

amongst a lot of little trinkets was that ear-ring, and a moment's examination showed it to be the counterpart of the one you had so mysteriously come by. The device was not easily to be forgotten. You may judge of my surprise and how it led to my telling her about your strange adventure. Then we went into the matter, and she on her part told me how the ear-ring had belonged to a schoolfellow of hers, Rose Naughton by name, who had lately gone abroad; and how, two years ago, she had been in a fearful railway accident one evening while on her way from Peterborough to a ball at Grantham—how two of her party had been killed while sitting beside her; how she escaped, by a miracle, uninjured; and how, amongst the trifling events connected with the terrible circumstance, she had lost one of her ear-rings—one of a pair that had been given to her that night by the man to whom she was engaged, and who was himself killed.

My friend's face, with a strange perversity, seemed for a moment to lose its pained expression as I uttered these last words. I resumed: "When Miss Naughton went abroad she gave my wife her photograph—that on the easel—and amongst other souvenirs that odd ear-ring; for it appears the tragical accident brought about one good result for her—it cut short an engagement entirely distasteful to her, and into which she had been forced—well, I didn't hear exactly how; at any rate she never loved the man—disliked him in fact, my wife says, and so had no compunction about giving the ear-ring to my wife, who was struck with the quaintness of the device. You will readily understand how this story instantly associated itself with you in my mind. A comparison of dates and other circumstances left no doubt. I was bound to come and tell you; and I hope, my dear fellow, you will accept me now of an idle intrusion upon your affairs. I assure you I hadn't the faintest idea that you knew Miss Naughton by name. I thought you might have seen her, as I believe you did; for assuredly her presence—either in the flesh or in the spirit, which ever it was—saved your life." My friend, full of amazement, held out his hand, and, in shaking mine warmly, evinced more feeling than I had ever given him credit for.

"Of course, of course, old man," he said. "I know you didn't mean anything; only I was taken by surprise, as well I might be, for I was tremendously fond of Rose Naughton once—am so still for the matter of that—and the sight of her face rather took me aback. We were half engaged once, only her old mother broke it off; and I was angry and hasty, and— and I dropped them, and have been sorry ever since; and then I was too proud, and, in short, have made an ass of myself. Do you know where she is now? Do you know where she has gone?"

"No; but I can find out." "I wish you would; for after all you tell me, I have a strong inclination to follow her and try my luck again—try if fortune will turn her wheel for my benefit." "Most certainly do so; you would be flying in her face if you did not; for really this is the most astounding thing, on the whole, that ever happened to a fellow. There must have been some mysterious agency at work when you were thrown so close together that night without either of you knowing it. Say that the appearance was but a vapor of the brain, partly due to ill health and uneasy sleep, still its aspect and nature are clearly traceable to Miss Naughton's presence hard by; and mere coincidence is not sufficient to account for all that happened."

"Very marvellous, truly," said he; "and we can only call it as the guard did, 'the ghost of a chance.' Still, whatever it was, it hardly accounts for the ear-ring being in my compartment; that, as I originally wrote, was not the ghost of an ear-ring; how do we get over that?" "Ah," I answered, "we are as far off in the solution of that as ever. Never mind; be thankful that things are as they are. I will ascertain from my wife Miss Naughton's present address, and do you go and see if she can explain the mystery."

He followed my advice and he finally married Rose Naughton, of course; but still it was a long time before any light was thrown on the ear-ring side of the mystery. This eventually came, however, thuswise: In the course of the whirligig of society in which my friend and his wife move, there has turned up a young man, who was one of the ball party on that fatal night, and he thus explains the enigma: He says he was late, and was hurrying along the platform at Peterborough when Miss Naughton and her friends were trying to find seats. They were a little ahead of him, and in the confusion she must have dropped one of her ear-rings, for he picked it up, and fearing to be left behind—for the whistle was sounding—he made a dash at the nearest carriage.

The window was open, but the door was locked, and on precipitately thrusting in his head to see if there was room, his elbow struck against the edge of the door, and the blow jerked the trinket out of his hand to the further side of the carriage and across the legs of a recumbent passenger half asleep. There was no time to arouse the passenger or call the guard, the train being actually in motion; and it was only by jumping into the next compartment that he managed to save himself from being left behind. Of course he concluded that he should recover the ear-ring when they stopped at Grantham; but then came the accident, and the loss of the ear-ring was held of little account—albeit it was a potent factor in saving my friend's life.

LEIGH HUNT IN OLD AGE.

