

## Reviews.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE. Toronto: T. Maclear.

The July number of this sound Tory and Protectionist periodical is, to say the least of it, of average merit. *Campaigns of an Austrian Aide-de-Camp*, will be perused with interest, by all desirous of information regarding the military history of Europe during the last four years. "Delta," contributes some sweet, but not very vigorous verses, entitled *The Lament of Selim*,—whilst "Augustus R. Dunshunner" presents us with another of his inimitable papers on the *downward tendencies* of this quackish age.

REMARKS ON THE PROPOSED ABOLITION OF THE COURT OF CHANCERY: Kingston, 1851.

These remarks originally appeared in the columns of the *Chronicle and News*, and are evidently the production of one well acquainted with the subject which he discusses. The writer strongly, but in temperate language, deprecates the proposition to vest in the Common Law Judges of the Province an equitable jurisdiction, and do away with the Court of Chancery as a separate tribunal. His arguments merit the careful perusal of all who take an interest in this very important question.

SCENES IN OUR PARISH.

NO. III.

THE LAST OF THE FAMILY.

"Thus they rest" . . . . .  
 . . . . . "They that with smiles lit up the hall,  
 And cheer'd with joy the hearth,—  
 Alas! for love, if thou wert all,  
 And nought beyond—O earth!"—MRS. HEMANS.

"The last of the family," I said to myself, repeating the words with which our clerk had just answered my question as to who was going to be buried? "The last of the family! the last of the name!"—and then, perhaps, my thoughts might have wandered to very old tombs, with their illegible inscriptions; and to the statues of knights, with the emblems of their holy warfare; and so, to the reclining figures, with the ruffs and peaked beards of the days of the cavaliers; and on to stately monuments of my lord and lady, in the full court dress of the time of George the First; and last, to the plain but massy marble tablet, with the Grecian ornaments of the present day; and I might have fancied the filling up of the vacant space, that told how the last of a mighty race had come to his kindred dead and his long home; and the raising of the last escutcheon, with its death's head crest, used only; say the old books of heraldry, to show that death has conquered all, into its gloomy abiding place. I might perhaps, but there was no deeper shadow than that of the green chesnut, over the open grave by which I stood; and I well know that our churchyard was not a place wherein to nurse the recollections of centuries gone by, because seventy years ago there was no church there. Seventy years ago and where was this chesnut-tree? A slender sapling as it must have been, then, when the weight of the wood pigeon could sway it to the very root; and I can remember the old man who planted it. He was father to him who is to be buried to-night, and a very great favorite the old man was with us children, when we followed him about, as he was doing his easy day's work in our garden. To be sure, sometimes we made him angry by scuffling about the gravel which he had been rolling, or by running away with a curious instrument of his which he used to call his half-moon, and which we found very useful for digging in our own strangely cultivated gardens; but generally he was very good natured, and generally, I hope, we were civil to him; and he loved to talk, and we to listen to the story of the days of his youth, when he and his wife danced at the laying of the foundation stone of the church; and he used to tell us how decently he had brought up his family, and how much he had seen, and how very much he had done, and often concluded by lifting up his hands and exclaiming, "And I had nothing but what these little hands worked for." O what a picture of an old man he was! small in stature, but really a beautiful face, with flowing locks of shining white hair, and bright blue eyes, and a clear and healthy, but still fair complexion. O what a picture of an old man he was! I have his figure before me now, as one bright Whit-Monday, when the clubs and their bands of music were coming across the green to church, he stood pulling the bell outside the belfry door; for, amidst his many avocations, he was bell-ringer; at least if ours may be called bell-ringing, when we boast of but of two bells—one great and one small. He was tolling the little bell then, to call the congregation to church; and hearing the glad sound of the procession and the loyal music, and wishing to be there to spy, he wisely bethought himself of the expedient of pulling the bell-rope, which fortunately was long enough, through the door into the churchyard. And there he stood in the sunshine, the fresh wind blowing his long silver hair, pulling with all his might, and his head turned quite the other way, to gaze at the floating flags and the thronging people; and no doubt he complimented himself at thus having

