

Literature.

INDIAN SUMMER.

BY CHARLES PENNO HUFFMAN.

Light as love's smiles, the silvery mist at morn,
Flows in loom-fakes along the limpid river;
The bluebird's notes upon the soft breeze borne,
As high in air he carols, faintly quiver!

I love thee, Autumn, for thy scenery ere
The mists of winter chase the varied dyes
That richly dress the slow-declining year;
I love the splendor of thy sunset skies,
The gorgeous hues that tinge each falling leaf,
Lovely as beauty's cheek, as women's love, too, brief;

O, Nature! still I fondly turn to thee,
With feelings fresh as e'er my childhood's were—
Though wild and passion-toss'd my youth may be,
Toward thee I still the same devotion bear;
To thee—to thee—though health and hope no more
Life's waning verdure may to me restore—

HOW I MADE A FORTUNE.

I am not quite as badly off as the needy knife-grinder who had no story to tell; but my story is not very extraordinary. If the reader expects any thing sensational, he had better look elsewhere.

My name is Pepperidge Lovatt.
I was called Pepperidge after my mother's father, a wealthy pork-packer, from whom the family had great expectations, my mother being his only daughter and I her only son. The expectations were doomed to disappointment, for grandfather Pepperidge invested his fortune in a copper mine, somewhere in Pennsylvania, and in sinking a shaft sunk his money. My father, Roger Lovatt, was a bill-broker, irreverently termed by the vulgar a note-shaver. Personally he was known as Centertent and Allforallat—names that had reference to the liberal and generous manner in which he transacted his business. I never inquired into their origin. It was no matter to me. I always called him "the old man."

I never went to school with the common herd. Being born to a fortune it would not do. It was not the thing, you know. A private tutor prepared me for college, and to college I went in due time. I forgot now nearly all I was taught there. I was put through Latin, philosophy, and things—yes! and Greek, with all kinds of crabb-looking letters, and mathematics. I went through the last, after a fashion. Arithmetic and Algebra were my specialties, but in Geometry I was brought up by the Pons Asinorum. However, I graduated with great honor. The valedictory, which fell to my lot to deliver, was very much applauded, though my father did think that fifty dollars was too much to pay the half-starved fellow who wrote it. That was a little trick of mine though, for I hired forty out of the money, I am now sorry to say.

After I graduated I had no difficulty about choosing a profession. My friends, taking the beautiful language of my valedictory into consideration, suggested the law as the sphere in which my talents would have the best chance of development. As it was a matter of indifference to me, I accepted the choice. I read law after the usual fashion; that is to say, I got by heart certain passages in Blackstone and Starkie and Chitty, so as to be able to answer probable questions, and in due time I was called to the bar. I forthwith hired me a handsome office, put out a tin sign with the words—"Pepperidge Lovatt, Counselor at Law," and dilligently smoked a cigar in my nicely furnished rooms for one hour a day. Having thus attained to business, I put up a little notice on the door—"AT COURT, CALL TO-MORROW AT TEN O'CLOCK," and sauntered up Broadway. At night I went to the opera, or lounged at the club, or led the German at parties and led it well. I despise boasting of my own talents; but I may properly say that I was the best dancer in our set. There was not a member of the bar that could equal me. Even Grind of the firm of Grind and Cheathamwell, they said he was at the head of the profession, but I saw him try to polka once at Saratoga, and I was quite sure that Grind's abilities had been overrated by his friends.

I had practiced law vigorously, after the fashion I have described, for about two years and a half, when three very important things occurred. I was sauntering along Broadway one day, and amidst the press of passers, my coat button got entangled in the fringe of a lady's mantle. It was a very awkward situation for both of us. I tugged at the fringe, my fuse burning all the while, and the lady seeming to be vexed. It came loose at length, and the owner of the mantle turned away with a swing of her body indicating annoyance, when, wih! the fringe caught another button. This time I laughed, and the lady tittered. The fringe was disengaged and I raised my hat to bow my regret, thus getting a full view of the fair stranger's face. It was certainly pretty, but I had seen pretty faces before, without feeling any thumping beneath my waist.

