

'Ah! ah! such a place!' continued Hatty, as soon as his wheezing merriment would admit of his speaking.

'Hah, hah, hah!' echoed the other; 'sewed it up in the old man's stocking, eh?'

'No, no, better than that; why thieves always look about a bed-room; but who'd think of looking for money in a wash-house?'

'Well, to be sure!' exclaimed Carew in tones sufficiently indicative of his admiration of the old man's sagacity; 'who would think of looking there, indeed?'

'The women, you see,' continued Hatty, evidently delighted at the other's sense of his cleverness, 'the women wanted to put it under Reynolds's pillow; but that was the very place for a knowing one to put his hand on it; so I said no, put it in the wash-house and there is no fear of a burglar looking under the beams of a wash-house roof for money, ah, ah, ah! but,' and the old man stopped, as he was about to turn off towards the park-gate, 'you couldn't do better than go sit a little bit with them two poor girls (he included Mary Reynolds who had been one in his middle age, and had remained so ever since in his imagination,) who have been sitting up these three nights; and what with fretting and fatigue, are as frightened and timorous as can be.'

'You forget, master Banks, that I have been hard at work all day,' said Jasper quickly; 'and besides, my wife isn't over and above well, so good night!' and pushing back the field gate for the old man, he turned back into the lane.

'There's an ungrateful vagabond,' muttered old Hatty. 'I am glad, at all events, that he won't have the handling of the eight hundred pounds.'

While this dialogue had been going on in the lane, Mary Reynolds and her niece, after having seen that the blacksmith was at rest, returned to the front room to watch for a certain party whom they expected would pass; they were both, as old Banks had described them, worn out with anxiety and watching, and, as a consequence, nervous and excited, and the unusual circumstance of having so much money in the house, (to which they were not yet sufficiently accustomed, to feel the sense of security that one does beneath a familiar roof,) had made them imagine all sorts of unpleasant probabilities, increased by the remembered loneliness of their abode, and their own and the blacksmith's unprotectedness. It grew a rough night, too; as evening advanced the wind made strange instrumentation amongst the boughs and branches of the wood that skirted the back of the cottage. The walnut and vine leaves came pattering down in showers upon the little garden, the ash keys rattled on the ground, the hedges rustled, the trees creaked, faint moanings sounded in the chimneys, and the falling leaves tapped admonishingly at the lattice as they fell. Having excluded the light, that they might the better see into the road, Lydia and her aunt approached the window, and, trembling with undefined apprehension, gazed anxiously down the lane, for the approach of the individual whom they expected. Presently they fancied that a figure passed along the hedge, and, turning the angle of the garden, continued to look steadily in at them; but it must have been imagination, for when at length they shook off what had made their very sight rigid, no one was to be seen, nor did any one repeat the window. Shortly after this, the trot of a horse, and the sound of a light cart approaching, dissipated, for a time, all their fears; the vehicle stopped at the gate, and the driver, throwing the reins over it, and bidding his dog watch, hurried up the garden path, and was gladly welcomed by the two terrified women.

Now he asked anxiously after the blacksmith; now shook hands over again with the aunt and niece, and scolded them for their pale faces and scared looks, especially when they confessed the cause. But not even Frank May's remonstrances could divest them of the strange dread they felt; and so strongly had it taken possession of them that both joined in beseeching him to remain with them, a scheme he would have been the first to propose, but that a commission with which he had been charged required his return to the park. Promising, however, to return as soon as possible, and examining the doors and windows, all of which seemed perfectly secure, he called in Brand, a large white bull terrier, with fiery black eyes, and whining fangs, and throwing down his great coat in the middle of the wash-house, bade the intelligent creature take care of it till his return. Having thus provided for their protection, and shaken his hands once more, the gardener drove off, assuring them that they were safe, as the dog would not desert his trust but with his life. He had not been very long gone, however, before Brand gave signs of great uneasiness, sniffing suspiciously round the apartment, and presently uttering low and threatening growls, which gradually grew into a furious barking, growing louder and fiercer every moment. It was evident that some one was about the premises, or endeavoring to get into the house; and the terror of the two lonely women became uncontrollable. The smith, too, his huge limbs nerveless as an infant's, parook of their fears, without the power of removing them, and groaned beneath the dreadful sense of his sudden and untimely impotence. As for Lydia and her aunt, fear had paralysed them as completely as his infirmity, and they continued to crouch beside his bed, trembling with every new outbreak on the part of Brand; for, now and then, stifled sounds, almost like human groans, came intermingled with his savage barking.

