

'Yes; when I have been to London.'
Winnington started. 'And when do you go there?'

'In two days. I will come to Warwickshire on my return—perhaps before you have gone back to Oxford.'

'Ah! that will put all right! That will be a renewal of the old time.'

'Here's the letter; put it carefully away. I have told her I am unchanged. You must tell her so too.'

Winnington shook his head, but said nothing. They joined hands.

'And now,' said Winnington, 'farewell. I didn't think our parting would be like this. But remember, if we should never meet again, that I never changed, no, not for a moment, in my affection to you.'

'Why shouldn't we meet again? Do you think me so very ill?', inquired Arthur.

'I don't know. There are thoughts that come upon us, we don't know why. It wasn't of your health I was thinking. But there are many unexpected chances in life. Farewell. You shan't get up in the morning!'

They parted for the night. Arthur, instead of going to bed, looked out upon the moor. A wild and desolate scene it was, which seemed to have some attraction for him, for which it was difficult to account. When he had sat an hour—perhaps two hours, for he took no note of time—in perfect stillness, observing the stars, which threw a strange light upon the heath, he thought he heard a creaking on the rickety old stairs, as of some one slipping on tiptoe down. He stood up at his window, which commanded a view of the top of the wooden porch. Stealthily looking round, as if in fear of observation, he saw a man with a lantern cautiously held before him emerge from the house and walk rapidly away. He turned off towards the left. Over his shoulder he carried a pickaxe and a spade. They shone fitfully in the light. He passed down the declivity towards the waterfall, and then disappeared.

(To be continued.)

PLURALITY OF MITES.

I fell asleep the other evening after dinner. I had been dining alone, and the more serious business of meat and pudding having been disposed of, I had sat for some time idly playing with the cheese, some loose dry crumbly bits of which were lying about my plate. I fell asleep and had a dream.

I dreamt that in some strange unexplained manner (when was ever anything explained in dreams?) my eyes all at once became endowed with microscopic power, and happening to light upon a crum of cheese, beheld a goodly colony of mites. I watched their movements. As I looked, they seemed to increase in size, until I could distinctly single out individuals from the mass. I saw them striving and struggling with each other, some of the weaker getting most cruelly trampled under foot by others who marched over them; I saw them toiling with difficulty up the caseous mountains, or resting quietly in the deep shady valleys into which the inequalities on the surface of the cheese were magnified. I saw some of the larger plumper-looking mites boarding up heaps of the rich matter that formed at once their food and dwelling-place; and I saw other leaner ones who, dig as deeply as they would into its substance, never seemed able to get food enough to eat.

Then, as I looked, I thought I heard a sound like voices in the distance and by degrees, my ears partaking of the supernatural powers already enjoyed by my eyes, I caught their accents, found that I could understand the language of the mites.

'What a brave old world is this of ours!' cried an old fat mite whom I was watching (he spoke louder than the others, and so his were the first words that I caught). 'How bountiful has nature been in placing us upon it! Here, have we all we want—our food provided for us, and he had simply for the picking up. Had we been cast upon the dreary void that separates us from the nearest world to this, we must have died from hunger. Look over yonder; what now appears to you a tiny spot in the distance, once formed portion of this world of ours. Now, it is millions of our longest measures from us.'

On hearing this, I could not for the life of me refrain from laughing, asleep though I was. The distant object that he pointed out was one of the crumbs of cheese that I had scattered with my knife some half an hour before; and the dreary void that intervened was about two inches of the plate that chanced to be uncovered.

I listened again. The old mite was discoursing learnedly about the atoms that made up their universe. 'Look where we will,' he said, 'we find on every side, far, immeasurably from us, small specks to all appearance, but supposed to be in reality worlds like our own. It has been said, indeed, that they possess inhabitants like ours; but that we cannot know. Convulsions do occur sometimes that bring two worlds together; but when this happens, those resting near the spot where the phenomenon occurs seldom survive the shock. Whole nations have been sometimes known to perish in the colli-

sion; some being crushed to death, and others thrown far from any habitable spot by the concussion.'

