

tinconsciousness of the presence of a third party—I, partly from the confusion arising from my novel position, and partly from being so closely wedged between the professor and the wall, as to be incapable of turning in any direction. “The organ of self-esteem I find to be ——.” Here a short angry feminine cough, from the direction of the door, arrested both his attention and his further utterance. Suddenly withdrawing his hands from my head, he shrank backwards, thus affording me an opportunity to turn and behold an aged female figure standing in a menacing attitude, her face swollen with rage, and her rheumy yet flashing eyes fastened, with a furious expression upon the luckless professor. Still retreating, with his eyes involuntarily fixed upon the strange vision, he at length reached his hat, and, muttering a few indistinct words of apology to me for being compelled to fulfil a pressing engagement, proceeded cautiously, and in a circuitous direction to the door, the object of his fear presenting towards him a threatening front till he disappeared. As she turned towards me, after the hasty departure of the professor, I recognized in her, now that she had partially collapsed from the state to which her recent rage had inflated her features, a faithful old creature to whose huge pockets and generous heart, I was indebted when a boy, for large quantities of nuts and gingerbread, and who had ever since claimed a special propriety in me, though she seldom obtruded herself unasked upon my presence. I easily comprehended that Mr. Sparks’ exaggerated report had reached her ears in an increasingly distorted form, and that hastening to my assistance, she had discovered Professor Bosh in the position I have described, which to her appeared in the highest degree mysterious and questionable.

Advancing towards a table, she drew a large bottle from beneath her shawl, remarking that I had not the appearance of a dying man, but that nevertheless her medicine would do me no harm, and, placing the bottle upon the table, with a low curtsy, disappeared. I withdrew the cork. It had the odor of gin! C.

COAL.

[Third Article.]

Having shewn in our last article that coal is a carbonised vegetable matter, the next question which suggests itself to the inquiring mind, is, what was the nature of the trees and plants of which it was formed? At first this would seem a very difficult question to answer, but it is not so; for the fossil botany of the coal measures presents us with a larger number and more perfect specimens of the flora of the past than we have of any other period of the pristine world. It is to the shale which overlies and underlies the coal that we are indebted for the preservation of those casts (fossils)