With this, however, I was fascinated. There are some figures and faces that attract you

by their home look. They seem to tell of domestic enjoyment; they suggest a quiet cup of tea, hot toast, and your slippers tucked under the hearti-rug. But it came and went. The lady went one way and I the other. I saw her no more, but I thought of her frequently.

The other incidents were serious. One was the death of my father, who had been a widower for twelve years; the other was a failure of Bullwinkle, Badger, and Bullwinkle. The events were disastrous, especially the Bullwinkle business. For my respected parent had not only embarked a hundred thousand in the same speculation which floored the three B.'s, but his name was on the paper of the firm for nearly as much more; and the assets of the bankrupts, after the legal expenses were paid, amounted to just no cents on the dollar.

Thus I was left, without a father to support me, no rich uncle to apply to, altogether a penniless fellow, knowing little of my profession, and no chance for clients, had I even been a profound lawyer. What to do I could not tell though I smoked over the matter diligently for three days. At last, I concluded to let matters go as they would, for I supposed something would turn up, some day or other. But nothing did. Days, weeks, and months went by. I had to give up my office, for I got no practice, and could not give nor pay my rent; my watch, my spare clothes, and all I could well pawn followed each other to the house of a liberal Hebrew gentleman on the east side of town; and one fine day in June I found myself strolling down the street, with a thread-bare coat on my back and not a cent in my pocket. I was terribly hungry too, for I had had no breakfast, and had gone to bed the night before without supper. The venerable proprietor of my lodging-rooms had just informed me that my apartment was needed for the use of a lodger who would do what I had neglected to do—pay for its use. It was plain that something or somebody must be done; but how to do either was past my ingenuity.

Suddenly it flashed on my mind that I was a fool. It was a fortunate discovery. "Yes!" I said to myself, "I am a fool; or rather, I was—for a fool I will be no longer." As I said this I came very near tumbling over a pork-barrel, and made a remark concerning obstructions in the street which was more forcible than chaste. I heard a low laugh, and looked up. There stood a stout, well-dressed man in the door of the store-house before me. I glanced at the sign over the door, which bore the word "Groceries." My mind was made up. I stepped in, and walked back toward the counting-room. The stout man followed and accosted me.

"What can we do for you?" he asked. "I don't know," said I; "That is precisely what I want to find out."

The stout man stared at me. I went on: "I am six feet lacking a half inch, in my stockings, and, as you see, broad-shouldered," I said. "I have been brought up a gentleman, and have not a cent. I have had nothing to eat since yesterday at noon. No! you need not do that," I added, as I saw him make a movement to his vest pocket. "Begging is out of my line. I want work, if you have any."

"Well," he replied, "I expect a vacancy in my second clerk's place shortly, but—"

"I know nothing about book-keeping," I interrupted. "My porter goes away to-day—he is about to set up a retail store; but as you are a gentleman—"

"I'll take that," I said, "if you'll take me without any recommendation but my muscle."

He laughed. "You are about the oddest customer," said he, "that I have come across recently; but I think I'll try you, if you're not above making yourself useful, and can content yourself with nine dollars a week."

"Nine dollars a week!" I exclaimed. "It is a gold mine! What am I to go at first?"

"The first thing is to get your breakfast, and the next to rig yourself out in a pair of overalls and a blue frock. The breakfast you can get at Fulton Market; the other things at the shop around the corner. When you come back there are thirty bags of coffee to be delivered to an order, and the earmen will be here in an hour. I'll advance you three dollars on your week's wages. Here!"

"Very good," said I, taking the money; "I'll be back in a half an hour. Your new porter's name is Lovatt."

Off I went. I had a royal breakfast!—beef-steaks, coffee, bread-and-butter—to say nothing of a pickle; and having despatched them, I turned to and had them over again. After that I bought my blue shirt and overalls, put them on and went back to the store-house with my coat on my arm, looking at the proprietor's name on the door-post as I entered.

