THE HEARTHSTONE.

A ROYAL RACE.

By JAMES M'CARROLL.

Among the fine old kings that reign Upon a simple wooden throne. There's one with but a small domain, But, mark you, it is all his own.

And though upon his rustic towers No ameient standard waves its wing, Thick, leady banners, flushed with thowers, From all the fragrant casements swing.

And here, in royal homespun, bow His nut-brown court at night and morn-The brouzed field-marshal of the plow, The chancellor of wheat and corn.

The keeper of the golden stacks, The unstress of the milking pail. The bold knights of the ringing axe. The heralds of the sounding flail.

The ladies of the new-mown hay,
The master of the spade and hee,
The masters of the glorious lay
That all the sons of freedom know.

And thus, while on the sensons roll, He wins from the inspiring sod The brawny arm and noble sout That serves his country and his God.

For the Hearthstone.

THE HOSPITAL GONDOLA

BY ISABELLA VELANCY CRAWFORD.

"Come Queen Mab, it's delightfully fresh now, and I wish you'd come for a sail. Run for your hat like a little darling."

The speaker was a tall young fellow with fine

frank features, and the girl he addressed a delicate beauty, possessing a certain degree of family resemblance to him. She was scated on the steps of a collonade which partially sur-rounded a beautiful villa built in the Italian style, and was bustly employed in twining a heavy garland of roses, supplying herself with blossoms from a heaped up basket at her side. "I can't to-night, Gerald," she said in answer

to his request, "for I promised to ride with Major St. Quentin." A slight frown contracted Gerald's broad fore-

head, and the smile faded from his lips,
"Yery well, Mabelle, it seems I can never
have you to myself for a moment now, since
that man came here, I think your own cousin is entitled to as much consideration as an ac-

quaintance of a couple of months."

"Why, Gerald, he is papa's guest," said
Mabelle, raising her eyes in astonished reproof

Mabelle, raising her eyes in astonished reproof from her fragrant task.

"Oh, of course it's all pure hospitality," remarked Gerald with something approaching a sneer, "though I know, if instead of the fascinating St. Quentin, it were old Mr. Boreleigh, you would watve ceremony and come with me. However, Nettle is not fascinated and so she will, won't you, Nettle ?"

A little smile broke into Mabelle's eyes as Gerald turned from her to a levely little girl of some twelve summers, who sprang from one

some twelve summers, who sprang from one

of the open windows, and ran towards them. "I'd like to go very much, cousin Gerald," said Nettle, "but mamma says I am to ride with Mab and Major St. Quentin, and it's time gally.

for you to go and dress Mab, or we'll be late."
"Oh!" said Gerald more graciously as Mabelle rose to go, "it's not to be a kie-à-lête ride

Mabello was really a very sweet girl, and she smiled a little serious smile as she said gently.

"You know Gerald, you are the only one with whom I ever ride alone, you should not be angry at my being attentive to one old friend of papa's, cousin.",
"I'm not, but don't call me cousin, Queen

Mab. you know I hate it !"

Mabelle touched a beautiful sapphire ring which she were on her engagement finger.

"You ought not to be so sensitive, Gerald,

and as for calling you cousin, one cannot break through an old habit easily, but I will try and remember for the future."

"You are a darling girl," said Gerald now quite modified, "run away and don't keep the old boy waiting, we can have our sail tomorrow."

Mabelle flew away with a grateful look, and Nettle who was already equipped for her ride, put her hand into Gerald's, and strolled up and down the shadowy collorade.

"Cousin Gerald." she said. fixing on him that

searching, penetrating look peculiar to child-dren, "why did you call Major St. Quentin the old boy,' and why don't you like Mab to call you cousin, you are our cousin aren't you?"
"Yes I am of course, you inquisitive little
puss, but it's not proper for young ladies to ask

"I'm not a young lady," said Nettie, "I'm only a little girl, and why did you call Major St. Quentin the old boy? he's not as old as papa,

once a little girl turned into a frog for asking her cousin questions!"

se you ask the old boy himself, Nettie!" said a deep and singularly sweet voice from behind a screen of vines which divided the coloniside into two parts, and a gentleman came through the archway and sauntered towards them smiling.

