heard the horn, the older Dana shouldered his hoe, and struck a bee line for the house. Sam followed in the steps of his predecessor, filed in'o the shed, hung their hoes in their proper places with military precision—next into the washroom, washed their hands and faces with the same silent emphasis that had distinguished their hoeing for the last hour—wiped, adjusted their hair, shot into the dining-room and down to the table they sat face to face, and again they looked fiercely at each other.

"You're a fool!" said Sam Dana.

"I calculate not," quietly responded the other Sam.

"What's the matter now?" asked Mrs D.

"That boy, that boy's the matter," said her husband, in tones that told his feelings were somewhat ruffled.

"Why, Sam, what have you been doing?"

"Nothing mother, only talking a little."

"Only talking! do you hear that? he says he's only talking —did you ever hear any thing like that?"

"Well dad; did I do any thing else?"

"Do? did? you talked like a fool, Sam."

"Now husband, do keep cool, and tell me what the trouble is —you get so wrathy if things don't go to suit you—now what's the matter?"

"Ask Sam."

"Sam, what is the matter?"

"Ask dad."

"Well, I guess you had better eat your dinners and you'll feel better after it," replied Mrs Dana pettishly, puckering up her mouth and nose slightly, perhaps contemptuously.

Dinner disappeared wonderfully quick—the elder Sam laid to it with great strength and speed, the younger Sam kept his eye on his author, and strove to keep pace with him in all his movements—they finished together; they left the house in precise order; they shouldered their hoes as orderly as veterans; they re-commenced their labours in the field at the same moment; and together, for nearly two hours, they toiled as if hoeing for a wager—the silence was broken by a sharp quick "Sam!" from the elder Dana, at the same instant coming to a stop.

"Well," was the instant reply.

"Go to the tailor and get measured for a freedom suit"—and at it they went again; another half hour passed in silence, and then came again, "Sam!"

"Well," said the individual.

"I'll give you $100 to start with."

Another half hour passed; they began to slacken their speed.

"Sam."

"Well."

"What are you going to do?"

"Going peddling."

They hoed a full hour at moderate pace.

"Sam."

"Well."

"I'll give you the red horse and waggon."

A few minutes more of moderate hoeing, and the elder Dana "guessed" that it was time to drive up the cattle, so Sam started for the pasture, and the father started for the house—the trouble was all over.

Sam went to town for his freedom suit—his old clothes were nicely mended, washed and packed away in his chest, his mother and sisters were busy all the remaining time of his minority, "fixing off Sam," and when the day came for him to leave home, all were pleasant, and with a light heart he drove off.

Sam was happy. After he had driven over the hill, he pulled up his horse to have a talk to himself; said he, "I'm a man—Sam you're a man, twenty-one yesterday—old horse, you're mine. Sam owns you—old waggon, I own you, you're Sam's property—a cool hundred in your pocket Sam—a chest full of clothes, (here he threw open the lid) twenty pairs of socks, sixteen shirts, and lots of drawers—a suit of new clothes, bright buttons, six pairs of boots, and what is this? two nice pies, some cheese, and a pound cake—that's the gal's work. I own the whole of this crowd—horse, waggon, chest, contents, and driver, ha, hoa!" and Sam laughed long and loud, then he hallooed, shouted, laughed again, speechified to the old horse, talked to Sam, drummed on his chest, crowed, barked, cackled, imitated every thing he could think of by turns. Sam Dana was a happy fellow, quite crazy with joy.

Sam drove on, An hour and a half after he left his father's house, he hitched his horse in front of the Melville pottery. With the proprietor he bargained for a little load of earthenware, such as milk-pans, bean-pots, jugs, &c., agreeing to settle for the load, as soon as he could turn it into cash, and then take another on the same terms, and so continue as long as the arrangement should be agreeable to both parties. His load was soon selected, carefully packed in his waggon, and away he drove. After proceeding a few miles over the country, Sam stopped his horse and took a bird's eye inventory of his load, calculating his probable profits if he had good luck, lunched off his mince pies and cheese, and was just preparing to mount and drive on to market, when his horse took a sudden fright and started off like a deer. Sam pursued, yelling "Whoa," like a madman. The old horse sheered off the side of the road, and over went the waggon, down a steep, rugged bank—the body parted from the forward wheels—chest and earthenware went helter-skelter, in crashing, smashing confusion down the precipice. Sam stopped a moment, gave a prolonged whistle, and dashed after his horse as fast as his legs could carry him. At the end of an hour and a half's chase he returned, and after considerable trouble he succeeded in getting his waggon together, gathered up his clothing which had been disturbed in the general smash, collected in a heap the fragments of his load, and took a parting look at it, with the consoling remark, that it was of no use to cry for spilt milk. He then mounted his cart and drove on to a neighbouring tavern, where he put up for the night. Next morning, in good season, Sam Dana hitched up his horse in front of the Melville pottery, and made his way into the counting room.

"Well, Mr Dana," said the proprietor, "have you turned it so quick?"

"Yes sir," said Sam triumphantly, "I have turned it, and can turn fifty loads more."

"Is it possible? Well, you shall have just as many loads as you want."

"I guess I'll settle for the load I took along yesterday," said Sam.

The bill was produced, Sam paid the cash, and merely remarked that he didn't know as he should want any more ware —wished the potter good day, mounted his chest, and drove in the direction of Bow.

On arriving at his homestead, he unharnessed his old horse, turned him out to feed, lugged his chest up stairs to its old place, rigged himself out in his working suit, shouldered his hoe, made for the corn-field and went to work. Sam Dana, junior, is entirely cured of his straying notions; he says he got cured for something less than fifty dollars, and he intends in future to keep clear of all attacks of that troublesome complaint; in short, he means to spend his days in the land where he was brought up, free and happy, turning the soil for a sure return of profits and independent livelihood.

MODERN MILITARY STRATEGY.—FORTIFICATIONS OF PARIS.

(From the London Quarterly Review.)

There is an able article in the last Quarterly, with the above title, from which we make extracts, for the purpose of shewing the almost incredible expense and destructiveness of war, when carried on upon a large scale, and that whether battles are fought or not. It will also show the cool and calculating manner in which military men necessarily regard operations which involve great destruction of human life.

After describing the fortifications of Paris, which have been completed by Louis Philippe, who has met with much opposition on the part of the people, the article states that they cost £5,600,000 and that they are thought to be intended more as a precaution against future revolution than as a defence against foreign enemies. The writer then goes on to say:—

It is our belief that the works at Paris, while they fully answer what we suppose to be their original purpose of putting the capital in a cage, will stand the severest criticism if considered with reference to their ostensible and possible eventual object of resisting a hostile siege. This we shall now endeavour to show, and also that field-works, the use of which, in the present case, has been advocated by respectable authorities, are not capable of being applied with advantage to the fortification of large towns. But there are some preliminary points on which our non-military readers may perhaps thank us for a few