"Here I am, Mr. Banks," I said; and Mr. Banks sent me to the head-clearer, who told me what to do at the moment, and I did it. I found a cheap boarding-house at a convenient distance from the store, and worked my way along faithfully and manfully. I grew to like the work. I ate heartily, and slept soundly. Only once I felt a tremor. I was one day rolling some barrels from a cart into the store-house when I saw a former fashionably acquaintance picking his way along the sidewalk. What had brought him to that quarter I did not know, but I reddened when I saw him. He did not see me however; and would not probable have recognized me if he had.

My employer paid no further attention to me

after the first day. No day, however, about three months after I first took the place, the chief clerk called to me:

"Lovatt," said he, "come here. I notice that you calculate very well, and wrote a good hand. Mr. Greene [that was the name of our new second clerk] is sick abed to-day. Couldn't you help me with this lot of invoices?"

"I'll try, if you show me what you want," He explained and I went at the task. I have already said that I was apt at figures, and I got through quite rapidly; and leaving the result on the desk, went back to my bags and barrels. Presently Mr. Banks came in and went into the counting-room. He had been there only about a quarter of an hour when he called me to him.

"Sit down," he said, when I entered. "Mr. Lipscombe tells me that you gave him material help to-day. As Greene is too sick to come here at present, suppose you take his place in the counting-room till he recovers."

"Very good," I replied; and removing my overalls, I perched myself at the desk. The result was that poor Greene never recovered, and I retained his situation. It was only twelve dollars a week, but it was a step.

Three weeks afterward another pair of incidents occurred. It was at the desk, arranging papers and copying into the invoice-book when Mr. Banks came in.

"Lovatt," said he, "I heard mention of you last night. An acquaintance of ours—a Mr. Van Gelt—spoke of a young Lovatt, a lawyer, who has left the profession, and gone no one knows whither—turned out a mere vagabond. From the description of personal appearance, I had an idea he meant you; but as it might have annoyed you, I did not mention that you were in my employ."

"Thank you," I answered. "Van Gelt! oh yes; I remember a John Van Gelt, to whom, in my better days, I loaned five hundred dollars. I took his note for it; but as he has no money, I suppose he might as well have that much waste paper. Common gratitude might have taught him common decency when he spoke of me."

"Have you the note?" "Yes—somewhere."

"Look it up, then. He has money now; his uncle died recently, and left him comfortable. Give me the note, and I'll see that he pays it. And, by-the-by, I have left a package of papers at home, on the library table. I wish you'd take the cars and go up to my house with this note. Mrs. Banks will hand you the papers."

I followed orders, and was soon at Banks's house—a handsome mansion on one of the fashionable streets. I sent up the note to Mrs. Banks, and was shown into the parlor.

I had not been seated more than two or three minutes before I heard a light step, and, rising, turning toward the door. There stood my young lady of the fringed mantle! The recognition was mutual. She blushed, and looked embarrassed; and I felt my face glow. She was the first to recover, and handing me the package, said,

"My mother directed me to give you these, Sir."

I bowed—I could not speak—and backed myself out of the door, running against a hat-stand in the hall, and growing redder at the awkward blunder. The young lady reddened with sympathy. Not exactly knowing what I did, I bowed profoundly to the servant who was showing me the door, and she looked amazed and amused. This put the coquette to the fabric of my utter discomfiture, and I made my way down the street in no pleasant frame of mind.

"Rep, my boy!" I said to myself "you are getting to be a fool again. You are a clerk with a salary of twelve dollars a week, and you're falling in love with the sweetest little—pshaw! what's Heebub to you, or you to Heebub? Stick to your invoices, you noodle!"

But I could not help recalling the looks of the young lady. What a neat, nice little body she was! Kind-heated, as her countenance showed her; she must have been tickled at my awkwardness, though. What a booby I must have appeared to her to be! I felt my face redden again, and clenched my fist in my vexation, as though I would commit an assault and battery on my own person.

Two days after Mr. Banks handed me a check for five hundred and eighty-five dollars and three cents—the amount of Van Gelt's note, with interest. I knew the value of money now; and as my salary was quite enough for my immediate necessities, I deposited the sum in bank, waiting for a chance to invest it properly, and went on with the usual business. But I found myself frequently making calculations on bits of loose paper, of divers speculations in which I might double my little fortune, whereon in fancy I built me a fine mansion in town, and bought me a noble country-seat, and got married to Dora Banks. Dora!—what a nice name it was, to be sure!