Major St. Quontin must have nearly reached

his fortieth year, but his physique was such as time serves but to improve and ennoble. Tall above the stature of most men, the massive and yet strictly proportioned outlines of his form, did away with the awkwardness usually accompanying any uncommon degree of altitude. His features corresponded with his ceneral appearance, and were at the same time old in outline and delicate in detail, and on them reigned at the moment an expression of playful sarcasm, directed at Gerald who looked

cessively uncomfortable.
"Come, Nettle," he said laughing, "I am a new example of the truth of an old proverb and as Mr. D'Arcy does not scom inclined to answer your question, I will."

Nottie walked gravely over to the Major, who looked down at her sunny face with a peculiar tenderness of expression, which his face ever aswhen in company with her,

"It's very easily explained," he said good-humoredly, "look here," he bent his stately head quite close to hers, "you see nearly every second hair is quite white, well that accounts for the opithet 'old,' and in France every unmarried man is called a 'boy,' so you see your cousin was only terming me an old bachelor after all."

"But why don't you marry some beautiful lady?" inquired Nettic, "and build a grand castle to live in?"

"I'm going to marry the Queen of the fairles Neitie, and live in the forest, with dances and delight; and you shall be one of our cives."

Major St. Quentin looked at Gerald with a

mischievous sparkle in his deep brown eve "That must be Queen Mab!" cried Notite chapping her hands, and springing to her sister who now appeared on the collonade, she said, "Oh, Queen Mah, you are to marry Major St. Quentin, and we are all to live in the woods together to

Mabelle's eyes turned from Nettle to Gerald with something of alarm in them, and she opened her lips as though about to speak, but Gerald with a glance of intense anger at the whole group, spring down the steps, overturn-ing as he did so either by accident or design, the basket containing the roses from which Mubelle had been twining her garland, and as they rolled over the lawn, he went towards the beach, from which the villa was distant about

Something like tears glittered in Mabelle's cyes, but seeing the Major's glance fixed on her, she forced them back, and even smiled faintly at something he said as he lifted her into the saddle, and waving adleux to Mr. and Mrs. Craustend who came and stood on the colonnade to see them depart, they cantered gally away and were soon hidden from view by the heavy timber in the park.

" Poor St. Quentin," said Mr. Craustead as he and his wife re-entered the house, "what a sad, sad fato has been his!"

"But there are happy days approaching for

"But there are happy days approaching for him I trust," replied his wife, a woman with Mabelle's sweet eyes and beautiful smile.

"I trust so, I hope so," said Mr. Craustend, "poor Frank! he deserves all the love and tenderness a good wife can bestow on him."

"I wonder Gerald didn't John them," said Mrs. Craustend after a moment's silence.
"I founded lather those her bear consolition."

"I wonder Gerald didn't Join them," said Mrs. Graustead after a moment's silence. "I fancied lately there has been something not quite right about the lad, he appears duit and reserved, and altogether unlike himself," remarked Mr. Craustead.

"Perhaps he is going to be ill," said Mrs. Cruustead, with feminine anxiety, "he stays out too much in the heat, I must really speak to him about it."

"Do so, my dear," responded her husband,
he will attend to your advice when he sees
that you are anxious about him," and taking up
an Italian poem, he stretched himself on a couch

and commenced reading.

and commonced reading.

"Shall we ride along the cliff road?" said Mabelle as they issued from the park gates, and there was a little pleading quiver in her voice as she asked the question.

"Certainly if you wish it, and to speak truth it is my favorite ride," said Major St. Quentin readily, and they turned their bores books in

readily, and they turned their horses heads in that direction. "We shall find a fine breeze there," he said

"We shall find a fine breeze there," he said looking up at the sky, which was beginning to darken over with heavy detached elouds.

Mabelle's glance followed his, and then turned anxiously out over the sea, which now stretched out beside them, calm as a mirror, but black and sullen looking, and evidently ready for outside. A however you a little black speek mischief. A long way out, a little black speck showed the presence of a boat, and though Major St. Quentin perceived it, Mabelle's, unaccustomed eyes took to note of it, and she looked relieved as her gaze took in the apparently deserted expanse of ocean.

The fresh breeze which they began to feel as

refleved as ner gate to deserted expanse of ocean.

The fresh breeze which they began to feel as they mounted the cliff road, exhilarated them all, and Nettle scampered on ahead her white pony trying its paces against those of the Major's black Newfoundland dog which invariably accompanied them in their rambles.

