Haszard's Gazette.

Farmers' Journal and Commercial Advertiser.

"MEASURES, NOT MEN."——"HE MUST SPEAK WHOSE WORD LEAPS FORTH AT ONCE TO ITS EFFECT, WHO CALLS FOR THINGS THAT ARE NOT, AND THEY COME."

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CHIMES FOR THE TIMES.

BY WM. LYLE.

Be ye not jealous over-much,
But hope, and time will make you better:
There is a faith care cannot touch,
Which leaves the soul without a fetter.
Oh, it is but a sorry creed
To look for nothing but deceiving,
To meet a kindness in your need
With a smile of misbelieving!
The tide of ill is not so strong;
Man loves not always wrath and wrong.

It cannot be that every heart
Is steeled so much against its neighbour;
Let each with reason play his part,
And fruit will spring from out the labour:
Progressing still life's journey through,
Be just and kind toward your fellow,
Remembering, whate'er you do,
That duty spreads the smoothest pillow;
And ne'er the hand of friendship spurn,
But trust, and man will trust in turn.

Some men there be who deem it good
In trade to overreach a brother;
And some who would not, though they could,
Upraise a hand to help another:
They deem not though convulsions wide
May show the earth by danger shaken,
That still of hearts unjust through pride
A dark and true account is taken:
Kingdoms may quake, and thrones may fall,
But God is looking over all.

Oh, join not then the strifes of men,
But hourly show, by waxing kinder,
That ye have reached the moment when
Reason no more is growing blinder!
And though ye hope that time should yield
A change for each benighted nation,
Seek not at first so wide a field
To fling the seeds of reformation;
But sow them first in hearts at home,
Then trust in God, and fruit will come.

FORTUNE-SEEKERS AND FORTUNE-MAKERS.

BY ANNA MARIA SARGEANT.

'Where's Fred this evening?' inquired Francis Bolton, putting his head in at the half-open door of the little parlour behind a grocer's shop in one of the leading thoroughfares of London. The query was addressed to a young but pale and careworn-looking matron, who was bending over an infant, hushing it to rest, whilst four older children, of various ages, were gambolling at her feet.

'He's just gone out with Mr. Hawkins,' was the reply, and a suppressed sigh accompanied the words.

'What! left his business on a Saturday night?' interrogated the visitor, who was the brother of the shopkeeper. 'It is surely some matter of importance that has taken him out then?' These observations were intended to call forth an answer; but the wife only looked up, and shook her head mournfully.

The visitor now entered the apartment, and sat down by her side. He affectionately patted the head of a rosy boy of seven; playfully discomposed the flaxen ringlets of a smiling girl of five; took a younger one in his lap; and bade the other play at ball or hide-and-seek for his amusement. 'My dear Mrs. Bolton,' he then said in an anxious and somewhat agitated tone, 'you must use your influence to prevent this close intimacy between Hawkins and your husband, or it will be Alfred's ruin.' Another sigh escaped the lips of the young matron. It was a sigh which said, 'My influence is not so great as it was eight years ago;' but still she spoke not. 'He's an idle, dissolute fellow, I assure you,' her companion pursued. 'One of those fellows who live upon their wits. His convivial spirit makes him attractive amongst a certain class of persons; but he's a dangerous acquaintance, especially to one of Fred's irresolute character.'

'I am too well aware of that,' the wife now made answer; 'yet nothing *I* can say will induce Alfred to think so. Would it not be well for you to speak to him on the subject?' she asked.

'My interference, unhappily, would answer no good purpose, Susan. Fred thinks that, because he is older than I am, I have no right to council him, and he is only angry if I attempt it.'

The dialogue was here interrupted by the apprentice calling from the shop, 'Will master be in soon, ma'am?' And Mrs. Bolton, looking through the still half-open door, perceived that the counter was thronged with customers.

'I must go and assist John. I am sure you will excuse my leaving you so abruptly,' she quietly said, depositing her precious charge, which she had by this time lulled to repose, in a little cot which swung by her side. 'Have you any message for your brother?' she asked, as she moved towards the door, adding, "I cannot press you to wait with the expectation of seeing him; I know you are anxious to get home to your family.'

'I very much wished to see him, and I thought I should be able to find him at home to-night,' Francis returned.

'I'll tell him then that you called.'