Unfortunately, however, nothing turned up by which I might double my money, until one day I added five-fold to it, but not through a speculation. The complicated affairs of Bullwinkle, Badger, and Bullwinkle's were at last wound up, a small dividend was paid to their creditors, and after taking out letters of administration to my father's estate, I found myself possessor of a sum which made my five hundred and eighty odd dollars nearly three thousand.

Then I builded bigger air-castles than ever, with Dora for mistress of each. And yet I rarely saw her—occasionally at the house, once in the street, and once, for a whole afternoon, on her father's birthday, when Mr. Lipscombe and

myself were invited to dine with our principal. On that occasion I had danced with Dora, and talked with her, though the conversation must have been very silly on my part, for I was in that state of ecstatic confusion that my tongue refused to perform its ordinary office.

I was destined to a separation from Dora, however. Nearly a year after I was first taken into Mr. Bank's employ, I was seated alone in the counting-room, Mr. Lipscombe having gone out to lunch, when our principal came in.

"Mr. Lovatt," he said, "what have you done with the money you obtained from your father's estate?"

"Nothing. It is in the savings-fund, drawing five per cent. I thought it the safest, on the whole."

"The reason I asked it, because you will need it. I am going to displace you."

"I looked at him in some alarm, and stammered out a reply—I forget what."

"I have advices from Rib that it will be a more than safe speculation to send some Richmond flour there. It will about arrive at the right time. I want the matter managed adroitly, and you are the man for it, I think. Will you go out as supercargo?"

I was relieved at once, and answered promptly in the affirmative.

(Concluded in our next.)

(From the Morning News.)

The following is a list of the persons to whom Premiums were awarded by the Judges:

MINERAL KINGDOM.

Best collection of New Brunswick Minerals, William R. Payne, Portland; second best Wm. Lums C. E., St. John.

Best collection of Mineral Paints, Charles C. Barnes, Westmorland; second best, Wilson R. Kent.

Best collection Building Stone, Peter Cormack, St. John.

Ores of Metals, Robert Foulis, St. John.

Best collection Lime, Limestone, &c., James Pearson, King's Co.; second best, Benj. Reynolds.

Bricks, Tiles, &c., Thomas Davidson, St. John.

Pottery—Ware, Warwick & Hayward, Saint John.

Salt, J. Brand, Sussex.

Best Grindstones, Sprague, Soule & Co., Gloucester; second best, Seaman Bros.

MANUFACTURES IN METAL.

Best assortment of Stoves, Hollow-ware, &c., James Harris, St. John; second best, T. C. Everitt, St. John; 3d, de Young Isaac Matheson, of Chatham, and Adam Young, St. John.

Axes, best assortment, E. & H. Broad, St. John; 2d do., Samuel Spiller, St. John.

Edge Tools, Hammers, &c., best, Sam. Spiller, St. John; 2d, E. & H. Broad, St. John; 3d, J. C. Edwards, Portland; 4th, W. H. Adams, St. John; 5th, Smith & Emerson of St. Stephen.

Saws, best assortment, Charles Blacktin, St. Stephen; 2d do., A. Richardson, St. John.

Safe, best, J. F. Nicholls, St. John.

