You're always budgering me, Ashton."

"I want to see you a good fellow and on the highway to become a man," answered Ashton, with almost a woman's patience.

"What is, is," said Jekling doggedly. "You can't unmake yourself, and you can't do what's impossible."

"And what's impossible?" asked Ashton. "Why?" cried Jekling, bristling out, and throwing down the poker with a clatter. "It's impossible to be this and that simply because you are told to be it; and it's impossible to do this or that, when you've not strength enough. What should you say if I told you to win the football match, against the collegers this year?"

It seems you're in the eleven—and they're stronger than you. You know it. So let me alone.

There was a moment's silence; then Ashton walked straight up to Jekling. He had become very pale, but looked at his unhappy foe with a steady and earnest expression in his eyes.

"I know the collegers are stronger than we," he said, "but will you promise me"—(he passed)—"will you promise me, Jekling, that if I win the match for our school—you'll change?"

Jekling looked, knowingly surprised, and glanced at him with sullen suspicion. "It's not much to promise," he said at last, "for you won't."

"But will you promise?" asked Ashton.

"Well then, yes," said Jekling, with a dry laugh and a shrug.

"Very well," answered Ashton, and he left the room.

The match, Collegers vs. Oppidians, played every year on St. Andrew's feast, 29th November, was the greatest event of the football season. At the time of which I am writing it was not usual for the Oppidians to win every year, as has later been the case. The match was played "at the wall," a peculiar sort of football, which the Fountain boys, and as a result the College team (although the Collegers had but seventy boys to choose from as against nearly six hundred on the other side) was extremely powerful and difficult to beat. On the day of the match, Jekling and I, who had not been out of doors since our accident, obtained leave to go out for two hours, just to see the match and return.

Play began at half-past twelve, and there was always an enormous crowd, every boy in the school, every master and master's family, and some hundred or more of old Etonians, being generally present. Jekling and I took our position at that part of the ropes where the lower boys congregated, making a frightful hubbub in response to the grown-boys, who, every school of their side, shouted like for nates as the safety of the three kingdoms was being staked. For those who have never seen "wall" football played, description of the game would scarcely be intelligible; and for those who have seen it, it would be useless. Let me only say therefore, that the points to be scored are "goals" and "shies." A single goal outnumbering any quantity of shies. By the end of three-quarters of an hour's play, three shies had been scored by the Collegers' eleven. The game was going dead against the Fountain boys, who, as I thought, were the Collegers' main strength. Bullockson, Hulkey, and Brayman, were outwitted, borne down, and forced back into their own ground, or, at least, not withstanding all their gallantry. Ashton had been performing prodigies of valor in the Oppidian cause, but to no purpose. Five minutes yet remained before the game finished; and the conclusion was foregone. Jekling, who had been watching the game with a curious, silent interest, said with a short laugh (rather softly, as I thought), "Ashton played well, but he won't win."

Did Ashton hear him? Did some secret voice, I mean, whisper to him that some secret words as these were passing Jekling's lips? Anyhow, he glanced toward us, or at least toward the mass of yelling lower boys (for he did not know where we personally were), and with a determined gesture took his cap off and threw it on the ground. It was the action of a man preparing to fight.

Then this was what we saw. The hall was then within the Oppidian cauldron, but a sudden movement brought it before Ashton's feet. He stuck to it, and from that moment it did not leave him. Crouching, stumbling, running over it, playing with feet, elbows and head altogether, he "batted" it right down the whole length of the ground, unheeding kicks, pushes, mobbings or anything else. Hulkey, the collegers' post, shinned him savagely; Brayman bore down upon him with his shoulder; Grayson battering-ram; and just as Ashton was within a few yards of College end, Bullockson, the captain, made a rush as of thunder, and both rolled over together, head first, in the mud. There was a moment's breathless hush in the whirlwind of shouts, to see who would rise first with the ball. It was Ashton. Limping and bleeding, for the blood was flowing in torrents from his nose, he still crouched over the ball, and, with something like superhuman energy, shot it over the cake-line, followed it, raised it with his foot against the wall, and touched it with his hand, whilst the umpire, in a loud voice, and amid delicious excitement, shouted "GO!"

"A shy" means the right to take a shot at the goal with the football, the whole rival eleven standing in your way to obstruct you. Not a boy or man spoke, as Ashton, while as a sheet, poised the ball, raised it, and with another look towards us, threw it straight forward. There was a thud, a dismayed shout, and then the Oppidian umpire, throwing his hat in the air, cried "Goal!"

At that moment the college clock chimed out half-past one—the time for play to stop. The Oppidians had won the match.