Up the Thames in an old and dilapidated house facing a miserable street, in the village of Hammersmith, lived the poet Hunt in old age. His surroundings were of the meanest character and his frugal board revealed that *plenty* was a stranger to his home. In his study, which was likewise a parlour, there were a few books, a meagre amount of necessary furniture and a few prints on the walls. The front window looked out upon the village street. It was, indeed, a miserable retreat in old age for one who had contributed so much to a nation's literature and stamped his name on a list with those who had made an impression in an age replete with poetic genius. There never was a human being who could have enjoyed a beautiful home and the elegancies and comforts of life more than Hunt. His fine, sensitive and poetic mind, his love of the fine arts and of the beauties of nature, his education and knowledge of the world made him appreciate that which he was denied, and when we picture him to our mind as a handsome and gentlemanly old man, shabbily dressed and destitute of the comforts of life, the sketch appears so incongruous with what we imagine that we fail to perceive the likeness of our subject. The music of his verse confirms our belief that he was one of those whose stream of life never rippled with the pebbles of earthly care, and whose sweet songs are on the lips of every maid in every clime. The man who had spent dreamy days under the clear sky of Italy with Byron and Shelley as his companions; who loitered by the stream rendered classic by Dante and Petrarch; who studied the beauties of sculpture and painting from originals; who delighted in the natural scenery of Italy; who loved the fragrant and perfumed flowers of its meadows; who sat on the bridge at Pisa in the balmy evenings in August and listened to the sweet music of the Tuscan lover on the guitar as the notes echoed down the banks of the yellow Arno, was, methinks, the last of all to find contentment in a destitute home. Yet there in that quiet little hamlet he settled down with a cheerful mind to weary out the remainder of his days. His best loved and poetic son, Vincent, and all his old friends, except kind-hearted, whole-souled "Barry Cornwall," were dead. When he ("Barry Cornwall") could leave home he would pass hours in cheerful talk and sweet words with Hunt. And if a dinner party or a new play was to take place in London this old friend would post away for the poet and bring him down to show that there were still a few who loved and remembered his verse. Leigh Hunt was capable of appreciating praise. By this I do not mean flattery or compliments. His nature was too noble to allow people to indulge in over laudation of his poems and essays; but he loved that honest, genuine praise that sprang from the heart of the true friend and admirer, a praise that indicated a depth of feeling and sensibility for his best qualities. He preferred a quiet and unaffected encomium like that of his old friend Charles Lamb who praised him anonymously.

We are not surprised at Leigh Hunt's fondness for praise. His mind was as buoyant and cheerful as a youth's, susceptible of the finest influences and the most generous principles of a high nature. He was conscious of his powers and yet he knew his beautiful poems were handed to the printer only to pass through the press and meet with unjust criticisms and false colourings at the hands of reviewers and scribblers. He saw his reputation disfigured and himself imprisoned because he advocated unpopular principles. He looked for a nation's gratitude and found it only in the horizon of life. Can we wonder at Leigh Hunt loving sympathy? The man who was cradled in sorrow and reared in want would naturally cast an eye on some spot for approval. One of Leigh Hunt's first recollections of his father was in association with a prison cell when poverty stared the family in the face. Such was the pitiful sight witnessed by the gentle boy who, in after years, clouded the bitterness of such thoughts in delightful descriptions of his early home; wandering in imagination through the woodland of his native county and repeating the names of "Woodside, Wood Green, Palmer Green, Nightingale Hall, &c.,"—names ever dear to his heart on account of his mother. And he tells us that his fancy carried him to the days of his infancy when he saw his "father and mother listening to the nightingales, and loving the new little baby, who has now lived to see more years than they did." From such felicitous descriptions we cannot think of Leigh Hunt as associated with sorrow. His mind is ever fresh and buoyant; cheerful and free as the skylark of his own land he lifts himself from the turmoils of earth and singing gayly spreads his notes to the winds to console and cheer those upon whom the cares of life have weighed heavily. He could not bring his mind even in the greatest hour of adversity to think of nothing bright and beautiful and good on earth. He reveals his temperament in those delightful essays which from time to time appeared in the *Indicator* and other journals.