The Major and Mabelle rode more quietly behind, and though the Major constantly and anxiously regarded sky and sea, he managed, anxiously regarded sky and sea, he calling the sealing the sealing

auxiously regarded sky and sea, he managed, though secretly uneasy to conceal the feeling from his companion, and chatted with her quite

The conversation turned on Gerald, and be spoke admiringly of his courage and talents, and Mabelle's eyes sparkled and her color reso as the admired and all accomplished St. Quen-

tin spoke so warmly of his good qualities.

"But I think his courage frequently enries him beyond the bounds of prudence," he said in conclusion.

"Oh, dear Major St. Quentin," said Mabell earnestly, "If you would only persuade him to burn that dreadful Indian canoe in which he goes out. Papa, every one, has told him how unfit it is for the open sea, but he does not mind in the least, and every time he goes out, I——" she shuddered and did not conclude the sentenco.

" My dear girl," said the Major, "I'm afraid I'm not sufficiently in Mr. D'Arcy's good graces to venture on advising, and ho might resent it as an impertinence."

"I don't think any one could connect such a word with you," said Mabelle simply and carn-

estly.
"I'm much obliged to Queen Mab for her "I'm much obliged to queen and for her opinion," said Major St. Quentin, with a look of real pleasure as he glanced at her beautiful face, rosy and sparkling from the brisk air, and with tender solicitude he leant down to arrange something that had got out of order about her bridle rein.

As he raised his head, Nettie came galloping

back towards them, like a miniature whilwind. Her long curls had broken from the demure confinement of her riding net, and waved behind her like a banner, and the shaggy mane of her pony was blowing wildly about, while his eyes glowed from beneath the tangled mass like coals of fire.

" It's going to rain! I feel drops Mab," she eried as she drew near, and both Mabelle and St. Quentin started as a low growl of thunder saluted their cars.

The wind was rising, and the sea was begin The wind was rising, and the sea was occur-ning to roll in long undulations as yet uncapped with foam, and driving swiftly landward was a condensed mass of clouds of dull purple, a contensed mass of clouds of dull purple, scarlet and black through which continuously played vivid flashes of lightning. For a moment the rays of the sun, just sinking beneath the horizon, burst through them, and glancing on the top of the swells, lit them up into ridges of the, almost blood red in its fleree glow, and impediately disappearing again, left the supering mediately disappearing again, left the ocean to its former inky luc.

Major St. Quentin uttered an ejaculation as

his eyes took in the portentous scene, and Nettle

exclaimed in a ione of distress,
"Oh! Major St. Quentin, what shall we do?
Mab's horse is always affald of lightning!" Indeed the animal was becoming exceedingly restive, and the narrow cliff road was an especially unsafe place for any display of equine 'nerves.' Mabello was a good horsewoman, and seldom lost presence of mind, but her check rolled as her horse becan to curvet within. paled as her horse began to curvet within a few feet of the brink of the precipice, and she felt a throb of delight as Major St. Quentin laid by

strong hand on his reins, and held the animal in with a steady grasp.

"I would advise you to dismount," he said, "but we are going to have a regular squall and you must hasten to shelter, and as only two can rido safely abreast, Nottle must go ahead, as Nixle is perfectly steady, and the sound of hoofs behind her would drive "Fire-

This arrangement was accordingly made and urged to extreme speed by Major St. Quer tin, whose firmly compressed lips, and ashy cheeks proclaimed some inward cause of dis-quiet, the party galloped rapidly towards home Ere they reached the house, the storm was on them, and so furiously did the wind pursue them that once or twice Madelle and Nottle were nearly hurled from their horses.

Throwing the reins to the servants, Major St. Quentin lifted Mabello and Nettle from their saddles, and while they rushed to assure their mother of their safety, he beckened Mr. Crau tend away. They walked out on the colonnade

from which they could see the ocean now one sheet of snowy foam, and St. Quentin said anxiously.

" James, do you know if Gerald D'Arey is in

the house?"
"No. Why do you ask Frank?" replied Mr. Craustead looking with surprise at the pale and disturbed countenance of his friend.

"Because I am almost certain that he has been caught in this squalf, and if so——" "Wait for a moment I'll get the boat-house key," said Mr. Craustead, and in a couple of moments the two men were on their way to

they walked rapidly towards the beach,

As they walked rapidly towards the bench, with heads bent against the driving wind, they nearly knocked down an old man, who was harrying towards the villa.

