

The old man started and addressed his would-be offspring with the query,

"Is your name Shadrach?"

His voice faltered, and he seemed to be struggling with some powerful emotion.

"Arrah is it, and Shadrach's me name;" was the answer.

"From Drogheda?" asked the senior, with increased anxiety.

"From Drogheda it is; since the cat is let out iv the bag," replied Shadrach.

"And the paper?"

"Sure I preserved it, as the parish officers told me," said Shady, producing a scrap of paper from under the lining of his hat, and presenting it to Mr. O'Neil.

"And have you a mole on your neck?" asked the old man, in the same tone of eagerness.

"Sorrow a one of your family would be without it, I'm thinking," replied Shadrach, while the old gentleman, with trembling hands, ascertained that there was really a mole, of a peculiar figure, precisely under the left ear.

"Mr. Passmore," said old Mr. O'Neil, "this young man has told you the truth;—he is my son, but I now see him for the first time since his infancy: My wife died shortly after giving him birth; I was then in distressed circumstances, and being desirous of emigrating to America, I was unfeeling enough to expose my child to become an object of public charity. Since my fortune has improved, I visited Ireland for the purpose of bringing over my son, but I could discover no traces of him whatever, and was obliged to return without having accomplished my object. In the mean time I had adopted my sister's son, whose parents were both dead, and this nephew I have brought up as my own child, and—"

"A very pretty creature he is," said Shady.

"And," continued Mr. O'Neil, "it remained a secret with all but himself and me, that he was not my own. And thus Mr. Passmore, I have accounted for what may have caused you some surprise."

"Well Sir," said Passmore, "and what is your further pleasure in this business which has called us together?"

"That Shadrach shall marry Miss McAllister," answered O'Neil, "for the contract requires that it should be my son, who becomes her husband; and I will make a handsome settlement on Jacob, to atone for his disappointment with which atonement I hope he will be satisfied."

Here Jacob expressed his acquiescence and gratitude, and Shadrach advancing shook him cordially by the hand, for the bone of contention was now removed.

"But probably Miss Nancy will not be pleased with the change," added old Mr. O'Neil, "I must make her some compensation by a wedding present, a set of plate, or something of that sort, for I wish to give general satisfaction."

"My dearest sir," said Nancy, "it will be my greatest pleasure to fulfil my father's contract in every particular."

"Well, really, I am lost in amazement at these occurrences," said Mr. Passmore.

"And so am I too, faith;" said Captain Shadrach O'Neil.

DEFINITION OF CHARACTER OF WOMEN.—Women are generally more devoted to their friends than men, and display an indefatigable activity in serving them. Whoever has gained the affections of a woman, is sure to succeed in any enterprise wherein she assists him: men draw back much sooner in such cases. Frequently in my life, have I had occasion to admire in females the most generous zeal on behalf of their friends. Who is not astonished at the courage shown by a woman when her husband whose misconduct has perhaps a thousand times offended her, is threatened with imminent danger? Who does not know many instances of the most heroic devotedness on the part of the sex? A woman spares no effort to serve her friend. When it is a question of saving her brother, her husband, her father, she penetrates into prisons—she throws herself at the feet of her sovereign. Such are the women of our days, and such has history represented those of antiquity. Happy, I repeat, is he who has a woman for a friend!—*Gall.*

STANZAS.

FROM THE LOUISVILLE JOURNAL.

Light on her sunny brow there fell
A moonbeam soft and pale,
While her pure bosom's gentle swell
Scarce stirred its snowy veil;
Round her white neck in clusters wreathed
Waved her dark shining hair,
As low she knelt, and humbly breathed
A deep and fervent prayer.

She bowed not at an earthly shrine,
Fashioned by human skill,
Where rich and lofty strains divine
From harp and voices thrill:
Brightly her youthful heart above
The gleaming soft stars shone,
As to each wild wind in that grove
Her soul gave back a tone.

She clasped her hands o'er her bosom fair,
And I saw her red lips part,
And the sweet burden of her prayer
Gushed from her guiltless heart;
She spoke of love and the quick tears came
To mine eye, 'till its glance grew dim,
For she breathed a blessing on some loved name,
And I knew that she prayed for him.

I saw to her cheek a deep blush spring
As she gazed on a lock of hair,
And the brilliant gems of a sparkling ring—
The gifts that he gave her there:
On these small tokens she dreamed by night,
And mused on them day by day;
With a glance, and a smile, and gifts thus slight,
He had stolen her heart away.

I saw no more but murmured soft,
Maiden, I pity thee!
For the hearts of the fondest change full oft—
Would that thine own were free;
'Tis sweet when around two hearts is wove
Affection's silken chain,
But oh! 'tis a fearful thing to love
If we are not loved again.

AMELIA.

ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE BY THE STATE.

From Lord Malton's History of England.