Then came a mite, apparently much older than he who had already spoken, and declared he knew of his own knowledge, that the worlds around must, to a great extent, resemble this. Long, long ago, he recollected that the whole formed one enormous mass, vast beyond all conception; that by degrees, with fearful shocks, the worlds they saw in the far distance were, one by one, detached and flew off into space. He was too young when these disruptions happened, to know much about it; but, he had pondered on it since, and felt convinced that all existing matter, their own world, and the thousands that they saw around them, once formed one mighty whole!

A derisive shout of laughter followed this assertion. The thing was too preposterous to be believed. The younger mites, especially, were boisterous in their incredulity. They were not going to be taken in by tales like that—they knew better. There was no other world besides their own. The bit of cheese they dwelt on was the only bit of cheese that ever was or would, or could, be habitable. See what a size it was. No mite could walk round it in a lifetime. If what they had been told was true, how insignificant would this great world of theirs become, compared to the enormous whole! How utterly insignificant the individual mite! No, no, there was no other habitable cheese.

The old mite shook his head, and spoke not. For my own part, I felt half tempted to convince the sceptics of their error by scraping all the crumbs together in my plate, and thus, once more uniting their scattered universe. But I had heard of the disasters that ensued whenever these convulsions, as they called them, did occur; and, having by this time conceived an intetest in the tiny disputants, I spared them and continued listening.

'Come, now,' exclaimed one of the incredulous young mites, with an air of one about to put a poser, 'if you have told us true, and everything around us is cheese like this we live in; if there really exists as much cheese as would make a thousand of our worlds; why may there not be even a thousand times as much as that again! Why may there not be cheese enough in being, to form a million million worlds,—all fit for mites, to live on, eh?'

'Why not, indeed! the sage replied. 'For my part, I believe there is.'

'Ho! ho! ho! ho!' There was not one mite in the whole community that didn't fairly shake its tiny sides with laughter at this wild assertion. They all declared the old mite must be in his dotage. They kicked and cuffed him cruelly, and even threatened to expel him from the cheese he stood on, and so compel him to find out the truth of his own theory by endeavouring to make a pilgrimage to one of the distant worlds he spoke of.

Then, other mites came up to join in the discussion. There was one who had been a great traveller (how proud the little fellow was of his experience! he had been nearly half-way round the crumb of cheese they all resided on.) He astonished his hearers by declaring that, in spots that he had visited, there were objects visible in the distance utterly unlike the little specks they saw from where they stood. One in particular was more than fifty times as big as any they could see; but, even this was nothing when compared with the great world they lived in.

(Mistaken mite! The object that you saw was the distant lamp from which all your pigmy worlds were shaken!)

As to there being other bits of cheese inhabited besides their own, the traveller would not hear of it. It was true that there were other mites dwelling in distant portions of their world whose manners differed in several ways from their own. (His audience seemed surprised to hear that even this could be; but he had seen them, so there was no disputing it.) But as for other worlds of mites, the thing was too preposterous!

Then came another—a mite of most imposing aspect, and attended by a long train of followers. I soon found out he was the monarch of the colony I was observing. With royal condescension, the sovereign mite paused to inquire into the subject of discussion. On being told, his majesty grew wroth, and vowed it was high treason to suppose there could be any other communities to govern than the well known and established nations of their world. It was an insult to the dignity of the few favoured mites who divided the sovereign sway among them, to think that there were others who in their own spheres might be no less potent (or even more potent—which was a horrible and blasphemous thought!) than themselves. So, the poor mite who broached the theory about other worlds was ordered to recant on pain of death; and the fact was established unmistakably, by royal edict, that there was no cheese—could be no cheese—inhabited but theirs.

Then I awoke, roused from my afternoon dream by an Italian boy beneath my window, grinding on his organ Home, Sweet Home. It chimed in well with what I had been dreaming of. No place like home! No people like ourselves, no country but our own, no worlds but the globe we live on. No cheese that mites can dwell in, but our own particular crumb!