'Tell him also that it is the 19th day of the month; he will understand you.' The wife faintly smiled an assent, and retreated.

'Don't go yet, Uncle Frank,' cried the eldest boy, running up and clasping the young man's knees; 'stop and have a game with us first. Father used to play with us sometimes, but now he is always out.'

'*Always* out?'

'Yes, uncle, he's always out after tea; and I'm at school all day, so he can never play with us.'

'When he went out to-night, mother cried,' chimed in the little girl, and her own bright eyes were overflowing with tears as she spoke. 'She said, "Don't go, don't go," to father so many times, that he was angry with her, and so cross to us.'

'Poor children!' the visitor soliloquised, "your condition is, I fear, more unhappy than your young hearts conceive. I can't stay to-night, my dears;' he kindly said, caressing them by turns; then looking tenderly at the unconscious infant, 'as she slept peacefully in his little bed, he darted through the shop, nodding affectionately to his gentle sister-in-law as he passed.

We will now introduce the reader to a similar apartment, in which another family group were assembled. This difference, however, existed: the countenance of the fair young matron was the personification of peace and happiness, and the entrance of Francis Bolton was the signal for a burst of delight.

'I am late this evening, but I hope you have not been anxious, dearest Letty!' the husband exclaimed, as he tenderly saluted his wife. 'When I left home in the morning, I was not aware that business would call me to my brother's.'

'Oh I was not afraid that you were spending your week's earnings at a tavern,' she playfully made answer. The young man sighed. 'Why, my dear Frank, you look as grave as if you had really been guilty of the thing. Ha! have I surmised aright?' and she looked up with a smile which contradicted her words.

'Yes, but I will tell you when we are alone what it is which causes my gravity. Now give the baby to me, and go to market;' and as he spoke, he took the infant from her arms, and threw a handful of silver into her lap. 'Be economical to-night, Letty,' he whispered, as she proceeded to to equip herself in her bonnet and cloak.

'Am I not always economical?' the wife inquired.

'Yes, my love; I've no cause for complaint on that score; but I wish you to be more than usually so; I'll tell you why when you return.'

'Nay, tell me now, dear Frank; pray don't keep me in suspense. I fear there is something the matter.'

'No, no—nothing serious, my dear; don't be alarmed; it's only a trifling loss, which we must redeem by practising a little self-denial. Perhaps,' he added, with a forced laugh—'perhaps it is a *happy* event, for it may teach me to be more cautious.

'You have been called upon to pay the bill you accepted for your brother,' she gently said.

'Even so. It is the first time I ever did such a thing, and depend upon it, Letty, it is the *last* I will put my hand to.'

'But you thought to serve your brother, so you must not reflect upon yourself, dear Frank,' she soothingly observed.

'I did; but I now see that I shall impoverish my own family without materially benefitting him; and this I do not think it right to do, even for a brother.' The wife made no farther comment but when she returned with the provision for the week's consumption, it was obvious that she had borne her husband's injunction in mind.

Ere the evening was over, the quietude of the little family was broken in upon by the entrance of Alfred Bolton, who, elated with some information he had just received, and half inebriated with the copious potations of ale he had drunk, saluted his brother with a blow on the shoulder, which made him shrink to a little distance.

'I've excellent news for you, my boy—excellent news!' he began: 'so let's have a glass over it.'

'You know, Fred, that I belong to the Total Abstinence Society,' Francis replied.

'Oh, I forgot that. Then I suppose,' he sneeringly added, 'you wouldn't treat a friend or even a brother, with a glass, and so you save your pocket and quiet your conscience at the same time.'

'You are quite right, Fred; I do most certainly save my pocket and quiet my conscience; but my principal motive in joining that society was, that I might set an example to others.'

'And have you found the plan answer?' Alfred laughingly inquired.

'I have. I hope I have been the means of rescuing two or three families from the sin in which drunkenness is sure to involve them, and I yet hope to exert similar influence over many more.'

'You'll never bring me to sign my name to such a pledge!' Alfred interrupted him by exclaiming. 'But we'll drop this subject; we shall never agree upon it; and I've something more interesting to talk about.'

'I hope the good news you have to communicate is, that you will be able to refund the money I paid for you to-day?' Francis gravely remarked.

'Oh, I shall be able to pay that and every other debt in a very short time.'

'From what source, pray?'

'Why I have a fortune in view.'