"Oh, Mr. Craustead, Sir," he gasped, "I was a-coming to tell ye that Mr. Gerald went out in that temptin of Providence Indian heat of bis, and never a bit bas he come'd back since, for I've wateload and walked the whole exent.

or I've watched and walted the whole events tho seein the squall comin I had my fears about Mr. Craustead turned ghastly pale in the stormy twilight, and caught hold of Major St.

Quentla's arm to support himself.

"What is to be done?" he murmured hearsely, while Major St. Quentin and the old salier ooked despairingly out towards the dimly seen

sen, the whilly dashing spray from which was drenching them thoroughly.

The villa was near no ilfe-boat station, and even had it been, what use to seek a solitary being on that black and vast expanse, even sup-posing that he and his feath bark had as yet escaped, which these three men, all with more experience than common of the ways of the sea, felt in their secret hearts was impossible. Who can describe the agony and suspense of that fearful night, to the intelligence the wills!

hat fearful night to the inhabitants of the villa Regarding Gerald as fondly as though he had been their son Indeed, Mr. and Mrs. Craustead gave way to profound grief, and Mabelle, from whom in vain they tried to hide what had hap-pened, seemed turned to stone, and through the long dark night, sat on the steps of the colthe long dark night, sat on the steps of the col-omade, her eyes fixed on the white line of the sea, and her hands clasped righly on her lap. Servants were riding to and fro all night, set-ting watches for many miles along the coast in case Gerald's body should be washed ashore, and with the first streak of dawn, Major St. Quentin and a brave few from the small fishing hamlet near by, put out to sea, though the waves were still running high, in the hope of rescuing him it still affort. Going down to the beach, St. Quentin paused beside Mabelle, still scatted on the steps of the colonnade. He regarded her with unspeakable pity, and touching her her with unspeakable pity, and touching her hand to attract her attention he said.

" Dear child, there is some hope yet!"

"Dear child, there is some hope yet!"
But she did not answer him, and indeed did
not appear to be aware of his presence.
As he turned to go his glance rested on a
heap of withered roses, the remains of Mahelle's
work of the day before, and he stopped for a
moment to put them where they would not attract her attention, and then sadly pursued his
way towards the boat which lay in readiness for
him.

Before the evening of that day all hope was over, and a stranger visiting a couple of weeks afterwards, the little church of Craustead, might have observed a tablet newly let into the wall, and inscribed: "Sacred to the memory of Gerald Aylmer

D'Arcy. " Drowned June 20th 18-Actat 24 years and 6 months."

"Sing that song again Ida," said Major St. Quentin. "It seems peculiarly suited to this evening, with its new born moon and hosts of

stars."

The lady he addressed a beautiful and elegant looking woman, who was leaning pensively against a harp, the strings of which were still vibrating with the accompaniment of the repetition of which he had requested, started from the melancholy reverie into which she appeared

about to full and replied with a fullt smile.

"My dear Frank, I will sing something live-lier, Mabelle and Nettle look quite mournful," and she sang an Italian boat song full of fire and energy in a voice full and sweet as that of a nightingale.

The group consisted of our old friends, Mr and Mrs. Craustead, Mabelle and Nettle, with Major St. Quentin and the bady whom he ad-dressed as Ida. They were seated on the balcony of a palace overlooking one of the principal canals of Venice, and beneath them floated gon-dolas, from which came the merry song of the gondollers. As the moonlight was not brilliant, several of these vessels had torches affixed to them, the red glow from which brought out the protruding cornices and richly ornamented facedes of the neighbouring buildings with pictures of the set of the protruction of the set of the se turesque effect.

After Ida had ceased her song, a silence fell on the group, over whom there appeared to hang a certain melancholy, and Mabelle indeed looked paler and graver than before. No one seemed inclined to break the stillness until Nettic evinced symptoms of restlessness, and gliding to Major St. Quentin whispered confi-dentially.

"I am not amused at all to-night. I think it is very dull, and I wish I were back at dear old Craustead."