At length, as his ferocity grew more and more violent, Lydia took courage from des-

peration, and, as the smithy was the nearest dwelling, determined on begging Jasper to come up and assist them if any one was secreted about the place. As she fled through the garden, and along the lane, the horrid growlings and barking of the dog seemed to pursue her, and she had scarcely breath left to speak the purpose of her coming when Carew's wife opened the door. When she recovered, she briefly informed her of the cause of their uneasiness, and the strange conduct of the dog; and begged, for her father's sake, that her husband would go up to the house, and remain with them till the return of the friend they were expecting. But the poor woman who appeared to have uneasiness of her own—for her eyes were red and swollen, and her looks were haggard and worn—regretfully informed her that her husband, who had left work some hours since, was gone to the village, and she could not tell how late it might be before he returned; but seeing the distress of Lydia at this intelligence, she offered to accompany her herself and keep watch with them till the arrival of their friend.

The principle of 'safety in a multitude' is never more thoroughly understood than in cases of this kind, where the imagination rather than actuality, is concerned, and Lydia gratefully accepted her offer, and returned with her to her home. Brand had not yet ceased the exhibition of his anger and distress, though his barkings had sunk into a monotonous growl, so threatening and savage, that neither Lydia nor her aunt, though strengthened by the presence of their new ally, could find courage to open the door and learn the cause of his excitement. The other, however, who did not participate their fears, was about to do so, when Frank May fortunately returned, and bidding her stand back till he had soothed the dog, they both entered together. A moment afterwards a shriek of mingled terror and agony burst from the unfortunate woman; and the gardener, with horror in his looks, staggered back, supporting her in his arms. Upon the floor of the room crouched the dog, panting and exhausted, but still uttering low growls, and with glaring eyes fixed on the body of a man, hanging from a small window in the roof (so small that Frank had before declared it impossible for any one to enter that way.) The intended thief, however, thought otherwise, and with his head and upper part of his body thrust through the aperture, and hanging with inverted face towards them, glared the staring eyes, and lived distorted features of Jasper Carew. Foiled in his attempt to enter by the presence of the dog, his endeavors to parry the animal's attack had left him powerless to extricate himself; and in this posture, the miserable man had been literally worried to death. The gold lay safe on the beam above him, and some time after became the dower of Lydia, who scarcely thinks her present appreciation of her husband, a sufficient atonement for the wrong she did him in hesitating so many years to make him happy.

'The last time I visited Hazlewood,' continued my friend, in conclusion, 'I found the blacksmith had wonderfully recovered, and with the assistance of his little grandson's hand, was able to reach the forge, whenever he desired it, and, as a proof that the benevolence of his character remains as active as ever, I have only to add that the widow of Jasper Carew has found a home with him, and by her gratitude and valuable assistance to Mary Reynolds, endeavors to repay the (humanly speaking) wasted philanthropy bestowed by the blacksmith on her husband.'

PESTH, IN HUNGARY.

Pesth is the most commercial city of Hungary; it is situated on the left side of the Danube, just opposite to the so famous city of Buda, which was bombarded by the valiant Hungarians, and taken after a great and bloody contest. A short space divides these two important cities, and from a certain point of view they appear to form but a single town. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, Pesth did not count more than 40,000 inhabitants, while at the present time there are more than 150,000 people. In 1843, the waters of the Danube had inundated a great part of Pesth and Buda, and had almost destroyed the best establishments of these cities, but the generous Hungarian population, independent from their ruler, came to the help of their brother, and in a short space of time Pesth and Buda looked as richly as before the awful inundation. There are in the city of Pesth four yearly fairs, which are visited by some 30,000 persons, and, on this occasion, there is a continual trade of four millions of florins. The city of Pesth being the chief commercial metropolis of Hungary, offers to the trade of exportation, all the products and manufactures of this vast and flourishing kingdom. The great wine trade belongs merely to the merchants of Pesth, and, in a short time, when peace shall be restored, and the independence of Hungary be recognized, the wine trade will be extended into foreign countries by the steam navigation of the Danube. The corn of Hungary, and generally the wheat, is the best of all the European continent. The great trade done at the fairs of this country, consists in furs, oxen, wool, wax, and tobacco, which are sold at a very low price. They export to Pesth every kind of goods, from all parts of the world, and this city will be more flourishing when Austrian rule shall disappear from Hungary. Not less than 8,000 steamboats entered the road of Pesth. The steam navigation already established here since 1837, offers a daily communication between this city with Vienna, Constantinople, Odessa, and Trebisond; in one word, from the city of Uima, on the high Danube, to the shores of the Black Sea.

