

brought into town, Dr. Baird and other gentlemen would take notice of him. Accordingly, with a letter of introduction to Dr. Baird, from Mr. Maitland, the minister of Minnigaff, he came to Edinburgh, was kindly received by the Principal, and by his instrumentality procured a university education; and hence my vicinity to him as a class-fellow at Professor Dalzel's.

That I was not the only person who was startled by his uncouth aspect is manifest from an anecdote related by Mr. Strang, a Relief minister. "Some time in the summer of 1796, I was taking a forenoon's ride for two or three miles beyond the village of Minnigaff. In ascending a hilly part of the road I dismounted, and leading my horse, the day being warm, my attention was attracted by a ragged boy, sitting upon the heath, reading. Being in no hurry, and impelled by curiosity, I drew near and spoke to him. Observing a number of books lying around him, I lifted one, and, opening it, found it to be Virgil. I desired him to read the first eclogue, and he did so at once. I asked him if he knew me; he said he did. I asked if he knew where I lived; he replied, yes. I requested him to call on Friday night, at six o'clock, to tea. He came; but judge Mrs. Strang's astonishment when Murray appeared, and announced his invitation. Having intentionally concealed the circumstance of our interview, she was horrified at the idea of my folly in requesting a beggar-boy, bare-footed, clothed in rags, of whom she had never heard, to drink tea. However, after a little explanation, she was satisfied, and he was entertained with a hearty welcome. When he tasted the tea, he said it was the first he had ever drank, and thought it smelt like new-mown hay."

Murray requested of Mr. Strang the loan of "Blair's Lectures on Rhetoric," and, leaving with him a manuscript of poems he had written in the moors, he begged Mr. S. to procure a subscription for printing them, in order to purchase clothes. It was not thought advisable to publish the poems, but he was soon furnished with the means of appearing in a garb more suited to his future prospects.

Having completed his studies at the University, he, in 1806, became minister of the parish of Urr, in his native county. He continued there till 1812, when he became candidate for the Hebrew Chair in the College of Edinburgh. His chief opponents were the ministers of Edinburgh, as one of their number was also a candidate, and the office had generally been filled by one of their body. Several of the ministers being also Professors, and members of the *Senatus Academicus*, of which Dr. Baird was Principal, showed their feeling by absenting themselves from the meetings. On one occasion, when Dr. Baird was absent, it seemed as if the *Senatus* could not be constituted, as it was usually done, by the Principal pronouncing a prayer; but the manly form of Dr. Gregory stalked forward, and said there should be no difficulty on that score, for he would open the meeting with prayer. Accordingly, he recited a Latin prayer, which he used to hear from Principal Robertson in his student days, and the business proceeded.

Murray was appointed, with the general approbation and high hopes of the learned world, both as to what he would do in his class-room, and as the author of various works on the science of language, more profoundly learned than any that had hitherto appeared.

Finding that the Scottish Clergy did not pay that attention to Hebrew which he thought they should do, he used to ask his students what they would think of themselves, if, having engaged to lecture and comment upon Homer once every week, they should be obliged to confess that they could not read Greek.

Unfortunately, the weakly constitution of this extraordinary genius sank under the fatigues of his first session. Consumption manifested itself; and he died, universally and deeply lamented, on the 15th of April, 1813, before he had completed his thirty-eighth year.

THE MINERS OF CORNWALL.

For the larger proportion of the copper and tin, and much of the lead and various other metals, used in our manufactures, we are indebted to the labours of about thirty thousand of the industrial classes in the county of Cornwall. These thirty thousand of our compatriots are in some respects a peculiar race, of whom the world knows little, and who have a substantial claim to more consideration and regard than is generally awarded them. As we are convinced that the reader will find it worth his while to make their acquaintance, we shall endeavour, as briefly as may be, to present him with such a sketch of the workers in and around the mines of Cornwall, and their circumstances, as will perhaps effect that object.

The habitat of the Cornish miners is invariably at no great distance from the mine in which they and their families find employment, wherever that may be, and that for a reason which will presently appear. We may divide them into three classes: the tut-workers, the tributers, and the surface-workers. The tut-workers (or task-workers) are those who sink the shafts, excavate the lateral galleries, fix the supporting wood-work, and perform various other duties in preparing the mine for the excavation of the metals, and in maintaining it in working condition. All their work is done by task or by contract, which in their case is the same thing; and when employed they know perfectly well what their earnings will be.