Yet cheese—and mitey cheese—is sold by tons! Yet suns and systems roll around; the planet we inhabit, is but one atom in a mighty group; that, in its turn, an atom in another mightier one. Where shall we stop? Clusters of satellites revolving around a world: clusters of worlds revolving around a sun: clusters of suns revolving around—what?

Take physic, pomp! Pride, get thee hence! How little any of us, men or mites, can comprehend what may exist beyond the limits of our one especial crumb—whether of earth, or cheese!

OLD MAIDS.

AN old maid, was once asked to subscribe for a newspaper. She answered, "No, I always make my own news."

Out upon you! vile slanderer of a respectable class of women; no old maid ever said that: it is the offspring of your own brain.—"Old maid," indeed! you ill-natured, disappointed, crusty, rusty, old Benedict; we understand your hit. Somewhere in the wide, wide world, there dwell a high-minded, intellectual woman, to whom you have had the impudence to offer your hand and heart, and she refused you. (Of course no sensible woman would have married her inferior;) and so you are taking wholesale revenge upon the whole sisterhood, that your bloody knife may reach the heart of one individual, you worse than savage!

"Always make my own news." If she had a taste for manufacturing monstrosities, she would have a model not a hundred miles away we are thinking. Old maids are not newsmakers or news-mongers any more than others. They are modest, kind, and unobtrusive—the friends of the sick and sad, the companions of the lonely; and if they do know more of what is going on in the world or in families than certain people like to have them, it is because they are often at the bed of the suffering where the right hand forgets its cunning, and the lips their lying smile. They are there when the poor wife, tossing from side to side of the sick bed, gives vent to her long pent agony in words, and betrays the secret of her husband's neglect and unkindness. The old maid is there when the mistress of the house makes out the list of guests for the evening party, and hears her say, I will invite Mrs Blunderhead, because her husband is a millionaire, and Mrs Bagpipe, because she is fashionable; and Mrs Lexicon, because she is the successful author of a book, (I hate every one of them) but poor Mrs Clark, who was one of my earliest friends, I cannot have come, for she is poor now and does not belong to our set."

The "old maid is there when your tailor's and butcher's bills come in, and you cannot pay them; and your beggar cousin is turned away without a shilling, although you bought a beautiful span of bays yesterday, and this afternoon are going out with them in the new carriage to create a sensation as you dash through the fashionable streets. She is there to witness all your weaknesses and defects, and littleness and deceit—there, because she is the only reliable friend of your family, and constantly needed as a companion and counsellor, because she is wise and discreet. And you accuse her of "making her own news." Goodness gracious! we wonder she doesn't choke upon the secrets she has locked up in her own bosom for your sake.

Were we an old maid, wouldn't we be a travelling newspaper? Yes and printed in inch square letters at that. Wouldn't we tell?—You wouldn't hate us for merely knowing what happened right under our nose; you might hate us because everybody knew the same thing.—Oh, shame! a burning shame, to fling so coarse an epithet forever in the face of a class of irreprouchable women! Man! is there not among your relatives one old maid—one intelligent, self-denying, benevolent, unobtrusive and lady-like sister, aunt, or cousin? If so, for her sake cease this ridiculous warfare upon all old maids, who would be the happiest women on earth if they could realize how much misery is the result of ill-assorted marriages, and how few, comparatively speaking, marry well.

HOW TO GET A WIFE WITH A FORTUNE.

"Jacques Bonhomme," a Paris correspondent, relates the following anecdote, which he locates in that city:—

"A young man of fine family, though impoverished by the revolution, aspired to a post under government, to occupy which it was necessary to furnish a certain sum to deposit in security. Our hero could not obtain the requisite amount from his friends, and, at last, hit upon an expedient to put an end to the difficulty. He caused an advertisement to appear in one of the journals, as follows:—

"A young man, occupying an honorable position, wishes to marry a lady well brought up, and possessed of two hundred and fifty francs."