'Not from the profits of your business, if you leave it, as you are now doing, on a Saturday night.'

'No, I shall never get a fortune by shopkeeping, that's sure. I wasn't cut out for it. I was born to *spend* a fortune, not to make one.'

'But you must make it before you can spend it.'

'Not if it's ready made for me.'

'I fault understand what you mean by all this, Fred; and, to own the truth, I am anxious to know what good prospect you have of refunding this money, for I have been obliged to draw upon a little reserve I had made for a specific object in order to settle the bill.'

'Oh, you must wait a few weeks—only a few weeks, and then you'll see me driving my phaeton.'

'More likely that I shall see you in a prison.'

'You are very fond of prophesying a prison for me, Frank. I can't say that I think it altogether brotherly. However, time will prove which of us is in the right.'

'The tradesman who leaves his business to his wife and his apprentice, and spends his Saturday night at a tavern, is on the high road to a prison, or I'm very much mistaken,' Francis remarked.

'That visit to the White Lion to-night was the most lucky thing that ever happened to me,' the young man replied. 'And now I'll tell you about it. What should I see there but an advertisement for one Alfred Bolton, the nephew of the late Captain Thomas Bolton, of the Royal Marines, with the information that a large sum of money, willed to him by the said captain, lay in the hands of the executors of the deceased!'

'And is that the only ground for your great expectations?'

'*Only* ground! Why, I think that is enough. You know, Frank that father used to talk about a brother Tom, who ran away from home when a youth, and it was supposed took to a seafaring life. Well, there can be no doubt that this is the very man.'

'I don't agree with you in concluding that there can be no doubt. The names are common.'

'True; but the coincidence of names and profession is singular. I am quite satisfied that I am the person.'

'Well, if you can make the executors as well satisfied, it will be a good thing; but *I*'m not so sanguine.'

'And I suppose you'd have me say, "Oh, it's no use trying," and go plodding on behind the counter without attempting to better myself.'

'No, Fred, that is not my advice. I would have you apply by all means; but at the same time I would not have you suffer yourself to be so elated with the expectation that a disappointment would greatly depress you; nor would I see you neglecting one of your *positive* duties in the pursuit an *uncertain* good.'

'That's just like you, Frank.'

'Is it not common sense and prudence?'

'Well, well, call it what you like. Now I'll go home, and tell the news to Suky.'

'Poor Susan!' his brother responded, 'she looks very pale and ill. I fear she is suffering from the double duty you impose upon her.'

'Oh, she shall ride in her carriage soon. Good-by, good-by;' and the visitor made an exit as abrupt as his entrance had been.

The notion that a fortune was only awaiting his putting forth his hand to take it having once got possession of the mind of Alfred Bolton, he took no further interest in his business. The shop he had occupied had been established for more than thirty years. His father had brought up a large family in respectability from its profits, and industry and perseverance would have insured the same success to him. His natural indolence was, however, encouraged by the society he made choice of, which together with his weakness and unstable principles, led to the most unhappy results. The connections which commenced with an occasional visit to the tavern, proceeded in time to positive intemperance; and Bolton now seldom returned to his distressed family until in a state of intoxication. Poor Susan did all in her power to keep the connection together; she strove to fill her husband's place in the shop, though she was necessarily obliged to neglect her children, and sacrifice the domestic comfort of their home. The apprentice, taking advantage of his master's inattention to business, and thinking that a woman had no right to assume the authority, became remiss in his duties. He transgressed the rules of the house with impunity, and at last became so daring in his resistance of control, that Mrs. Bolton, though with great reluctance, was obliged to lodge complaints against him to her husband. The remonstrances of an idle and intemperate master could not, however, be expected to have much effect upon the youth. He defied his power, and still persisted in the same practices.

Such a state of things could not continue. The wholesale dealers with whom Bolton transacted his business sent in their bills at the usual time; but there was no money to meet their demands. The principal as well as the profits had been expended in endeavours to obtain documents, which, after all, proved to be useless, and in libations at the tavern to drown care and stifle the stings of conscience.

To add to the troubles from which the family were suffering, an epidemic which was raging in the neighbourhood seized the younger branches, and one after another was attacked. Fears were entertained that they would fall victims to the disease, and this new calamity called forth all the mother's feelings. She could now no longer fill her husband's place, and the business, in its turn, gave way to these pressing duties.

