

posed to have originally emigrated from the Malabar Coast, as an amiable and inoffensive people. They are for the most part devoted to the culture of the soil, which is exceedingly fertile. The cinnamon tree, which requires a moist, warm climate, grows only in the south-eastern part of the island, and seems to thrive best in a poor and flinty soil. The climate of Ceylon is mild and salubrious, the monsoons which blow alternately from the Indian Sea and the Bay of Bengal, mitigating the severity of the tropical heats.

After collecting their nine elephants at Point de Galle, Messrs. June & Nutter carried them to the Regatta on a large lighter and stowed them away in the hold, which had been prepared for their reception. Thousands of people from all the surrounding country came down to the shore to witness the operation. Considerable persuasion was necessary to induce the heavy animals to trust themselves on the unsteady lighter, and the *rogue* actually broke the ropes by which he was bound and made off at full speed, to the terror of the crowd, who scattered themselves in all directions. He was secured, however, and at last deposited on board, where he behaved remarkably well during the passage. One of the younger animals died after leaving the Cape of Good Hope, and was thrown overboard; the others arrived safely, after their voyage of 12,000 miles. They were accompanied by native Cingalese, who will make with them the tour of the United States. Henceforth, instead of crashing through the jungles of Ceylon, they will peacefully devour the gingerbread contributions of admiring thousands under the shadow of Barnnm's colossal tent.

"WHY, BLESS HER, LET HER GO."

Some time ago I fell in love
With pretty Mary Jane,
And I did hope that by and by
She'd love me back again.
Alas! my hopes a-dawning bright,
Were all at once made dim;
She saw a chap—I don't know where—
And fell in love with him!

Next time we met, (now, how it was,
I don't pretend to say,)
But when my chair moved up to hers,
Why, hers would move away.
Before, I always got a kiss,
(I own with some small fuss,)
But now, forsooth, for love or fun,
'Twas non come at-a-buss!

Well, there we sat—and when we spoked
Our conversation dwelt
On everything beneath the sun,
Except what most we felt.
Enjoying this delightful mood,
Who then should just step in,
But he, of all the world whom I
Would rather see than him!

And he would sit down by her side,
And she could—(all the while
He pressed her hand within his own)—
Upon him sweetly smile;
And she could pluck a rose for him,
So fresh, and bright, and red.
And give me one which, hours ago,
Was shrunk, and pale, and dead.

And she could freely, gladly sing
The songs he did request.
The ones I asked were just the ones
She always did detest.
I rose to leave—and she'd be glad
To have me longer stay!
No doubt of it! no doubt they wept
To see me go away.

I sat me down. In thought profound
This maxim wise I drow—
It's easier far to like a girl,
Than make a girl like you.
But, after all, I don't believe
My heart will break with wo;
If she's a mind to like "that chap,"
Why, bless her, let her go!

From the Flag of our Union. CHANGING THE ENVELOPES OR THE TROUBLES OF FRED. HAZARD

BY SIDNEY E. CHURCH.

Gentle reader, did you ever see Mr. Frederick Hazard, or rather, *should have seen him*, for he is now but a mere shadow of his former self. "But how did that all happen?" you will ask. We'll tell you, if you'll wait patiently. Mr. Frederick Hazard was always a great favourite with the ladies, or at least he ought to have been, for he had splendid red hair and whiskers, and long legs, and a long nose, and long purse full of cash, and a big goldheaded cane in the bargain. No wonder they liked him.

But to our story. Mr. Hazard got terribly smitten with the charms of a young miss of seventeen, named Evelina Evergreen. It was very strange, so all the disappointed ones said, for such a fine fellow as he to get in love, but the little miss that caused his heart to beat so quickly was one of the most rosy-lipped, pretty little witches that you could find in the course of a week's journey on the Green Mountains. Hazard's attentions at last became so pointed and frequent, that the common saying was to the effect that they were engaged. And Evelina did like him, for with all his odd looks, he was one of the finest fellows that ever breathed the blue atmosphere above and around us.—Some people are born to ill luck. We happened to overhear—not intentionally, a conversation that took place between him and his particular friend, Charles Saunders.

"Charley," said Hazard, "I'm in love."

"In love?—you fool!"

"Yes, sir-ee, Saunders, I'm in love," replied Fred, determinedly.

"Then, if it's really the case, Fred, that you are in love, will you tell an old friend to whom you have lost your heart?" asked Saunders, as if with a determination to find out.

"Who could it be but Evelina Evergreen?"

"Evelina Evergreen!" asked Saunders, in amazement. "She is pretty enough."