AN ELOQUENT PASSAGE.

The Methodist Quarterly Review for October, 1849, contains a very interesting article reviewing Lieutenant Lynch's Dead Sea Expedition. This article is from the able and eloquent pen of Rev. Dr. Durbin, who is justly accounted to be one of the most distinguished divines of the M. E. Church. Those who do not see the Quarterly, will thank us for this extract, seeming as it does in poetry and sublimity:—

'On the 18th of April, the eighth day of their voyage on the Jordan, the expedition emerged into the plain of Jericho, with the mountains of Moab on their left, the terrible wilderness of Judea on their right, and the Dead Sea before them. They encamped at the Pilgrim's Ford, where the Christian crowds were to bathe on the following morning. A beautiful engraving illustrates this interesting scene. Let us take our stand on the bank, where the pilgrim host is seen descending to the water, while the American boats, with their crews, are anchored in the stream. All are evidently filled with wonder and reverence. And well they may be; for on the distant range of the Mountains of Moab, seen beyond the river, the hosts of Israel appeared more than three thousand years ago, under the conduct of Moses and Joshua. Upon one of these perceptible summits stood Moses, and gazed upon the promised land, while the Lord said unto him, 'This is the land which I swore unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, saying, I will give it unto thy seed; I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither.' Moses cast his eyes down the western declivity of the mountain, and saw his people encamped in the plains of Moab, by the side of the river. He gazed for a moment, sad, yet full of hope and resignation, and then died in peace, over against the promised land. For him, during the thirty days, the sighing of the old at evening, and the wail of the young in the morning, were heard along the banks of the river.

'The time of possession had come: God had conducted the people to the gate of their future home. But it was harvest-time, and the swellings of the Jordan were at their height. (Joshua iii, 15.) As the day dawned the whole camp was in motion; the tents were struck; each tribe marshalled under its own banner; while at the edge of the rushing flood stood Joshua, pointing with the 'rod of God' to the spot where the advancing priests, bearing the ark, were to step into the water. With unwavering tread they approached, and as their sacred feet touched the thrilling flood, it recoiled backwards, and stood as a high wall above them, while below it was rolled away to the Dead Sea, laying bare the deep bed of the river. Here the ark of God rested on the bottom until the whole host had 'passed over on dry ground,' and stood in silent wonder on the very spot where the pilgrims are seen in the foreground of the picture. As the ark came up from the wall of water, the floods returned. Then the air was rent with a shout of triumph which startled the city of Jericho at hand, and died away amid the hills of Palestine.

'More than a thousand years passed away, when on the same spot appeared the austere man, of commanding form and powerful voice, whose life had been spent in the terrible wilderness which borders on the plain of Jericho to the west, and, lifting his hand on high, he cried to his guilty countrymen, 'Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.' He required them to baptize in the Jordan, as a symbol of this kingdom. The pungent reproofs, and the earnest faith of the baptist, drew the whole country to the river; and the streets of Jerusalem became silent, because in penitence and hope the inhabitants had gone down to be baptized. Suddenly the Baptist paused in his holy work; and, agitated and silent, he stood looking intently on a meek but heavenly form that was approaching for baptism. John recoiled from the holy and mysterious person, and forbade him, saying, 'I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me?' And Jesus said, suffer it to be so now; for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness.' The vast multitude breathed not, as these two mysterious beings descended into the water. As the sacred person of Jesus ascended from the water, a mild illumination in the form of a 'dove' crowned his blessed head; and the multitude was suddenly awakened to a comprehension of the great event, by a voice from heaven, saying, 'This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; here ye him.'

'Nearly two thousand years have rolled away since this great event, and yet its powerful associations are felt throughout the christian world. By the 15th of April of each year a vast crowd of men, women and children, from Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, are assembled in Jerusalem. As the morning dawns on Mount Olivet, the Mohammedan Governor of the city, with an imposing military brigade, is seen deploying through the Damascus gate, while the pilgrims, some on foot, some on horseback, some on donkeys, some on camels, are assembled outside Saint Stephen's gate; the aged and sick, the women and children, are in baskets or large panniers slung over the backs of camels. As the gay cortege of the Turk winds round the western and southern slope of Olivet, the christian host, in the most picturesque confusion, follow in his train for protection. At evening they are on the plains of Jericho, about a mile from the Jordan. The gay tent of the governor is the centre of a thousand groups, which, under the open heavens, are assembled around the little fire. These die out as the night advances, but sleep comes not to the weary and excited multitudes, for they are to bathe to-morrow morning in the Jordan, where the Lord of life

and glory was baptised. At three o'clock, A. M., the camp is in motion, and the columns advance, in eager disorder, to the margin of the river. The lusty swimmer leaps into the sacred flood—the timid female seizes the branch of a willow tree, and lets herself down three times beneath the water—the feeble old man's step is steadied by his brawny son, and as he comes up from the stream he feels content, for the purposes of his life are accomplished. Suddenly a faint shriek is heard, and a shiver, first of horror, then of joy, runs through the multitude. Two rapid currents have carried away a pilgrim, and she finds an enviable burial in the river.