found a plan to combine duty and pleasure. He used to look very handsome in his Sunday dress, but perhaps more picturesque in his still more old-fashioned working day costume, with his brown gaiters and his blue woolen apron; how pleased we used to be to help him, when at Christmas he came to gather sprays of our variegated holly, to help dress up the church; and year after year, it gave our young hearts a momentary pang to hear him say, "Ah! I shall never trouble ye again;" and I remember the very last time he came tottering on crutches, and when we had filled his apron, and tied it up for him as well as we could, as he was slowly going away down the narrow path leading to the churchyard gate, the apron gave way, and all the laurel and holly boughs fell down. We gathered round him, and filling our pinafores, carried the evergreens for him into the church, and he said once more, and for the last time, "God bless ye all!" and "thank ye; I shall never trouble ye again!"

Poor old Thomas! he never did; but that is not so many years ago, and he might be called the first of his family—certainly the first I remember, and the eldest buried under the shadow of this chesnut; the first in point of age I mean, for his grandson Philip died several years before him.—But are not any of his own children left? Has not our clerk mistaken? And his son—the man who is to be buried to-night, what is become of all his children? For he had as fair a family, and that not of little delicate ones—not of tender infants, grouped together like a spray of blossoms, of which we are sure that not half can come to maturity. No; his "flowers were in flushing" all grown up to man and woman's estate. "They were five fair children, beautiful young men and women," said the heart broken mother: and it was not only the mother's partial heart that thought so; every one says, that three of them were very handsome young men, and that the women were two of the prettiest in the country. And is there not one to come to his funeral to-night? Not one! not one! Philip, the eldest, has been dead almost twenty years, and he was nearly twenty one when he died. In common with most young men of that age, he was of a joyous and enterprising temper, and in his health possessed an unbroken flow of high spirits; but he had also, what in men is not so common, a remarkably tender affection to his mother and to his old grandmother, who, in return were doingly attached to their handsome and dutiful child. He was one of the first scholars brought up in our parish school, and by all the very little account I can collect of him, he did it credit. He could read his Bible with ease: he did read it, and from that unfailling source derived that consolation for which he found much need during his lingering and wasting sickness. It was consumption; but consumption is a flatterer, and after many changes, much weakness, and great apparent recovery of strength, he one morning found himself so well, as earnestly to request his mother's permission to join a party of bell-ringers, on occasion, I believe of some victory. He would not go, he said, if she said "no;" but he earnestly begged her to say "yes." How could his mother refuse him? and then she had nursed him in his illness so long, and was so pleased to see him better. Dear creature! she could not bear to disappoint him: yet as she tied an additional handkerchief round his neck, she bade God bless him the tears came into her eyes, and dimmed her sight as she watched him down the road. He promised to come back early, and he kept his word; but it was only to say, with the poor huntsman, in that told and touching ballad,

"O, I am weary mother! make my bed soon,  
 For I'm weary, I'm weary, and fain would lie down."

Poor Philip! this happened, I think, in the winter; and he died, says the head stone, on the 10th March, 1811, aged 21 years.

Then died one whose very name is forgotten.—In the leaf of the old Bible it was perhaps written—doubtless it was engraven in his mother's heart, but the first record was worthless to the strangers into whose hands it fell, and they have erased it; and for the second, love is stronger than death, and we will trust that the spirit which cherished the memory of her lost ones to the brink of the grave, has ere this recognized them in that land where remembrance is exchanged for presence—where "an enemy never entered, and from whence a friend never went away."\*

Then, but with the space of some years, they lost their daughter Elizabeth. She was for some time our next door neighbour. She came a bride to the pleasant cottage afterwards inhabited by the sailor and his wife, and she lived there in great comfort during her short married life. Like all her family, she was remarkably pretty. Certainly there is something extremely lovely in that clear delicacy of complexion, that sparkling brilliancy of eye, and that changeful but always beautiful, color, which we usually see in consumptive patients.—Within the first year of her marriage she became a mother, and from that time the sweet flower faded. The eye became more glittering, the blue veins more clearly defined on the pure temple and down the thin cheek; the colour was brighter but more

\* Ep. Jeremy Taylor.

