

3,181,000,000.—This was the report in 1835—the numbers probably remain the same.

From Queen Elizabeth and her Times. TREASURE FINDING IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THE following letter, addressed to the great Lord Burleigh, is a curious specimen of the superstition prevalent in the days of "good Queen Bess."—"Leave your Lordship to understand that there is a castell in the Parish of Skemfryth, in the county of Montgomery, your lordship graunt full authoritie unto mine own self, I am a poore subject of the queen's, if there be any treasure there, your lordship shall know it, for by the voice of the country there is treasure. No man in remembrance was ever sene to open it, and great warrs hath been at it; and there was a place not farr from it whose name is Gamdon, that is as much as to say *the game is down*. Pray you, good my lord, your letter to the castell, craving your lordship's free authority to open, and if treasure be there, I will use it as it ought to be, and I will stand to your lordship's offer to give me what you please. For the country saith there is great treasure. The voice of the country goeth there is a dyvell and his dame, one sits upon a hogshod of gold, the other upon a hogshod of silver; yet nevertheless, with your lordship's full power and authority, they shall be removed, by the grace of God, without any charge to the queen and your lordship. If that treasure be there, then I will look for something at your hands. So praying your lordship's answer for the present despatche, so I bid your lordship farewell. From the Tower of London, this 28th of April, 1589. Your lordship's to command, WILLIAM HOBBEL.—Your owne hand write the Lord Treasurer underneath this petition, as for example.—The Lord Treasurer.

LOVE OF CHILDREN.

TELL me not of the tim, precisely arranged homes where there are no children; 'where,' as the good German has it, 'the fly-traps always hang straight on the wall;'—tell me not of the never-disturbed nights and days; of the tranquil, unanxious hearts, where, children are not! I care not for these things. God sends children for another purpose than merely to keep up the race—to enlarge our hearts, to make us unselfish, and full of kindly sympathies and affections; to give our souls higher aims, and to call out all our faculties to extended enterprise and exertion; to bring round the fire side bright faces and happy smiles, and loving tender hearts. Many souls blesses the Great Father every day, that he has gladdened the earth with little children.

DEW

THE phenomena of dew is one of the most pleasing objects of contemplation in the whole kingdom of Nature. Its praises have been sung, and not unworthily, by poets in all ages, affording many a delightful simile. Its highly restorative agency upon the parched vegetation of a summer's sun, is too prominent an object of observation to need remark even on temperate climes; while upon those land unvisited by the salutary rain, its blessings are as illimitable as they are indispensable. In Egypt the quantity of dew is immense, literally watering the earth, and producing by its decomposition a fine black powder—the pabulum of herballife. On the other hand; dew exerts a most injurious influence upon the human frame, in a degree proportionate in its amount, being most deadly when contaminated with the miasma of marshy intertropical regions. The conducting power of a damp to that of a dry atmosphere being as 30 to 80, it has an effect of reducing the temperature of the skin, and air cells of the lungs; producing more or less derangement of the functions. The spherulous form of the dew drop is attributable to the attractive force, whereby particles having freedom of motion among themselves are collected round a common centre. According to Faraday, not even the lightning flame contains more electricity than the gemlike drop of dew.

From Lady Morgan's Woman and her Master.

WOMEN OF SYBERIA.

By a strange inconsistency, however, these patient bondslaves, who, as wives are repudiated, as slaves are sold; who are debased, tortured, and put to death, at the caprice of their task masters, are not less the objects of superstitious fear, as presumed possessors of mysterious power; arising in some undefined intellectual superiority, some sorceress like

enchantment, which holds in awe and apprehension their tyrants and oppressors. Whatever accident befalls their master, whatever evil overshadows his path, which his dulness cannot otherwise account for, he never failingly assigns to the spell of some overwise woman of his tribe; and unable, as he believes, to cope with her intellectual superiority, he flies for refuge to superior brute force, putting to death, without trial or accusation the magician he suspects, and the victim he fears.