Clapboards, Holt & Nugent, St. J.
Cabinet Wardrobe, A. J. Lordly,
Drawing Room Furniture, assn.
Lawrence, do.
Bedroom Furniture, assorted, do.
Boat and Shoe Lasts, James Clark
Figurehead of Ship, John Cochran
Blocks, (for ship's rigging,) M.
Anderson, Moncton.
Turner's Work, Alex. Grant, Ch.
Pianos, best, George Anderson, St.
do., J. R. Coleman, do.
Carved Bracket, Martin O'Shaugh
lotte.
Table with top case, A. Lordly
John.
Carriage for two horses; 1st,
thors, St. John; 2nd, Price & S.
town; carriage for one horse, Price
Pleasure Waggon; 1st, Samuel
John; 2nd, Price & Shaw, In dian
Farm Waggon, Owen Hayes.
Trotting Sulky, Samuel Crothers
Express Waggon, X. Snider, Sus-
sex; Invalid's Waggon, J. A. Murray.
Sleigh for two horses, Price & S.
town; Sleigh for one horse; 1st, P.
2nd, X. Snider, Sussex.
Native Woods, best collection,
cart, St. John; 2nd do., Thomas V.
Carleton Co.; 3rd do., John Little,
Ploughs—best assortment—Jam-
John; 2nd, T. G. & H. Allan, Fr.
Ploughs, Wood, best, Jas. Harri-
2nd, P. McFarlane, York. Do. Iron
J. Willet, St. John; 2nd, James R.
Harrow, Wood, best, Monm-
King's; 2nd, James Harris, St. John
best, D. & J. Willet, St. John.
Cultivator, or Drill Harrow, b-
Willet, St. John.
Fanning Mill, best, James R.
Isaac Raymond.
Threshing Mill, with power, bes-
ris St. John; 2nd, Donald Fraser.
Seed Sower; best, Jas. Harris,
Wier, Denoon & Co.
Cheese Press, Best, D. & J. Wil-
ald Fraser.
Churn and Butter Worker, Best,
Fairweather; 2nd, Kays McBrine.
Bee Hives, fancy with Bees; 2d,
Kings; 2d, Charles L. Boyes, Sus-
Spinning Wheel, large; Best,
ton, Sussex; 2d, Jasper D. Armstr-
berland.
Forks & Hoos; Best, P. Mel-
2d, O. & H. Broad, St. John.
Mowing Machine; Best, Jas. II.
Steering Apparatus; Best, D.
John.
Cornices; Best, Chas. E. Pott,
Hay Elevator; Best, James P.
Drill Plough; Best, D. & J. W.
Design for Farm House; B-
Longstaff, Carleton Co.
Design for Farm Gate; B-
Longstaff, Carleton Co.
Loom; Best, Sam'l. Gosline, K-
Model of Saw Mill; Best, A.
John.
Straw and Root Cutter, best, J.
John.
Horse Rake, best, Flewelling
King's; 2nd, P. McFarlane, Yon-
Hand Rakes, best, Thomas C.
Stamping Machine, best, T. C.
Fredericton.
GRAIN PRODUCE OF F-
Wheat, best, James Hendic-
2nd, George Brooks, 2d, Mich-
thumberland; 4th.—Girvan, Ken-
White.
Oats, white, best, Thos. Pring-
Taylor; 3rd, Robt. Bowes, K-
Cunningham; 2nd, Kays McBrin-
lor.
Barley, best, John Douglas; 2-
ston; 3rd, Sam'l. Cunningham
Kennedy.
Rye, best, M. P. Folkins, 2nd
man; 3rd, A. G. Musgrove.
Buckwheat, rough, best, H. S.
Wm. Sherwood. Smooth, best,
2nd, Wm. Brown; 3rd, Geo. Cl-
Indian Corn, best, 50 ears, V.
John A. Pugsley; 3rd, H. P. F-
Lomon Lawson; 4th, Isaac F-
Peas, best, John W. Sherwo-
Douglas Carmichael; 3rd, John
Green Peas, best, Benj. Dowlin-
Beans, best, John A. Pugs-
White; 3rd, Jas. Cunningham.
Timothy Seed, best, M. Flann-
Fringe; 3rd, Simon Fearle.
Marigold Seed, best, James J-
Beet Seed, best, James Joh-
P. Bridges.
ROOTS.
Potatoes—Best, Oliver Hall,
Wm. Sherwood; 3rd, Wm. A-
Dibblee.
Turnips—Best, C. W. Chan-
Jardine St. John; 3rd, C. W. I-
Marigold—Best, Richard R-
Jardine; 3rd, R. A. Stockton.
Beets—Best, R. A. Stockton;
3rd, D. B. Campbell.
Carrots red—Best, John W-
2d, Douglas McMonagle, King-
Guilford Cougle, Sussex; 2d,
John;