

The Pine Tree.

Before your stems came together
I was full grown, a tower of strength,
Seen by the sailors out at sea,
With great storms measuring all my length
Making my mighty minstrelsy,
Companion of the ancient weather.

Yours! Just as much the stars that shiver
When the frost spears the overhead!
Call yours as soon those wretched airs
That sing in the clear vault, and tread
The clouds! Less yours than theirs—
Those fish-hawks swooping round the river

In the primeval depths, embowering
My broad boughs with my branching peers,
My gums I spilled in precious drops—
Ay, even in those distant years
The eagle building in my tops,
Along my boughs the panther cowering.

Beneath my shade the red man slipping,
Himself a shadow stole away;
A paler shadow follows him!
Races may go, or races stay,
The comes upon my loftiest limb
The wind will maul a year be stripping;

And there the hidden day be throwing
Is fire, through dark the leafy prime be,
Before the bird shake off the dew.
Ah! what songs have been sung to me!
What songs will yet be sung, when you
Are dust upon the four winds blowing!

—Harper's Magazine.

Love and Living.

For ever the sun is rousing his gold
On a hundred worlds that beg and borrow;
His warmth he squanders on summits cold,
His wealth on the homes of want and sorrow.
To withhold his largesse of precious light
Is to bury himself in eternal night:
To give
Is to live.

The flower shines not for itself at all;
Its joy is the joy it freely diffuses;
Of beauty and beauty its prodigal,
And it lives in the life it sweetly loses.
No choice for the rose but glory or doom,
To exhale or smother, to wither or bloom:
To deny
Is to die.

The seas lend silvery rain to the land,
The land its sea-phosphor streams to the ocean;
The heart sends blood to the brain of command,
The brain to the heart its lightning motion;
And ever and ever we yield our breath,
Till the mirror is dry and images death.
To live
Is to give.

He is dead whose hand is not opened wide
To help the need of a human brother;
He doubles the length of his life-long ride
Who gives his fortune to place to another;
And a thousand million lives are his
Who carries the world in his sympathies:
To deny
Is to die.

TWICE BURIED.

What I am about to relate, incredible as it may seem, is perfectly true, and occurred some years ago on board a ship in which I was then serving my time. We were thirty-five or forty days from home, had crossed the line, and were getting the first of the south-east trades, when our second mate began to break down. He had joined the vessel in bad health, but seemed to get better in the tropics; and now again he felt himself gradually sinking. There was no doctor on board, our ship not carrying passengers that voyage; but it was easy to see he was in a rapid decline. How sorry we all were! Everybody liked him—a kind, considerate officer; a cool skillful seaman, somewhat reserved perhaps, but not cold; never asking any one to perform a disagreeable or dangerous duty without lending a hand himself. And there he lay dying—so young, handsome, strong. Oh, it seemed very hard! The song and laugh were hushed around the decks, our steps felt light as we passed over his head, and often through the watches one of us youngsters would look in to see if Mr. Linden wanted anything, sometimes coming out pale and scared; he looked so white and still, we knew not was it sleep or death.

We had passed the Cape of Storms, and were now far down in the region of mists and snow, where the vast ice-lands wander in lonely awful grandeur, and fierce westerly gales howled after us as we flew on our easterly course to Australia. One night, wild and dark, with every appearance of a heavy storm at hand, I was passing the second-mate's berth when I heard his voice feebly calling after me. He was sitting up in his bunk hardly able to speak, his lips dry and burning. I ran off to fetch him a drink. Alas! there was nothing to be got but water, thick and reddish, from the ship's iron tanks. Bad as it was, he drank it eagerly, and becoming more composed, lay down, still keeping hold of my hand. Then his mind seemed to wander back to the days of his childhood, back to happier times, when with the girl he loved, he strayed through sweet country lanes, and all was peace and rest. While in dreary contrast, the rising wind moaned and sobbed through our rigging like some living thing in pain, and men's steps were hurrying along the decks preparing for the battle that must soon be fought. At last the cloud passed from his mind, and he turned to me, grasping my hand tightly, and spoke of his mother and sister and that other loved one whom he would never see again. Without him they would be alone in the world. Lovingly, lingeringly, he dwelt on them till he made me cry like a child. Then he lay back with his head on my arm, and gradually passed away to the better land.

