

spring." "As to the imperfections of the treaty the historian's statement will pass without dispute; but every pacific year that closes not merely without collision, but with a growing mutual good-feeling, is shaking, we hope, the historian's own expressed conviction—if it be not already abandoned as a conclusion founded on a darker state of things—that war, at no distant period, is inevitable."

As a colony of Great Britain—not a golden one like Australia; but, as we conceive, with an enviable destiny before us,—we assert our right to share in the honours of our motherland; and participating likewise in her spirit, we fear not—if we have only fair play—to measure our strength, in our degree, with the United States. We possess a fertile soil, superior in some respects to that of our neighbours. Divine Providence smiles upon us likewise from a propitious heaven; our southern border is bounded, and our internal navigation rendered unparal- leled by a chain of lakes, rivers, and spacious canals; all that our cities need to accelerate their growth is a freer influx of British gold. We have railways in progress, not to be compared perhaps with the iron network which covers the United States; but even their railways, or something like them we might have had years ago had British capitalists condescended to cheer us with a moderate proportion of the capital which they have invested in the United States. With that flourishing republic, in more than one branch of industry, productiveness and invention, we can contend for the palm: very possibly we shall be beaten. Be it so! successful or unsuccessful, the friendly contest will do us good.

THE CHRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY.

No. V.

THE QUAKER'S WARD.

It is out of my power to fix precisely the epoch when Malachi Sampson, the Quaker,—or "Friend," as he denominated himself,—first pitched his tent within the boundaries of the Royal Burgh of Dreepdaily. If, however, I were upon the rack, and constrained by the importunity of cord and pulley to give a guess, I should say that it was somewhere about the year '96 or '98. Be that as it may, the fact

is undoubted, that the aforesaid Malachi did, for a lengthened span, sojourn in our famous town; and, making due allowance for his heretical crotchets, (which would have gained him a stake and tar-barrel in the orthodox days of yore,) he was by no manner of means the omega of his fellow lieges.

It was a saying of my honest grandmother, that the two greatest rarities to be met with upon earth (a peace-making lawyer always excepted) were a Queen Anne sixpence and a poverty-stricken Quaker,—and truly the hindmost of these propositions suffered no refutation, so far as Master Sampson was concerned.

To calling, he was what might be termed a general huxter, his stock in trade consisting of everything you could think of, from a paper of pins up to a family Bible or cuckoo clock. I have heard a tradition, that in the recesses of his mercantile ark, you could even forgather with cradles and coffins,—the first and last milestones on the highway of life, as Dr. Scougal used jocularly to remark. In one word, the Quaker's huxtery was a perfect bewilderment for variety, and as the owner had a virtual monopoly, in at least a hundred different articles, it was small marvel that ere long his money-bags began to assume a dropsical appearance.

One of the things which to a certain extent tended to increase the custom of Malachi, was the universal curiosity which he was wont to excite amongst the country-folks of the surrounding districts. Such another prodigy as a Quaker, was not to be met with in the whole county, so that he became one of the lions, as it were, of Dreepdaily; and was visited as such by strangers, equally with the martyr's tomb and the black-hole!

On the annual fair-day, in particular, he was universally besieged by droves of lads and lasses, who would have opined that they had seen nothing, if they had missed the long Quaker! Of course, they could not with decency go into his shop without making a purchase; and many a maiden has bought what she had no human occasion for, just to get a *thee* or a *thou* from "the man with the muckle hat," by which *alias* our friend was better known than his legitimate designation.

In person, Malachi was a portly, gaucy figure, measuring six feet, odds, in height,