In Leigh Hunt's prose we look in vain for anything expressing discontentment. We find no little notices revealing the pain and sorrow of his own life, no expressions of disgust with mankind, and no tone of disloyalty. His essays are replete with dramatic criticisms and beautiful stories. They tell us of the days of the Kembles, and Liston, and Elliston, and all the histrionic personages of the London play-boards, or of the old authors

and critics who spent their evenings in the coffee houses on Fleet street, or of the associations of old edifices in London. In all his essays we find stores of pleasure. He places us in much the same feeling as Charles Lamb does, and yet we cannot perceive any similarity in them except that the same kindly friendship runs through their writings. Leigh Hunt loves to dwell on his old associations, and in his fondness for them carries us back to the days to which he refers. We lose ourselves in revelling with him in his old school and in visiting the haunts he loved so well. He leads us to the beautiful fields near his home in the spring-time, and we gather flowers together in the meadow-land and listen to the birds as they sing their morning songs; but with all these pleasant thoughts he sometimes makes us sad; yet it is a sadness that we prefer to bear rather than exchange for joy. It is a sadness of mild serenity and no counterpart of sorrow. It is not the experiences of his own life, but the revelation of others. It is an expression of sympathy on his part for the pain of others—words which play about the tenderest chords of the heart and vibrate through our better natures. "It is," says he, "a part of the benignity of nature, that pain does not survive like pleasure, at any time, much less where the cause of it is an innocent one. The smile will remain reflected by memory, as the moon reflects the light upon us, when the sun has gone into heaven."

It is well that Leigh Hunt was not cast down by melancholy and gloom. The dark clouds that lowered about him were broken in his last days by a perennial sunshine of faith, thankful for all he had received and bright in the hope of everlasting peace. The story of his life presents a sad, yet beautiful picture. It tells us of the pains of his infancy, of the gaiety of his boyhood, of the dignified suffering of manhood, of the calm serenity of old age. England expressed her gratitude to one of her truest and most faithful labourers in the republic of letters by granting him a pension during the last few years of his life; yet few of us but feel sensible that she suffered him long to live in a state which ill became the dignity of a nation that has been so liberal with subjects whose walks have been less beneficial to her interests.

HOWARD J. DUNCAN.

Woodstock, Ontario.

THE WAR MEDALS OF 1812.

With your permission I wish to say a few words in reply to your correspondent "A Reader," in your last number; although it has been questioned, there cannot be any doubt that you are correct in saying that on the reverse of this medal "the Queen is represented placing a wreath on the head of the Iron Duke." I have before me at this moment one of the Chateauguay medals, and although it is somewhat worn, the likenesses of the two figures are unmistakable; this is well known to collectors.

Nevertheless, there are two important errors in your illustrations of the obverse and reverse of the medal, beneath the bust of the Queen the date "1812" is omitted, and on the reverse you give the dates in the exergue as "1793-1817,"—this in a numismatic sense is totally unintelligible. The date on the medal is 1793-1814.

The medal is the ordinary British army medal and the dates embrace the entire Peninsular War associated so completely with the great Duke; seeing that the war closed with the Battle of Waterloo in 1815, it was a serious reflection on the red-tapeism of the British Government that the distribution of the medal should have been delayed until 1848, by which time a considerable number of those entitled to receive it must have passed away.

I do not write in any spirit of fault-finding, but simply for correctness sake. H. M.

A HOMEY SUBSTITUTE FOR COD-LIVER OIL.

—Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, recommends as a good substitute for cod-liver oil, the fat of pork. For its proper preparation he gives directions as follows. A thick portion of a rib piece, free from lean, is selected and allowed to soak in water for thirty-six hours before being boiled, the water being frequently changed, to get rid of the salt. It should be boiled slowly and thoroughly cooked, and, while boiling, the water must be changed several times by pouring it off, and fresh water, nearly boiling, substituted. It is to be eaten cold, in the form of a sandwich, made from stale bread, and both should be cut as thin as possible. It is very nutritious, but it should only be given in small quantities until a taste for it has been acquired. It is the most concentrated form in which food can be taken in the same bulk, and Dr. Emmet has frequently seen it retained when the stomach was so irritable that other substances would be rejected. For this condition of the stomach it may be rubbed up thoroughly in a porcelain mortar, and then given in minute quantities at a time. It is made more palatable by the addition of a little table-salt, and this will be well tolerated, while the salt used for preserving the meat, having become rancid, if not soaked out, will produce disturbance, even in a healthy stomach. For obvious reasons it is best not to inform the patient of the nature of this food until he or she has learned to relish it.—*British Medical Journal*.

THE Czar escaped being blown up by being late to dinner. Most married men meet with a different fate.

RESURGAM.

O Hope! thou hast the thanks and praise
Of all who 'neath the shadows dwell;
Of those who tread life's darker ways,
And love thy cheering light so well;
But never is thy cherished voice
So dear to man, so welcome heard,
As when thou whisperest, "Relieve,
And be thy motto e'er the word
Resurgam!"

For fainting hearts what golden cheer,
What nobler truth for souls of men,
To mount with Hope, to conquer fear,
To rise again, to rise again,
To rise from paths with sorrows rife,
From weary pain, from shades of gloom,
To hail the better, brighter life,
To vanquish death, to burst the tomb.
Resurgam!

