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KING HARWOOD.

The good town of Belford swarmed, of course, with single ladies—especially with single ladies of that despised denomination which is commonly known by the title of old maids. For gentlewomen of that description, especially of the less affluent class, (and although such a thing may be found here and there, a rich old maid is much rarer than a poor one,) a provincial town in this protestant country, where nunneries are not, is the natural refuge. A village life, however humble the dwelling, is at once more expensive—since messengers and conveyances, men and horses, of some sort, are in the actual country indispensable,—and more melancholy, for there is a sense of loneliness and insignificance, a solitude within doors and without, which none but an unconnected and unprotected woman can thoroughly understand. And London, without family ties, or personal importance, or engrossing pursuit,—to be poor and elderly, idle and alone in London, is a climax of desolation which everybody can comprehend, because almost every one must, at some time or other, have felt, in a greater or less degree, the humbling sense of individual nothingness—of being but a drop of water in the ocean, a particle of sand on the sea-shore, which so often presses upon the mind amidst the bustling crowds and the splendid gaieties of the great city. To be rich or to be busy is the necessity of London.

The poor and the idle, on the other hand, get on best in a country town. Belford was the paradise of ill-jointed widows and portionless old maids. There they met on the table-land of gentility, passing their mornings in calls at each other's houses, and their evenings in small tea-parties, seasoned with a rubber or a

pool, and garnished with the little quiet gossiping (call it not scandal, gentle reader!) which their habits required. So large a portion of the population consisted of single ladies, that it might almost have been called a maiden town. Indeed, a calculating Cantab, happening to be there for the long vacation, amused his leisure by taking a census of the female householders, beginning with Mrs. Davisons—fine alert old ladies, between 70 and 80, who, being proud of their sprightliness and vigour, were suspected of adding a few more years to their age than would be borne out by the register,—and ending with Miss Letitia Pierce, a damsel on the confines of forty, who was more than suspected of a slight falsification of dates the converse way. I think he made the sum total, in the three parishes, amount to one hundred and seventy-four.

The part of the town in which they chiefly congregated, the lady's *quartier*, was one hilly corner of the parish of St. Nicholas, a sort of highland district, all made up of short rows, and pigmy places, and half-finished crescents, entirely uncontaminated by the vulgarity of shops, ill-paved, worse lighted, and so placed that it seemed to catch all the smoke of the more thickly inhabited part of the town, and was consequently encircled by a wreath of vapour, like Snowden or Skiddaw.

Why the good ladies chose this elevated and inconvenient position, one can hardly tell; perhaps because it was cheap; perhaps, because it was genteel—perhaps, from a mixture of both causes; I can only answer for the fact; and of this favourite spot the most favoured portion was a slender line of houses, tall and slim, known by the name of Warwick-terrace, consisting of a tolerable spacious dwelling

at either end, and four smaller tenements linked two by two in the centre.

The tenants of Warwick-terrace were, with one solitary exception, exclusively female. One of the end houses was occupied by a comfortable-looking, very round Miss Blackall, a spinster of fifty, the richest and simplest of the row, with her parrot, who had certainly more words, and nearly as many ideas, as his mistress; her black footman, whose fine livery, white, turned up with scarlet, and glittering silver lace, seemed rather ashamed of his "sober-suited" neighbours; the plush waistcoat and inexpressibles blushing as if in scorn. The other corner was filled by Mrs. Leeson, a kind-hearted bustling dame, the great ends of whose existence were visiting and cards, who had, probably made more morning calls and played a greater number of rubbers than any woman in Belford, and who boasted a tabby cat, and a head maid called Nanny, that formed a proper pendant to the parrot and Cæsar. Of the four centre habitations, one pair was the residence of Miss Savage, who bore the formidable reputation of a sensible woman—an accusation which rested, probably, on no worse foundation than a gruff voice and something of a vinegar aspect,—and of Miss Steele, who, poor thing, underwent a still worse calumny, and was called literary, simply because forty years ago she had made a grand poetical collection, consisting of divers manuscript volumes, written in an upright taper hand, and filled with such choice morceaus as Mrs. Greville's "Ode to Indifference," Miss Seward's "Monody on Major Andre," sundry translations of Metastasio's "Nice," and a considerable collection of enigmas, on which stock, undiminished and unincreased, she still traded; whilst the last brace of houses, linked together like Siamese twins, was divided between two families, the three Miss Lockes,—whom no one ever dreamt of talking of as separate or individual personages—one should as soon have thought of severing the Graces, or the Furies, or the Fates, or any other classical trio, as of knowing them apart; the three Miss Lockes lived in one of these houses, and Mrs. Harwood and her two daughters in the other.

It is with the Harwoods only that we have to do at present.

Mrs. Harwood was the widow of the late and the mother of the present rector of Dighton, a family living purchased by the father of her late husband, who, himself a respectable and affluent yeoman, aspired to a rivalry with his old landlord, the squire of the next parish; and, when he sent his only son to the university, established him in the rectory, married him to the daughter of an archdeacon, and set up a public-house, called the Harwood Arms—somewhat to the profit of the Heralds' Office, who had to discover or invent these illustrious bearings—had accomplished the two objects of his ambition, and died contented.

The son proved a bright pattern of posthumous duty; exactly the sort of rector the good old farmer would have wished to see, did he turn out,—respectable, conscientious, always just, and often kind; but so solemn, so pompous, so swelling in deportment and grandiloquent in speech, that he had not been half a dozen years inducted to the living before he obtained the popular title of bishop of Dighton—a distinction which he seems to have taken in good part, by assuming a costume as nearly episcopal as possible, at all points, and copying, with the nicest accuracy, the shovel hat and buzz wig of the prelate of the diocese, a man of seventy-five. He put his coachman and footboy into the right clerical livery, and adjusted his household and modelled his behaviour according to the strictest notions of the stateliness and decorum proper to a dignitary of the church.

Perhaps he expected that the nickname by which he was so little aggrieved would some day or other be realised; some professional advancement he certainly reckoned upon. But, in spite of his cultivating most assiduously all profitable connexions—of his christening his eldest son "Earl," after a friend of good parliamentary interest, and his younger boy, "King," after another—of his choosing one noble sponsor for his daughter Georgina, and another for his daughter Henrietta—he lived and died with no better preferment than the rectory of Dighton, which had been presented to him by his honest father five-and-forty years before, and to which his son Earl succeeded: the only advantage which his careful courting of patrons and patronage had procured for

his family being comprised of his having obtained for his son King, through the recommendation of a noble friend, the situation of clerk at his banker's in Lombard-street.

Mrs. Harwood, a stately portly dame, almost as full of parade as her husband, had on her part been equally unlucky. The grand object of her life had been to marry her daughters, and in that she failed, probably because she had been too ambitious in her attempts. Certain it is that, on the removal of the widow to Bedford, poor Miss Harwood, who had been an insipid beauty, and whose beauty had turned into shallowness and haggardness, was forced to take refuge in ill-health and tender spirits, and set up, as a last chance, for interesting; whilst Henrietta, who had five-and-twenty years before reckoned herself accomplished, still, though with diminished pretensions, kept the field—sang with a voice considerably the worse for wear, danced as often as she could get a partner, flirted with beaux of all ages, from sixty to sixteen—chiefly it may be presumed, with the latter, because of all mankind a shy lad from college is the likeliest to be taken in by an elderly miss. A wretched personage, under an affectation of boisterous gaiety, was Henrietta Harwood! a miserable specimen of that most miserable class of single women who, at forty and upwards, go about dressing and talking like young girls, and will not grow old.

Earl Harwood was his father slightly modernized. He was a tall, fair, heavy-looking man, not perhaps quite so solemn and pompous as "the bishop," but far more cold and supercilious. If I wished to define him in four letters, the little word "prig" would come very conveniently to my aid; and perhaps, in its comprehensive brevity, it conveys as accurate an idea of his manner as can be given; a prig of the slower and graver order was Earl Harwood.

His brother King, on the other hand, was a coxcomb of the brisker sort; *up*—not like generous champagne; but like cider, or perry, or gooseberry-wine, or "the acid flash of soda-water;" or, perhaps, more still like the slight froth that runs over the top of that abomination, a pot of porter, to which, by the way, together with the fellow abominations, snuff

and cigars, he was inveterately addicted. Conceit and pretension, together with a dash of the worst because the finest vulgarity, that which thinks itself genteel, were the first and last of King Harwood. His very pace was an amble—a frisk, a skip, a strut, a prance—he could not walk; and he always stood on tiptoe, so that the heels of his shoes never wore out. The effect of this was, of course, to make him look less tall than he was; so that, being really a man of middle height, he passed for short. His figure was slight, his face fair, and usually adorned with a smile half supercilious and half self-satisfied, and set off by a pair of most conceited-looking spectacles. There is no greater atrocity than his who shows you glass for eyes, and, instead of opening wide those windows of the heart, fobs you off with a bit of senseless crystal which conceals, instead of enforcing, an honest meaning—"there was no speculation in those pebbles which he did glare withal." For the rest, he was duly whiskered and curled; though the eyelashes, when by a chance removal of the spectacles they were discovered, lying under suspicion of sandiness; and, the whiskers and hair being auburn, it was a disputed point whether the barber's part of him consisted in dyeing his actual locks, or in a supplemental periwig: that the curls were of their natural colour, nobody believed that took the trouble to think about it.