We could not bury him that night. It was after struggle all the time to shorten sail; for nearly five hours we were all on the fore-yard, trying to furl the foresail, which was blown to pieces in the end. At last morning broke on the mad, raging sea. The sailmaker sewed a bag of canvas round the corpse; we placed two ten-pound shot against his feet; the seas were breaking too heavily on the main-deck, so we carried him tenderly up on the poop. Never shall I forget that burial scene. The black, lowering sky, the ship under close-reefed topsails flying for her life from the pursuing snowy crested billows. Near her stern all hands were grouped, the wind blowing the old captain's grey hair wildly about the rain and hail beating on our bare heads and pattering on the deck like a thousand feet; the solemn faces stern and sad; and on the wheel-grating lay all that was left of the man we loved. The captain read a few words till something seemed to choke him; he pointed over the stern and turned away. A dull splash was heard. Like me in a dream we gazed at the spot as a sea broke over it. I fancied I still saw it gyrating a little, then slowly descending, end first, through the quiet depths; and in imagination I could behold strange unknown monsters sweeping towards it, regarding it with their dull eyes as something yet more strange than themselves, still going down, past the regions of ocean-life, slower and slower, till at last, balanced by the

pressure of waters, it ceases to descend, standing in the soundless moveless depth like Mohamed's coffin, floating between surface and bottom.

On flew the vessel, till many a mile lay between us and that sad spot on the lonely deep. But a change was coming round by the southward; the wind hauled to the eastward, and before dark we were hove to the wind blowing from the eastward and northward a perfect hurricane. At about two bells (one o'clock) in the middle watch, King (my messmate) and myself were standing on the poop, in the lee of the mizen mast, watching the sea as they broke on the main deck, trying to distinguish objects by the garish light of the white foam. Occasionally a pale lightning flash showed the wild waters around us, the laboring ship seeming to sweep the inky sky with her mast-heads; a scene to us youngsters indescribably terrible. The third mate was on watch; he was standing over to windward, stern and silent. The dead man and he had been close friends. They had wandered over the world together for years, and he seemed to feel his loss deeply. Suddenly we heard his voice: "Go forward one of you, and see if the look-out is all right." Rather a disagreeable duty; for though the rain and spray had wet us through already, yet the water in our clothes was warm by this time; and going along that main deck exposed us to the probability of a fresh supply of a colder temperature. "Let us both go," said King. We stood on the poop-ladder watching our chance, and the moment the vessel seemed steady, made a rush for the file rail round the mainmast—a sort of half-way house. I reached it in safety; but poor King's foot slipped on the slimy deck, and the same instant a huge sea leaped on board at the weather main-rigging. I climbed up the foretopgallant braces clear of it with a laugh at King's expense; but it died on my lips as a cry came borne to my ears—the cry of some one in deadly terror. I slid swiftly down the braces to the deck. The same moment a flash of lightning showed me King still on board, clinging to the lee main-rigging, his face white and distorted with some awful fear.

"Come out of that, George," I implored. His position was one of great danger; but he did not stir or answer. As the vessel rolled, I was dashed against him. I clung round him to the rigging, holding on till the water had in some degree subsided through the ports and scuppers. "What is the matter, old fellow?" I asked. "Are you hurt?"