With a roaring-loud, deep and continuous as the waves of the sea—the Oppidians burst the ropes, and rushed on to the ground, scurrying towards Ashton to carry him in triumph. Jekling and I were borne along with the rest, adding our own voices to the tumult mechanically. Ashton seemed to expect us. Just as the mighty Bullockson was taking him to lift him on his shoulders, he made a step forward, and holding out his hand (the first and the last time he had ever done such a thing to a lower boy in public), said: "You see, young man it was possible."

Jekling said nothing, and walked along by my side to our tutor's house without opening his lips. He was pale and moody, and I remember he kicked a particular pebble before him, as he went, with a strange and absent expression. At dinner he said he was not hungry, and went and shut himself up in his room. He had not reappeared by tea-time, and as it so happened that I desired to see him that evening about something or other, I went to the room, so that he did not hear me nor look up. He was seated at his table, with his head buried in his arms, and he was sobbing as if his heart would break.

If you ask now-n-days . . . my old Etonian who Jekling was, he will probably answer you: "Jekling? Do you mean the fellow who was a Newcastle scholar and in the Eleven? He went to Oxford—didn't he? and took double honors."

"I think so."

"And, pray, didn't he marry somebody? I think it was the sister of Sir Frederick Ashton."

—*Cornhill Magazine.*

JONATHAN.

Writers on the metaphysics of theology assure us that all that is necessary to the existence of an evil spirit is that an evil principle should be endowed with personality. If we are to judge from recent notorious facts, this process is going on rapidly around us. Callions of the ugliest possible attributes, and capable of producing the most pernicious effects upon the human back and stomach, are being generated with an alarming fertility. If we call attention to one or two of them, it is not that we have any strong hope that our doing so will effect any abatement in their numbers or activity. It is enough to call attention to the existence of this new generation of goblins—goblins which science cannot push-pool, and which the Church appears quite unable to deal with effectually.

The most recent eruption to the surface is that of the hobd who whose name is Jonathan. Jonathan is a bored spirit. Possibly he was tired junketing about in the fir-forests of Norway and Sweden with his ancient companions. At all events, his first appearance in this country is chronicled as having taken place at Montrose, and, as was credibly asserted, in the shape of a sawdust, though subsequent evidence makes this doubtful. Spirits, as is well known, can assume any shape that pleases themselves. It is not clearly stated what the agency was that summoned Jonathan to Scotland. The celebrated Michael Scott used to make use of certain powerful words when he wished to produce ambiguous results. Possibly some good citizen in the thriving seaport where Jonathan first appeared may have been over anxious to increase his subscription for some good cause, missionary or other, and may in his earnestness have lighted upon some expression—some strong intonation—that had power to bring Jonathan into the mental-tub. For Jonathan is Jonathan's ally, and though in respect of his normal shape he is as already stated, saw-dust according to some authorities, or corn-husks according to others, he can so change himself that goodwives when making porridge are quite ignorant that it is Jonathan they are dealing with. It is not necessary to state that Jonathan does not make good porridge. Whether he be sawdust or corn-husks, there is little nourishment in him. It was not to make good bone and muscle that he was summoned from the underground regions. On the contrary, the purpose of his manifestation is to increase the profits of the lucky wizard who has control of him. Considering that he is almost entirely composed of woody fibre, and if he be corn-husks, of fibre armed with silken lance-points, it is no wonder that Jonathan does not comfort the stomachs that have been induced to trust to him for comfort, but that, on the contrary, his operations have a very strong tendency to turn a Midsummer Night's Dream into a Midsummer Night-mare.

It may be regarded as an evidence of the ubiquity of spirits to find that, though Jonathan's particular haunt be Montrose, he has turned up so far south as Yorkshire. He may have been busy enough about our own neighbourhood for aught we know, though we have not seen his presence noticed. If he continue his southward progress, he will not fail by-and-by to meet—may already have met—with a kindred spirit of the name of Simpson. Simpson is a London goblin, whose efforts, laborious and not of recent date, are directed towards producing an apparatus which, when carried about in public, is believed by a simple-minded public to be milk. Simpson's history is a little obscure. Perhaps the most reasonable account of him is that which attributes his existence to the intervention of Apollo. Vexed at the incessant efforts of the London cow-keeper to get more out of a cow than the poor creature can supply, that deity, who cares for cattle, directed the attention of the avareulous dairy-man to the existence of the ewe with the iron tail, whose produce, judiciously mixed with chalk and other condiments, would greatly lessen the strain on the productive powers of his cow. Upon this hint he pumped—did the dairy man—and Simpson was the result. Simpson has servants that are zealous in adding him to his entrails. Of these chalk—already alluded to—is the most mentionable. The others are of a too malign aspect even to be named. For a considerable time past Simpson has been a potent spirit in the London milk-world. The very dairy themselves, instead of casting him out by help of Latin and other appropriate exorcisms, are said to drink him and submit. There is little doubt that, just as Jonathan is extending his haunts southward, so Simpson is making excursions every day more comprehensive and far-reaching towards the north. In every town of any size, the question between a cow and her milk is getting more complicated and insoluble; and there can be no doubt that it is Simpson that is causing the confusion, that is found to exist in that part of mathematics. Great results may be expected when Jonathan and Simpson meet. A feast of porridge and milk under their auspices will be something more than ambrosial. The British Grenadiers, thus fed, will be certain to carry all before them. Inspired by Jonathan and Simpson, they may be expected to go anywhere and do anything.