But it was his speech that was the prime distinction of King Harwood: the pert fops of Congreve's comedies, Petulant, Witwoud, Froth, and Brisk, (pregnant names!) seemed but types of our hero. He never opened his lips (and he was always chatting) but to proclaim his own infinite superiority to all about him. He would have taught Burke to speak, and Reynolds to paint, and John Kemble to act. The Waverly novels would have been the better for his hints; and it was some pity that Shakspeare had not lived in these days, because he had a suggestion that would greatly have improved his Lear.

Nothing was too great for him to meddle with, and nothing too little; but his preference went very naturally with the latter, which amalgamated most happily with his own mind: and when the unex-

pected legacy of a plebeian great-aunt, the despised sister of his grand-father, the farmer, enabled him to leave quill-driving, of which he was heartily weary, and to descend from the high stool in Lombard-street, on which he had been perched for five-and-twenty years, there doubtless mingled with the desire to assist his family, by adding his small income to their still smaller one—for this egregious coxcomb was an excellent son and a kind brother, just in his dealings, and generous in his heart, when, through the thick coating of foppery one could find the way to it—some wish to escape from the city, where his talents were, as he imagined, buried in the crowd, smothered against the jostling multitudes, and to emerge, in all his lustre, in the smaller and more select coteries of the country. On his arrival at Belford, accordingly, he installed himself, at once, as arbiter of fashion, the professed *beau garçon*, the lady's man of the town and neighbourhood; and having purchased a horse, and ascertained, to his great comfort, that his avocation as a banker's clerk was either wholly unsuspected in the county circles which his late father had frequented, or so indistinctly known, that the very least little white lie in the world would pass him off as belonging to the House, he boldly claimed acquaintance with every body in the county whose name he had ever heard in his life, and, regardless of the tolerably visible contempt of the gentlemen, proceeded to make his court to the ladies with might and with main.

He miscalculated, however, the means best fitted to compass his end. Women, however frivolous, do not like a frivolous man; they would as soon take a fancy to their mercer as to the man who offers to choose their silks, and if he will find fault with their embroidery, and correct their patterns, he must lay his account in being no more regarded by them than their milliner or their maid. Sooth to say, your fine lady is an ungrateful personage; she accepts the help, and then laughs at the officious helper—sucks the orange and throws away the peel. This truth found King Harwood, when, after riding to London, and running all over that well-sized town, to match, in German lamb's wool, the unmatched brown and gold feathers, of the game-cock's neck, which

that ambitious embroideress, Lady Delany, aspired to imitate in a table-carpet, he found himself saluted for his pains with the malicious soubriquet of King of the Bantams. This and other affronts drove him from the county society, which he had intended to enlighten and adorn, to the less brilliant circles of Belford, which, perhaps suited his taste better, he being of that class of persons who had rather reign in the town than serve in the country; whilst his brother Earl, safe in cold silence and dull respectability, kept sedulously among his rural compeers, and was considered one of the most unexceptionable grace-sayers at a great dinner of any clergyman in the neighbourhood.

To Belford, therefore, the poor King of the Bantams was compelled to come, thinking himself the cleverest and most fashionable man in the place; an opinion which, I am sorry to say, he had pretty much to himself. The gentlemen smiled at his pretensions, and the young ladies laughed, which was just the reverse of the impression which he intended to make. How the thing happened I can hardly tell, for, in general, the young ladies of a country town are sufficiently susceptible to attention from a London man. Perhaps the man was not to their taste, as conceit finds few favourers; or, perhaps, they disliked the kind of attention, which consisted rather in making perpetual demands on their admiration, than in offering the tribute of his own; perhaps, also, the gentleman, who partook of the family fault, and would be young in spite of the register, was too old for them. However it befell, he was no favourite amongst the Belford belles.

Neither was he in very good odour with the mammas. He was too poor, too proud, too scornful, and a Harwood, in which name all the pretension of the world seemed gathered. Nay, he not only in his own person out-Harwooded Harwood, but was held accountable for not a few of the delinquencies of that obnoxious race, whose airs had much augmented since he had honoured Belford by his presence. Before his arrival, Miss Henrietta and her stately mamma had walked out, like the other ladies of the town, unattended: the King came, and they could not stir without being followed as their shadow by the poor little

footboy, who formed the only serving-man of their establishment; before that *avatar* they dined at six, now seven was the family hour; and whereas they were wont, previously, to take that refecton without alarming their neighbours, and causing Miss Blackall's parrot to scream, and Mrs. Leeson's cat to mew, now the solitary maid of all-work, or perchance the King himself, tinkled and jangled the door-bell, or the parlour-bell, to tell those who knew it before that dinner was ready, (I wonder he had not purchased a gong,) and to set every lady in the Row a moralizing on the sin of pride and the folly of pretension. Ah! if they who are at once poor and gently bred could but understand how safe a refuge from the contempt of the rich they would find in frank and open poverty! how entirely the pride of the world bends before a simple and honest humility!—how completely we, the poorest, may say with Constance (provided only that we imitate her action, and throw ourselves on the ground as we speak the words,) "Here is my throne, —let kings come bow to me!"—if they would but do this, how much of pain and grief they might save themselves! But this was a truth which the Harwoods had yet to discover.

Much of his unpopularity might, however, be traced to a source on which he particularly prided himself:—a misfortune which has befallen a wiser man.

Amongst his other iniquities the poor King of the Bantams had a small genius for music, an accomplishment that flattered at once his propensities and his pretensions, his natural love of noise and his acquired love of consequence. He sung, with a falsetto that went through one's head like the screams of a young peacock, divers popular ballads in various languages, very difficult to distinguish each from each; he was a most pertinacious and intolerable scraper on the violoncello, an instrument which it is almost as presumptuous to touch, unless finely, as it is to attempt and to fail in an epic poem or an historical picture; and he showed the extent and the variety of his want of power, by playing quite as ill on the flute, which again may be compared to a failure in the composition of an acrostic, or the drawing of a butterfly. Sooth to say, he was equally bad at all; and yet he

contrived to be quite as great a pest to the unmusical part of society—by far the larger part in Belford certainly, and, I suspect, everywhere—as if he had actually been the splendid performer he fancied himself. Nay, he was even a greater nuisance than a fine player can be; for if music be, as Mr. Charles Lamb happily calls it, "measured malice," malice out of all measure must be admitted to be worse still.

Generally speaking, people who dislike the art deserve to be as much bored as they are by the "concord of sweet sounds." There is not an English lady in a thousand who, when asked if she be fond of music, has the courage enough to say, No; she thinks it would be rude to do so; whereas, in my opinion, it is a civil way of getting out of a scrape, since, if the performance be such as commands admiration, (and the very best music is an enjoyment as exquisite as it is rare,) the delight evinced comes as a pleasant surprise, or as a graceful compliment; and if (as is by very far most probable) the singing chance to be such as one would rather not hear, why then one has, at least, the very great comfort of not being obliged to simper and profess oneself pleased, but may seem as tired, and look as likely to yawn as one will, without offering any particular affront, or incurring any worse imputation than that of being wholly without taste for music—a natural defect, at which the amateur who has been excruciating one's ears vents his contempt in a shrug of scornful pity, little suspecting how entirely (as is often the case in that amiable passion) the contempt is mutual.

Now there are certain cases under which the evil of music is much mitigated: when one is not expected to listen, for instance, as at a large party in London, or, better still, at a great house in the country, where there are three or four rooms open, and one can get completely out of the way, and hear no more of the noise than of a peal of bells in the great parish. Music, under such circumstances, may be endured with becoming philosophy. But the poor Belfordians had no such resource. Their parties were held, at the best, in two small drawing-rooms laid into one by the aid of folding-doors; so that when Mr. King, accompanied by his

sister Henrietta, who drummed and strummed upon the piano like a boarding-school Miss, and sung her part in a duet with a voice like a raven, began his eternal vocalization, (for, never tired of hearing himself, he never dreamt of leaving off until his unhappy audience parted for the night,)—when once the self-delighted pair began, the deafened whist-table groaned in dismay; lottery-tickets were at a discount; commerce at a standstill; Pope Joan died a natural death, and the pool of quadrille came to an untimely end.