changeful, and the delicate lips became yet more delicate and paler. We were sent over once with some little present to her, and young as we were—my dear companion will I dare say, remember how much we were struck by the contrast which her beauty presented to that of her young neighbour, Honor, who chanced just then to bring her in a nosegay, such as country people make of marigolds and thyme, boys love, gillyflower and sweet peas. (Poor Honor! she must have missed that sunny garden of hers, when she went to live in the narrow close street in town.) Perhaps I have never seen two prettier women together since.—Honor, a healthy, cheerful looking country girl, tall and well formed, with bright auburn hair, merry blue eyes, and a rosy colour; and the other so sadly, so touchingly beautiful; her dark hair braided back, as if lest the weight of the heavy curls should increase the fever that swelled the veins and flushed the pale cheek. Her attenuated hands and her weak arms, sinking, as it were, from the weight of the small infant which yet they clasped so lovingly, and on which her bright melancholy eyes gazed with such unspeakable tenderness.—And Honor stood looking on the form which was "wearing awa, like snaw wreath in thaw," with an expression of interest and compassion which added grace to her beauty. It was a sweet picture; I have not done it justice, but I think I shall never forget it. Poor Elizabeth! I hope and believe she never wanted sympathy or kindness; every one was interested for her; for her kind husband and her poor baby.

Death is always awful: we weep indeed, and tremble, even when the Lord's blessing rests on the righteous as he goes "to his grave in full age, like a shock of corn in his season;" but when the green ear is blighted, when the young tree is felled, when the wind sweeps over the budding flower, and it is gone, and the place thereof knows it no more: then indeed, in the expressive language of holy writ, "our hearts faint, and our eyes are dim, and even all the merry hearted do sigh."

Poor Elizabeth! many real mourners followed her to her grave, besides her husband, and her poor little girl whose long white robe made a strange and sad contrast to the band of black love ribbon and the black rosette on her cap. It is a sad sight to see an infant in mourning for its mother, but it has been my lot to see it very often. And yet it is something more strange and sadder still, to see the bending and tottering form of the parent come, time after time, to the grave in which he longs to rest himself; but of which those whom he expected to be the strength of his age, take a premature possession. How the poor mother must have trembled when saw once more the dreading and now well known symptoms appear in her only remaining son. She nursed him, and watched by him, but it was hopelessly, or only with "the hope that keeps alive despair." From the hour that the cough came, she knew George could not live, but she prayed that he might be made fit to die.—We know whose promise runs thus—"Whilst they are yet speaking, I will hear." So I have good reason to believe there was hope in his end, and after a while his mother was comforted; and she had still one dear daughter left. This was her youngest, Susan, whom I remember seeing once, and only once. It was at the time of a contested election; and I recollect her blush and smile, as at her mother's bidding, she took off her bonnet to exhibit the shining blue ribbon, which one of our Tory member's family had given her. All her relations, in common, I believe, with our parishioners in general, are attached—deservedly attached to that family, and to what we used to call the "high party." Now, indeed, things are so strangely altered that we cannot exactly tell what to call ourselves. We were a very loyal parish, and so we are—"true blue" is our color still—the color of the gallant Falkland, and the color of true faith, and of the unchanging sky. We may be in the minority, but we, who were born subjects to George the Third, cannot readily learn to speak evil of the rulers of our people. Oh! we feel ourselves "true blue" still; and truly, our native member represented us in the last Session.

We may yet see better times; there are right spirits among us yet. How the people thronged to sign our petitions, surely with steady hearts, though by some unskilful hands. How we sent up parchment after parchment; and one man, who had chanced to miss the opportunity of signing, ran six miles during the time allowed for rest at noon, and finding the throng so great that then he could not accomplish his purpose, took the same run the next day, and succeeded. There were true hearts among us! Poor things! their petitions deserved better treatment than they met with; but God give us right Protestant feeling, and we shall be able to bear whatever may come.