But it would be tedious to name even the leading spirits in the catalogue of this new and more formidable demology, while as to the minor ones, their names are legion. Why should we name the sorrows of those of our readers whose fate it may have been to be befogged by that omnipotent hobd whose name is Shoddy? How warm his embrace to be by with, but how short-lived his attachment! To-day you are arrayed as if in the broadcloth of Saxony—tomorrow your greatness is reduced to a pitiable framework of tithums. Or why should we mention Sloc-leaf, who creeps into our tea-pot and, after beguiling us with the belief that we are quaffing the cup that cheers without producing any of those effects that are offensive to Sir Wilfrid Lawson, lays us prostrate under the terrible powers of gastrolysis? Alas! too there is, a potent spirit who, under guise of very pure white flour, insinuates himself into our loaf, with results that very soon make the presence of the doctor necessary; and, if we were dealing with the subject at large, we could not pass by that stubborn Imp, among the gods denominated Sillies, but among mortals known as Sand, who invades our sugar-bowl. There is, as if he were coffee, and Tallow, a sleek hobd-goblin who would make you believe, until you taste him, that he is butter; and there are a host of others besides. In fact, their names are legion. Millions of spirits, says a great poet, walk the earth, both while we walk and while we sleep. We know it, and we would not complain of it if it were not that they frequently make their way into our inner man and keep us from sleeping altogether.

In spite of the demology of the manufactory and warehouse and dairy, good oatmeal and milk and butter, not to speak of minor necessities, are to be had for the buying. At the same time, it is certainly to be lamented that science and the Church combined can do so little apparently to help us. Science seems to conjure up as many evil spirits as it lays. A good deal of chemistry, no doubt, was expended in the invocation of Jonathan and Simpson and their allies. Knowledge, unfortunately, is as open to the rage as to the honest man. More might be expected of our spiritual and moral teachers, whose duty it is to educate the community into honesty. —*Scotman.*

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PARRON'S PURGATIVE PILLS.—Best family physic; Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders, for Horses.

UNPOPULARITY OF WOMEN.

There is no denying the fact that women are not so popular among men as they used to be. Marriages are not so numerous in comparison with the population, and, if we may infer anything from the Divorce Court, they cannot be so successful. What is the reason of it all? Are men more exigent or are women less loving? Is it our fault or theirs? No right-thinking man wishes women to be ignorant or silly; but no man wants to see their intellect cultivated to the exclusion of their affections, the degrading of their instincts, or the annihilation of their sense of duty. It is one thing to have for a wife a mere brainless doll, whose ideas of life are bounded by fashion on the right side and pleasure on the left, and another thing to have a learned mummy, whose heart has become atrophied in favour of her head, and who has dropped the sweetest characteristics of her womanhood in the classroom. It may be quite right and proper that women should understand some sections and the differential calculus if they are strongly impelled that way—but that they should even put enthusiasm into the study of logarithms, and find enjoyment in digesting some of the stiffest doctrines of political economy; but it is better that they should be tender to men and gentle to children, careful housekeepers, kindly mistresses, pure-toned leaders of society. It is good for them to have knowledge, but better to keep love. Yet this is just what so many of the "advanced" women have not kept. The old antagonism to men professed by them, and the painful depreciation of all home life, both in its affections and its duties, which they declare has created almost a distinct class among them; and it is not a lovely one. They are enthusiastic for the franchise, and passionate for an equal share of the so-called privileges of men, but they are only scornful of the disabilities and obligations alike of sex in all that relates to marriage, the home, and children. In their regard for intellectual ambition they have ceased to respect the emotional side of human nature; and in their demand for free trade in the work of the world, for leave to share in all the specialties of the man's life, they have forgotten that part of their own happiness lies in ministering to his. This, then, is the reason why they are not so popular among men as they used to be. Rivals in the place of helpmates; antagonists, not lovers; can it be wondered at if men have followed as they have been led, and have left off adoring a group of indeterminate persons who only desire to be feared?