With his lips at my ear, he answered hoarsely: "He's on board again, Jack!" "He! Who?" I cried wildly. He did not answer, but pointed to the deck. There was about a foot depth of water on it. As the ship rolled to leeward I saw, by the now incessant lightning, something washing to and fro in the water with loosely tossing limbs. The ship rolled to windward—it washed away. Again the ship rolled to leeward—it washed to our feet. Tangled in the ropes, it stayed there. The lightning gleamed full on the upturned face. It was the second mate.

Never will the horror of that moment pass from my memory. What brought the dead back again? Was the shadow of death never to leave us? A horrible faintness seemed creeping over me. I could not move. Suddenly the third mate's voice rang out sharp and anxious: "Where are you, youngsters?" and broke the spell. Welcome indeed was that voice to our ears; it seemed to bring us back to the world of life again. We hurried aft and rather incoherently, I think, told him what we had seen.

"Nonsense!" he said angrily. "Did you never see a death on board ship before, that this has made such an impression on you. You, the watch there"—to the men—"get hold of whatever that is knocking about the decks and secure it. Get the deck light, one of you." The men went down on the main deck, by no means cheerfully though. They soon came up again carrying something. "It's a corpse, sir," they said in answer to the officer's enquiry. Snatching the light, he directed it on the dead man's face. All cried together: "The second mate." Ay, there was the man we had buried the morning of the day before in a strong sail-cloth bag, with twenty pounds weight at his feet, on board again—our own eyes saw him. Naked and bruised he lay before us, with the dank sea slime clinging to his swollen limbs, but nothing to account for the absence of shroud and shroud. We buried him again next morning in silence and haste; and, setting what sail we dared to the now favoring gale, fled away from the scene of that terrible mystery.

We are assured by the writer of this extraordinary tale that he was himself an eye-witness, and that the details are all strictly true. He surmises that the shot and the canvass shroud may have been imperfectly fixed, and so become disengaged from the body, which, carried along by some ocean current, was at length tossed on board by the waves.—Ed. Chambers' Journal.

WIFE.—What do you think the beautiful word "wife" comes from? It is the word in which the English and Latin language conquered the French and Greek. I hope the French will some day get a word for it instead of that dreadful word femme. But what do you think it comes from? The great value of Saxon words is that they mean something. Wife means "weaver." You must either be housewives or housemoths; remember that. In the deep sense, you must either weave men's fortunes or embroider them, or feed upon and bring them to decay. Wherever a true wife comes, home is always around her. The stars may be over her head, the glow-worm in the night-owl grass may be the fire at her foot; but home is where she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than houses oiled with cedar and painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light for those who else are homeless. This I believe to be the woman's true place and power.

Truth thinks Weston's walk of 2,900 miles in 55 days is no great feat, and says: "If a Baronet had not bet him £500 to £100 that he would fail to do it, if he were not accompanied by an omnibus, and arrayed in a black velvet coat, a blue neckcloth, and an embroidered shirt, he would attract as little notice as did his silly countryman who traversed England on foot a year or two ago with the American flag in his hand."

The burgomaster of Vienna urges that the Government sanction cremation as a precautionary measure against the plague.

Sylvester Desary, an eminent Paris journalist and member of the French Academy, is dead.

THE ZULU WAR.

DESCRIPTION OF THE COUNTRY.

The Standard of London, England, says the British force was compelled to recross the borders. The force which was annihilated was attacked while guarding the camp of the headquarters column at Insandusana during the absence of Lord Chelmsford with a strong force reconnoitring.

THE LOCALITY OF THE DEFEAT—THE ZULU RACE AND THEIR HISTORY FOR A CENTURY.