The reign of the four kings, so long the mild and absolute sovereigns of the Belford parties, might be said to be over, and the good old ladies, long their peaceable and loving subjects, submitted with peevish patience to the yoke of the usurper. They listened and they yawned; joined in their grumbling by the other vocalists of this genteel society, the singing young ladies and manœuvring mammas, who found themselves literally "pushed from their stools," their music stools, by the Harwood monopoly of the instrument, as well as affronted by the Bantam King's intolerance of all bad singing except his own. How long the usurpation would have lasted, how long the discontent would have been confined to hints and frowns, and whispered mutterings, and very intelligible inuendoes, without breaking into open rebellion,—in other words, how long it would have been before King Harwood was sent to Coventry, there is no telling. He himself put an end to his musical sovereignty, as other ambitious rulers have done before him, by an overweening desire to add to the extent of his dominions.

Thus it fell out.

One of the associations which did the greatest honour to Belford, was a society of amateur musicians—chiefly tradesmen, imbued with a real love of the art, and a desire to extend and cultivate an amusement which, however one may laugh at the affectation of musical taste, is, when so pursued, of a very elevating and delightful character—who met frequently at each other's houses for the sake of practice, and encouraged by the leadership of an accomplished violin player, and the possession of two or three voices of extraordinary brilliancy and power, began

about this time to extend their plan, to rehearse two or three times a week at a great room belonging to one of the society, and to give amateur concerts at the Town-hall.

Very delightful these concerts were. Every man exerted himself to the utmost, and, accustomed to play the same pieces with the same associates, the performance had much of the unity which makes the charm of family music. They were so unaffected, too, so thoroughly unpretending—there was such genuine good taste, so much of the true spirit of enjoyment, and so little of trickery and display, that the audience, who went prepared to be indulgent, were enchanted; the amateur concerts became the fashion of the day, and all the elegance and beauty of the town and neighbourhood crowded to the Belford Town-hall. This was enough for Mr. King Harwood. He had attended once as a hearer, and he instantly determined to be heard. It was premitting his dignity, to be sure, and his brother, Earl, would have been dumb for ever before he would have condescended to such an association. But the vanity of our friend the King was of a more popular description. Rather than not get applause he would have played Punch at Belford fair; accordingly, he offered himself as a tenor singer to the amateur society, and they, won by his puffs of his musical genius,—which, to say the truth, had about them the prevailing power which always results from the speaker's perfect faith in his own assertions, the self-deluding faith which has never failed to make converts, from Mahomet down to Joanna Southcot,—they, won to belief, and civilly unwilling to put his talents to the proof, accepted his services for the next concert.

Luckless King Harwood! He to sing in concerted pieces! Could not he have remembered that unhappy supper of the Catch and Glee Club, in Finsbury-square, where, for his sake, "Non Nobis Domine," was hissed, and "Glorious Apollo" wellnigh damned? He to aspire to the dictatorship of country musicians! Had he wholly forgotten that still more unlucky morning, when aspiring to reform the church music of Dighton, he and the parish clerk and the obedient sexton, began, as announced and pre-arranged, to warble Luther's Hymn; whilst

all the rest of the singing gallery, three clarionets, two French horns, the bassoon, and the rustic vocalists struck up the Hundredth Psalm; and the instructed charity children, catching the last word as given out by the clerk, completed the triple chain, not of harmony, but discord, by screaming out at the top of their shrill childish voices the sweet sounds of the Morning Hymn? Was that day forgotten, and that day's mortification?—when my lord, a musical amateur of the first water, whom the innovation was intended to captivate, was fain to stop his cognoscentic ears, whilst Lady Julia held her handkerchief to her fair face to conceal her irrepressible laughter, and the unhappy source of this confusion ran first of all to the Rector to escape from the tittering remarks of the congregation, and then half-way to London to escape from the solemn rebuke of the Rector? Could that hour be forgotten?

I suppose it was. Certain he offered himself and was accepted; and was no sooner installed a member of the Society, than he began his usual course of dictation and finding fault. His first contest was that very fruitful ground of dispute, the concert bill. With the instrumental pieces he did not meddle; but in the vocal parts the Society had wisely confined themselves to English words and English composers, to the great horror of the new *primo tenore*, who proposed to substitute Spohr and Auber and Rossini, for Purcell and Harrington and Bishop, and to have “no vulgar English name,” in the whole bill of fare.

“To think of the chap!” exclaimed our good friend Stephen Lane, when Master King proposed a quartet from the “Cenerentola,” in lieu of the magnificent music which has well nigh turned one of the finest tragedies in the world into the very finest opera—(I mean, of course, Matthew Locke's music in Macbeth)—“To think of the chap!” exclaimed Stephen, who had sung Hecate with admirable power and beauty for nearly forty years, and whose noble bass voice still retained its unrivalled richness of tone—“To think of his wanting to frisk me into some of his parly voos stuff, and daring to sneer and snigger not only at Locke's music!—and I'll thank any of your parly voos to show me finer—but at Shakspeare

himself! I don't know much of poetry, to be sure,” said Stephen; “but I know this, that Shakspeare's the poet of old England, and that every Englishman's bound to stand up for him, as he is for his country or his religion; and, dang it, if that chap dares to fleer at him again before my face, I'll knock him down—and so you may tell him, Master Antony,” pursued the worthy butcher, somewhat wroth against the leader, whose courtesy had admitted the offending party,—“so you may tell him; and I tell you, that if I had not stood up all my life against the system, I'd strike, and leave you to get a bass where you could. I hate such puppies, and so you may tell him!” So saying, Stephen walked away, and the concert bill remained unaltered.

If (as is possible) there had been a latent hope that the new member would take offence at his want of influence in the programme of the evening's amusement, and “strike” himself, the hope was disappointed. Most punctual in the orchestra was Mr. King Harwood, and most delighted to perceive a crowded and fashionable audience. He placed himself in a conspicuous situation and a most conspicuous attitude, and sat out first an overture of Weber's, then the fine old duet, “Time has not thinned my flowing hair,” and then the cause of quarrel, “When shall we three meet again,” in which Stephen had insisted on his bearing no part, with scornful *sang froid*—although the Hecate was so superb, and the whole performance so striking, that, as if to move his spleen, it had been rapturously encored. The next piece was “O Nanny!” harmonized for four voices, in which he was to bear a part—and a most conspicuous part he did bear, sure enough! The essence of that sweetest melody, which “custom cannot stale,” is, as every one knows, its simplicity; but simplicity made no part of our vocalist's merits! No one that heard him will ever forget the trills, and runs, and shakes, the cadences and flourishes of that “O Nanny!”—The other three voices (one of which was Stephen's,) stopped in astonishment, and the panting violins “toiled after him in vain.” At last, Stephen Lane, somewhat provoked at having been put out of his own straight course by any thing,—for, as he said afterwards, he

thought he could have sung "O Nanny!" in the midst of an earthquake, and determined to see if he could stop the chap's flourishes,—suddenly snatched the fiddlestick out of the hands of the wondering leader, and jerked the printed glee out of the white-gloved hands of the singer, as he was holding the leaves with the most delicate affectation—sent them sailing and fluttering over the heads of the audience, and then, as the King, nothing daunted, continued his variations on "Thou wert fairest," followed up his blow by a dexterous twitch with the same convenient instrument at the poor beau's caxon, which flew spinning along the ceiling, and alighted at last on one of the ornaments of the centre chandelier, leaving the luckless vocalist with a short crop of reddish hair, somewhat grizzled, a fierce pair of whiskers curled and dyed, and a most chapfallen countenance, in the midst of the cheers, the bravos, and the encores of the diverted audience, who laughed at the exploit from the same resistless impulse that tempted honest Stephen to the act.

"Flesh and blood could not withstand it, man!" exclaimed he, apologetically, holding out his huge red fist, which the crestfallen beau was far too angry to take, "but I'm quite ready to make the wig good; I'll give you half a dozen, if you like, in return for the fun; and I'd recommend their fitting tighter, for really it's extraordinary what a little bit of a jerk sent that fellow flying up to the ceiling just like a bird. The fiddlestick's none the worse—nor you either, if you could but think so."

But in the midst of this consolatory and conciliatory language, the discomfitted hero of the evening disappeared, leaving his "O Nanny!" under the feet of the company, and his periwig perched on the chandelier over their heads.

The result of this adventure was, in the first place, a most satisfactory settlement of the question of wig or no wig, which had divided the female world of Belford; and a complete cure of his musical mania on the part of its hero. He never sang a note again, and has even been known to wince at the sound of a barrel organ, whilst those little vehicles of fairy tunes, French work-boxes and snuff-boxes were objects of especial alarm.

He always looked as if he expected to hear the sweet air of "O Nanny!" issuing from them.