"I mean to have her name changed to Hazard one of those days," said Fred gravely.

"Going to get married?" asked Saunders, more amazed than ever.

"Yes, sir, I am."

"Never s'posed you'd come to that, Fred, but you know that best; though stop a moment," exclaimed Saunders, as if a new and fancy idea had entered his cranium, "you know there's Miss Martha Mudge who lives upon the hill, that's always after you?"

"That old maid!" indignantly exclaimed Mr. Hazard, "Why she's got false hair, and false teeth, and—"

"Lots of money," suggested Saunders.

"What do I care for money?"

"Come to my room this afternoon, Charley will you? Good morning."

"I'll come up, Fred. Good morning."

Hazard hurried home, muttering as he went, "I'll settle this business right straight off, see if I don't. I'll propose to Evelina, and send Miss Mudge a letter that will fix her. I have noticed her very cordial manner lately."

"Two letters for Mr. Hazard," said the servant giving Fred two very prettily scented notes. Hazard broke the seal of the first note that was handed to him. We will take the liberty to look over his shoulder while he reads a very prettily written note:

Rose Farm, October 7, 18—

Mr. Hazard, — It may seem indelicate in me to write to you, but of late I have been much puzzled as to the meaning of your numerous visits, whether in the light of ordinary friendship, or for some other motive. Will you please explain your intentions in regard to this matter? Your friend

EVELINA EVERGREEN.

Mr. Fred. Hazard, Pleasant Valley.

"Good, that's just the thing, I'll propose this very day but let me read the other letter. Not of much conse-

quence, I presume. Some money matter or other, I'll bet a turkey supper." We will look over his shoulder again:

raghail, october seven, 18—

mi dere Mistur hazerd i take mi penn up for to inform yew That ime Dyen For luv for Yew ive go 20 thowsen Dolers in HaRd cash if Yew think ule have mee jest riGht mee a Line

uRes Till DeTh

MARTHA MUGGE

Mister freddrix hazErd.

"The old Harry," said Hazard; if I don't give her some I'll be blest." And picking up his pen, he wrote to the following effect:

Pleasant Valley, Oct. 7, 18—

Old Lady, — I had the great honour of receiving a letter from you this day. As to the matter in question I can easily explain it. I never mean to marry any one who wears false teeth and hair, so if you think you are a going to get me you are much mistaken.

Yours, &c.,

F. HAZARD.

Mr. Hazard *could be* ungentlemanly, very. Then he penned another like this:

Pleasant Valley, Oct. 7, 18—

Dear Lady, — I have received your kind note a few moments since, and hasten with the utmost pleasure to answer it. As regards my intentions, I have long loved you dearly, and hope to find, this eve, when I call to see you, that my feelings are reciprocated.

Your devoted admirer,

FREDERICK HAZARD.

He enclosed both these characteristic notes in envelopes, and despatched them by his servant to their respective destinations. Charley Saunders came as the servant went out.

"I have done it," said Hazard.

"Done what?"

"Mr. Hazard gave a full account of his love proceedings.

"I wish you joy," said Charley, and bade him good afternoon.

Mr. Hazard dressed himself with the utmost care, and bent his way towards Rose Farm. With a trembling hand he knocked at the door.

"Is Evelina at home?"

"Not at home," said a servant.

"But—but my good man, I am Frederick Hazard," stammered Fred.

"Miss Evelina bade me say to you that after what passed she could not see you," uttered the servant closing the door.

"What can this mean?" said Hazard; as he staggered home again, and throwing himself on the bed he passed a sleepless night. The next morning he was astounded by a visit from Miss Martha Mudge.

"Dearest man," began she, running up to him in the most loving manner.

"What?" said Hazard, amazed

"I received your kind letter yesterday, and have brought it here," continued she at the same time giving it to him again.

The truth flashed upon him in an instant. He had enclosed them in the wrong envelopes, and Miss Mudge had got the one he intended for Evelina. He rushed from the house. Miss Martha sued him for breach of promise, and recovered heavy damages. Hazard wandered about the streets a mere shadow of his former self; but it is rumoured that the matter has been explained to Evelina, and that he will shortly lead her to the altar. When he does the readers of the *Flag* shall be informed of it, and likewise of two more facts—first, that he will always enclose his letters in the right envelopes; and secondly, that Miss Mudge is yet an old maid.

A century ago the amount expended in books, periodicals, and newspapers, did not exceed £100,000 a year, whereas the sum now so expended annually is calculated at £2,100,000.