O lift thine head, and hear it thou,
Who foe to peace and heaven art,
With brand of crime upon thy brow,
And darkness seated in thy heart,
Shake off the hand of fell Despair,
That strives to crush thee with thy sin,
Forgiveness waits the sinner's prayer,
Let darkness end, and light begin.
Resurgam!

And sad one, prostrate by the way,
Thou fair, but frail, and faltering thing,
In mire of sin no longer lay,
But rise and hail the eternal spring,
Remorse's cup thy soul may gall,
The world may sneer, deride and spurn,
But Mercy's fountain flows for all,
Then upwards let thy thoughts now turn.
Resurgam!

And thou art not forgotten, slave,
For some thing whispers unto thee
Of better worlds beyond the grave,
Where all is peace and liberty,
Then, cheer thee up, though dark thy day
Of glooming yoke and bitter pain,
Yet Hope shall guide thee with her ray,
And help to lighten e'en thy chain.
Resurgam!

Ah! dark, indeed, would be our lot,
If bounded by the days of earth,
If faith and hope had told us not
Of life beyond—of second birth,
O blessed thought for mortals frail!
For blasted youth, for sinking age;
O solace that can never fail
Our toil to cheer, our griefs assuage.
Resurgam!

Easter, 1880, Quebec. E. A. SUTTON.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

It is said the Vassar college girl who caught cold by drinking water from a damp tumbler is convalescent.

A DAKOTA girl has married a Chinaman. He had some difficulty in explaining the state of his heart, but she finally got his cue.

VICTOR HUGO avers that woman is a conundrum. And that is why the best women stay most at home. Like good conundrums they are hard to find out.

THE time of the year has come when the boy transforms his handkerchief into a kite-tail, and tells his mother he guesses some teller looked it at recess.

KATE FIELD proposes to organize a co-operative millinery establishment in New York with a capital of \$250,000. Ten of the forthcoming new spring bonnets will represent the entire capital.

THE ballots for the ladies who vote at the next election will probably be cut on the bias or soiled. It will not be at all strange if we hear them exclaim: "Her ballot is old-fashioned; it doesn't look fit to be seen."

HENRY (but newly married to Maria): "I am afraid you are displeased with me." Maria: "No, dear Harry, I am not displeased with you; I am only displeased at your displeasing of my displeasing of your displeasing with me."

"Yon gorgeously-attired dame is the duchess of what?" asked a Yankee spectator at a royal reception at Buckingham Palace. "She isn't a duchess but hall," said the gold stick in waiting. "but I ear as 'ow she be the wife of an American plumber."

"You are an ojus, hidjus iijit, my dear!" said a playful mamma to her daughter at dancing school the other day. "Oh, my dear Mrs. T—," sighed one of her neighbours, "what wouldn't I give to have your knowledge of Latin!"

THERE is now living in Shrewsbury, Conn., in one house, under one roof, one family of three mothers, one grandmother, and one great grandmother, two daughters and one granddaughter, one son, one grandson, and one great grandson, and but four persons in all.

A LECTURER on optics, in explaining the mechanism of the organ of vision, remarked: "Let any man gaze closely into his wife's eye and he will see himself looking so exceedingly small that"—Here the lecturer's voice was drowned by the shouts of laughter and applause which greeted his scientific remark.

"We bring up our girls," remarks a modern writer, "like young men, and give them the freedom and privileges of bachelors, and then we expect that they will bear the monotony of matrimony and the restrictions of maternity with good grace, and be home-staying wives and mothers after having been maiden ramblers."

EDITH and Mabel had just put their dollies in their little crib when Edith, with the expression of one who has had a great weight lifted from her shoulders, said: "There! I'm thankful we've got the children to bed! We shall have a little peace now!" Where in the world did she get such a ridiculous notion!

A YOUNG architect recently created a reputation by building for a newly-married couple a house in which the parlour had two fire-places close together, so designed that the husband and wife could each build a fire in an individual manner without quarrelling, and then could sit down together at the same hearth, warmed by a mutual blaze. Their place is called "Harmony Grove."

A FOND mother wants to learn some way to tell how her son will turn out. That's easily told. If he's wanted to go out and weed the garden he'll turn out slowly and reluctantly and be two hours dressing. If he's called to see a circus procession go by he'll turn out quick and probably hurt himself trying to come down stairs and put on a boot at the same time.

A SCHOOL-BOY got up to read a composition on "The Tree." He got as far as "This subject has many branches," when the teacher said, "Stop! you have not made your branch yet." "If you interrupt me again," said the boy, "I'll leave." "You give me any more of your impudence and I'll take the sap out of you," said the teacher, and then the regular order of business proceeded.