During the reigns of William, of Anne, and of George I., till 1721, when Walpole became prime minister, the Whigs and Tories vied with each other in the encouragement of learned and literary men. Whenever a writer showed signs of genius, either party to which his principles might incline him was eager to hail him as a friend. The most distinguished society, and the most favourable opportunities, were thrown open to him. Places and pensions were showered down in lavish profusion; those who wished only to pursue their studies had the means afforded them for learned leisure, while more ambitious spirits were pushed forward in parliament, or in diplomacy. In short, though the sovereign was never an Augustus, almost every minister was a Mæcenas. Newton became master of the mint; Locke was a commissioner of appeals; Steele was a commissioner of stamps; Stepney, Prior, and Gay were employed in lucrative and important embassies. It was a slight piece of humour at his onset, and at his introduction—the "City and Country Mouse"—that brought forth a mountain of honours to Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax, and first Lord of the treasury. When Parnell first came to court, Lord Treasurer Oxford passed through the crowd of nobles, leaving them all unnoticed, to greet and welcome the poet. "I value myself," says Swift, "upon making the ministry desire to be acquainted with Parnell, and not Parnell with the ministry." Swift himself became dean of St. Patrick's, and, but for the queen's dislike, would have been bishop of Hereford. Pope, as a Roman Catholic, was debarred from all places of honour or emolument; yet secretary Craggs offered him a pension of three hundred pounds a-year, not to be known by the public, and to be paid from the secret service money. In 1714, General Stanhope carried a bill, providing a most liberal reward for the discovery of the longitude. Addison became secretary of state. Tickell was secretary in Ireland. Several rich sinecures were bestowed on

Congreve and Rowe, on Hughes and Ambrose Philips. Looking to those times, and comparing them with ours, we shall find that this system of munificent patronage has never been revived. Its place has, however, in some degree, been supplied by the large increase of readers, and the higher price of books, and, consequently, the far superior value of literary labour. A popular writer may now receive a liberal income from the sale of his works; and, according to the common phrase, needs no other patron than the public. It is often boasted, that the latter state of things far exceeds the former in independence; yet, however plausible this assertion, it is not altogether confirmed by a closer survey. I cannot find that the objects of such splendid patronage were at all humbled by receiving it, or considered themselves, in the slightest degree, as political or private bondsmen. I cannot find that Swift or Prior, for example, mixed with the great on any other footing than that of equal familiarity and friendship, or paid any submissive homage to Lord Treasurer Oxford, or Secretary St. John. In Bolingbroke's "Correspondence" we may still read the private notes of *Mat to Harry*, and of *Harry to Mat*. The old system of patronage in literature was, I conceive, like the old system of patronage in parliament. Some powerful nobleman, with large burghage tenures in his hands, was enabled to place in the House of Commons any young man of like principles and of promising abilities. That system, whether for good or for evil, endured till the Reform Bill in 1832. But, whatever difference of opinion may exist concerning it, there is one point which will be admitted by all those who have observed its inward working—although we often hear the contrary roared forth by those who never saw it nearer than from the strangers' gallery—that a man brought into parliament from his talents felt no humiliating dependence on him by whose interest he was elected—no such dependence, for example, as would be imposed among gentlemen by what seems a far less favour, a gift of fifty pounds. The two parties met on equal terms of friendship. It was thought as desirable for the one, that his principles should be ably supported, as for the other, that he should sit in the House of Commons. Thus, likewise, in literary patronage, when Oxford made Swift a dean, or Bolingbroke made Prior an ambassador, it was considered no badge of dependence or painful inferiority. It was, of course, desirable for Swift to rise in the church, and for Prior to rise in the state; but it was also desirable for the administration to secure the assistance of an eloquent writer, and of a skilful diplomatist. It may, moreover, be observed, that literary profits do not in all respects supply the place of literary patronage. First, there are several studies, such as many branches of science or antiquities, which are highly deserving of encouragement, but not generally popular, and therefore not productive of emolument. In these cases, the liberality of the government might sometimes usefully atone for the indifference of the public. But even with the most popular authors, the necessity of looking to their literary labours for their daily bread, has not unfrequently an unfavourable effect upon the former. It may compel, or at least induce, them to over-write themselves, to pour forth hasty and immature productions; to keep, at all hazards, their names before the public. How seldom can they admit intervals of leisure, or allow their minds to lie fallow for a season, in order to bear hereafter a larger and a better harvest! In like manner, they must minister to the taste of the public, whatever that taste might be, and sometimes have to sacrifice their own ideas of beauty, and aspirations of fame. These are undoubted evils, not merely to them, but to us; and as undoubtedly are they guarded against whenever a fixed and competent provision can be granted to genius. I am therefore clearly of opinion, that any minister who might have the noble ambition to become the patron of literary men, would still find a large field open to his munificence! that his intercourse with them on the footing of equal friendship, would be a deserved distinction to them, and a liberal recreation to himself; that his favours might be employed with great advantage, and received with perfect independence.