This is one class of women who are unpopular with men, and deservedly so. Another is that of the women whose souls are centred upon "getting on in society," and who regard men, as husbands, merely as stepping stones to that end. Marriage means with them a banker's book, and the liberty accorded to the wife which was denied to the maiden. The man counts for nothing, provided always he is not exceptionally stingy, tyrannical, or jealous. Granted a moderate amount of liberality and easiness of temper, and he may be ugly, old, violent, or utterly unlovable throughout. What does it matter? He had money; and money is the Moloch of our day. So the woman of this class passes through the sacrificial fire all her best affections, her poetry and aspirations, her hopes, her dreams, and sells herself for so much a year sterling—"getting on in society" being her reward. It is not because the grapes are sour that poor men dread and dislike this class of women; and it is only because *human* perceptions are so easily blinded by money, that men, that the very men who pay the price, ignore the worthlessness of the thing they buy. Sometimes knowledge comes when too late, and the stepping-stone awakens to the fact that, though money may pay for youth and beauty, it cannot buy honour nor yet love; and that the woman who sells herself in the first instance has rarely anything to give in the second. How can we wonder, then, that with these two sections of womanhood, so large and important as they are now, women should be less popular with men than they used to be, and marriage hold a thing to be shy of, or undertaken only under extremity? To be sure, we men are poor fellows as bachelors. In spite of our freedom and the desolate liberty of the latch-key. The traditional button of ours is always cutting off, and we sigh in vain for the deft fingers of the ideal woman while we prick our own in our clumsy attempts to sew it on again. We are battered by our housekeepers, neglected by our mothers, and cheated by our money. We fare chiefly in chambers, worse in lodgings, and club living is not economical. The dingy room, unwept and ill-garnished, is but a miserable kind of home, as we sorrowfully confess to our own souls, if we are afraid to carry the secret further. And yet we live on in growing discontent, hating much what we have, but dreading more what we have not. Meanwhile the country swarms with unmarried women, and sociologists shake their heads at the phenomenon, seeking to account for it on every plea but the right one. Of course we do not deny the hereditary moral decadence of women in England. But we do say positively that more girls are unmarried than need be, while many good men are vowed to celibacy and batonless discomfort because women have lost the trick of loving as they used to love; because they have altered the old virtues of patience, modesty, tenderness, self-sacrifice, home-keeping, and home-blessing, old characteristics of them, and have become cold and hard and worldly and self-assertive instead. And these are the effects that are offensive to Sir Wilfrid Lawson, lays us prostrate under the terrible powers of gastrolysis? Alas! too there is, a potent spirit who, under guise of very pure white flour, insinuates himself into our loaf, with results that very soon make the presence of the doctor necessary; and, if we were dealing with the subject at large, we could not pass by that stubborn Imp, among the gods denominated Sillies, but among mortals known as Sand, who invades our sugar-bowl. There is, as if he were coffee, and Tallow, a sleek hobd-goblin who would make you believe, until you taste him, that he is butter; and there are a host of others besides. In fact, their names are legion. Millions of spirits, says a great poet, walk the earth, both while we walk and while we sleep. We know it, and we would not complain of it if it were not that they frequently make their way into our inner man and keep us from sleeping altogether.

At CERTAIN SEASONS OF THE YEAR most persons are subject to diseases emanating from a low state of the blood. The causes are various; but it is only necessary, in order for the prompt purification of that fluid, that the patient should use FLOWERS' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, with full assurance of obtaining the desired results. This Syrup will strengthen the organs of digestion, promote healthy assimilation, nourish the muscles, and renovate the nervous system.

FACTS AND SCIENCE.—The bones of birds are hollow, and filled with air instead of marrow.

The flea jumps 22 times its own length, which is equal to a quarter of a mile for a man.

The knowledge of the arts and sciences, which is possessed by the different members of the animal creation, has not unfrequently been a subject of wonder to naturalists.

Bees are acousticians. Their cells are so constructed that with the least quantity of material they may have the largest spaces and the least possible loss of interstices. So also is the ant-lion. Its funnel-shaped trap is exactly correct in conformation, as if it had been formed by the most skillful artist of our species, with the best instruments.

The mole is a meteorologist.

The bird called the kite-killer is an arithmetician; so also are crows, the wild turkeys and some other birds.

The torpedo, the ray, and the electric eel are electricians.

The nautilus is a navigator. It raises and lowers its shell, and casts the anchor and other nautical evolutions.

The beaver is an architect, builder, and woodman.

The marmot is a civil engineer. He not only builds houses, but constructs aqueducts to keep them dry.

Little white ants maintain a regular army of soldiers.

The East India ants are horticulturists. They make mushroom, upon which they feed their young.