But women, you think, have little to do with politics and state affairs. An Englishwoman, however, may be forgiven for feeling an impassioned love to her own land—a deep grief when "any wrong her," that will sometimes express itself in words. Though I will own untimely attention to high affairs may carry her away from the duties of her narrow sphere, as it has me from my story, for indeed I have gone a great way from pretty Susan

and her blue ribbon. She married, and went to live in town; she was very happy, I believe, and it seemed that the warm situation agreed with her better than the air of our bleak hills; and for some time there appeared cause to hope that she might yet be spared to nurse and comfort her old father and mother, in their last hours. She was now older than any one of her brothers or her sister had lived to be, and every year added to her poor mother's trembling hopes. She had a lovely baby too, and yet her strength returned, and she continued well. No wonder the poor mother flattered herself—no wonder she looked on this daughter as if all the love she had ever borne to all her children was centered in her. But Susan again became a mother, and then the family disease showed itself in her constitution. Her mother endeavoured to say, "Thy will be done," but though the heart consented, the voice refused, and her utmost effort only enabled her, like Aaron, to "hold her peace." All care was taken of poor Susan; every effort made to save her, but in vain. She wasted away as the rest had done: she died, and was buried in a city church-yard, with her husband's family. Then her parents felt that all was over: so the earth was filled up and the grieving mother turned away from the grave of her last child. To her, I doubt not, her heavy afflictions have been greatly blessed.—She was humble and uncomplaining in her deportment, though indeed sometimes her heart appeared almost broken. She was neat in her person, and to the last time I saw her, exhibited marks of having possessed that beauty which was so remarkable in her children.

I am sorry I know so little about her. It was all my own fault, for I never went there without being welcomed; and never read a chapter or a psalm, but that she listened with quiet tears, which showed how deeply she was interested. She was, for her age, very infirm; who could wonder at it, when she had so long to say with Naomi, "the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me!" Yet weakly as she was, her death appears to me to have been almost sudden—at least I never heard of her being ill, until I also heard that no kindness and no attention from us could any more avail her. It is not the uncertainty of our own lives alone, but that also of others, which should make us remember whilst we have time, "to do good unto all men." She died a few months since: her husband saw her laid here with her children; now the bell strikes out and his own funeral is coming. There are a decent number of acquaintance and neighbours: they are grave and silent, but there is no expression of grief amongst them: there is no sorrowing brother or sister—no affectionate son—no weeping daughter there. And when the service is over, they will disperse quietly, mention him for a day or two, and then Philip's name will be forgotten: no one will trouble himself to see it engraven in its place on the tomb-stone: the freshly heaped earth will soon sink down to a level with the path beside it. Many will not observe it; and a few, remembering who sleeps there, will feel that our clerk was right—"It is the grave of the last of the family."

CURE FOR STAMMERING.

At a recent meeting of the Boston Society of Natural History, says a Boston paper, Dr. Warren stated a simple, easy effectual cure for stammering, which is generally known to be a mental and not a physical defect. It is simply, at every syllable pronounced to tap at the same time with the finger; by so doing, the most inveterate stammerer will be surprised to find that he can pronounce quite fluently and, by long and constant practice, he will pronounce perfectly well.

Dr. W. said that this may be explained in two ways; either by a sympathetic and consentaneous action of the nerves of voluntary motion in the finger and those of the tongue, which is the most probable; we know, as Dr. Gould remarked, that a stammerer who cannot speak a sentence in the usual way, can articulate perfectly well when he introduces a rhythmical movement, and sings it; or it may be that the movement of the finger distracts the attention of the individual from his speech, and allows a free action of the nerves concerned in articulation.

THE OUTSIDE PASSAGE.

Some months ago, a young lady who was going into a northern county in England, took a seat in a stage coach. For many miles she rode alone, but there was enough to amuse her in the scenery thro' which she passed, and the pleasant anticipations that occupied her mind. She had been engaged as governess to the grandchildren of an earl and was now travelling to his seat. At noon the coach stopped at an inn, at which dinner was provided in good style, and she alighted and sat down at the table. An elderly man followed and sat down also. The young lady rose, rang the bell, and addressing the waiter said, "Here is an outside passenger; I cannot dine with an outside passenger." The stranger bowed, saying, "I beg your pardon madam, I can go into another room, and immediately retired. The coach soon after resumed its course and the passengers their places.