"Have you ever been out in a gondola, Net-tic?" asked the Major after a moment's consi-deration of this compiaint, and on being au-swered in the negative, be continued, "Well! if your mamma will trust Mabelle and you to the care of my wife and myself, I will add that

leasure to your experience. Run and ask her." Nettie flew to her mother and having obtained the required permission, the ladies left the balcony to equip for their expedition, while the Major went to summon a goudola.

In a few moments they were gathered on the narble watersteps of the palace, ready to enter the fairy like bark which moved gently up and down as the tide rippled past. The red flames from the numerous torches, streamed out on the light breeze like rosy banners, and threw a cheerful light on the surrounding scene.

St. Quentin assisted his wife in, and having, ith an air of tender sollicitude arranged her in a comfortable position, the girls entered the bont

which floated gently out into the stream.

Leaving the city behind, they steered for the
sea, which lay shining and calm as a plain of silver, with brighter indentations here and there, marking the courses of the different gou-dola's, of which many were abroad, their owners tempted by the extreme beauty of the night. Long they lingered, enchanted by the levelit moonlit Adriatic, and at length they turned homewards, taking the chief canal in

The Major and his wife were seated apart conversing in low tones, and Nettie chattered gaily, though her prattle fell on unheeding ears, for Mabello appeared wrapped in a melancholy

As they were about leaving the canal, a gondola passed them swiftly, bearing the distinctive marks of those belonging to a charitable order, whose duty it was to convey the sick and dying to the hospital. As the vessel passed, rowed by its black hooded gondollers, who chanted in a melancholy voice as they bent to their task, it was regarded with curiosity by the party.

der, as a fearful groan issued from behind the dark curtains which concealed the sufferer from the public view, but suddenly Nettle ut-tered a piercing shrick, and pointed to the gon-dola, which had now passed ahead, and cried, "Oh, there! look there!"

The breeze had blown the curtains aside, and iven her a momentary gilmpse of the person within. In answer to their startled inquiries the softbed.

"Cousin Gerald! I saw cousin Gerald!" and she persisted so stendily in her assertion that Mabelle felt a curious sensation steat over her, a resurrection as it were of hope, "After all, tierald's body had never been found, and-" but she checked the thought, half smiling at her own folly.

On reaching home she did not notice, engaged as she was in trying to soothe Nettie, that Major St. Queutin was absent, for as the ladies entered the louse he re-entered the gondoin, and was rowed swiftly away.

On the following morning Mabelle sat listening, only worth. To the correct and she

ing, outwardly calm, to the earnest and glad toned discourse of Major St. Quentin. She had suffered so much lately that she had learned to maintain an outward calm, and the only sign with which she received the intelligence that was to restore her to happiness, was the intense pressure of her hands together, and the glow of her check.

"Impressed," said St. Quentin, "by Nettie's a impressed," said Sf. Quentin, e by Neitle's persisting in her declaration of having seen teraid, I re-entered the gondola, and set out in pursuit of the hospital boat, which I overlook just as it reached the quay. I pushed through those who were carrying him, and dear child, through the distortion of his face from the agony of his fractured limb, I recognized Gerald. His eyes cought mine as they were hearing him away, but whether he recognized no events. away, but whether he recognized me or not I do not know. I rushed after him, when I re-membered that he never seemed to like me, so I returned home, and having broken the intelligence to your father, I despatched him to the bedside of his nephew, and I see he has but just

At this moment Mr. Craustead entered the

At this moment are emission converge cor-room, and from him they heard the remainder of the tale.

On the evening of the opining of our story, Gerald had been overtaken by the gale which Gerald had been overtaken by the gale which in an instant had swamped his frail had. Being an excellent swimmer he managed to sustain himself adoat, until picked up by a trading vessel which was driven out to sea. Earaged at the supposed understanding between Mabelle and the Major, on reaching a port, he entered himself amongst the crew of a vessel, from which he afterwards changed, and made his way eventually to Venice, for which city he had always entertained a romantle veneration, While engaged amongst the shipping, he had met with the accident which led to his dis

covery.

A short period found Mabelle by his bedside, and as he held her hand in his, she explained how Midor St. Quentin's beautifut child had been drowned before its mother's cyes, and how that mother, deranged for a time by the fearful that mother, deranged for a time by the fearful scene, had been placed under the care of 1r. Anterveldt, while her busband wandered alone and sad over the face of the carth. "We always knew he was married," concluded Ma-belle, "and we thought you knew it too, but as he wished his wife's state to be kept secret, he passed amongst strangers as a single man," Gerald also heard how Mabelle had fallen ill

grieving for him, and how they had come to Venice for her health, accompanied by Major and Mrs. Quentin, now completely restored in body and mind, though there would probably ever lang over her a certain melancholy, which time might soften though not remove.