Mrs. Bolton was, late one evening, sitting with the youngest of her children in her arms, expecting every moment would terminate his life, when her husband's brother entered the same little parlour to which we introduced the reader at the commencement of our narrative. He did not now, however, inquire as before, for Alfred, but seating himself in silence by the side of the mother, cast on her a compassionate and sypathising glance. 'I am sent to you by your husband, my dear Mrs. Bolton,' he at length said, bending as he spoke over the sick child, in order to conceal his emotion.

'By Alfred?' she inquired, 'What is the matter? Is he ill?'

'No, not ill; but he will not be able to see you to-night.'

A gleam of the truth crossed the mind of the unhappy wife, but no burst of agony escaped her. She had grown familiar with misfortune, and this fresh disaster was only what she had for some weeks anticipated.

'He is in prison,' she said in a hollow tone bespeaking a depth of distress which cannot vent itself in tears or in expressions of anguish. 'I guess it all too well—I have long foreseen this termination.'

'And so have I, dear Susan,' Francis affectionately returned; 'but that has not softened the blow. It has distressed me and Letty beyond measure to see you and your innocent children suffering from the misconduct of my foolish brother. Say, however, what can we do to serve you?'

'You are very kind,' the wife returned, whilst a smile for an instant illumined her pale, careworn features—'you are very kind; but I cannot ask you to provide my children with that support which their father might earn for them. Things *must* now shortly come to a climax, and then, if it is the will of Providence that they should be spared, I will work for them with my own hands.'

'But you are ill, and unequal to any farther exertion.'

'You know not what a mother can do for her offspring,' she energetically made answer.

That night, in the gloom and solitude of a home which was once the abode of happiness—a home from which she expected shortly to be driven—Susan Bolton closed the eyes of her youngest-born.

It may be here necessary to inform the reader that Alfred Bolton's claim to the advertised property had not been acknowledged by the executors of the deceased captain. Several other candidates had come forward with him. These had, however, been alike unsuccessful in proving their identity; and this circumstance had strengthened Bolton in his conviction that he was the person to whom it really belonged. He protested that the executors were a set of rogues, who had resolved to keep the money in their own hands; and neither the gloom of his prison-home, the prospect of insolvency, nor the destitution of his family, could daunt his hopes of one day being master of the disputed wealth. He was resolved, he said, when once again at large, to prosecute the knaves who were endeavouring to rob him of his right; and vain were poor Susan's tears and prayers that he would drop all thoughts of the unfortunate business, and turn his energies to the settlement of his own affairs.

Francis was equally urgent on the subject; and though it was by his generous aid alone that the family were saved from starvation, his brother would not listen to his counsel.

'Alfred,' he said to him one evening as he sat at the window of his room overlooking his fellow-debtors, who were amusing themselves with the monotonous prison games in the court below, 'I hope you have seen the fallacy of pursuing a shadow, and, by so doing, losing the substance. You must be aware that, but for the expectation you had of that property, and the consequent neglect of your shop, you might have been still in your snug little parlour instead of this miserable abode.'

'You are wrong in terming it a shadow, Frank,' his brother interposed. 'The money is as surely mine as that I sit upon this seat; and I shall yet be able to *prove* that it is so.'

'If that is your determination,' the younger Bolton returned, 'I have no hope for your future prospects.'

'But what am I to do? Alfred impatiently asked. 'I shall have neither money nor credit to begin the world again with. Am I to see my family die of starvation, and then throw myself into the river?'

'You know that I am. Because neither apathy nor despair,' his brother returned. 'I would say you exert your energies, but then they should be directed in the right course. Your best way will be on your release from confinement, to take some situation in the line of business to which you have been accustomed.'

'What! I who have been a master for these ten years become a servant! No, Frank, I will be no man's slave!'

'You are the slave of your false pride,' cried Francis; 'and that is thraldom far more ignoble than is his who literally wears a chain of bondage. I tell you, Fred, that the pursuit of an honest calling, however humble, would be honourable to your character, instead of entailing disgrace; and your creditors would be more likely, at some future period, to offer you farther assistance in setting you up in business again, if they saw that you were industrious and steady.'

'Ah, all this is very fine in theory, but it will be very difficult to practise it.'

'You know that I am not above being in the employment of another,' the younger brother remarked.

'True, you fill a subordinate situation; but then you have others under you.'