Such is not the case with the tributers, however: these cannot be tasked, for obvious reasons, one of which is, that they would have small inducement to energy if they were so employed. The tributers work the mineral vein, or lode, as it is called among miners, and, by the system on which they work, it is made their interest to get out as much of the ore from the vein as they possibly can. Instead of fixed wages, they receive a "tribute" or per-centage upon the value of all they dig out—an arrangement which, if it exposes them to loss of labour when the mine becomes suddenly unproductive, may chance to enrich them of a sudden

by a stroke of fortune. Of course the amount of the tribute varies with the good or bad character of the mine—its productiveness or non-productiveness. In fact, this variation is so great that the tribute may be as low as two and a half per cent., or as high as fifty or sixty per cent. upon the value of the ore obtained; and this may happen without affecting the receipts of the workman, who may earn just as good wages in the one case as the other, because the tribute will rise or fall in proportion to the amount of labour involved in the excavating processes in relation to the result produced. This system of labour has been in operation in the Cornish mines for many generations, and is found to work well; and though it is open to the objection that it makes a speculation of the labourer's toil, yet that objection is really to a great extent obviated by other arrangements, and it is not easy to see how the plan is to be superseded with advantage either to the employer or the employed.

The third class, or the surface-workers, are those who do not enter the mine at all, but who are employed in rough sheds and workshops at the pit's mouth, in washing, sorting, stamping, and preparing the ore for the use of the smelter. These amount to above one-third of the mining industrials in Cornwall, and consist for the most part of women, young girls, and children of both sexes.

The tut-workers and the tributers work in the mine eight hours out of the twenty-four; and, considering that they have to breathe an atmosphere seldom as low as 80°, and often much higher, and one that is invariably moist as well as hot, and that their exertions are most laborious, eight hours is long enough. But there is another drawback besides the heat and moisture; in most mines, the depth the worker has to descend is something appalling, and the mode of descent most wearisome, and not a little perilous. Thousands of miners have to dive daily to their labour to a depth exceeding five or six times the height of the monument, and to make the descent by a ladder placed almost perpendicularly in the shaft. It has been calculated that one-fourth of a miner's muscular force is exhausted daily in thus going to and returning from his work—the return journey, or the “coming to grass,” as the miners call it, where the depth is so great as that above mentioned, occupying about an hour, and landing the miners at the top in a state approaching to utter prostration. It is satisfactory, however, to be able to state that this tax on the toiler's energies is in the course of abatement, through the substitution of “man-machines,” by the use of which the workers in many mines are already lifted up and down as so much dead weight.

Let us now follow the miners to their work. Yonder is the mine; you cannot see the shafts, but you see the tall chimney of the monster steam-engine that pumps the mine dry; you see a group of rough sheds partly roofed and partly open to the sky, and here and there around and in front a number of lofty scaffoldings and platforms, surmounted with iron chains, blocks, and pulleys. Besides these things, there are the grim outlines of vast wheels and machinery. Towards these things

as a centre, a number of tram-roads, laid in the soil, converge from all directions; and as the dawn begins to glimmer over the barren waste, the chimney belches forth its black smoke, the ponderous wheels commence their deliberate revolution; chains clank, cyclopean hammers bang, and a grinding groaning sound rises in the tranquil air, which all day long shall boom across the moor, and give note to the quiet heavens of the toil and turmoil of man in the bowels of the earth.

The undulating waste around the mine is dotted in various directions with the low-roofed cottages of the miners, and from these, as the sun's level rays penetrate the morning mist, the miners and their families are seen emerging and plodding towards the scene of their daily avocations. The women, girls, and children, whose work is upon the surface, disappear in the sheds, where we may leave them for a while, while we follow the husbands and fathers to their labours below.