'Scarcely two hours have elapsed, and the vast multitude is retracing its steps across the sandy plain, bearing on high branches of willow, acacia, or cane, which they have plucked from the banks and dipped into the sacred waters. An hour more, and the rear portions of that wonderful throng have disappeared high up in the dark craggy mountains of the wilderness of Judea, and at night will sleep under the walls of Jerusalem, around the garden of Gethsemane and the tomb of the blessed Virgin—in the valley of the Kidron.'

From a work entitled 'Affection, its Flowers and Fruits.'

IMPORTANCE OF TRUTH.

As a natural corollary from the proposition that falsehood, the principle of the repulsion of particles, is the world's bane, so truth, the principle of the attraction of cohesion, is its greatest blessing. Again, I must declare that every idea we utter during our little life hereafter in some shape or other, and bears fruit after its kind, which may be gathered long in the lapse of time, or in the very antipodes. Every true man—that is, every man who utters unequivocally what he believes—is a benefactor to his country, nay, more, a benefactor to the world; for he has sown a seed that will fructify for ever. It is true to inculcate the doctrine that truth is essential for happiness, but people moralise with cut-and-dried admonitions, without thinking of the immediate causes that make truth so necessary to cultivate. I desire to see the utilitarian principles of truth a part and parcel of education. In our National Schools especially, I should desire to see its strict observance a matter of as much study as the very alphabet; and I should like to inculcate the belief, that truth of thought and truth of utterance are as necessary to get a man on in the world as the knowledge of knowing a good shilling from a bad one. I know of no sentence ever uttered by human lips more likely to produce a luxuriance of evil than the part playful, part serious assertion, that 'language was given us to hide our thoughts.' The converse is the one thing needful, and were it not for the large amount of truthfulness which is yet to be found in mankind, society, like a gas decomposed, would be resolved into its original elements, the warning of which we receive by the explosions the wonder-struck world has lately been witnessing. Enough, however, of this; and let us console ourselves that the time is coming—a time, perhaps, purchased by bloodshed and the horrors of war—when the rulers of the world will discover that they must govern more by the heart, more by its affections, more by the ties of human sympathy, and less by the diplomatic calling of mis-called Machiavel policy, or, what is much the same, by a system of cold-blooded reason and red tape. Let every man strive to utter what he believes, and whenever he accomplishes a conquest over falsehood, he has cast a sterling coin into the treasury of the world that will one day purchase its redemption.

From the Kentish Independent.

WATER.

Large quantities of rain water have frequently been collected and examined by Dr Smith, and he says, 'I am now satisfied that dust really comes down with the purest rain, and that it is simply coal ashes.' No doubt this accounts for the quantity of sulphites and chlorides in the rain, and for the soot, which are the chief ingredients. The rain is also often alkaline—arising probably from the ammonia of the burnt coal, which is no doubt a valuable agent for neutralizing the sulphuric acid so often found. The rain water of Manchester is about 2° degrees of hardness, harder, in fact, than the water from the neighbouring hills which the town intends to use. This can only arise from the ingredients obtained in the town atmosphere. But the most curious point is the fact, that organic matter is never absent, although the rain be continued for whole days. The state of the air is closely connected with that of the water: what the air contains, the water may absorb; what the water has dissolved or absorbed, it may give out to the air. The enormous quantity of impure matter filtering from all parts of a large town into its many natural and artificial outlets, does at the first view present us with a terrible picture of our underground sources of water. But when we examine the soil of a town, we do not find the state of matters to present that exaggerated character which we might suppose. The sand at the Chelsea Water-works contains only 1.43 per cent. of organic matter after being used for weeks. In 1827 Liebig found nitrates in 12 wells in Giessen, but none in wells two or three hundred yards from the town. Dr. Smith has examined thirty wells in Manchester, and he finds nitrates in them all. Many contained a surprising quantity, and were very nauseous. The examination of various wells in the metropolis showed the constant formation of nitric acid, and in many wells an enormous quantity