There were no large castings to be made that day, nearly all the work being small gear-wheels, except one which was about five feet in diameter. The mould for this was not quite finished, but in about fifteen minutes all was ready, and the blast, or, as the men call it, "the wind," was put on. The men then began to cluster around the furnace with their huge iron pots ready to be filled with the boiling liquid.

To a person who sees it for the first time, a foundry is a wonderful sight. The long, dimly-lighted building, with massive cranes extending the whole length; the air filled with a sort of dust always to be seen in foundries; the darkness all around growing thicker every minute; the men with begrimed hands and faces standing around the furnace; the furnace itself roaring like some very demon; the fiery glow of the seething iron as it flows out from the furnace; the men, half-blinded by the glare, hurrying off to their moulds; the smoking, burning casks; all tend to make a strange, awful, inhuman scene.

We stood watching this scene for some time; but as it was growing late, we began to make our way through the burning flasks which lay around us, toward the door at the other end of the building. When we reached the door, we paused to turn back once more. We could just see the furnace through the smoke, but every now and then it sent forth a flash of light that penetrated the darkness, and shot up among the massive rafters which formed a sort of interminable network above; and the whole building would light up with a sudden glow, only to be left in deeper darkness as the light faded away.

But as we stood there entirely absorbed in the scene before us, there came a sudden gust of wind, and the door blew open with a fearful crash, which brought us to our senses once more. We could just see the furnace through the smoke, but every now and then it sent forth a flash of light that penetrated the darkness, and shot up among the massive rafters which formed a sort of interminable network above; and the whole building would light up with a sudden glow, only to be left in deeper darkness as the light faded away.

Noticeable Articles.

The most amusing paper in the February Fortnightly is the one entitled "Our Noble Selves." It is a hit at the literary mutual-admiration societies of the day. The author—a sly fellow—writes in the character of an admirer of the coming young geniuses, unrecognized as yet, with whom it seems the pavements of Pall Mall and Piccadilly absolutely swarm. They are so numerous, and the most admirable writing is such an absolute drug in the literary market, that they are likely to starve. But, says this writer, isn't youthful genius always unrecognized? How could an ignorant public "believe that the dirty, unshaven, ill-bred Scotchman in the small house by the waterside in Chelsea, who talks broad Ecclefechan, and omits to change his linen regularly, is the most wonderful master of pictorial description that ever put pen to paper in England?" And if a stupid public could not recognize the young Carlyle, "how, in our own day, can they believe that the tall young man with the stoop, over yonder, who passes unnoticed down the village street, is the greatest living artist in English style? Or that the handsome fellow in the light overcoat, who strolls unobserved through Piccadilly, is the most versatile humorist, essayist, and versifier that wild Wales has ever begotten?" Does the reader recognize these young geniuses? No? Well, that's just what's the matter. And now-a-days there are so many of them! Some fault, he says, has lately been found with literary log-rolling, referring to a recent noted article in the Quarterly Review. Literary log-rolling! There isn't half enough of it. The world never does recognize its great men, though they know each other; and if the tall young man with the stoop does not praise the young man in the light overcoat, and he does not return the compliment, how is a stupid public to recognize its geniuses, especially as "we live in an age when high genius is a drug in the market?" To be sure it was always more or less so. Our fathers used to say, "Keats is dead, Shelley drowned, Byron carried off by rum and fever at Missolonghi, Wordsworth grows old, Lamb lives on the Company's pension, Coleridge has finally befogged his muddled brains with too much opium and metaphysics,—and who is there to replace them? Why, young Mr. Tennyson, who wrote those silly sing-song verses of Oriana; young Mr. Dickens, the author of those vulgar, catchpenny Pickwick Papers; young Mr. Thackeray, who hangs about the clubs, and failed with "The Luck