

"Moreover,"—here the litigants raised an *applausive shout*—
 (The Constable cried : " Silence there," and kicked a sailor out :)
 "Moreover, to facilitate of legal claims the course,
 To aid decision just and prompt, *I give another horse* ;
 And thus"—but here the legal men raised an *astonished shout*—
 (The Constable, indignant, kicked *another sailor out* :)
 "Behold now ! *Eighteen steeds there be ! Here, Widow, take thy nine ;*
Elder, thy third, take six for thee ; Youngster, two steeds are thine."

All going from the Court extolled the wise and righteous man,
 Who had prevented farther strife by such a generous plan.

KOON-FU-TSZE cocks his learned wig, winking with solemn fun,
 And quietly mounts the "gen'rous" gift, he has conferred on—none !

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O peoples alle, who rede ye tale ! how blessed ye wolde be,
Were but ye Judges ovvere you as wise as KOON-FU-TSZE.

WALTER SPENCER, C. E.

Shanghai, China, March, 1866.

NOTE.—The half of 17, (the widow's share,) is $8\frac{1}{2}$; the third of 17, (elder son's share,) is $5\frac{1}{3}$; and the ninth, (younger's share,) is $1\frac{1}{9}$. But "no steed, they swore, should be sold off ;" and, manifestly, it won't do to halve, and third, and ninth the horse-flesh itself. This is where the Che-hsien was ; till Confucius happens along, and "sees" it. Giving his own animal to the legatees raises the number to 18, and the division is easy : one half being 9, one third 6, and one ninth 2. But, $9 \times 6 \times 2 = 17!$ And Confucius don't give his horse away after all ! How is that ?

Solutions may come in until next month ; and if none hit it in that time, until—the Greek kalends. All Judges, of all grades ; Chief Justices, Puisne Judges, Judges of (re)Probate(s), ditto Sessions, Circuits, etc., etc., etc., down to a country J. P. ; particularly invited to emulate Confucius. Judges of horse-flesh not debarred from the competition ; but must produce unexceptionable references. No Irish need apply, except such as are Judges also—of ———.

NAUTES.

ALEXANDER RAE GARVIE.

THERE are few names in our colonial history more entitled to honorable mention than that of Garvie. Distinguished alike for brilliant talents and a cultured literary taste, the family, of whom the subject of this sketch was the last living representative in these Provinces, cannot soon be forgotten by those accustomed to listen to their eloquence or who have read their brilliant essays—some of these the finest contributions to our colonial literature. To brilliancy of intellect they added those rare social qualities, a warmth of manner and generosity of disposition, which endeared them to a wide and cultivated circle, both in this Province and Nova Scotia. Cut down in early manhood, each in the midst of an honorable career ; it scarcely seems possible to realize that we shall

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