One would have thought that such a calamity would have been something of a lesson. But vanity is a strong-rooted plant that soon sprouts out again, crop it off closely as you may, and the misadventure wrought but little change in his habits. For two or three days, (probably, whilst a new wig was making) he kept his room, sick or sulky; then he rode over to Dighton, for two or three days more; after which he returned to Belford, revisited his old haunts and renewed his old ways, strutting and skipping, as usual, the loudest at public meetings—the busiest on committees—the most philosophical member of the Philosophical Society, at which, by the way, adventuring with all the boldness of ignorance on certain chemical experiments, he very literally burnt his fingers; and the most horticultural of the horticulturists, marching about in a blue apron, like a real gardener, flourishing watering-pots, cheapening budding-knives, and boasting of his marvels in grafting and pruning, although the only things resembling trees in his mother's slip of a garden were some smoky China roses that would not blow, and a few blighted currants that refused to ripen.

But these were trifles. He attended all the more serious business of the town and country—was a constant man at the vestry, although no householder, and at borough and county meetings, although he had not a foot of land in the world. He attended railway meetings, navigation meetings, turnpike meetings, gas-works meetings, paving meetings, Macadamizing meetings, water-works meetings, cottage-allotment meetings, anti-slavetrade meetings, education meetings of every sort, and dissenting meetings of all denominations; never failed the bench; was as punctual at an inquest as the coroner, at the quarter-sessions as the chairman, at the assizes as the judge, and hath been oftener called to order by the court, and turned out of the grand-jury room by the foreman, than any other man in the country. In short, as Stephen Lane, whom he encountered pretty frequently in his perambulations, pithily observed of him, "A body was sure to find the chap wherever he had no business."

Stephen, who, probably, thought he had given him punishment enough, regarded the poor King after the fashion in which his great dog Smoker would look upon a cur that he had tossed once and disdained to toss again—a mixture of toleration and contempt. The utmost to which the good butcher was ever provoked by his adversary's noisiest nonsense or pertest presumption, was a magnificent nod towards the chandelier from whence the memorable wig had once hung pendant, a true escutcheon of pretence; or, if that memento were not sufficient, the whistling a few bars of "Where thou wert fairest,"—a gentle hint, which seldom failed of its effect in perplexing and dumb-founding the orator.

They were, however, destined to another encounter; and, as often happens in this world of shifting circumstance, the result of that encounter brought out points of character which entirely changed their feelings and position towards each other.

Stephen had been, as I have before said, or meant to say, a mighty cricketer in his time; and, although now many stone too heavy for active participation, continued as firmly attached to the sport, as fond of looking on and promoting that most noble and truly English game, as your old cricketer, when of a hearty and English character, is generally found to be. He patronized and promoted the diversion on all occasions, formed a weekly club at Belford, for the sake of practice, assigned them a commodious meadow for a cricket-ground, trained up sons and grandsons to the exercise, made matches with all the parishes round, and was so sedulous in maintaining the credit of the Belford Eleven, that not a lad came into the place as an apprentice or a journeyman—especially if he happen to belong to a cricketing county—without Stephen's examining into his proficiency in his favourite accomplishment. Towards blacksmiths, who, from the development of muscular power in the arms, are often excellent players, and millers, who are good cricketers, one scarcely knows why—it runs in the trade—his attention was particularly directed, and his researches were at last rewarded by the discovery of a first-rate batsman, at a forge nearly opposite his own residence.

Caleb Hyde, the handicraftsman in

question, was a spare, sinewy, half-starved looking young man, as ragged as the wildest colt he ever shod; Humphrey Clinker was not in a more unclad condition when he first shocked the eyes of Mrs. Tabitha Bramble; and, Stephen, seeing that he was a capital ironsmith, and sure to command good wages, began to fear that his evil plight arose, as in nine cases out of ten raggedness does arise, from the gentle seductions of the beer-houses. On inquiry, however, he found that his protege was as sober as if there were not a beer-house in the world; that he had been reduced to his present unseemly plight by a long fever; and that his only extravagance consisted in his having, ever since he was out of his apprenticeship, supported by the sweat of his brow an aged mother and a sickly sister, for whose maintenance, during his own tedious illness, he had pawned his clothes, rather than allow them to receive relief from the parish. This instance of affectionate independence won the butcher's heart.

"That's what I call acting like a man and an Englishman!" exclaimed honest Stephen. "I never had a mother to take care of," continued he, pursuing the same train of thought,—“that is, I never knew her; and an unnatural jade she must have been; but nobody belonging to me should ever have received parish money whilst I had the use of my two hands;—and this poor fellow must be seen to.

And as an induction to the more considerable and more permanent benefits which he designed for him, he carried Caleb off to the cricket-ground, where there was a grand rendezvous of all the amateurs of the neighbourhood, beating up for recruits for a great match to come off at Danby-park on the succeeding week.

"They give their players a guinea a day," thought Stephen; "and I'd bet fifty guineas that Sir Thomas takes a fancy to him."

Now, the Belford cricket-ground happened to be one of Mr. King Harwood's many lounges. He never, to be sure, condescended to play there; but it was an excellent opportunity to find fault with those that did, to lay down the law on disputed points, to talk familiarly of the great men at Lord's, and to boast how, in

one match, on that classic ground, he had got more notches than Mr. Ward, and had caught out Mr. Budd, and bowled out Lord Frederick. Any body, to have heard him, would have thought him, in his single person, able to beat a whole eleven. That marquee, on the Belford cricket-ground, was the place to see King Harwood in his glory.

There he was, on the afternoon in question, putting in his word on all occasions; a word of more importance than usual, because Sir Thomas being himself unable to attend, his steward, whom he had sent to select the auxiliaries for the great match, was rather more inclined than his master would have been to listen to his suggestions, (a circumstance which may be easily accounted for by the fact, that the one did know him, and the other did not,) and, therefore, in more danger of being prejudiced by his scornful disdain of poor Caleb, towards whom he had taken a violent aversion, first as a protegee of Mr. Lane, and, secondly, as being very literally an "unwashed artificer;" Stephen having carried him off from the forge without even permitting the indispensable ablutions, or the slight improvement in costume which his scanty wardrobe would have permitted.

"He would be a disgrace to your eleven, Mr. Miller!" said his Bantamic Majesty to the civil steward; "Sir Thomas would have to clothe him from top to toe. There's the cricketer that I should recommend," added he, pointing to a young linendraper, in nankeen shorts, light shoes, and silk stockings. "He understands the proper costume, and is, in my mind, a far prettier player. Out!" shouted "the skipping King," as Caleb, running a little too hard, saved himself from being stumped out by throwing himself down at full length, with his arm extended, and the end of his bat full two inches beyond the stride; "Out! fairly out!"

"No out!" vociferated the butcher; "it's a thing done every day. He's not out, and you are!" exclaimed the man of the cleaver.

But the cry of "out" having once been raised, the other side, especially the scout who had picked up and tossed the ball, and the wicket-keeper who had caught it from the scout, and the bowler—a dogged, surly old player, whom Caleb's batting

had teased not a little,—joined in the clamour; and forthwith a confusion and a din of tongues, like that of the Tower of Babel, arose amongst the cricketers and standers by; from the midst of which might be heard at intervals, "Lord's Ground," "Howard," "Mr. Ward," "Mr. Budd," "Lord Frederick," and "The Marybone Club," in the positive dogmatical dictatorial tones of Mr. King Harwood; and the apparently irrelevant question, "O Nanny, wilt thou gang with me?" sung, in his deep and powerful bary-tone voice, by Stephen Lane.

At last, from mere weariness, there was a pause in the uproar; and our honest butcher, wiping his fine broad manly face, exclaimed, half in soliloquy,

"To be sure, it's foolish enough to make such a squabbling at a mere practising bout amongst ourselves; but one can't help being aggravated to hear the chap, who sits there never touching a bat, Jay down the law as if he could beat all England: whereas it's my firm belief that he never played in a match in his life. If he had, he'd want to play now. I defy a man that has been a cricketer not to feel a yearning, like, after the game when it's going on before his eyes; and I would not mind laying a smartish wager that his playing is just as bad as his singing."

"I'll play any man for thirty pounds, the best of two innings, at single wicket!" replied King, producing the money.

"Done," replied Stephen; "and Caleb, here, shall be your man."

"Surely, Mr. Lane," replied the affronted beau, "you can't intend to match me with a dirty ragged fellow like that? Of course I expect something like equality in my opponent—some decent person. No one could expect me to play against a journeyman blacksmith."