The defeat of the British column by Cetewayo, the Zulu chief, brings a crisis in British affairs in South Africa. It involves, as a probable result, a costly and tedious war with the majority of the other Caffre tribes, which the Zulus will doubtless be able to bring to their assistance. On the 12th January Colonel Glyn's column had an engagement with the Zulus, and the British loss was set down as trifling. The conclusion of the cable despatch referred to now becomes very significant: "The Zulus offer slight resistance, withdrawing into the interior as the troops advance. Skirmishing, without noteworthy result, is reported from different points." It would appear probable from this that the Zulu chieftain pursued the tactics of inducing the British to follow him until he had separated the column under Colonel Glyn, with which Lord Chelmsford would appear to have been at the time of the disaster, from the main body. Then, as indicated in the Standard despatch, the howling Zulus fell upon the camp and massacred everybody. The scene of the defeat is the village of Insandusana, on the Tugela River, forming the northern boundary line of Natal. The country is wild and rugged and such as to make a bush warfare extremely tedious and dangerous.

DESCRIPTION OF OUR ENEMIES.

This is not the first appearance of the Zulus as warriors. They are a branch of the Caffre race and are said to have come from the north and to have conquered their present territory about the beginning of the century. Under a chief named Chaka, they overran the country as far as the southern border of Natal. Chaka was succeeded by his half brother, Dingana, and the latter by Panda, a full brother of Chaka. Under these chiefs the Zulus (or Zooloos) had a regular military organization, their forces being divided into bands of 1,000 men each, and each band or regiment being distinguished by different colored shields. It is authoritatively stated that in 1840 they could put 40,000 warriors in the field. Their progress was finally checked by that thrifty Dutch-African race called the Boers; but the Zulus have grown in strength, and the organization and traditions of Chaka have been maintained. Of all the Caffre tribes the Zulus have been most troublesome to the British in the prosecution of their schemes of conquest in South Africa. Since acquiring the Transvaal Republic, the Zulus have manifested renewed hatred to the British. Believing truly that Kafirland, north of Natal, was to be made a seaboard for the new territory and that the native inhabitants were to be reduced to complete subjection, Cetewayo, inheriting all the courage and energy of his great predecessors, declared war, and the campaign, which has been prosecuted for nearly a year, reached a stage on January 21st when it cannot longer be treated as a small affair.

THE PUBLIC FEELING.

The public mind is just now greatly exercised as to what the answer of Cetewayo will be to the High Commissioner's demands, and the most contradictory rumors are circulated. From one quarter we learn that the Zulu King has agreed to give up Sirayo's sons and the payment of the fines, but has begged for an extension of time for his final decision on other matters. Another account says that Cetewayo is mobilizing his regiments at the Head Kraal—no ornaments to be worn—and that war is certain. However, whatever may be the result, there is no room for doubt that an advance of the British forces will be made into Zululand, and that at no distant date. The indiscriminate shedding of blood in that benighted country continues, as we hear that at a recent meeting held at the King's Kraal, a resolution was come to for the entire destruction of three kraals of people. The inmates were shot, only one of the owners escaping to tell the horrible tale. The only plea offered for this outrage is that some of the Chief Mavumagwana's daughters had been "bewitched." The slaughter is said to have been wholesale, as is the usual Zulu custom.

Meanwhile, the organization of our native levies is steadily proceeding, and a large number of them are now in the field, or on their way thither, officered by Europeans. A large number—both mounted and foot—have left the City of Natal en route for the Border, and the spirits among them is said to be excellent. Some three hundred Indians, many of whom were under the colors during the Mutiny, have expressed their willingness to be formed into a contingent for active service. It is said that a thousand good men of this stamp could be raised on short notice. All the troops at the front are in excellent health, and anxiously looking forward to the order for an onward movement, camp life being monotonous. General Lord Chelmsford and staff left on Thursday for Durban, and will inspect the Border line from the Lower Tugela Drift to Helpmakar. Five steamers are now on their way out with drafts and reinforcements, amounting to over 2,000 men, and are daily expected. The 88th Regiment is ordered up from the Old Colony, so that altogether the General will have a respectable field force to cope with Cetewayo should hostilities ensue.

THE HIGH COMMISSIONER'S MESSAGE.

