

AN ADVENTURE OF RUSSIA TRAVEL.—Nothing could exceed the magnificent wildness of the scene which here burst upon the astonished gazer! The full moon, whose coming had been for some time announced by the pale yellow beams which illuminated the horizon to our right, rendering every twig and spray on the pointed tips of the black-green firs distinctly visible, had now risen above the horizon, and though, from the deep shade of our dark avenue, she was herself still hidden from our view, yet her silver light gleamed over the entire forest valley, which, in the form of an amphitheatre, lay far below us, extending to the very verge of the horizon all round, and producing an effect of grandeur and magnificence indescribable. As the "Queen of Night" advanced in her starlit path, our avenue next came in for its share of illumination. On one side, the trees, and even the recesses of the forest, for a considerable distance, were lighted up as brilliantly as at noonday, while the opposite side was steeped in shade black as midnight. But a new and very disagreeable feature attended the presence of the moon, which was nothing more or less than the howling of the wolves. All parts of the forest reverberated with their monotonous and horrid outcry, from our own immediate vicinity to the most distant part of the valley we had left. While none of them made their appearance, we walked on, supposing our numbers would protect us from anything like an attack; but when, at length, several of them leisurely crossed our path—strolling from one side of the forest to the other—we deemed it prudent to retrace our steps, the speed of our retreat being considerably accelerated by the knowledge that many a fiery glance was upon us, for the glare of their fiery lenses gleamed out from their dark haunts among the trees, like cats' eyes in the dark. The carriage remained where we had left it, the wheels being imbedded to the axle-trees in the rich soft soil, of which the entire region around was chiefly composed. There was, therefore, no help for it but to do what should have been done at first, viz., unload it. In a few minutes the ground was strewed with imperials and packages; a few gay touches of picturesque costume alone were wanting to imagine a Spanish or Italian diligence robbery scene. We entertained little dread of brigands, however; our only fear was the wolves. After an hour's tugging and pushing, the unwieldy family coach at length surmounted the hill, and, the imperials and packages being reinstated, all jogged on at a snail's pace for several versts, when a soil of fine heavy sand succeeding, we were worse off than ever.—*Six Years' Travels in Russia.*

TABLE MOUNTAIN, THE WATER RESERVOIR OF CAPE TOWN.—Table Mountain is the terminus of a ridge of high land, which almost covers the promontory of the Cape of Good Hope. Its face towards the north-west, immediately behind Cape Town, is all but perpendicular, nearly 4,000 feet in height. When a cold south-east wind blows over this ridge, and comes to the edge of the cliff, it meets the warm air, saturated with moisture, which is constantly rising from Table Bay and the Basin in which Cape Town is situated, and immediately condenses this vapour first into a cloud, and then into rain, which falls on the mountain edge and on the *débris* immediately below it. This cloud, to observers in the bay or in Cape Town, appears to be moving forward with a curling motion, precisely as though it were pouring over the mountain, with this peculiarity, that it rarely advances far from the cliff, or descends below a certain point, where it meets the upward current of warm air, which again absorbs the dense vapour to be again cooled, and then deposited as mist or rains, so that what appears to be a heavy cloud, driven over the mountain by the south-east wind, is a beautiful contrivance of nature for the supply of Cape Town and the shipping resorting to it with the purest and most delicious water, for the water issuing from the *débris* at the foot of this mountain, resting as it does on granite, is the only source from which all the water for the supply of the 30,000 people living below it is obtained. It is most curious to see this cloud during perfectly fine weather, and when no other cloud is visible for days and weeks, constantly hovering over the mountain, and as regularly depositing its water for the large population dependent upon it.—*Mr. William Hawes, in the Society of Arts.*

A correspondent of the *London Literary Gazette*, alluded to the numerous cases of death from accidental poisoning:—"I venture to affirm there is scarce even a cottage in this country that does not contain an invaluable, certain, immediate remedy for such events, nothing more than a dessert spoonful of made mustard, mixed in a tumbler of warm water, and drink immediately. It acts as an emetic, is always ready, and may be used in any case where one is required. By making use of this simple antidote, you may be the means of saving many a fellow-creature from an untimely end."