"Why not?" demanded the undaunted radical; "we're all the same flesh and blood, whether clean or dirty—all sprung from Adam. And as to Caleb, poor fellow! who pawned his clothes to keep his old mother and his sick sister, I only wish we were all as good. Howsoever, as that match would be, as you say, rather unequal—for I'll be bound that he'd beat you with his right hand tied behind him,—why it would not be fair to put him against you. Here's my little grandson Gregory, who won't be ten years old till

next Martinmas—he shall play you ; or, dang it, man,” shouted Stephen, “ I’ll play you myself ! I have not taken a bat in hand these twenty years,” continued he, beginning, in spite of the remonstrances of his friends, especially of poor Caleb, to strip off his coat and waistcoat, and prepare for the encounter,—“ I have not touched bat or ball for these twenty years, but I’m as sure of beating that chap as if he were a woman. So hold your tongue, Peter Jenkins ! be quiet, Caleb ! Don’t you prate about your grandmother, Gregory ; for play I will. And get you ready, Master Harwood, for I mean to bowl you out at the first ball.”

And Master King did make ready accordingly ; tied one handkerchief round his white trousers and another round his waist, lamented the want of his nankeens and his cricketing pumps, poised the bats, found fault with the ball, and finally placed himself in an attitude at the wicket ; and having won the toss, prepared to receive the ball, which Stephen on his part was preparing very deliberately to deliver.

Stephen in his time had been an excellent fast bowler ; and as that power was not affected by his size, (though probably somewhat impaired by want of practice,) and his confidence in his adversary’s bad play was much increased by the manner in which he stood at his wicket, he calculated with the most comfortable certainty on getting him out whenever he liked ; and he was right ; the unlucky King could neither stop nor strike. He kept no guard over his wicket ; and in less than three minutes the stumps rattled without his having once hit the ball.

It was now Stephen’s turn to go in—the fattest cricketer of a surety that ever wielded a bat. He stood up to his wicket like a man, and considering that King’s bowling was soon seen to be as bad as his hitting—that is to say, as bad as any thing could be—there was every chance of his stopping the ball, and continuing in for three hours ; but whether he would get a notch in three days, whether dear Stephen Lane *could* run, was a problem. It was solved, however, and sooner than might have been expected. He gave a mighty hit—a hit that sent her spinning into the hedge at the bottom of the ground—a hit, of which any body else would

have made three even at single wicket ; and, setting out on a leisurely trot, contrived to get home, without much inconvenience, just before the panting King arrived at his ground. In his next attempt at running, he was not so fortunate : his antagonist reached the wicket whilst he was still in mid-career, so that his innings was over, and Mr. King Harwood had to go in against one.

Alas ! he found it one too many ! At the very second ball, he made a hit—his first hit—and unluckily a hit up, and Stephen caught him out by the mere exertion of lifting his right arm ; so that the match was won at a single innings, the account standing thus :—

King Harwood, first innings	. 0
Ditto second innings	. 0
Stephen Lane, first innings	. 1

It would have been difficult to give the scorers on both sides less trouble.

Stephen was charmed with his success, laughing like a child for very glee, tossing the ball into the air, and enjoying his triumph with unrestrained delight, until his antagonist, who had borne his defeat with much equanimity, approached him with the amount of his bet : it then seemed to strike him suddenly, that Mr. Harwood was a gentleman, and poor, and that thirty pounds was too much for him to lose.

“ No, no, sir,” said Stephen, gently putting aside the offered notes ; “ all’s right now : we’ve had our frolic out, and it’s over. ’Twas foolish enough, at the best, in an old man like me, and so my dame will say ; but, as to playing for money, that’s quite entirely out of the question.”

“ These notes are yours, Mr. Lane,” replied King Harwood, gravely.

“ No such thing, man,” rejoined Stephen, more earnestly ; “ I never play for money, except now and then a sixpenny game at all-fours, with Peter Jenkins there. I hate gambling. We’ve all of us plenty to do with our bank-notes, without wasting them in such tom-foolery. Put ’em up, man, do. Keep ’em till we play the return match, and that won’t be in a hurry, I promise you ; I’ve had enough of this sport for one while,” added Stephen, wiping his honest face, and preparing to reassume his coat and waistcoat ; “ put up the notes, man, can’t ye !”

“ As I said before, Mr. Lane, ; this

money is yours. You need not scruple taking it; for, though I am a poor man, I do not owe a farthing in the world. The loss will occasion me no inconvenience. I had merely put aside this sum to pay Charles Wither the difference between my bay mare and his chestnut horse; and now I shall keep the mare; and, perhaps, after all, she is the more useful roadster of the two. You *must* take the money."

"I'll be hanged if I do!" exclaimed Stephen, struck with sudden and unexpected respect at the frank avowal of poverty, the good principles and the good temper of this speech. "How can I? Wasn't it my own rule, when I gave this bit of ground to the cricketers, that nobody should ever play in it for any stake, high or low? A pretty thing it would be if I, a reformer of forty years' standing; should be the first man to break a law of my own making! Besides, 'tis setting a bad example to these youngsters, and ought not to be done—and shan't be done," continued Stephen, waxing positive. "You've no notion what an obstinate old chap I can be! Better let me have my own way."

"Provided you let me have mine. You say you cannot take these notes—I feel that I cannot keep them. Suppose we make them over to your friend Caleb, to repair his wardrobe?"

"Dang it, you are a real good fellow!" shouted Stephen, in an ecstasy, grasping King Harwood's hand, and shaking it as if he would shake it off; "a capital fellow! a true-born Englishman! and I beg your pardon, from my soul, for that trick of the wig, and all my flouting and fleering before and since. You've taught me a lesson that I shan't forget in a hurry. Your heart's in the right place; and when that's the case, why a little finery and nonsense signifies no more than the patches upon Caleb's jacket, or the spots on a bullock's hide, just skin deep, and hardly that. I've a respect for you, man! and I beg your pardon over and over." And again and again he wrung King Harwood's hand in his huge red fist; whilst, borne away by his honest fervency, King returned the pressure and walked silently home, wondering a little at his own gratification, for a chord had been struck in his bosom that had seldom vibrated before, and the sensation was as new as it was delightful.

The next morning little Gregory Lane made his appearance at Warwick-terrace, mounted on Mr. Charles Wither's beautiful chestnut.

"Grandfather sends his duty, sir," said the smiling boy, jumping down, and putting the bridle into King Harwood's hand, "and says that you had your way yesterday, and that he must have his today. He's as quiet as a lamb," added the boy, already, like Harry Blount in Marmion, a "sworn horse-courser;" "and such a trotter! He'll carry you twelve miles an hour with ease." And King Harwood accepted the offering; and Stephen and he were good friends ever after.

Miss Mitford.

A SKETCH.

Old Mrs. Brag had, as Miss Scropps, married at seventeen; and although, as far as my own experience goes, I admit I never saw such a thing, she was said to be a lady of nearly fifty-five years of age, somewhere about the period at which this glimpse at the history of her yet unrecorded family begins.

It may be supposed that I should apologise for bringing the eyes, or perhaps the noses, of my readers in contact with all the arcana of Mr. John's shop; but I have a reason for doing so. I propose not merely to show by illustration how very ridiculous a pretender must always be, but to exhibit a striking instance of the retributive justice which seems somehow to keep the world in an equipoise, by exhibiting the wonderful utility of which the meanest and stupidest animal extant may prove; as *vide* (to quote the words of James the First, about Demonology) the fable of the Lion, the Mouse, and the Meshes.

Soar we then for a moment from the gloom of the tallow-chandler to a more charming region, and to a people of a different mould, and yet who, as the reader will see, may in the course of events become connected, and intimately too, with our sprightly gentleman in the scarlet jacket and white cords. Let us, therefore, betake ourselves to the *boudoir* of one of the most charming young widows in England, where she is sitting *tête-à-tête* with her unmarried sister, talking over two absent gentlemen, whose tempers and dispositions are the immediate subject of their conversation.

Mrs. Dallington, the elder of the two ladies so engaged, had been married at nineteen, merely to oblige her father, (who died six months afterwards,) to a gentleman of the name which she still bore; who, to all the other merits which distinguished his character, emulated in a high degree the fox-hunting propensities of the tallow-man in the white cords of whom we have just spoken. He was, however, rich, and a gentleman, and had a right to make as great a fool of himself as he pleased—and

so he did; and the foolery began in his leaving a beautiful wife, with a pair of eyes as black as sloes and as bright as diamonds, alone and moping, while he was amusing himself by following his dogs, which dogs were following something certainly not sweeter than themselves across the country.

Mr. Dallington, who rode about nine stone four, one fine morning, when the scent lay "uncommon strong," the dogs in full cry, the field in a state of the highest excitement, the fox going away right on-end across a heavy country, which would probably break the hearts of some of the horses and the necks of some of the riders, met with a slight accident, which in fox-hunting goes for very little, but which in its proverbial or rather convivial parallel, matrimony, goes for something more. In switching a raspe, the exemplary and high-spirited gentleman missed his tip and pitched right upon his head in the middle of a ditch, where he remained exactly long enough to make the lovely wife he had left at home a very delightful widow.

