

setting off on his return home upon the morrow. M—— tried to persuade him to stay until the spring and make a fair trial of the country; his arguments were thrown away; the next morning our eccentric friend was ready for a start.

"Good bye, Mrs. M——," quoth he, shaking me by the hand as if he meant to sever it from the wrist. "When next we meet it will be in New South Wales, and I hope by that time that you will know how to make better bread."

And thus ended Tom Wilson's emigration to Canada. He brought out three hundred pounds of British currency; he stayed in the country just four months, and he returned with barely enough to pay his passage home. If our readers feel interested in his fate I will detail all I know of him since, in a few words: Tom and the bear arrived safe in England, and good uncle John again received the wanderer, forgave all his follies, and set him up in a chemist's shop in a large town. How he succeeded in trade I never knew, but he married a very pretty girl whose face was her only fortune. She died in her confinement with her first child, and Tom returned to his brother in New South Wales, a melancholy and heart-broken man for the loss of his wife and child. Of his career since that period I know nothing, but I rather think that among a list of home news, my sisters informed me of the death of poor Tom! Peace be to his memory! He has caused me many a hearty laugh. Odd as he was, he possessed many noble and redeeming good qualities, and greatly ameliorated by his quiet drollery the first sad months of my sojourn in Canada.

"GAUN BACK AGAIN."

An emigrant Scotchman, landing on the wharf at Montreal, before it was a wharf, and wading up to the knees in the delectable mud in the days of yore so prevalent in that now beautiful region, in the midst of a pelting shower of rain, met a friend whom he had known in earlier days at home. The new-comer, when the first greetings were over, began bemoaning loudly his unhappy fate in having left his native land. His friend interrupted him before he had got half through his tale. "Haud your tongue, Jamie! Ye dinna ken yet what ill luck is! If ye could only think what has befaun me. Oh, Jamie! its awfu'." "What can it be?" said Jamie, with the most unfeigned concern—"what dreadful ill has happened?" "Oh! Jamie, man," said the other. "Oh! Jamie, Jamie, man—I'm—I'm gaun back again!"

CONVERSATIONAL EXCELLENCE

BY W. P. C.

FEW estimate the power over others, and the intellectual enjoyment that excellence in conversation gives to its possessor. It is of far more importance than the eloquence of the forum or the writing-desk, inasmuch as it is more frequently than either called into requisition. While those are made subservient to rules of art and systems of instruction, scarcely a thought is bestowed upon this. Any attempt at general improvement in the *conversational art* is considered of trivial consequence; as if that which affords the most extensive communication between man and man, the primeval method of expressing thoughts, could be otherwise than worthy of the most assiduous cultivation. Yet haply there are some who view this matter in a different light.

It is somewhat remarkable that upright manly sentiments are less frequently assisted by conversational eloquence than wicked and gross ones. From the different nature of these one might reasonably expect the contrary; yet an honest man relies more upon the intrinsic merits of the doctrine he professes to follow, than upon his skill in expounding it. Forgetting that all men do not comprehend the truth as readily as himself, he takes very little trouble about its exposition, and hence often fails in obtaining the desired result. One of depraved morals, on the other hand, who embraces a theory the falsity of which he well knows, in order to establish it and render it popular, must exert every energy of his mind. He must employ all means, great or small, that tend to accomplish his purpose. He necessarily cultivates the peculiar faculty of exhibiting his subject in refined and beautiful language, such as produces its end notwithstanding the grossest errors in the principles embodied. He can do this to much better purpose, as we find, in private conversation than on the stage or through the public prints. Those false ethics, that to a cool and unbiassed judgment reveal sufficiently their own absurdity, if advanced and defended by one versed in the mysteries of the conversational art, stand forth clothed apparently with truth, and based on the most incontrovertible arguments that reason itself can suggest. The most notorious free-thinkers that the world has ever seen, have made more converts to their pernicious theories, by that artful reasoning which familiar conversation favors, than by their most labored and erudite written disquisitions.

The intriguing office-seeker amuses his patron with promises of self-devotion, and dwells so for-