'All this is great folly, Fred,' Francis resumed; 'nay it is worse than folly. The grand criterion of respectability is for a man to do his duty, let that duty lie in whatever path it may.'

After the usual law process, Alfred Bolton passed through the insolvent debtors' court, and was set at large. All the worldly wealth he had then to call his own was a few articles of furniture, and wearing apparel, and these he removed from his commodious house in town to a mean lodging in the Surrey suburbs. Even here, however, Susan's clever management and good taste produced an air of comfort; and she generously forebore to make any allusions to their former situation, lest her husband should imagine that she intended it as a reproof. With the view of assisting in the maintenance of the family, she recommenced the business by which she had supported herself prior to her marriage; but she now found it to be a difficult task. When a woman in the humble classes of society has the charge of a young family, it is quite sufficient for her to fulfill those duties; and in proportion as her attention is directed to other objects, the comforts of home, and the mental and physical health of her children must suffer. To Mrs. Bolton there was unhappily, no choice. No sooner was her husband at liberty, than he fell into his former practices; he put off the execution of the plan his brother had recommended, with the vague expectation of being able to get possession of what he termed his right. His days were therefore spent in transacting business in conjunction with a disreputable attorney, who fed his hopes with the agreement that his client should handsomely recompense him in the event of success; and his evenings in convivial parties at a tavern; for those by whom his society was considered a pleasant addition, paid his reckoning, with the resolve to indemnify themselves when Bolton should become a rich man.

Thus week after week passed. The attorney, in the name of his client, now commenced proceedings against the executors of the late Captain Bolton's will; and the young man was in ecstasies with the prospect, which his own imagination filled up with gold, and all the luxuries it will procure. Susan was one morning sitting engaged with her needle, with her four surviving little one about her—for her means would not allow her to send them to school, and their father's pride could not submit to the humiliation of receiving their education as a charity—when Bolton and his man of business unexpectedly stopped at the door in a hackney-coach. The former alighted in great haste, saying that he wanted to present some valuable papers which he had in his possession before the court.

'I wish you had come a few minutes earlier,' his wife observed. 'There has been a person here inquiring for you, and I have just said I did not know when you would be in.'

'What sort of a person?'

'An aged, sailor-looking man with a wooden leg. Indeed I thought he had some especial motive in calling, for he seemed very anxious to see you, and made inquiries respecting your father.'

'Oh, he has some intelligence to give me regarding the money; how unfortunate I missed him. Which way did he go?'

'Down the street towards the Westminister Road.'

'I'll follow him. A sailor with a wooden leg, did you say, Susan?' His wife nodded assent, and leaping into the vehicle, he drove down the street with even greater haste than before.

Scarcely had Mrs. Bolton resented herself in order to resume her occupation, when a loud summons at the knocker brought her again to the door. It was her husband, who, having almost immediately overtaken the person he was in quest of, had sent the lawyer on with the papers, and returned with a view of questioning the man ere he himself made his appearance in the court.

'Be seated, my friend,' he said, placing him as he spoke an arm-chair by the side of the fire. 'You look weary; you shall have a glass of ale, and then I will listen to what you have to relate.'

'Mine is a sad story, sir,' the old man made answer, and he looked very complacently at the refreshment which Mrs. Bolton now brought forth. 'You have some particulars to give me regarding my family?' Bolton observed, a little disconcerted at the last remark.

'Well, sir, I don't know yet whether it may be about your family, but I hope it is.'

'I don't understand you: I thought, from what my wife told me, that you knew my father, Mr. Francis Bolton; and I concluded, as you were a sailor, you had some knowledge also of Captain Thomas Bolton.'

'Are you the son of Francis Bolton, of York, sir?'

'I am.'

'And you've a brother called Alfred?'

'No; I am Alfred Bolton—my brother's name is Francis. I am the eldest son, though I was not named after my father.'

'Then I believe you are the young man I am in search of.'

'Well, well, my good friend, now you are satisfied on that head, let me hear what you have to communicate. I have a fortune resting on a straw, and I'll pay you well if you can turn it in my favour.'

'A fortune?—pay me?—I don't know what you mean, sir.'

'Don't you know that I am the rightful owner of Captain Bolton's property? Haven't you come here for the express purpose of telling me what you know of him?'

'Not I, sir; I know nothing about such a person. I came here to find out my brother's children.'

