

THE ANGLO-CANADIAN FARMER.

THERE lived an English gentleman
Who had a small estate
And likewise a large family
Six sons and daughters eight;
The pull upon his purse-strings was
Intolerably great.

His name was Hugh de Vinen and
His pedigree was old;
His patrimony all was spent
His property all sold;
Providing for his family
It must be sadly told.

His daughters were unmarried, for
Their facial fortunes brought
No suitable young suitors; so
No old gold fishes they caught—
Their mother's matrimonial schemes
Were all reduced to nought.

The eldest son, an officer,
Received the lion's share
Of annual allowance and
The other brothers were
Combined in the opinion that
It really wasn't fair.

The second was a banker's clerk,
And dealt out notes and gold
In princely style, and all the while
Preserved a manner cold
And haughty mien, as though he'd been
Some lord in days of old.

The third, who is the hero of
This sad but true romance,
Was taking leave of public school
(A cheap one in *belle France*)
Where he had learnt to drink, swear, smoke,
Sing, play and likewise dance.

The rest were young and did remain
Beneath their parents' roof,
Where they were ground beneath the weight
Of strict tutorial hoof,
And from all neighbour's children kept
Religiously aloof.

Young Eustice Percy reached his home
Inbued with notions great
That were dispelled when he beheld
The much cut-down estate,
And so he smoked and drank, and cuss'd
His most unlucky fate.

His father paid a bonus and
Procured him a snug place
Within a lawyer's office, where
He loll'd in idle grace,
And twirled the blonde moustache that was
The *all* upon his face.

He stayed five weeks, and then he left;
A row with some Q. C.
Was the sole cause that led to laws
This young aspirant; he
Was fined five pounds, which came from out
His parents' treasury.

He play'd awhile at stock-broking,
Tea-tasting too he tried;
But this last occupation quite
Upset his stomach's pride,
A "gin and polly" were far more
Suited to his inside.

One day his father came across
A new advertisement
Within the *Field*, and then he thought
How other men had sent
Their sons into the Colonies
On agriculture bent.

So Eustice came to Canada,
That gem in England's crown,
And for the privilege named
Hereafter he paid down
Four hundred dollars to a man
Who smiled and said, "Done brown."

(Concluded in one more effort.)

THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS; AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER XXI.



QUIET looking, well-dressed man, who was seated at a table apparently engaged in reading a paper, but who kept casting furtive glances in the direction of the three Pickwickians, raised his head at this moment and, to use a vulgar expression, "took stock" of the party. Apparently satisfied, after a short scrutiny, with what he saw, he resumed, or affected to resume, the perusal of his paper, though it was evident that he gave far more attention to what the three were saying than to the matter in

the sheet before him. He was not at all a bad looking fellow in the usual acceptance of that term, though there was something about his face that impressed the beholder unfavourably with it: perhaps it was that his eyes seemed placed too close together, or it may have been the quick sidelong glances which he ever and anon cast about him and which seemed to indicate a suspicious nature; but there certainly was something that would have put a cautious man or a person with an aptitude for reading human character through the medium of the countenance, on his guard. As before said he was well-dressed, that is to say his garments were well cut and of good material, though they partook slightly of the "flashy" order, and he wore more jewellery about his person than a gentleman usually cares to display.

"I am sure I don't know what we can do with ourselves," said Coddleby, in answer to Mr. Yubbitts' last question, "there doesn't seem to be much of anything; what do *you* say, Crinkle?"

"My feelings in their present state would not permit me to enjoy myself, even were we back again in our own metropolis; I really scarcely think I shall ever recover from the shock that that boat-song has given me: not only that, but supposing,—I say, supposing,—for I trust the hideous reality will never be, that our Club should ever come to hear that our leader was ignominiously hurled into the river by a—by a common goat: had he been hurled by a Canadian buffalo, or overpowered by thrice his number of midnight assassins, then the affair would have been flavored with a tinge of romance; nay, it would have been an adventure, and such we came hither to seek—but a *goat*—never."

"Oh! Crinkle," said Coddleby, "I really think you take the matter too much to heart; besides, my own candid opinion is, that if Bramley had been offered his choice between midnight assassination and being butted by the animal you mention, honestly and candidly now, I think he would have preferred the latter."

"Well, if you put it in that light, Coddleby, perhaps he would; in fact I think I should myself, still it is not pleasant to think about which ever way you look at it, is it?"