Dallington, or at least what had been Dallington in the early part of the day, was put upon a hurdle and taken to a farm-house; whence the melancholy intelligence was conveyed to his lady, who, still with all the respect she felt for her late father's judgment in selecting him for her partner for life, considered the event which had just taken place as philosophically as any woman of strong feelings and a tender disposition might be supposed to endure any sudden shock which results from the death of a fellow-creature.

True, most true it is, she never had felt that sort of love for the husband forced upon her, as a "fine match," which a woman ought to feel for the being who is destined (if he be fortunate enough) to share her hopes, her wishes, and her happiness. Mrs. Dallington was a creature all intellect, all vivacity, all fire; full of arch playfulness and gaiety of heart, and as completely the reverse of her quiet, timid, and sensitive sister, as light of darkness, fire of water, or any other two unmeetable opposites.

There are many adages connected with love and matrimony which it must be admitted are, however forcible in themselves, extremely contradictory of each other. But in the course of considerable experience in such matters, I am apt to imagine that the real truth is—supposing always exceptions to general rules—that women are most apt to prefer men the least like themselves; and men, *vice versa*. It is the pride of the little man to have a large wife; it is the taste of a tall man to possess a short one; a fair woman admires a dark Lothario; while a bright-eyed brunette delights in blazing away upon a fair Romeo. A learned man eschews a blue partner; he relaxes into ease in the company of his ordinarily-educated better-half, and reposes from his graver studies in the agreeable common-places of an intelligent but not abstruse associate; while the learned lady prefers the plodding spouse, and never desires that he should meddle with her arts and sciences, but merely wishes him to exert his

energies in the comfortable arrangement of their establishment, and the acquirement of the supplies necessary to set off her own attractions in their most alluring form before the visitors whom she chooses to invite.

The assimilation of tempers and dispositions by which happiness grows between married couples is, in fact, a habit most amiable and advantageous: the handwritings of men and their wives become like each other in the course of time. But whether the love of contraries in the abstract, be or be not so general as some observers would have it to be, certain it is that in the particular individual case before us it did exist.

Sir Charles Lydiard had been, just about the period at which the reader is introduced to him, some two years paying his addresses to the vivacious widow Dallington. He was a man of high principle, rigid honour, polished manners, and most amiable disposition; but he was cold, reserved, and even suspicious of the object of his affections. His suspicions, or perhaps they might be more justly called doubts, arose not from the slightest want of confidence in the candour or sincerity of the lady, but in a want of confidence in himself. He might fairly have said to his heroine, with Steele's hero:—

"Of you I am not jealous,—
'Tis my own indelert that gives me fears:
And tenderness forus dangers where they're not.
I doubt and envy all things that approach thee."

There he was, the constant, faithful lover, never away from the house, sitting and sighing "like furnace," listening to the gaieties of Mrs. Dallington's conversation, a very spectre of despair, not ill described by the English Aristophanes in the person of one Harry Heetic, with a bunch of jonquils in his button-hole, looking dead and dressed, like the waxwork in Westminster Abbey. There was no animating him, no rousing him into a proposal; his attachment had become habitual, and day after day the affair went on without "progressing," as the Americans have it, one inch. And yet the widow was devoted to Sir Charles. It must be admitted that she every morning expected the question, but every evening that expectation was blighted, and the worthy baronet returned from his placid state of negative happiness to his own solitary home, to lie awake for hours balancing the chances of matrimony, and endeavouring to make up his mind to the deciding enquiry which, if the real truth were told, he lingeringly delayed, apprehensive that it might meet with a negative, certain not only to kill the hopes which sometimes outweighed his doubts, but to put an end to his acquaintance with the charming widow altogether.

While Sir Charles Lydiard remained thus drooping in the bright sunshine of Mrs. Dallington's eyes, her timid sister Blanche was undergoing a siege of a very different nature. Far from contenting himself, to use a military phrase, with sitting down before the place, and establishing a corps of observation merely to watch the enemy, Frank Rushton, who was more madly in love than ever dandy had been

found to be for many years, had for the last three months,—the whole period, in fact, of his acquaintance with her,—been assiduously and incessantly carrying on an attack upon the heart of his adorable Dulcinea; and, as it appeared, with as little chance of making an impression as her sister had of exciting Sir Charles to an offer. In fact, the four players at this love-game were equally divided into the fiery and the frosty; but, which in the sequel made all the sport, as Mr. Brag would have called it, the partners were so curiously matched, and the icicles and sunbeams so regularly and heraldically counter-changed, that the lovers and their mistresses were the exact opposites of each other. It was extremely amusing to hear the discussions in which Sir Charles and his friend Rushton were in the habit of indulging.

“My dear Frank,” said Sir Charles, “your affection for Blanche is madness,—the way in which you go on sets me in a fever: and as for the poor young creature herself, she is absolutely harassed out of her wits.”

“So *you* think, Sir Charles,” replied Frank: “but it strikes *me* that her sister would not be less pleased with your society if you were to follow my example. Why there you sit, moping and melancholy, as if you were on the edge of your own grave, instead of being on the verge of all earthly happiness; you look and languish, sigh and say nothing, and, like the Cardinal, ‘die, and make no sign.’”

“It may be so,” said the baronet,—“I suppose it *is* so; but I cannot,—struggle as I may with my feelings,—I cannot overcome the doubts which seem to me to cloud the prospect of the felicity of which you talk so easily.”

“Doubts! my dear friend,” said Rushton: “What doubts can you have? Your doubts are, in fact, jealousies,—and how needless! Mrs. Dallington has been a wife,—and never was a more exemplary wife in the world.”

“Her trial was short,” said Sir Charles; “nor should I call it a fair one,—her marriage was not one of love.”

“Then so much the greater her credit for the conduct she observed,” said Rushton.

“The struggle did not last long,” replied Sir Charles: “her husband was killed within eight months of her marriage.”

“She bore her loss like a Christian,” said Rushton.

“Yes,” sighed the baronet; “it is wonderful to behold the pious resignation of ladies in her position.”

“Well,” said Rushton, “if your apprehensions overcome your affection, and your doubts transcend your hopes, break off the acquaintance at once,—take your hat and go—”

“—And be neither missed nor inquired after, in all probability,” said Lydiard.

“There you wrong your fair friend,” said Rushton. “She values you, esteems you, and with a very little trouble on *your* part would love you. Your flame is so gentle, that it scarcely warms; and, like the fire in the grate there, if she did not occasionally stir it with good nature and kind looks, my belief is, it would go out entirely.”

“My dear Rushton,” said Sir Charles, “you entirely misunderstand my character, and the character of my affection for our charming friend; my doubts are the ‘fruits of love.’”

“A most disagreeable harvest, Lydiard,” replied Rushton.

“True,” said Sir Charles, “but I cannot conquer them. You blame my caution and coldness; but when I see you devoting yourself, hand over head, if I may so say, to the mild, quiet, timid, blushing creature, Blanche, I cannot, since I had the pleasure of introducing you to the family, but feel anxious on your account. I don’t believe one word of all those professions of meekness, and mildness, and modesty of which that young lady is so profusely liberal. I have seen her exchange looks with her sister,—while you, blinded by your passion, have seen nothing—which convinces me that you would do well to scrutinise and consider before you plunge into the stormy ocean of matrimony.”

“Why,” said Rushton, “Blanche is something like Moore’s beautiful Nora Creena:—

‘Few her looks, but every one
Like unexpected light surprises.’”

“Egad!” said Lydiard, “the light I saw was both surprising and unexpected. I have some little experience in family telegraphs, but the signal she threw out was not altogether complimentary to *you*, for she seemed to me to be laughing at you.”

“Don’t be too sure of that, Charles,” said Rushton. “I too have seen those telegraphic symptoms; and my opinion is, that if *you* were to adopt *my* style of proceeding, you would find the widow much less attentive to her sister’s evolutions. But no; you have fallen into a custom of going there day after day; you feel at your ease, you enjoy the society and conversation of a delightful person; and because you have nothing to excite you to action, so the affair goes on—not even a dash of jealousy to create a fermentation in your cup of nectar.”

“There you mistake,” said Lydiard. “I—certainly have never touched upon the subject—never opened my lips to a human being about it; but I am not quite so sure that it is not jealousy which keeps me backward and depresses me.”

“Indeed!” said Rushton; “jealous! What of somebody who visits at the house?”

“Yes,” said Sir Charles.

“Do you mean Sir Baggs Waddilove?” said Rushton.

“Pshaw—no.”

“Perhaps that Colonel Scramshaw?”

“Not a bit of it.”

“The Count?”

“What, Swagrandstraddle!—No.”

“Lord Tom Towale?”

“You burn,” said Sir Charles, “as the children say to the blinded one;—not of him, Frank—what think you of his friend?”

