

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A THIMBLE.

I have not much recollection of my young days. That I am from a respectable ancestry I know, for, though not exactly belonging to the *silver* family, I am *cousin-germain* to that brilliant "connection." I belong to the *german-silver* "branch of the house." The various stages of my early education, and preparation for "coming out," I am ignorant of, but I know that this preparation for my *debut* before the world was carried on in rather a hot manner, and, before I was "licked into shape," I received many a hard blow from the brawny hands of my master. My moral education must also have been strictly attended to, for, though a thimble, I am no *thimble-rigger*, and I can solemnly affirm that no treacherous pea has ever been concealed by me.

I distinctly remember the day when I left my native town, Birmingham: that manufacturing atmosphere of smoke and iron filings. It was rather a great day for me, for I was destined to make a trip across the Ocean, and, in the new world, commence the busy scene of active and, I flatter myself, useful life. I, together with a great number of my companions, was carefully stowed away for the voyage, and being, as you may perceive, of "genteel connections" I was awarded the best berth in the box. Our voyage was a short and prosperous one; our good ship the Canadian steamer *Ottawa* having exceeded the poet's idea of "walking the waters like a thing of life."

Not long after my arrival in Canada I was taken to a large warehouse, where I remained not only in "*bond*," but in *bondage*; however, by the kindness of the Custom House officers I was soon removed from my prison house, and again allowed to breathe a purer atmosphere. The master into whose hands I had now fallen was one who could not appreciate my excellent qualities, and—thus giving only a too common specimen of want of appreciative discrimination of genius—he made every exertion to get me off his hands. He succeeded; and this time a lady in the "fancy and Berlin wool line" was my purchaser. This lady, after carefully brightening me up with a little powder, set me on the counter of her grand shop, and enclosed me in a glass case, where I enjoyed a congenial circle of acquaintanceship. I was put in the midst of jewellery, bijouteire, and trinkets of every