"Two hundred and fifty francs are but fifty dollars, and, as there are many women in the world who would be glad to purchase a young handsome, and honorably connected husband on such moderate terms, it was quite natural that the advertiser, in the course of three days during which his notice appeared in public, should have received many letters and applica-

tions. The young man addressed a note to each of the applicants, appointing to a place and hour when he would meet them altogether; and politely inviting all to come and look at him. On the evening indicated, they came, and, it is said, the company numbered full two hundred women. When all had assembled, the young man 'organized the meeting,' and made a speech, in which he thanked these ladies for the honor they proposed conferring upon him. 'But,' said the self-possessed young gentleman, 'you must understand, ladies, perfectly well, that I cannot marry you all, moreover, you are all so charming' (many of them were horrible witches), 'it would be utterly impossible for me to choose amongst such lovely creatures. This then, is my proposition:—Consider me as an object put up at lottery. You number two hundred; make two hundred tickets, at two hundred and fifty francs each, and the gross sum realized shall be the fortune of the lady who draws the lucky number, and whom I pledge myself to marry immediately.' They hesitated a moment, but the youth was good-looking, and the ladies were anxious to marry. One of them determined to accept the proposition, and the rest followed after like a flock of sheep. As if to reward our venturesome young friend for his courage, his fortunate stars directed that he should fall to the lot of a youthful and pretty girl, whose greatest fault is an unhappy passion for practising on the piano.—True to his word, the young man married her, and at last accounts, the couple thus strangely brought together were passing a pleasant honeymoon."

MADRAS.

The scene in the Madras roads is the brightest and liveliest possible. The sea is completely studded with ships and boats of every size and shape, and the boats filled with crews even more quaint and picturesque than themselves. But none can compare to the catamarans and the wonderful people that manage them. Fancy a raft of only two logs of wood tied together at each end when they got out to sea, and untied and left to dry on the beach when they came in again. Each catamaran has one, two or three men to manage it: they sit crouched upon their heels, throwing their paddles about very dexterously but remarkably unlike rowing. In one of the early Indian voyager's log books there is an entry concerning a catamaran:—This morning, 6 a. m., we saw distinctly two black devils playing at single stick. We watched these infernal imps above an hour, when they were lost in the distance. Surely this does portend some great tempest. It is very curious to watch these catamarans putting out to sea. They get through the fiercest surf sometimes dancing at their ease on the top of the waves; sometimes hidden under the waters sometimes the man completely washed off the catamaran, the man floating one way the catamaran another, till they seem to catch one another by magic. The houses in Madras are so airy and large, and the air so light, that one does not feel the heat so much as one would in Italy, where the temperature is the same.—The rooms are as large as chapels, and made up of doors and windows, open day and night. So many curiosities are seen that it is difficult to describe them; jugglers, tumblers snake charmers, native visitors, &c., cause a constant bustle.

THE BEAUTIFUL MYSTERY OF INFANCY.

THERE is no sentiment more natural to thoughtful minds than that of reverence for childhood. Many sources both of mystery and love, meet in the infant life. A being so fresh from non-existence seems to promise us some tidings of the origin of souls; a being so visibly pressing forward into the future makes us think of their tendency. While we look on the 'child as the father of the man,' yet cannot tell of what kind of man, all the possible varieties of character and fate appear for the moment to be collected into that diminutive consciousness; that which may be the germ of any is felt as though it were the germ of all; the thread of life, which from our hand that holds it, runs forward into distant darkness, entwines itself there into a thousand filaments, and leads us over every track and scene of human things; here through passages where poverty crawls, there to the fields where glory has its race; here to the midnight lake where meditation floats between two heavens, there to the arid sands where passion pants and dies. Infancy is so naturally suggestive, it is the representative of such various possibilities, that it would be strange did we not regard it with a feeling of wonder.

When Nelson's famous signal was given,—'England expects every man to do his duty,'—two Scotchmen were standing by, one pulled a long sour face, and said, 'Ech, Sandy, there's naething there about pair auld Scotland!' 'Hoot, mon!' said Sandy, 'Scotland kens weel her bairns always do their duty. It's only a hint to these Englishers.'

Some times since a Yankee entered a store to sell some brooms. The storekeeper said he would take the brooms if he would take half his pay in money, and the rest in goods. The Yankee complied and after receiving his money told the storekeeper that he would take for his pay in goods, half the brooms.