A contemporary writing with regard to the message to the Zulu King, says: "The 'award' is not likely to give satisfaction to the European residents of the country, and is certainly a surprise in the face of the recent events. It is the outcome of the interference of the Lieutenant-Governor of Natal between Sir T. Shepstone and the Zulu King, and we are not surprised that the Zulus themselves were astonished at its liberality. The 'ultimatum' reads more like a long, wordy 'argument' than an 'ultimatum,' and we notice that no positive demand is made in it, but the King is simply 'required' to return an answer within thirty days. Probably he will be quite prepared to do that, but probably, also, his reply will be an answering 'argument,' and so the matter may go on ad infinitum. We are very much disappointed at this, which seems a very lame and impotent conclusion to a great deal of fuss and preparation. The 'award' and the 'ultimatum' appear to us the more unsatisfactory the more we read them. The editor seems to have made up his mind that

war is certain, for in another part of the article he says:—And the war will be a bloody, and probably a tedious one. It must be remembered that it will not be the meeting on a vast plain, of two mighty armies to try their strength for mastery. It will be a war of strategy, of patrols and marches and counter-marches, of attempts to out-manoeuvre one another, and to make the most of the natural advantages of the country. The British, being the invading or attacking force, will have everything to contend against. The Zulus are brave as well as sagacious, and, although they are said to be divided amongst themselves, we think it is too much to expect that these divisions will show themselves in our favor at once. It is more probable that those who are disaffected towards Cetewayo will wait until they see how the fortune of war is likely to go, and if they see it declaring against him, that then they will throw in their weight with the winning side. Even the Zwasies have declined to aid us at first, and if they—the deadly enemies of the Zulus—adopt this cautious course, how can we expect the Zulus to turn upon one another the moment we strike a blow? No, we shall probably have to fight the whole strength of the Zulu nation at first. We shall have to attack it in all its natural strongholds, as well as in the fortifications which the Zulus themselves have erected. Every gorge, every kloof, every kopje, every poort will probably be tenaciously defended, and be taken only after hard fighting. There is, we say, warm work in front of the brave men who are now at the front, and, although we have no doubt our arms will prevail in the end, we are afraid many of those now eager for the fray will be missing when the struggle is ended.

The Natal Mercury says: Lord Chelmsford, is expected to be at Greytown, after an inspection of the forces on Tuesday night, the 31st December. The Buffs and Victoria Volunteers are understood to be under orders for that point.

The line of telegraph from Verulam to Stanger is completed, and the extension to Fort Pearson, on the Tugela, was to be in working order by the night of the 31st Dec.

On the 29th December a body of native pioneers numbering ninety-seven, arrived in Natal from Maritzburg. They are on their way to Lower Tugela, and are under Captain Beddoes. They are a fine lot of men, and wear scarlet tunics, white trousers, and blue caps, with a yellow band. The journey from Maritzburg occupied only a little over two days, and the men did not seem at all fatigued. They start for the Tugela as soon as they have obtained the necessary rations.

The services of the native contingent were called into requisition with great reserve, and under such circumstances as made their hearty co-operation a certainty.

From the same paper of the 30th December we call the following, which may be of interest to our readers, regarding the state of affairs before hostilities actually commenced: Attention is entirely absorbed by matters on the border. Up to the night of the 27th December, no answer had been sent in by Cetewayo, and if none is received before the 31st, when the time given him expires, our troops will enter Zululand.

His Excellency General Lord Chelmsford left by train on Friday afternoon for the Avoca, to inspect the several camps. Commodore F. W. Sullivan, C. B., leaves for Delagoa Bay in the course of a few days.

THE FOLLOWING REINFORCEMENTS WERE THEN EXPECTED:

The Walmer Castle, from Gravesend, calling at Maderia, has on board 240 men of the Royal Engineers, 150 drafts, and 210 men of the 99th regiment, besides twenty-one officers.

The Asiatic, from Plymouth, has on board 278 men of the 99th, in addition to 14 officers.

