

compare him to James and with detriment to Henry. James perceiving this used all his art to increase her feeling of admiration for himself, and in so doing brought affairs to a crisis. Henry, unable to endure the strain on his heart and mind, resolved to settle matters. Cool, calm and self-possessed, one night when his brother twitted him with the loss of his wife's affection, Henry struck him in the face. All the spirit of the man flamed out: "I would not take a blow from God Almighty." In the stillness of a midsummer night, in the shrubbery near the house, by the light of two candles, the brothers fought their duel. And James lay on the ground with his brother's sword through his body.

When Henry recovered from the nervous illness which followed, it was to hear that his brother's supposed dead body had been carried off by smugglers and that he was then living in France. But the Henry Durie that received this news was not the same man that fought his brother, and left him for dead. Now the last mental anxiety seemed too much for him, and the main object of his life was to escape from trouble at whatever cost. So when James came back again, (as he surely did) it was but natural that Henry, now Lord Durisdeer, should leave Scotland, and go to America, to New York. Thither James followed him. But by this time Henry's mind was made up, and he met his brother with all the coldness of a stranger. For a time things went on so, till one day by ill luck, Lord Durisdeer, saw a printed statement to the effect that James, his outlawed brother, was to have the title restored to him. His mind, already weakened by suffering, failed him, and he laid a plot to murder James. The latter had long been wanting to find a treasure which he said had been buried in the wilderness north of Albany. So when an occasion offered he went to the place. But the companions of his journey were to kill him. Now James had with him a Hindoo servant, who discovered the plot, and related it to his master. The twistings and turnings of the doomed man were awful, but of no avail. At last he was taken ill, and after three days was buried. In the mean time, Lord Durisdeer, became anxious at the non-appearance of his hired murderers, and set off to find what had been the result of his plot. A beautiful moonlight night, in the coldest part of winter, they came to where James had been buried, only to find the Hindoo engaged in disinterring him. And now comes the exception: to which I alluded at the beginning. James had feigned illness. The Hindoo had practiced on him a method, (said to be practicable in warm climates,) by which animation may be suspended for an indefinite length of time. This is done by turning the tongue backwards in the throat. The Hindoo succeeded at last in getting the body of James out of the grave, and then, face to face, the two brothers were together. For a long time the servant worked with his master's cold body, and at last seemed to see signs of life returning. With his soul in his eyes, (and that soul full of fear), Henry Durie watched his brother's face. At last the eyes opened, and it seemed that the dead had come back. But that look was the last on earth, for both. Henry fell, and when they raised him, he was with his brother. Indeed, a fitting ending to the story. The story is told, as only Stevenson knows how to tell stories, in the language of a servant of the family. As a specimen of English the book is a decided change from the wishy washy gush of most modern novels. There is an abundance of clear, sharp, cutting, idiomatic English, with an occasional borrowed phrase from the Scotch. Whether the author was actuated by a good motive in writing the "Master of Ballantrae," or not is hard to tell. There is a lesson to be learned from reading the book. Read it and learn it. Morals drawn from stories, are, like comparisons, odious.

MISCELLANY.

The law passed by the last legislature compelling voters in the large cities to register was, we suppose, an effort to prevent election frauds and to discourage the illiteracy of the voters. While traveling through the city we noticed two signs which seem to be a fit subject for reflection. The one read: "Register here to vote," the other;—the "Ward,—ReGister Place."

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Once upon a time, when Prof. Nicholson, of York, was visiting our Prof. H. H., he took a seat in the lecture room back among the class, and as Prof's. are wont to do, began to whisper with the students. A student soon became quite familiar and not knowing to whom he was unbosoming himself, remarked: "I believe there is but one lazier man on earth than Prof. Nick. and that is his brother at York."

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The new commentary on scientific names soon to appear will contain the following: Colonel Fungophilus von Legit Webber de la Fanning Mill; Colonel, a name applied to more or less important specimens in the west; Fungophilus, fungus, sponge; philos, love, etc., loving to sponge; Legit; a name peculiar to a species of botanists; fanning-mill, taken from the fact that a breeze is constantly kept up by the hirsute appendages of this species.

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We were amused at the following conversation with a "York Sophomore" at the Wesleyan University about a week ago.

"Do you suppose Prof. Nicholson can say 'The Lord's Prayer?'"

"Well! I can't say whether he can or not, but I don't suppose he does very much."

"Well, now, I heard he tried it once when he was the only professor at chapel, and had to conduct devotional exercises and stuck in it."

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The appearance of Lieut. Dudley, his pleasant countenance and greeting to the cadet boys, while here in the city last week, recalls to us our first encampment, the one at Wymore, and an amusing episode of the sham battle there. The attacking party was composed of the cadets in double rank skirmish line, with two pieces of artillery, Co. D. N. N. G. on our right. The defensive party, Co. C. N. N. G. two pieces of artillery and a squad of G. A. R's. The attacking party under command of Col. Hotchkiss had approached quite near, and there was considerable smoke and noise in the air. The squad of G. A. R's., unnoticed by any one on our side, except Lieut. Dudley, had made a flank movement out beyond the crowd of people on their left, and were approaching to attack the artillery on our right. The squad broke through the crowd on a run, at charge bayonets, and the surprise was so well planned that they captured the right piece of artillery. The artillery men quickly recovering themselves, recaptured the piece, throwing the old soldiers heels over head in the excitement. The old soldiers clubbed their muskets and renewed their attack and it was on the point of becoming a hand to hand fight when Lieut. Dudley, who had noticed the G. A. R's. approaching, and walked over to the right of the cadets, brought one of the men a slap with his sword, remarked in a commanding tone "What are you doing?" Everything dropped as by magic, and the artillery men proceeded to burn the rest of their allowance of powder; the band played, and everything ended lovely.