From Memoirs of Madame Milibran MILIBRAN'S VERSATILITY

Madame Milibran's facility in acquiring any accomplishment to which she applied her talent was truly extraordinary. She conquered difficulties which others would fear to encounter. Although her father strictly confined her attention to singing, yet she, at the same time, and as it were without effort, cultivated other accomplishments. She was a first rate pianiste, and though she never had a master to instruct her in the art, yet she evinced exquisite talent for drawing—her caricatures were admirable. She never saw any fancy work, any sort of embroidery, or other needle work, that she could not instantly imitate, and often surpass. Her theatrical costumes were invariably the creation of her own fancy, and in many instances were actually made by herself. I have frequently seen her engaged at needle work whilst she was practising her singing; her stitches being as delicate as her notes. She could write and speak three or four languages with perfect facility; and I have heard her in a mixed company, maintain a conversation with various individuals, speaking to each in a different language.

ANECDOTE OF BURNS.

When Robert Burns was a very young lad, he had happened at an ale house to fall into a company consisting of several sectarians and members of the episcopal and presbyterian church. When warm with potations, they entered upon a keen debate about their respective persuasions and were upon the point of using arguments more forcible than words, when Burns said, 'Gentlemen, it has now been twice my hap to see the doctrines of made the cause of contention; I must tell you how the matter was settled amongst half a dozen of honest women, over a cup of caudle after a baptism. They were as different in opinion, and each as tough in disputation, as you are, till a wife that had said not a word, spoke up—'Kimmers ye are a, for letting folk have but ane road to heaven. Its a pair place that has but ane gate tilt'. There is more than four gates to ilka bothy in Highlands or Lowlands, and its no canny say there's but ane gate to the mansions of the blessed.' The disputants of the ale house were silenced, and Burns led the conversation to the merriment of carlings over their cups of caudle.

THE CHARACTER OF AN ATHEIST.

An Atheist, says Butler, the author of Hudibras, is a bold disputant, that takes upon himself to prove the hardest negative in the world, and from the impossibility of the attempt, may be justly concluded not to understand it; for he that does not understand so much as the difficulty of his understanding, can know nothing else of it; and he that will venture to comprehend that which is not within his reach, does not know so far as his own latitude, much less the extent of that which lies beyond it.

NEW WORKS.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

The following extract is taken from one of the late Chapters in Dickens's work, entitled, 'Master Humphry's Clock.'

Often, while they were yet pacing the silent streets of the town on the morning of their departure, the child trembled with a mingled sensation of hope and fear as in some far off figure imperfectly seen in the clear distance, her fancy traced a likeness to honest Kit. But although she would gladly have given him her hand and thanked him for what he had said at their last meeting, it was always a relief to find, when they came nearer to each other, that the person who approached, was not he, but a stranger; for even if she had not dreaded the effect which the sight of him might have wrought upon her fellow-traveller, she felt that to bid farewell to any body now, and most of all to him who had been so faithful and so true, was more than she could bear. It was enough to leave the dumb things behind, and objects that were insensible both to her love and sorrow. To have passed from her only other friend upon the threshold of that wild journey, would have wrang her heart indeed.

Why is it that we can better bear to part in

spirit than in body, and while we have the fortitude to act farewell have not the nerve to say it? On the eve of long voyages or an absence of many years, friends who are tenderly attached will separate with the usual look, the usual pressure of the hand, planning one final interview for the morrow, while each well knows that it is but a poor feint to save the pain of uttering that one word, and that the meeting will never be. Should possibilities be worse to bear than certainties? We do not shun our dying friends; the not having distinctly taken leave of one among them, whom he left in all kindness and affection, will often embitter the whole remainder of a life.

