

cribe the house and grounds of this statesman, as represented in the drawing. The building itself is of two stories, built in a queer Chinese fashion, or perhaps better described by saying it is like that curious affair of red-brick highly ornamented with gingerbread-work, on Front-street, a few rods east of the old garrison,—like it, also, it has a verandah in front with a terrace. About the house are growing beautiful and rare trees, the most conspicuous of which are a willow in blossom, and the twenty-ounce pippin, specimens of which are likely to be found in Mr. Leslie's nursery garden near Toronto. Before the house runs a high wooden fence, zig-zag in shape, much like our common snake fences in the country. This fence was built by the statesman who, discovering that his daughter and late secretary corresponded, and had occasional interviews, determined to exclude his daughter as much as possible from the presence of the *profanum vulgus*, and had the gate secured by one of Hobb's patent locks, which he considered safer than Bramah's, for Bramah's had been picked lately by the Yankee.

MAJOR.—But, Doctor, it strikes me that you are romancing a great deal, or you can see further into a mile-stone than most men. How could you detect Hobb's on the gate?

DOCTOR.—Prithee, Major, let me tell my story my own way. The painting is an admirable one, and you must suffer me to enlarge a little or you will not understand it. The daughter, who was thus cut off, as it were, from the world, pined away; the bloom from her cheek had fled, and the sunken eye proclaimed the misery she was enduring. The statesman, who was in his way a kind and tender father, caused to be built a suit of apartments and a large banquet room to the left of his mansion, for his daughter's accommodation. The building jutted out over the water, which skirted his demesnes. Here the daughter moped in solitude, attended by an old duenna, who supplied the place of her maid and confidante. She was also told to prepare for marriage with an old but rich and powerful suitor who solicited the honor of her hand from her father, which honor on his part was willingly granted, for it secured him from further trouble on his daughter's part, and her a rich husband, alike honorable in years and fame.

LAIRD.—The cruel beastie, to wed the tender plant to the vile old sinner.

[The Major's eyes twinkled, but not with suppressed tears; there was a cunningness about them when he muttered, *sotto voce*, "I've seen the plate."]

DOCTOR.—The secretary, who from the opposite side of the river had watched the proceedings of the statesman, and had even seen our heroine at a window, looking out over the water, in the banqueting house, bethought himself of an expedient whereby he might

communicate with his "fairy queen," as I have no doubt he often called her. It was this. The current of the river he found, by accidently dropping a piece of wood in it, would carry any floating substance immediately beneath the windows of his charmer. So scribbling a note, he entrusted it to a little ark which swept on as gallantly to its destination, as the Royal Mail Cunard line does itself to New York. Our heroine saw the tiny vessel floating on towards her, and thinking it might be a toy some neighbor's child might have lost, hastened down and grabbed—

MAJOR.—Oh, Doctor! *Caught!*

DOCTOR.—And *caught* the post.

LAIRD.—Eh, noo, but she was a fortunate lassie. What was in the letter?

MAJOR.—Ha, ha, ha! You are curious, Laird.

DOCTOR.—As she was a discreet damsel, she hid the letter in her bosom, and hurried to her room to read in private. It was something as follows:—

"As towards thee my bark sails, so to thee my thoughts tend; and as the flowers fade and blossoms fall, so will your faithful lover droop and be seen no more.

"P.S.—Let your thoughts float and I'll read your words in the stream!"

This was too good a chance to be lost; so seizing a pen, she replied by way of encouragement:—"Does a farmer allow his fruits to be plucked by another? The fruit you most prize is ripe. Take care lest another enjoys it;" and placing this precious epistle in the same conveyance, entrusted it the waters. Her lover's delight and fears were at the same time excited by this document, and he replied shortly that he would secure his own, or "perish in the attempt." Time, of course, is supposed to wave on, and the statesman gave a grand feast in honor of his daughter's nuptials with her suitor, which were to take place one summer's eve. The father at this feast got intoxicated, but her suitor was much worse. In the midst of the entertainment who should enter but the secretary in disguise. He made himself known to his faithful lady love, and they agreed to fly at once; she also gave him a ten-pound note presented her by her suitor as a bridal present; this he put in his pocket. They had barely left the house when the father, suspecting that all was not right, looked for his daughter, and saw her running across the lawn towards a bridge which spanned the river, followed by his late secretary. He pursued them. The three figures are admirably depicted crossing the bridge, foremost of them is the daughter, next the lover with her bundle, and last, the father with a whip, which the daughter knew would be well applied if taken. The countenances of these characters, which occupy the foreground in the painting, are masterpieces in themselves, an expression of love