'Pshaw, old man, what are your brother's children to me? Don't you know, then, anything of Captain Thomas Bolton of the royal marines?'

'Not I, sir.'

'Then what did you come here for, fellow?'

'Softly, softly, Alfred,' Susan gently interposed: 'respect the gray hairs of this poor man: either he or you are under some mistake in this matter.'

The sailor turned to her with an expression of deep gratitude.

'Why ma'am,' he hesitatingly said, 'I did't say who I was at first, because I wanted to know whether I'd found the right person; but I'm pretty sure now.'

'Who are you then?' Bolton almost fiercely asked.

'Well sir, I ain't ashamed to own my name, though I am poor, and have only one leg and a stump to carry me. I assure you I've never disgraced my kin, whether they own me or not.'

'Who are you, old man?' Bolton again vociferated.

'Why, sir, I'm Thomas Bolton.'

'Thomas Bolton!'

'Yes, sir; I am the youngest boy, who ran away from home—the brother of your father, sir.'

'Tis a falsehood!' cried the young man, stamping his foot furiously on the ground. 'You have been sent here by those knaves of executors.'

Again Susan interposed, intreating that her husband would listen calmly to what the old man had to say.

'I've nothing else to say, ma'an,' he rejoined. 'If your husband won't believe me, but turns his back upon his nearest kin, why, I'll take myself off, that's all. It shan't be said that Tom Bolton ever cringed for a meal.'

'You shall not go. I'll have you taken up as an impostor. I'll sift this foul concern to the bottom.'

'Taken up!—foul concern? I really don't know what you mean, sir. I ask you for nothing, if you don't think proper to own me as your uncle—only I'm a little disappointed.'

There was such an air of truthfulness, and so much simplicity in the aspect and manner of the old man, that Susan felt at once convinced that his statements were correct. She dared not, however, say this to her husband in his present irritated state of mind; but drawing him aside, ventured to suggest that he should detain the sailor by gentle means till the return of the attorney, who, she said, would by a few cross questions, soon discover whether it was as he suspected.

Bolton having, from the decision of his own judgement, some fears lest his humble guest should be able to prove his identity, listened to her counsel. If his cause were indeed hopeless, he had no wish to involve himself in any further law expenses. Therefore bidding the old man rescat himself, and take the refreshment which was placed before him, he paced up and down the room with impatient yet less angry gestures.

It was not, however, till Susan had earnestly intreated and whispered an apology for her husband's harsh language, that the old man would comply with the request. But he could not resist her pleasings; and in a few minutes he had the children about his knees, begging him to tell them some story of the sea.

'I should very much like to be a sailor,' exclaimed the eldest boy.

A speaking glance from the mother followed this speech. It was a glance which said, if you regard my feelings encourage not this wish. The old man read in a moment the expression of her moist eye, and sympathy, or it might be the recollection of his own gentle mother, caused a glistening drop to roll down his sun-burnt and furrowed cheek.

'Ah, that is just what I thought, my fine fellow, when I was your age,' he returned, drawing the boy closer to his side; 'and when my father and mother said I should not go, I was wicked enough to say I would, and then to run away from home. But I've often wished I hadn't done it. I soon got tired of the hard work and the hard fare; and I was frightened when the wind tossed the ship about, and I had to climb up the rigging and take down the sails: and then I often cried for my dear happy home and my good father and mother; and I wanted to play at my old games with my brothers and sisters; but it was *too late*.'

The child looked thoughtful, the mother grateful, and the old man, with evident emotion, went on—'Learn a lesson from me, my little lad,' he said. 'If you wish to be a happy man, don't be a disobedient, bad boy. I've *seemed* as happy, and laughed as loud, as any of my shipmates, but I wasn't happy none the more for that. I used to think of my poor mother, for I knew she'd cry every time she heard the wind roar; and I'd have gone back to her, but they took care I should not leave the ship. So I never saw her again; for when I was a man, and got leave to visit my native town, she was dead, she and my father too; and my brothers and sisters were all gone to live no one knew where, so I was left *alone*. Oh, I was bitterly sorry that I ever left them; and here I am, in my old age, lame and homeless, and without a relation to own me.'

The conversation was here interrupted by the reappearance of the attorney. He entered with an aspect which told of disappointment, ere his lips communicated a word. 'It's all over with us!' Bolton muttered, being by this time quite convinced of the old man's identity. He drew the man of business into an adjoining apartment, and there received the corroboration of his worst fears.