The American (regular mail), from Southampton, on December 6th, with 420 men and 10 officers.

The Dunrobin Castle and Teuton take out 900 men of the 2nd battalion 44th regiment. The total reinforcements, therefore, consist of 2,196 men and 53 officers.

CETEWAYO AND THE ULTIMATUM.

Cetewayo was in a great rage on receipt of the ultimatum, and assembled his army in hot haste. Uhamo and Umyama, two of the most powerful chiefs, are desirous of peace.

THE SITUATION.

(Recent Intelligence by Mail)

At the Cape prior to the advance of the troops on Zululand the situation is thus described by the Natal Witness, Dec. 28:—As the time approaches for receiving the reply of Cetewayo to the ultimatum, interest in the situation appears to increase. The reports that reach here as to its probable tone are so contradictory that one is constrained to decide to have no opinion on the matter, but patiently await events. There are very few people here who do not evidently think themselves capable of throwing new light on the question. The General, Lord Chelmsford, and staff has left for Durban en route for the lower border. It is expected the move into Zululand will be made either on the 2nd or 4th January. Natives continue to arrive in small batches for the Native Contingent. Some of them have made fearful noises as they made their entry, but we see that an order has been issued by the military authorities, that officers and others in charge of parties of natives will cause their men to march through the streets in an orderly manner, without singing or noise. The Carbineers, an auxiliary force, were said to be getting heavy drill daily, and reported as likely to become perfect soldiers.

The London Times, commenting on the news from Cape Town, says: "Nothing can exceed the frankness of the recital, for it is clear that nothing has been held back. It would be useless to deny either the sadness or extreme gravity of the catastrophe. Whether there was or was not any want of vigilance on the part of our own forces it is clear that the Zulus are even more formidable than our military authorities expected them to be. It was known that they are well drilled, that great numbers are armed with breech-loaders, and that they could fight courageously. We now know only too well how large a force they can mass at one point. Sad as the loss of our troops is, still graver is the peril which must arise with the defeat. The Zulus will be emboldened and the colonists be exposed to fresh and formidable dangers."

STRENGTH OF THE COLUMN ATTACKED.

The following is the full strength of the British column, a part of which was attacked by the Zulus: No. 3 Column, (head-quarters at Helpmakar, near Rorke's Drift,) commanding, Col. Glyn, of the First Battalion, 24th Regiment—Artillery—N Battery, 5th

Brigade of the Royal Artillery, with 7-pound guns; infantry—seven companies of the First Battalion, 24th Regiment, and the Second Battalion, 24th Regiment, under Lieut.-Col. Doghagher; the Natal Mounted Police and Volunteers, the Natal Carbineers, Buffalo Border Guard, the Newcastle Mounted Rifles—all mounted and averaging forty men each—and the native contingent of 1,000 men under Commandant Lonsdale, late of the 74th Highlanders.

A SPECIMEN OF A ZULU.

For courage and other warlike qualities the Zulus may fairly be called the Afghans of Africa, and many of their recorded exploits would do credit to any trained soldier. Some few years ago a Zulu hunter, hearing a young British officer speak somewhat lightly of native prowess, offered to give him a specimen of it by killing single-handed a huge lion which infested the neighborhood. The challenge was accepted, and the brave fellow a once set forth upon his dangerous errand the officer and several of his comrades following at a distance. Having drawn the lion from his lair, the hunter wounded him with a well-flung spear, and instantly fell flat on the ground beneath his huge shield or rhinoceros hide, which covered his whole body like the lid of a dish. The lion, having vainly expended his fury upon it, at length drew back a few paces. Instantly the shield rose again, a second lance struck him and his furious rush encountered only the impervious buckler. Felled again, the lion crouched close beside his ambushed enemy as if meditating a siege; but the wily savage raised the further end of the shield just enough to let him creep noiselessly away into the darkness, leaving his buckler unmoved. Arrived at a safe distance, he leveled his third spear at the broad yellow flank of the royal beast with such unerring aim as to lay him dead on the spot, and then returned composedly to receive the apologies and congratulations of the wondering spectators.