“What, that horrid vulgar dog, Brag,” said Rushton, “his toady—his spaniel?”

“Upon my honour, yes,” said Sir Charles.

“The deuce you are!” said Rushton; “that’s very odd.”

"Is it?" said Lydiard. "I confess, I am almost ashamed of being ruffled by such a fellow; but somehow, Mrs. Dallington seems as much at her ease with him, notwithstanding his vulgarity, his glaring ignorance, and his unbounded impertinence, that, upon my honour, I cannot help thinking—you know women are very odd creatures, and I—"

"You surprise me, Lydiard," said Rushton, "but not disagreeably. I have thought,—only don't mention it—that Blanche has a sort of, eh—you understand me—a partiality for him—I don't know how it is; she certainly looks at the monster now and then."

"What," interrupted Lydiard, "some more of her few unexpected lights, eh?"

"I cannot understand it," said Rushton: "I suppose he entertains them with his absurdities, and his nonsense, and even his vanity, and his vulgarity. But I think we may both be pretty secure, that neither of such women as your widow and my Blanche could entertain a serious thought of a fellow of whom nobody knows anything except as Lord Tom Towzle's tiger, especially in a house into which Lord Tom himself finds it particularly difficult to get the *entrée*."

"No," said Lydiard, "one would not think there was much danger; and yet—yet you will allow it is very odd indeed that we should both have been struck by the same notion."

"So it is," replied Rushton. "However, as far as I am concerned, I am determined to fathom the affair to the bottom. I love Blanche better than my life; but if I thought—"

"Stop, stop, Rushton," interrupted the worthy baronet. "What has gone with your stern reproof of my scepticism? Here are you who have just been rallying me upon my doubts with regard to the loveliest of her sex, now coming to fathom an affair to the bottom which implicates in your mind the sincerity and single-heartedness of one of the purest, gentlest Nora Creenas that ever walked with her eyes cast down upon the earth."

"Hang the fellow!" said Rushton; "it is too ridiculous! Besides, he is not often there. Yet, never mind—he may do good: the smallest wheel in a great piece of machinery has its work to perform to keep all the rest going. This stupid animal may serve to equalize our passions, and make us see clearer; he will cool me and warm you, and who knows but it may turn out all for the best?"

"Why," said Lydiard, "the fact is pretty clear:—As we have not, even in this age of liberality, arrived at so great a reform of the church as to establish the toleration of bigamy, he can but marry one of the ladies; and, as far as I am concerned, if my adorable widow has a taste which would lead her to admit the pretensions of that miserable little animal, I am quite sure it never could be diverted into a passion for me; and so, Mr. Rushton, if he conquer, he is perfectly welcome to the fruits of his triumph."

"Ah, that's it!" said Rushton; "there are prudence, philosophy, wisdom, and half a dozen other splendid qualities, combined! But

as for me, if he were to be smiled upon in earnest by Blanche, it would be the last gleam of sunshine one of us should see; he never should live to enjoy the happiness of which he had deprived me!"

"Now, Rushton," said Sir Charles, "how unjust, how inconsiderate that is! If Blanche smile on him and not on you, it is a clear proof that she prefers him. Why make her miserable by killing the little man? You might as well shoot her poodle or wring the neck of her canary-bird."

How much farther this dialogue, which was hereabouts interrupted, might have been carried, it is not in my power to say; but sufficient has been developed to the reader to show that the incomparable Jack Brag, by dint of the equivocal introduction of his master Lord Tom Towzle, had obtained footing at least in one respectable and agreeable house. It is, as Sir Charles Lydiard says, a matter of impossibility to ascertain the particular qualities or circumstances by which women of station and talent, as well as their inferiors in rank and intellect, are captivated. Certain it is, that after once Mr. Brag had been admitted to Mrs. Dallington's house, he was a visitor there as frequently as he could contrive to manage it; and, as we have seen, although his other avocations were numerous, he had contrived to unsettle the minds of two most respectable gentlemen of totally different characters and dispositions, both pursuing similar objects by different roads.—*Theodore Hook.*

SAWNEY.

That there is no part of the world where a Scotsman and a Newcastle grinding-stone may not be found, is a most true saying, as far as the Scotsman, at least, is concerned. It has been so ever since Scotland was a nation. If we can believe Dempster, there were Scotsmen in learned institutions all over Europe so early as the eighth century. In the whole range of Scottish biography, four-fifths of the details refer to countries out of Scotland. It has been stated that, in the reign of Charles I. there were several thousands of Scottish pedlars in the kingdom of Poland alone.* Germany, Prussia, Denmark, and other countries in the centre of Europe, contain many landed families descended from Scottish gentlemen who lent their swords to Gustavus Adolphus.

Modern emigration has produced still greater wonders. Whole districts of America are peopled by Scotch. A certain valley in New Jersey, we have heard, is settled almost entirely by persons from Roxburgh and Selkirk shires. In a large part of Prince Edward's Island, the vernacular tongue is Gaelic, the inhabitants being mostly Highlanders. And a gentleman who has the means of knowing, lately mentioned to us that there are more people from

* The Scottish term for pedlar is *pether*, which being found in England and other countries as a family surname, may lead to the conclusion that persons so called are the descendants of the Scottish pedlars who roved so extensively abroad in ancient times.

the Isle of Skye in different parts of America, than the whole of the population of Skye amounts to at present—such has been the extent of the emigration. In Nova Scotia, a large section of the inhabitants are Scotch; and at Halifax and many other towns, there are St. Andrew clubs, composed exclusively of Scotch and their immediate descendants. In New South Wales, Van Dieman's Land and the East and West Indies, this singular migratory people are to be found in equal abundance. They are likewise, in lesser or greater numbers, scattered over the different islands of the Pacific, also the Isle of France, Madagascar, the Cape of Good Hope, and Madeira; one of them was lately discovered by an English traveller in Kamptschatka, quite nationalised among the inhabitants of that half-savage country. This instance was not more remarkable than the discovery of the son of an Edinburgh porter at the head of a predatory band of Arabs in the deserts of Africa, as mentioned in an early number of the Journal. The story, we should suppose, is also well known, of a certain vizier to the sultan of Constantinople having been a Scotsman from Kirkaldy. It is as follows:—At the conclusion of a war between the Russians and Turks, before the treaty of peace was concluded, there was occasion for a conference between the Russian general, who was Field-Marshal Keith, and the grand vizier, to settle some preliminary articles. When the conference was at an end, they arose to separate: the Marshal made his bow with hat in hand, and the vizier his salaam, with turban on his head: but when these ceremonies of taking leave were over, the vizier turned suddenly, and coming up to the marshal, took him by the hand, and, in the broadest Scotch dialect, spoken by the lowest and most illiterate of our countrymen, declared warmly that it made him "unco happy, now he was sae far frae hame, to meet a countryman in his exalted station." Marshal Keith was astonished; but the vizier replied, "my father was bellman of Kirkaldy, in Fife, and I remember to have seen you, sir, and your brother, often occasionally passing." More than one Scotsman have figured as Russian Admirals. Admiral Greig, a native of Inverkeithing, who died about 1791, occurs to us as a remarkable instance. Catherine, also, had a physician who was the son of a miller at the head of Peeblesshire.

An acquaintance lately mentioned to us, that, while travelling on the continent, he alighted upon a couple of Sawneys by pure accident—the one keeping a saddler's shop in Paris, the other keeping a provision warehouse at Rome. In the first instance he had gone into a shop to ask his way, and to his astonishment, his enquiry in bad French, was answered by a reply in good broad Scotch. This puts us in mind of a story we saw some time since in a Perth paper. A gentleman from the neighbourhood of Perth, a few years ago, had occasion to visit Alexandria, and as the Pasha's reforms had not been then affected, he was more than once exposed to the outrages and insults

of the populace. Having applied to Mr. Salt, the British consul, for protection, he was given in charge to a Mussulman of respectability in the place, under whose guardianship he visited every accessible object of interest in that wonderful city. He was surprised on a very short acquaintance, to find that his companion spoke English fluently. On questioning him, he was informed, to his no small astonishment, that the Mussulman was a native of Scotland; and that he was born and spent his youth at Luncarty bleachfield, in the neighbourhood of Perth; that he had a scuffle with another young man there, whose life was in consequence despaired of, and, dreading the punishment of the law, he had fled from his native place, and taken refuge in a vessel bound for the Mediterranean. This vessel was captured by the Algerines, and the prisoners carried into port. After going through sundry adventures, he came into the service of an apothecary in Alexandria, who employed him to sell drugs through the city, allowing him a very small pittance from the sums he thus collected. He afterwards applied to Mr. Salt, who kindly assisted him with money sufficient to commence business as an apothecary on his own account, and he had been so successful, that he soon repaid the borrowed money; and he was now in good circumstances.