The town was glad with morning light: places that had been shown ugly and distrustful all night long, now wore a smile; and sparkling sunbeams dancing on chamber windows, and twinkling through blind and curtain before sleepers' eyes, shed light even into dreams, and chased away the shadows of the night. Birds in hot rooms: covered up close and dark, felt it was morning, and chafed and grew restless in their little cells; bright-eyed mice crept back to their tiny homes and nestled timidly together; the sleek house-cat, forgetful of her prey, sat winking at the rays of sun starting through key-hole and cranny in the door, and longed for her stealthy run and warm sleek bask outside. The nobler beasts confined in dens stood motionless behind their bars, and gazed on fluttering boughs and sunshine peeping through some little window, with eyes in which old forests gleamed—then trod impatiently the track their prisoned feet had worn—and stopped and gazed again. Men in their dungeons stretched their cramped cold limbs and curst the stone that no bright sky could warm. The flowers that sleep by night opened their gentle eyes and turned them to the day. The light, creation's mid, was every where, and all things owned its power.

The two pilgrims, often pressing each others hands, or exchanging a smile or cheerful look, pursued their way in silence. Bright and happy as it was, there was something solemn in the long, deserted streets, from which like bodies without souls all habitual character and expression had departed, leaving but one dead uniform repose, that made them all alike. All was so still at that early hour, that the few pale people whom they met seemed as much unsuited to the scene, as the sickly lamp which had been here and there left burning was powerless and faint in the full glory of the sun.

Before they had penetrated very far into the labyrinth of men's abodes which yet lay between them and the outskirts, this aspect began to melt away, and noise and bustle to usurp its place. Some straggling carts and coaches rumbling by, first broke the charm, then others came, then others yet more active, then a crowd. The wonder was at first to see a tradesman's window open, but it was a rare thing soon to see one closed; then smoke rose slowly from the chimneys, and sashes were thrown up to let in air, and doors were opened, and servant girls, looking lazily in all directions but their brooms, scattered brown clouds of dust into the eyes of shrinking passengers, or listened disconsolately to milkmen who spoke of country fairs, and told of wagons in the mews, with awnings and all things complete, and gallant swains to boot, which another hour would see upon their journey.

This quarter passed, they came upon the haunts of commerce and great traffic, where many people were resorting, and business was already rife. The old man looked about him with a startled and bewildered gaze, for these were places that he hoped to shun. He pressed his finger on his lip and drew the child along by narrow courts and winding ways, nor did he seem at ease until they had left it far behind, often casting a backward look towards it, murmuring that rain and self-murder were croaching in every street, and would follow if they scented them; and that they could not fly too fast.

Again this quarter passed, they came upon a straggling neighborhood, where the mean houses parcelled off in rooms, and windows patched with rags and paper, told of the populous poverty that sheltered there. The shops sold goods that only poverty could buy, and sellers and buyers were pinched and griped alike. Here were poor streets where faded gentility essayed with scanty space and shipwrecked means to make its last feeble stand; but tax-gather and creditor came there as elsewhere, and the poverty that yet faintly struggled was hardly less squalid and manifest than that which had long ago submitted and given up the game.

This was a wide, wide track—for the humble followers of the camp of wealth pitch their tents round about it for many a mile—but its character was still the same. Damp rotten, houses, many to let, many yet building, many half built and mouldering away—lodgings, where it would be hard to tell which needed pity most, those who let or those who came to take—children, scantily fed and clothed, spread over every street and sprawling in the dust—scolding mothers stamping their slipshod feet with noisy threats upon the pavement—shabby fathers, hurrying with dispirited looks to the occupation which brought them 'daily bread' and little more—mangling-women, washer-women, cobblers, tailors, chandlers, driving their trades in parlors and kitchens and back rooms and garrets, and sometimes all of

them under the same roof—brick fields, skirting gardens paled with staves of oil casks, or timber pillaged from houses burnt down and blackened and blistered by the flames—meads of dock-weed, nettles, coarse grass and oyster shells, heaped in rank confusion—small dissenting chapels to teach, with no lack of illustration, the miseries of Earth, and plenty of new churches, erected with a little superfluous wealth, to show the way to Heaven.