PROPOSED TO HIS GRAND MOTHER.

The Strange Story of a Young Man Who Fell in Love with his Grandmother's Wife.

Colonel Thornton, of the East India service, tells thus the romance of his youth:

One clear, starlight evening in June, Helen and I were walking on the terrace among flower beds that were out in the soft, green turf. Inspired by the stillness and odorous influence of the air, I told her my heart's secrets, and its hopes and fears.

"Ah, Capt. Thornton, are you sure? do you love me? It cannot be. No never."

"Why," I cried, impetuously pressing my suit and her, "do you love another?"

"Sir," she said, almost sharply, "do you know who I am?"

"The loveliest girl in England."

"No, sir, I am not. Great heavens, Capt. Thornton, I am your grandmother!"

My grandmother! Talk of sudden shocks after that, won't you? I tried to speak, but my voice failed me. I reached out my hand and touched her. Yes, she was there, real enough, and I was not dreaming.

"Tell me all!" I gasped.

"And standing there, by the broad, stone coping, she told me all. How her parents had died when she was little more than an infant, and Sir John, her guardian and my grandfather, had watched over her with jealous care, always keeping her at school, however, until he brought her home—a young lady.

Then, while I was in India, the poor old man fell suddenly ill, and on his dying-bed persuaded his young ward to marry him, just in order to inherit his vast estate which she had refused to take as a legacy.

"And believe me," said Helen, "I did it only to keep it for you, the rightful heir, whose wildness had temporarily provoked the old gentleman."

PROPOSED INSURANCE LEGISLATION.—In the New York Legislature, a Bill has been introduced to provide for the taxation of insurance corporations, associations, partnerships and individual underwriters, which provides that all such associations carrying on in this State the business of fire, marine, inland, life, accident, plate-glass, live stock or other insurance, shall annually make return, under oath, to the Insurance Department of the amount of premiums received for the year, and the amount and description of insurance covered for the premiums, respectively. Each association shall pay to the Insurance Superintendent, to be by him paid over to the Comptroller, an annual tax of 3 per cent. on all such premiums, excepting so far only as any such corporation is now by law excused or exempted from taxation, or so far as the same may be otherwise regulated by law. It is made the duty of the Superintendent to furnish the necessary forms for the returns and enforce the law. The 3 per cent. tax is to be disposed of for State expenditures as the Legislature may direct.

The Bill of Mr. Currie, now before the Legislature of Ontario, relating to Division Courts, proposes to add to clause 54 of chapter 47 of the Revised Statutes, which relates to the present powers of the Division Court Judges. In that clause it is set out that it is competent for Division Court Judges to deal with cases which bear upon debts of \$100. Mr. Currie proposes to extend the existing power of the judges by the addition of the words: "And in any action for the recovery of a debt or money demand, where the amount claimed does not exceed two hundred dollars, in which the amount of the demand is ascertained by the signature of the defendant." But it seems the general opinion of the judges is against any such change, and there is, consequently, little chance of the alteration being made.

The promising career of Mr. D. Swigert's racer Mahstick has been cut short by a singular accident. While Mahstick's rider was walking him for exercise on Mr. Swigert's Stockwood farm, in Kentucky, lately, the horse threw him and ran among some youngsters. A two-year-old filly kicked him above his eyes. In a few days he showed symptoms of paralysis, which ended in his death. Mahstick was a favorite with turfmen. He was a fine bay by Leves, five years old and in splendid condition before the mishap. He had won ten races out of nineteen in his two, three and four year old form.

In 1770 and 1771 there was a great plague in Moscow, which is brought to mind by the plague which is now devastating a part of Russia. It was put down by strict quarantine. Previously, however, there were popular riots.