The total blight of his lofty expectations had a worse effect on the mind of Alfred Bolton than even the hope of wealth had produced. His habits of idleness and intemperance grew more fixed; his temper became morose and even fierce, insomuch that his gentle wife trembled in his presence; and his children fled from him with dread. Susan's relatives, justly indignant at the treatment she received, would have assisted her and the children, if they could have induced her to leave him; but bad as he was, her heart clung to him with affection, which had been too long and too ardently cherished to be extinguished even by his brutality. Thus year after year passed away; but the constitution of the young man, which was naturally delicate, could not bear up against the poisonous effects of a continuous course of intoxication. He fell a victim to the ruinous vice which has slain its thousands and tens of thousands; and his wife was left a widow, his children fatherless.

Widely different was the career of the younger Bolton, and consequently the fate of his family. His strict integrity and undeviating good conduct won the respect and confidence of his employers, and he was raised, step by step, into more important and more lucrative situations, until he became a junior partner in the firm. A few years subsequently, the elder merchants, growing fatigued with the cares of business, retired, and left the whole concern in his hands. The change in their circumstances did not, however, call forth any undue elevation on the part of either Francis Bolton or his amiable wife. They had a commodious and well-furnished home, instead of the humble second floor with which they had commenced their married life; a well-spread board, and all the comforts and conveniences which money can so readily procure; but there was no vain display—no attempts to vie with persons of rank and fashion—no affectation of their manners and amusements. Mr. Bolton was known as an open-hearted, generous, and affable individual, and his wife as a gentle, unostentatious matron, who had ever a smile for a friend, and a guinea for an object of charity. None spoke of their sumptuous dinners, their elegant soirees, or their splendid equipage: to be respected and beloved was the guerdon they desired, and this they freely received.

The sequel of poor Susan's fate is sad to relate. A life of extreme mental and bodily suffering could scarcely be a long life. She died prematurely—one of the many innocent victims of vice—but not hopelessly; for her last days were cheered by seeing her boys under the protecting care of her excellent brother in-law, and by the kind assurances of Letitia Bolton that her daughter should, at her death, be received into their family as one of her own children.

Woman is like ivy—the more you are reluctant [illegible] clings to you. A vile old bachelor [illegible] the closer it clings to [illegible] that don't [illegible]

SPIRIT OF THE COLONIAL PRESS.

The following remarks, from the St. John's Newfoundland *Express*, of the 30th ult., are well worth a perusal.

Although the observations of colonial journalists upon questions of European policy cannot be expected to exercise any influence upon public opinion beyond the Atlantic, still it is of importance occasionally to call attention to proceedings calculated to affect the peace of the world. We apprehend no person who has attentively regarded the present aspect of the nations of Europe calculates upon a lasting peace. Not merely the state of Italy, of Hungary and of Poland, ripe for revolution, indicates the speedy approach of a crisis in the affairs of Europe, but our late enemy, the Autocrat of all the Russias, is evidently preparing for a renewal of the gigantic struggle for the empire of the world. The late war having disclosed the source of our strength and the weakness of Russia, the most strenuous efforts are made for placing both nations upon a footing of equality in that respect. Sebastopol, the southern stronghold of Russia, fell, notwithstanding the sacrifice of half a million of the best troops of Russia in the endeavour to retain it. But Russia, with such immense resources, had no effective means of transport. Her troops perished by thousands while proceeding by roads all but impassable towards Sebastopol, and those who entered the Crimea, arrived completely exhausted. But no sooner is the treaty of peace signed than immense lines of railways are projected, connecting distant portions of the empire with the capital, and opening a highway to the south. And that the French alliance may be at the same time jeopardized, France is to be drawn towards Russia by the construction of these works being entrusted to a French company in which an immense number of the middle classes of France are interested, notwithstanding that English capital and the science of English engineers had to be called into requisition for the construction of several of the railways of France. The extent of these projected railways may be estimated from the amount of capital authorised, 40 millions stg.; and let it be observed that in Canada, where land and timber are cheap, but where labour is dear, the *Grand Trunk Railroad*, a first-class road, equal to any in England, is constructed for £7,000 per mile. We may therefore assume that in Russia, where land, timber, and also labour are cheap, first class railroads may be constructed at £5,000 per mile, which would give 8,000 miles to be constructed with the capital authorised; and little doubt can be entertained that the astuteness of Russia has not been at fault in the projection of her railroads, and that we shall in a few years find Odessa, Nicolaieff and the Crimea embraced in an extension of the lines now authorised.