In process of time, there was a wedding in Craustead church, and in the space before oc-cupled by Gerald's funeral tablet, there hing a garland of roses, as purely pink as Mubelie's checks glowing beneath her veil of bridal lace, and though Gerald regretted the serious mistake which had led to so much sorrow, he looked well as any young gentleman could look notwithstanding.

POOR RELATIONS.

There are a large number of people in the

world—very worthy persons in their way, no doubt—who have certainly no business in it, for they are a trouble to themselves and a nulsance to everybody else. They have very few friends to speak of, and those whom they have are, in the cases out of ten, astamed to own them. They are always in trouble, and their friends are ever content to let them remain there. They ever content to left them remain there. They are continually despatring, and their acquainmess are good enough to left them do so without interruption. They never do anything but drag on a miserable existence, and their friends are not concerned more than to remark that they ought to feel very thankful that things are no worse. They bother people, now for one thing, then for another, and the bothered are as continually protesting against "that sort of thing very know." They are come with each of thing, you know." They are often railing about uning, you know." They are often failing about what they would do to retrieve their failen fortunes if they got the chance, and they are just as frequently told to look at what they did when they had it. They are repeatedly answering they would act differently in future, and they are just often rudely informed that they would do just the same—or worse. They are occa-sionally hungry, and, in lieu of anything better, swallow, uncomplainingly, the gall and worm-wood of wounded pride, which, it is very well known, does not go down at all easily, and, being very indigestible, remains on the stomach a ing very inagestine, remains on the someting long time, producing, amongst other things, great !rritability of temper and grievous discon-tent of mind. In short, anything that is dis-agreeable to do they have to do; anything that is unpleasant to suffer they have to endure; and they wander about, bating themselves and dially disliked by all who know them and are asked to help. What business have such creaasked to help. Wint business have such creatures in the world? They can have none—ergo, poor relations can have none. They ought to see that, and betake themselves off. Nobody would miss them or cry about them if they went out of the world by means of putting their honds through a noose and then swinging off, or in an endeavour to discover the bottom of some deep river, or well, or, even, duck-pond-nobody except, perhaps, some pule-faced chits of wives or daughters, who would grieve for a short time, and then do the only sensible thing possible follow them. The world would go on just the same, and their rich relations would heave a sigh of relief when they thought they should not be bothered again by such miserable wretches on this side of the dark river of time. There would be a little talk at first, but their memories would soon die away and be forgotten. Let it be put to any poor relations whether it is not a great sensidal and disgrace that they should go wandering about poor, and mean, and hungry-looking, bringing, by such means, disgrace upon their rich relations who are riding about in their carriages? But rich relations should help the poor ones? Pshaw! what nonsense! Help those who help themselves is the common, and of course, proper, motto in the mouth of the rich relation; and, as his poor brother never can help himself, it naturally follows that he never can be helped. What could be better? When a Mabelle turned away her head, with a shud-

In that nonsense about blood being thicker than water. All those old-fashioned theories have been abandoned as fullacious, and we will have none of them. All over England are the rich relations per-