The first thing the miner does is to step into a house allotted for the purpose, where he strips off his clothes, and puts on an underground suit of coarse flannel. Thus equipped, he hastens to descend the shaft, which, by a series of ladders, leads him through the darkness, lighted only by the candle stuck in his cap, to a depth of perhaps fifteen hundred feet. Arrived at his level, he traverses the gallery to reach his peculiar “pitch,” or place of work, and there, in company with his comrade, or, if the lode is roomy enough, with his three or five comrades, or even more, passes the day in violent bodily exertion, in a temperature almost tropical, by the glimmer of the tallow candles. His work is often of the severest kind; it is not the friable coal that he has to dig through, but the hard granite or the slate rock, and, were it not for the use of gunpowder, with which he blasts the stubborn masses, he would sometimes labour in vain. He is urged to do his utmost by the system of payment, which proportions his reward to his success, and in consequence allows himself no relaxation in working hours. Not indulging in idle moments, he is almost as little given to idle words; as a rule, if you listen for an oath, you are likely to listen in vain. The miner will be heard at times humming the verse of a Methodist hymn; and his speech, when he talks, is apt to be to the purpose in hand. In the course of the day, the miner is visited at intervals by the captain of the mine, who sees that all is going right, who directs his operations, and whose frequent presence prevents the fraudulent transfer of ore from one “pitch” to another, by which dishonest workers are tempted to increase their amount of tribute. For his personal comfort while at work, the miner is dependent upon the freedom of ventilation in the mine. When his “pitch” is situated at a great distance from the shaft, and at a great depth, his situation is all but intolerable. In such places the temperature is near ninety degrees, and men have been known to lose near half a stone in weight by very short labour under such circumstances.

This picture is not very attractive; but, on the other hand, it is wanting in the dark shadows which chequer the prospects of the mining collier.

The underground worker of Cornwall is happily not subject to be stifled by poisonous gases, or blown to atoms by explosions of fire-damp: he carries no Davy's lamp; he does not need any safeguard of the kind; and his wife and children have no fear, when he descends to his work in the morning, lest he should be hauled from the pit a blackened corpse, or the fallen mine should prove his grave.

But, to return now to the surface-workers. The ore, when it is lifted from the mine and brought on the tramway to the rough sheds to be dressed, is mixed with a large quantity of extraneous matter, such as slate, granite, quartz, and various earths. To free it as far as possible from this useless waste, and to prepare it for the furnaces of the smelters, is the function of the surface-workers, who do what is termed the "grass-work" of the mine. The first thing to be done is to break the whole of the produce of the pit into small gravelly pieces. In mines yielding pure ore, the pieces, when thus broken, are ready for the smelter; and in most mines yielding a profit, parts of the lode or lodes will be found thus productive; but these are exceptional cases, and the major part of the mass brought "to grass" has to undergo a regular course of dressing before the smelter will offer a price for it. The process of dressing varies in different places, though some of the details are the same. Our limits will not allow us to enter minutely on this part of the subject, nor would the general reader thank us for so doing. Enough to say, that the true ore is separated from the waste matter with which it is solidly incorporated, by repeated washings and crushings, effected partly by hand and partly by appropriate machinery.

The young girls and children sort the mass, according to a plan which experience has shown to be profitable; and a powerful machine, similar in principle to that used in the Staffordshire Potteries for crushing the flint, and by which a number of ponderous hammers are worked by steam power, is used for crushing it to small fragments and to powder. The crushed mass is subsequently subjected to various washings, in a series of apparatus differing somewhat in different mines, but all effecting the same object—the separation of the ore from the waste. Without an abundant supply of water, the thing could not be done at all; but the drainage of the mine supplies the water, which thus, from an enemy underground, is transformed to a valuable ally above. The ore being much heavier than the waste, it is clear that, if the whole mass be thoroughly crushed and comminuted, and then carefully washed, the latter may be all carried off by the water and the former left in a state of purity. An approximation to this result is, however, all that in practice is obtained, for the very obvious reason that it would not pay to prosecute endless washings. Much of this labour, which goes by the technical names of spalling, buddling, jiggling, trunking, etc., is performed by the miner's family, his wife, his sons, and his daughters, who work on the whole about ten hours a day in summer, and something less in winter. Their avocation, though specially grimy and sloppy, is not

unhealthy, and the sounds of cheerfulness and mirth are as sure a concomitant of the grass-work of a mine, as are the turbid streams of water and the red ochrey hue of the laughing chattering workers. The surface-workers have an hour's interval each day for dinner, which they take in summer on the slope of the nearest hill, which they are willing to exchange for the blacksmith's shop or the drying-room in the frosts of winter.