But England and France were enabled to vanquish Russia on her own soil, with a loss not exceeding *one-eighth* of that sustained by Russia, mainly by the aid of the steam fleet of England. And Russia is creating an immense fleet of mercantile steamers on the Black Sea. To any person at all informed of the extent of the commerce of the Black Sea, and of the small share of it hitherto carried on by Russia, it must be evident that there is an ulterior design in the establishment of a company supported by government to employ 72 large steamers in conducting and extending that commerce. By the terms of the treaty Russia cannot have a fleet of national war vessels in the Black Sea; but the treaty is to be evaded by the establishment of such a fleet of commercial steamers as will be sufficient to transport in a few days a large Russian army to Constantinople, when the completion of Russian railways will admit of the transport of a large force from the North to the shores of the Black Sea, in fewer hours than it lately required weeks for their march thither.

While there is thus reason to apprehend the renewal in a few years hence of the struggle with Russia, in defence of the freedom and civilization of the world, a question of the deepest moment suggests itself, where is England to look for allies in the contest? It is obvious that but little reliance can be placed upon France, and the whole of continental Europe, with the exception of the Kingdom of Sardinia, is one vast despotism, under the protection of Russia and Austria. True, Lombardy, Naples and the other states of Italy are panting for freedom and cannot much longer be restrained; and Hungary and Poland are also ready to raise their national flags, and to engage in any struggle that affords promise of restoring their nationalities; but the effective aid which these peoples could give in a war beyond the boundaries of their respective countries, and with the disciplined legions of the great depots of Europe, supposing *their* differences to be compromised—the aid which these nationalities would bring would certainly leave more to be desired. Could England calculate upon the alliance of the United States? A few years ago, such an alliance, in the cause of freedom, would by many have been anticipated. But the attitude taken by the government and a great portion of the press of that country during the late war, leaves it no longer to be calculated upon. After a struggle in which the republican party brought forward their whole strength a President has been elected pledged to the extension of the slave-holding influence; and the only hope of England must be in the Northern free States and her own colonists in the North American Provinces. These are advancing rapidly in population and in the development of the immense resources of that magnificent country; and towards accelerating the progress England can give most effective aid. If Russia can find the means of maintaing 72 mercantile steamers in the Black Sea, England can certainly afford to subsidize at least one effective line to promote her own commerce with her North American Colonies and with the North Western States of the Union. England now expends £160,000 stg. per annum in subsidizing the Cunard fleet, which is essentially an American line. Let her give a tithe of that sum to an efficient line of screw steamers to ply between Liverpool and Portland, calling at St. John's, N. F. and Halifax, and she will do more towards promoting the growth of her North American possessions than she could possibly do at so small an outlay by any other means. This colony would readily supplement such a grant with £5000 more. It is expected that a sufficient sum will be granted by the Canadian Legislature this winter to secure a weekly line to Quebec and Montreal during the summer and fall, and to Portland during winter. Let an efficient line, making 22 voyages annually, be established between Liverpool and Portland, calling at St. John's N. F. and Halifax; and the greater portion of the immense foreign commerce of the west, will be diverted to the St. Lawrence and to the Grand Trunk Railway, the cordial attachment of the Western States and of the State of Maine will be secured to England, and the progress of Portland towards supplanting New York and Boston as the ensports of the West will be largely promoted. The growth of the North is identified with the promotion of freedom, that of the South with what we do not desire to name—slavery and sympathy, most probably *alliance* with European despotism. Taught by the policy of her late enemy, let England give her effective aid to the cause of freedom now, and she may thereby save thousands of lives and millions of money a quarter of a century hence.

THE HANDSOME MAN.

They tell me that I'm handsome yet,
And all the ladies say,
"Do look at him; the dear old man
Grows younger every day."
And when each friend asks, "At your age,
How came you over from ills?"
I answer blushing, "In my youth
I drank Brandreth's Pills!"

[illegible]—Who was she interrupted by saying, [illegible] understanding by experience; the most ignorant [illegible] vanity; and beauty by nature.—Cleave.