At length these streets becoming more straggling yet, dwindled and dwindled away until there were only small garden patches bordering the road, with many a summer-house innocent of paint, and built of old timber, or some fragments of a boat, green as the tough cabbage-stalks that grew about it, and grottoed at the seams with toad-stools and tight-sticking snails. To these succeeded pert cottages, two and two, with plots of ground in front, laid out in angular beds with stiff box borders and narrow paths between, where footstep never strayed to make the gravel rough. Then came the public house freshly painted in green and white, with tea-gardens and a bowling-green, spurning its old neighbour with the horse trough where the wagons stopped; then fields; and then some houses, one by one, of goodly size with lawns, some even with a ledge where dwelt a porter and his wife. Then came a turnpike; then fields again with trees and hay-stacks; then a hill; and on the top of that the traveller might stop, and—looking back at old Saint Paul's looming through the smoke, its cross peeping above the cloud (if the day were clear) and glittering in the sun; and casting his eyes upon the Babel out of which it grew until he traced it down to the farthest outposts of the invading army of bricks and mortar, whose station lay for the present nearly at his feet—might feel at last that he was clear of London.

Near such a spot as this, and in a pleasant field, the old man and his little guide (if guide she were, who knew not whither they were bound) sat down to rest. She had had the precaution to furnish her basket with some slices of bread and meat, and here they made their frugal breakfast.

The freshness of the day, the singing of the birds, the beauty of the waving grass, the deep green leaves, the wild flowers, and the thousand exquisite scents and sounds that floated in the air,—deep joys in most of us, but most of all to those whose life is in a crowd, or who live solitary in great cities as in the bucket of a human well,—sank into their breasts and made them very glad. The child had repeated her earnest prayers once that morning, more earnestly perhaps than she had ever done in all her life, but as she felt all this, they rose to her lips again. The old man took off his hat—he had no memory for the words—but he said amen, and they were very good.

There had been an old copy of the Pilgrim's Progress, with strange plates, upon a shelf at home, over which she had often pored whole evenings, wondering whether it was true in every word, and where those distant countries with the curious names, might be. As she looked back upon the place they had left, one part of it came strongly on her mind.

'Dear grandfather,' she said, 'only that this place is prettier and a great deal better than the real one, if that in the book is like it, I feel as if we were both Christian, and laid down on this grass all the cares and troubles we brought with us; never to take them up again.'

'No—never to return—never to return,' replied the old man, waving his hand toward the city. 'Thou and I are free of it now, Nell. They shall never lure us back.'

'Are you tired?' said the child, 'are you sure you don't feel ill from this long walk?'

'I shall never feel ill again, now that we are once away,' was his reply. 'Let us be stirring, Nell. We must be further away—a long long way farther. We are too near to stop, and be at rest. Come!'

There was a pool of clear water in the field, in which the child laved her hands and face, and cooled her feet before setting forth to walk again. She would have the old man refresh himself in this way too, and making him sit down upon the grass, cast the water on him with her hands, and dried it with her simple dress.

'I can do nothing for myself, my darling,' said the grandfather. 'I don't know how it is I could once, but the time's gone. Don't leave me, Nell, say that thou'lt not leave me. I loved thee all the while, indeed I did. If I loose thee, my dear, I must die!'

He laid his head upon her shoulder, and moaned piteously. The time had been, and a very few days before, when the child could not have restrained her tears, and must have wept with him. But now she soothed him with gentle and tender words, smiled at his thinking they could ever part, and rallied him cheerfully upon the jest. He was soon calmed and fell asleep, singing to himself in a low voice like a little child.

He awoke refreshed, and they continued their journey. The road was pleasant, lying between beautiful pastures and fields of corn, above which, poised high in the clear blue sky, the lark trilled out her happy song. The air came laden with the fragrance it caught upon its way, and the bees, upon its scented breath, hummed forth their drowsy satisfaction as they floated by.

They were now in the open country; the houses were very few, and scattered at long intervals, often miles apart. Occasionally they