secuted by the poor ones—persecuted to give their money or exert their influence; and all over England do the rich relations decline to do either, unless to such a limited extent that what they do might as well be undone. Not content with this, the poor relations bring disgrace upon the rich by boasting of the connection between them, and, with an infatuation worso than madness, try to prove the closeness of that connection by bearing testimony to favours which have never been done them, or which, if which have never been done them, or which, if they have been conferred, will not bear the con-struction put upon them. They will even pre-tend, indeed, that their rich relations are jolly, good, open-hearted, open-handed souls. And they will talk thus in all descriptions of company. It is something shocking this—especially if the gabbler happens to be the wearer of a shabby, thread-bare coal, or a young man who has neither personal appearance or a knowledge that there is such a thing as the letter h in the English language; or a shabby-gented female, of the mandfully sentimental types and it is of the mandality sentimental type—and it is what should not, for a moment, be countenanced or, even, tolerated. Perhaps, the poor relations keep a shop; perhaps—we hardly dare think it—they cannot pay their debts, and have not always chough to eat. They are often so reliculously poor, indeed, that they are not ashamed to own it! And for all the rich relation's boson friends whose country loads so that they are friends, whose country houses and town houses he visits, to know that such beings are connect-od with him by the thes of blood! Not that there is any danger of the rich relation's friends and the poor relations being brought into contact with each other, for the latter of course never enter the rich relation's house, except upon special occasions - never when any one of Importand occasions—hever when any one of importance is expected. All that poor relations were and did would not matter so much if they could be put out of the way. But they carnot. They decline to be shipped off to Patagonia or Central America, even if their passages are paid; for they have a blind, unreasoning love for the land—dheir mative land—which treats them so bad-by and profer to stoy at home and endow. ly, and prefer to stay at home and endure po-verly and contempt rather than leave it. There is another thing about these poor relations, They object to be patronised, and lave the audaelty to assert their equality with their rich relations. They grow snappish, and cynical, and satirleal, if any attempt is made to convince and saturea, if any attempt is made forenymers them that they are in error, and, under certain conditions, take a pride in exhibiting their degradation; and they will persist in flying where they choose, going where they like, and doing what they like. They are perfect irreconcilables, and fully impressed with their own transcendent ablittes, which, as they have not been of much service to them, they proclaim whenever they have time and conservative below. ever they have time and opportunity. Under ordinary discumstances, they would, of course, say nothing about them; and they get, no doubt, upon the principle men do, who, when they are called fools, straightway declare themselves wise men, and when they are dubbed wise, modestly deny that they are any such Poor relations are much to be pitied, and rich

relations are much to be pitied too; but, of the two, the most to be compassionated are the tor-mer. The latter have it in their power to raise the former, and in nine cases out of ten it is only selfish indifference which precludes them from doing so.—Liberal Review.

sentant indifference which precludes them from doing so.—Liberal Review.

ANCIENT HAND-GENS.—The "hand-gun" came into general use in the reign of Edward IV.; not that monarch any justly be cansidered as the act who patronized "hand-guns." or muskets, in England. This monarch landed at Raven-burgh an Yorkshire in the year 1471, bringing with him, amongst other forces, 200 Flomings armed with "hange-gunnes." This is filly years before the date generally assigned for their introduction: Mr. Anderson, Mr. Lamb, and divers other writers, placemental event in 1521, at the siege of Berwick, where they were called hand-common. The hand-gun used in England was a short, piece, as we are informed from the statute of 22 Henry VIII. whereby it was canceted, that "no hand-gun should be used of less dimensions than one yard in length, gun and steek included." The hand-gun, that the siege of the winds a status it might not be under three quarters of a yard long. This piece is sufficient to the statute of 22 Henry VIII. whereby it was canceted, that "no hand-gun statute it might not be under three quarters of a yard long. This piece is sufficient to the statute of the hand-common its statute of the have been called a languablat from its statute of the have been called a languablat from its sufficient for the lower of some called the only and its the nost aborning the walls of the long strucks, the shock of the hand-or hand like those now in sec. the state of the hand-or hand like those now in sec. The harquebus is derived from the Inthin occurred, and likewise a kind of pisted called a dag. The harquebus is derived from the inthin occurred to the hand of the film-lock of later years, which, as Maxwell tells us in "Wild Sports of the West," gave wild-low in the priming; the latter knocked sparks of fire by a wheel lock from a flint by friction, and its hearter of the called the called the called the called to the Almonder which has been defined to the wild by the statute of the statute of the statute of the statute of the statut

Quite Correct.—The indian medicine known as the Great Sheshonees Remedy and Pillswill be found to be the most reliable curative and blood purifier when spring after a long and inclement winter respons the pores of the skin and an alterative is required to transfer impurities from the body through these natural outlets. The Remedy and Pills can be confidently recommended as the surest, aniest, and ensiest means of attaining this desirable and, without weakening the most delicate or incommoding the most feeble. When from frequent chills entirely in the most feeble. When from frequent child without weakening the most feeble and the secretions withinted, this medicine presents a ready and efficient means of cleansing the former and correcting the latter, it may fairly be said of this coleptated indian Medicine that it radically removes all corrupt and disordered elements from the system.—3-14-d