The underground worker is the first to finish his day's work. One by one, as sunset is nearing, they may be observed rising up out of the several shafts, fagged, weary, and dirty, into the light of day—the remainders of their bunches of candles dangling at the skirts of their jackets. Their flannel suits are sodden with the steam and reek of the mine, and they make at once for the engine-house, where they wash themselves clean in the warm water of the engine-pool, hang up their underground clothes to dry, and put on once more their decent garments. By this time the surface-workers have also finished their daily task; wives and mothers, girls and boys, have laid aside their implements of labour, and have washed their faces, and the several families are now seen re-uniting, and retracing their way to their cottage homes. But the evening is yet young, and, if it is summer time, there are yet a few hours of light remaining, during which the miner employs himself with his boys in cultivating a small patch of land which he has inclosed from the waste, and which furnishes him with many a humble meal for his family. By the hour of curfew, the worn miner is generally bound for bed; he has enough of candlelight and darkness in the mine, and (after the first flush of youth has flown) is seldom a night-watcher.

But what does the Cornish miner get by such a life as this?—what are his wages? We cannot give a definite reply to these questions. The tut-worker, as he undertakes a certain contract, may be pretty sure of his earnings; but if he makes a bad bargain, he must abide by it, and, in that case, will be but scantily paid. It is found, however, on the average, that the tut-worker's income is about fifty shillings a month. The tribute-worker is differently situated; he agrees to dig out ore at so much per-centage on its value, and not till the ore he has dug is bought by the smelter does he know exactly what he will receive. If he is in want of money, however, he can draw on account, and money thus drawn is emphatically called *subsist*; but, as the sales take place every week, he is not likely to be long in ignorance of the state of his finances. The sales of copper ore are held at Redruth, Truro, and Poole, and the ores are sold by sample, the samples having been first assayed by assay masters. It is said that at these sales thousands of tons of copper ore are sometimes sold without the utterance of a single word. The agents for the copper companies, seated round a table, hand up a ticket stating what they will give per ton for the several samples. These written tenders are afterwards printed in a tabular form; the highest sum offered for each lot is underlined in the printed table, and he who has made the offer is the purchaser. It

happens not unfrequently, when the result becomes known, that the tributers have drawn nearly all that is due to them in the shape of *subsist*, and have but a small balance to receive. On the average, the tributer gains but a trifle more than the tut-worker.

The Cornish miner is generally a civil, thoughtful, and rather taciturn individual. He is habitually provident, and out of his weekly wage of twelve or fourteen shillings will insure in a sick club, and save a trifle for old age, or a rainy day. He is subject to a disease called the miner's consumption, of which it is said that nearly half the miners die; and, as a rule, he is past work before the age of three-score, an age at which the agricultural labourer is often in his full vigour. This prospect of life is, perhaps, above the average of that of the industrial classes in the mass, and the Cornish miner, therefore, need not complain. There is a fatal exception, however, to be made in the case of the lead miners; these men are invariably the victims of slow but sure disease, which, terminating in consumption, generally consigns them to death before their fiftieth year.

In intellect the Cornish miner is far superior to the field-labourer, or the rough miners of the north. His necessities generate a shrewdness which grows with his years. He has to exercise his judgment in contracting for work, whether by task or by tribute, and in a sense may be called his own employer. His wages are dependent on his skill and his capability of forethought, as well as his industry, and a blunder in his contract may subject him to a long period of poverty. On the other hand, there is always the hope, or the chance, at least, of good fortune occurring, and he is not without his bright visions of ease and competence, though these are very seldom realized. All this sharpens his *faculties* and affords them healthy exercise, and the result is evidenced in the long-run by the growth of a rather superior intelligence upon common subjects. This may account in part for his susceptibility to religious impressions; for it is the densest ignorance that is most impervious to religious teachings. In reference to this subject we may record that, throughout the whole of the mining districts, the Sabbath is observed and honoured in a way that affords a remarkable contrast to the practice which obtains in too many of our industrial localities. Everywhere the pitmen are seen on the Sunday, as the hour of service approaches, wending, with their families, towards their several places of worship. All are decently clad and scrupulously clean, and they mark, by the sobriety of their demeanour, their reverence for the day of sacred rest.

A glance at the past history of Cornwall, had we time to devote to it, would show us that the marked religious character of so large a section of the population is due, instrumentally, to the noble exertions of Whitfield in the first instance, and subsequently of Wesley and his followers. At the present day most of the miners are of the Wesleyan denomination, and the members of the Methodist churches are all together over seventeen thousand in number, thus equalling in amount

the members of the same denomination in the metropolis, with its population of nearly three millions.

