

the genial warmth thrown out by the burning maple, I coughed, and he was at my side, and soon overpowered me with questions and advice, while his handsome countenance beamed with genuine satisfaction at my recovery. His loud tones attracted the attention of the whole of Squire Morchington's family, in whose hospitable mansion I had been kindly cared for, and among the rest my old friend Fuddle, who declared, triumphantly, that he knew I wasn't dead, notwithstanding Dr. Clay's professional opinion to the contrary. Before the skill of that distinguished personage could be satisfactorily decided, his long nose appeared above the heads of all present, and an avenue to my couch was at once opened for him. Reverentially his left hand was laid on my brow, while his right drew my jaws asunder; minute, indeed, was the examination my tongue underwent, and when he (playfully I hope) poked me in the ribs, it seemed as if a galvanic battery had been applied to those parts, so sudden and severe was the pain.

"Yes," he ejaculated solemnly, "the patient must be kept very quiet, otherwise his symptoms may be dangerous in less than twenty-four hours."

I paid no attention to the Doctor's orders, but beckoned Fuddle to approach, as I wished to unburden myself of a load of guilt that had now become unbearable.

"Fuddle," I feebly exclaimed, "listen to my story;" and I related, without extenuation, the incidents I have written. "Now, Fuddle," said I in conclusion, "go tell Deacon Guffy

my black filly has an incurable ringbone, and that my conscience compels me to acknowledge the game I intended to play on him."

At this, Fuddle broke out into a most immoderate fit of laughter, to the astonishment of all present.

"Young man," he began, when his mirth had subsided somewhat, "you are too conscientious. The Deacon would have had the best of that trade, as his colt is as blind as a bat, and spavined into the bargain."

This declaration caused all present except myself to join in his mirth, while my feelings, as a sensational novelist would say, can be better imagined than described.

The cause of the Deacon's conduct and his wife's kindness was at once explained. How easily we poor mortals of the masculine persuasion are flattered!

My recovery was speedy, and my "adventure" caused, as is usual in such cases, a great deal of talk for a short period among the inhabitants of that rural district, and was then almost forgotten; but upon myself its effects were lasting, as my business relations will testify, and the grey hairs scattered thickly through my head since then.

Since that occurrence Fuddle has ceased to acknowledge me as an oracle in horse-flesh; and when we meet, as we often do, and horses become the theme of conversation, Fuddle's favorite topic, I then remember some business I had forgotten, lest the Deacon's colt be mentioned, and the company indulge in a laugh at my expense.

CLIFTON.

LUMBER SONG.

BY MISS M. A. S. MASSMAN.

Away to the woods—the sougning deep woods,
The maple's leaves are brown
And sad dry and cold, with deep grief untold,
They're slowly drifting down,
To slumber beneath the pure white snow
While the Woodmen's axes ring,
'Till sunny showers, and jocund bright hours,
Shall welcome back the spring.

CHORUS,—

Then away to the woods—the lumber woods,
Where the camp-fires burning bright,
Where laughter and song, the loud wit prolong,
And cheer the wintry night.

Away to the woods—the grand old woods,
They wear their tropic crown,
And scarlet deep decayed, with autumnal pride,
And green, and gold, and brown.
But winter's wild blast, swift away will cast,
Their robes of royal state,
And leave them all cold, and withered and old,
And grim and desolate.

CHORUS,—

Away, away, at the first peep of day,
The drives to labour go,
And while they clank, and the horses tramp,
Their passage through the snow,
With many a hitch, o'er each frozen ditch
In the fire's ruddy glow,
While the shadows dim, from limb to limb,
Dance softly to and fro.

CHORUS,—

Away to the woods, where the tall trees fall,
Swift through the frosty air,
While the merry men shout, "Look out! look out!
Of your heads boys, have a care."
When night comes down, on wings vast and brown,
And broods o'er the woods in gloom,
'To the Camp they go, with a gay hillo,
While they fondly think of home.

CHORUS,—

Of sweet-hearts and wives, the light of their lives,
While burns the camp fire low,
Their warm fragrant beds, of green boughs they
Without the snow drifts blow,