Among such a people we might be prepared for instances of heroism and self-denial, and many such are on record. We shall conclude this short sketch by a couple of characteristic illustrations. The first is by a Wesleyan minister. "There is," says he, "a local preacher in the Camborne circuit, named Thomas Samson; he is a working miner, and is engaged in the bowels of the earth every day of his life, and works hard for his bread. The captain of the mine said to him on one occasion, 'Thomas, I've got an easier berth for you, where there is comparatively little to do, and where you will earn more money than you now do; will you accept it?' What do you think he said? 'Captain, there's our poor brother So-and-so; he has a sick body, and is not able to work so hard as I can. I fear his toil will shorten his useful life. Will you let him have the berth?' The captain, pleased with his generosity, sent for the 'brother,' gave him the berth, and he is now possessing and enjoying it."

The second illustration is in Thomas Carlyle's picturesque language, and taken from his "Life of Sterling." "In a certain Cornish mine, said the newspaper, duly specifying it, two miners deep down in the shaft were engaged in putting in a shot for blasting; they had completed their affair, and were about to give the signal for being hoisted up. One at a time was all their coadjutor at the top could manage, and the second was to kindle the match, and then mount with all speed. Now it chanced, while they were still below, one of them thought the match too long, tried to break it shorter, took a couple of stones, a flint and a sharp, to cut it shorter, did cut it off the due length, but, horrible to relate, kindled it at the same time, and both were still below! Both shouted vehemently to the coadjutor at the windlass, both sprang at the basket; the windlass man could not move it with them both! Here was a moment for poor miner Jack and miner Will! Instant horrible death hangs over both; when Will generously resigns himself. 'Go aloft, Jack, and sit down; away! in one minute I shall be in heaven!' Jack bounds aloft, the explosion instantly follows, bruises his face as he looks over; he is safe above-ground; and poor Will? Descending eagerly, they find poor Will too, as if by miracle, buried under rocks which had arched themselves over him, and little injured; he too is brought up safe, and all ends joyfully, say the newspapers.

"Such a piece of manful promptitude, and salutary human heroism, was worth investigating. It was investigated, and found to be accurate to the letter, with this addition and explanation, that Will, an honest, ignorant good man, entirely given up to Methodism, had been perfect in the 'faith of assurance,' certain that *he* should get to heaven if he died, certain that Jack would not, which had been the ground of his decision in that great moment: for the rest, that he much wished to learn reading and writing, and find some way of life above-ground instead of below. By aid of the Misses Fox, and the

rest of that family, a subscription was raised to this Methodist hero; he emerged into daylight with fifty pounds in his pocket, did strenuously try, for certain months, to learn reading and writing; found he could not learn those arts, or either of them; took his money and bought cows with it, wedding at the same time some likely milkmaid."

We commend the *facts* of the above anecdote to all men. Here was a case of "manful, prompt, and salutary human heroism," according to Mr. Carlyle's own account; and yet he, the prophet of hero-worship, could sneer at it. Can the reader?

ARCTIC FESTIVITIES.

In the "Leisure Hour," No. 417, we have given an account of Captain M'Clintock's success in ascertaining the fate of the Franklin expedition, as narrated by him before the Royal Geographical Society. The published volume of his journal* adds little to our knowledge of the main events of the exploration, but it presents many details which will be read with intense interest, and will increase our admiration of the gallant commander and crew of the little "Fox." The following entries in the Journal afford pleasant glimpses of Arctic home life, and show the spirit which prevailed among the men. The whole of the winter of 1857, it will be remembered, was passed amidst the pack-ice of Baffin's Bay, in which the "Fox" was imprisoned for eight months. On the 1st of November the sun paid his last visit for the year, and every meal thereafter was taken by lamplight.

Nov. 5th.—In order to vary our monotonous routine, we determined to celebrate the day; extra grog was issued to the crew, and also, for the first time, a proportion of preserved plum-pudding. Lady Franklin most thoughtfully and kindly sent it on board for occasional use. It is excellent.

This evening a well-got-up procession sallied forth, marched round the ship with drum, gong, and discord, and then proceeded to burn the effigy of Guy Fawkes. Their blackened faces, extravagant costumes, flaring torches, and savage yells, frightened away all the dogs; nor was it until after the fireworks were set off and the traitor consumed, that they crept back again. It was school-night, but the men were up for fun, so gave the Doctor a holiday.

Dec. 21st.—Mid-winter day. Out of the Arctic regions it is better known as the *shortest* day. At noon we could just read type similar to the leading article of the "Times." Few people could read more than two or three lines without their eyes aching.

Dec. 27th.—Our Christmas was a very cheerful, merry one. The men were supplied with several additional articles, such as hams, plum-puddings, preserved gooseberries and apples, nuts, sweetmeats, and Burton ale. After Divine service they decorated the lower deck with flags, and made an immense display of food. The officers came down with me to see their preparations. We were really astonished! Their mess-tables were laid out like the counters in a confectioner's shop, with apple and gooseberry tarts, plum and sponge-cakes in pyramids, besides various other unknown puffs, cakes, and loaves of all sizes and shapes. We bake all our own bread, and excellent it is. In the back-ground were nicely-browned hams, meat-pies, cheeses, and other substantial articles. Rum and water in wine-glasses and plum-cake was handed

to us: we wished them a happy Christmas, and complimented them on their taste and spirit in getting up such a display. Our silken sledge-banners had been borrowed for the occasion, and were regarded with deference and peculiar pride.

In the evening, the officers were enticed down amongst the men again, and at a late hour I was requested, as a great favour, to come down and see how much they were enjoying themselves. I found them in the highest good humour with themselves and all the world. They were perfectly sober, and singing songs, each in his turn. I expressed great satisfaction at having seen them enjoying themselves so much and so rationally; I could therefore the better describe it to Lady Franklin, who was so deeply interested in everything relating to them. I drank their healths, and hoped our position next year would be more suitable for our purpose. We all joined in drinking the healths of Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft, and, amid the acclamations which followed, I returned to my cabin, immensely gratified by such an exhibition of genuine good feeling, such veneration for Lady Franklin, and such loyalty to the cause of the expedition. It was very pleasant also that they had taken the most cheering view of our future prospects. I verily believe I was the happiest individual on board that happy evening.

Our Christmas-box has come in the shape of northerly winds, which bid fair to drift us southward towards those latitudes wherein we hope for liberation next spring from this icy bondage.

Christmas of 1858 was spent not less cheerfully:—

Our Christmas has been spent with a degree of loyalty to the good old English custom, at once spirited and refreshing. All the good things which could possibly be collected together appeared upon the snow-white deal tables of the men, as the officers and myself walked (by invitation) round the lower deck. Venison, beer, and a fresh stock of clay pipes, appeared to be the most prized luxuries; but the variety and abundance of the eatables, tastefully laid out, was such as might well support the delusion which all seemed desirous of imposing upon themselves—that they were in a land of plenty—in fact, *all but* at home! We contributed a large cheese and some preserves, and candles superseded the ordinary smoky lamps. With so many comforts, and the existence of so much genuine good feeling, their evening was a joyous one, enlivened also by songs and music.

Whilst all was order and merriment within the ship, the scene without was widely different. A fierce north-wester howled loudly through the rigging, the snowdrift rustled swiftly past, no star appeared through the oppressive gloom, and the thermometer varied between 70° and 80° below the *freezing point*. At one time it was impossible to visit the magnetic observatory, although only 210 yards distant, and with a rope stretched along, breast high, upon poles the whole way. The officers discharged this duty for the quarter-masters of the watches during the day and night.

1st Jan. 1859.—This being *Saturday Night* as well as *New Year's Day*, "Sweethearts and Wives" were remembered with even more than the ordinary feeling. New year's eve was celebrated with all the joyfulness which ardent hope can inspire: and we have reasonable ground for *strong hope*. At midnight the expiration of the old year and commencement of the new one was announced to me by the *band*—flutes, accordion, and gong—striking up at my door. Some songs were sung, and the performers concluded with "God save the Queen;" the few who could find space in our mess-room sang the chorus; but this by no means satisfied all the others who were without and unable to show themselves to the officers, so they echoed the chorus, and the effect was very pleasing. Our new year's day has been commemorated with all the substantial of Christmas fare, but without so much display; less tailoring in pastry, not quite so much clipping of dough into roses, anchors, and non-descript animals. The week has been cold and stormy: it now blows strong, and the temperature is — 44°.

* The Voyage of the "Fox" in the Arctic Seas. By Captain M'Clintock, R.N. John Murray.