Travellers abroad cannot be more surprised with the universality of Sawney, than they would be journeying through Scotland, and finding on private enquiry how many of the natives of the different towns have left their homes in order to better their circumstances elsewhere. It is our belief that there is not a small town or village in the whole country, but, as in the case of the Isle of Skye, has as many of its natives abroad as there are left at home. In some cases the number of these absentees must be double that of the residents. Every family you visit has a relation in foreign countries. The lower and middle classes have friends in North America and Australia; the higher orders have sons in the East Indies or in the army. Every one has a cousin, a son, an uncle, or some relative or other, abroad. Indeed, there is no such a thing as a complete set of relations to be found. There is an universal scattering. One day, entering into a little friendly chat with an old man who was breaking stones on a roadside in a distant part of the country, and whose family we had known many years ago at school, we found this kind of dispersion pretty well illustrated. "Well, Robert," said I, "there's a fine day." (By the bye, always begin with the weather with a Scottish peasant: it gives an easy opening to a dialogue.) "Ay, it's grand weather, sir, for the craps; we've great reason to be thankfu'." Resting on his hammer, and looking sideways at us, the old man continued—"But you seem to ken me, sir, and I'm rather at a loss." "Oh," I replied, "it's many years since I saw you; but I knew your sons very well at school. What has become of Jamie, and Bob, and Wattie?—they were about my age, and I knew them better than

the others of your family." "Thank ye for speering, sir; is it possible that ye kenn'd sae many o' my callants? I'm really greatly obliged to ye; but as I was saying, I'm rather at a loss." I told him who I was, and he proceeded. "Weel, sir, I'm very glad to see ye, and I'm as glad to tell ye that my family are a' weel, the last time I heard o' them; there are none o' them at hame noo; it's lang sin' they gaed away, ane by ane, and I have naebody wi' me i' the house but the ould woman." "Why, where have they all gone to?" I enquired. "Ou, ye see, sir, there's Tam, he was the oulddest—ye dinna ken him, though—he listed in the 42nd regiment, and was sae lang away somewhere, that we thought we had lost him; at length we got a letter, that telled us that he had first been made a corporal and then a serjeant, but that he had been greatly wounded, lost an ee or something at the battle of Waterloo, an' that he got his discharge; however, he said he wasna comin' hame, for that he had married a decent woman that keepit a hotel in Brussels; and sae there he is noo; he's very mindfu', and often sends to us. As for Jamie, he is now in Canada. He was bred a mason, and was thought gaye guid at his trade, he had a turn for carving, and cut a headstone in the kirkyard, that was set up for the auld minister by the parishioners. But what could he do here?—there's nae builidin' worth speakin' o'; sae he gaed into Edinburgh when the trade was at the briskest, in the year twenty-four. Next year, however, came the great dullness, and he was laid off wi' mony ane besides. At length government advertised for masons to gang out to Canada, to build the locks and things o' the Ottawa canal; and sae ye see Jamie jumpit at the offer, like a cock at a grosset, and aff he set to Greenock. He wasna lang o' getting to Canada, and there he is, when I last heard o' him." "And doing well, I hope," said I. "Ou," continued the old man, "as for that I'm no feared. He tells me in his last letter that he is now appointed manager o' the warks, and has a capital house, wi' rowth o' a' thing." "I like to hear such good news of Jamie," I observed, in order to carry on the narrative of the family's dispersal; "ye must now inform me of Rob and Wattie." "I'll do that, sir; that's easy done. Baith Rob and Wattie are in Van Dieman's Land, a place clean on the other side o' the world as I understand, but a fine country for a' that. The ane gaed out before the other. Wattie he gaed out first. He was brought up a wright; made ploughs and harrows, and siclike things for country wark. Weel, ye see, after he had served his apprenticeship near hand in the village, he got employment in Leith frae the Mortons, the great agricultural implement makers. He hadna been there ower twa yeas at maist, when an order cam frae the governor o' Van Dieman's Land, to send out some harrows and ploughs, and a pair o' the new kind o' fanners, and nae less than a complete thrashin' mill. They were also, that's the Mortons, to send out a clever steady young man that understood the makin' and mendin' o'

machinery. Weel, a' that was gane through; they sent a' the things that were wanted; and what did they do but make an offer to Wattie to gang out wi' them? Wattie wasna very fond o' the job at first; but they got him coax'd ower to gang, telling him that he would get on famously under the governor; and sae to mak a lang tale short, he at length consented, and after comin' out here to bid us farewell, he sailed frae Leith in a vessel for Hobart Town. He was soon greatly taken notice o' by Captain Mac—something, I forget his name, but he was the governor's secretary, at any rate, and got Wattie appointed to a first-rate situation in the agricultural line. Wattie liket the place sae weel that he sent for Bob, who was hangin' about at hame, no doing muckle for himsel' or ony body else; and sae he set aff too, and by Wattie's assistance has bagun the farming way, and I believe he's doing no that amiss."

Here my old acquaintance paused, thinking perhaps that he had told me enough, and that it was now my turn to answer a few of his questions; however, I still had something to ask, "But, Robert," said I, "you had a daughter—Jean, I think, is she gone away from you too?" "That's true, sir, Jean's away too; she was first in service up bye at the Hall; frae that she was married to Simmie Robinson, the farmer o' the Park Neuk, but afterwards they gaed into the Lowdens, and hae a bit guid downsittin' at a place called the Cleugh: their bairns sometimes come and see us in the vaicans; and there's ane o' them a stout callant, that's already speakin' o' gaun out either to his uncle Jamie in Canada, or Wattie in Van Dieman's Land." "I see," said I, "your family have all a roving turn—don't like to stay much where they were born." "Stay where they were born!" exclaimed the old hearty Scot, with a smile on his weather-beaten countenance, and a spirit flashing through his watery though undimmed eyes. "Stay where they were born! that would be a set o't; what in all the world would they do here; there's no wark for the half of the folk in the place; every ane idler than another. If they were to stay at hame, I doubt it would turn out a puir business; and if they married, it would be naething less than the cat lickin' the dog's mouth, and the mouse in the press wi' the tear in its ee. Na, na, that would never do; they maun gang where there's bread to be gat for the winning."

"Well, but," I remarked, "I hope they have not all left you and their mother without doing something for you in your old age. I think they might at least have saved you from going out as a labourer on the roadside." "That's very mindfu' o' you to say sae," replied my friend of the hammer; "my sons have a' as guid as tell'd me they wadna see me come to a strait, and they now and then send me a bit remembrance. It was only the other day that Wattie sent his mother a real India silk gown, and me an order on the bank for five pounds, which I got every farthing. But, ye ken, we dinna need muckle help to keep

us; we have a' the pickle tatties and the kail yard, and the cow; and as long as I am yable to do a day's wark, Mr. Thampson has promised to gie me stanes to break; and that's a job that does unco weel for me, for I can tak my leisure, and gang and come when I like." "And how much do you get for breaking these stones?" I asked. "I'll tell you what I get—just sixteen for the square yard." "Do you mean sixteen shillings?" "Na! sixteen shillings! that wad be a payment; I get sixteenpence, and it's weel-paid siller." And how long do you take to break a square yard." "Why, ye see, that depends on the weather; I daurna come out on wat days for the pains; I've haen a kind o' rackit back for fifteen years, come handsel Monday; I got it liftin' a lade o' meal on to a cart at the mill; sae I maun tak things canny, ye see; if I mak sixpence a day, I think I do no ill i' the main." "Well, Robert, I see you have got the good old Scotch spunk in you, and wont be a burden to any one, as long as you can keep your head above water." So saying, and after a little more chat between us, I left the old man to his humble, but honorable labours.

Robert's family history is quite a sample of what one may hear at every step in Scotland. There is a universal migratory spirit in the people, who, though as warmly attached to their native country, as the English can be to theirs, do not in general scruple to abandon that native country for ever. This national trait has frequently been the subject of remark, but has never yet been fully accounted for. It arises from various causes. The chief reason is, undoubtedly, the inability of the country to afford scope for the industry of all the population it produces. But this is by no means peculiar to Scotland. There are hundreds of other countries equally incapable of supporting all their inhabitants with comfort, and yet we do not hear of the migratory spirit existing in them to any great extent. Is it, then, any way attributable to the absence of a poor-law? A good deal owing to this, but not altogether, because other countries similarly situated have no poor-law, and yet the people do not care for bettering their condition by removal. The absence of a law to compel the rich to support the able-bodied poor, has been of considerable benefit to the Scotch. It has prevented the people from entertaining the most distant notion of being ever supported by the public contribution. Their thoughts have therefore been turned entirely into a healthy channel—that of self-dependence. From the dawn of boyhood, they have been compelled to look forward to the possibility of being removed to a new scene of exertion. We remember once conversing with a gentleman, who told us he had endeavoured to procure a number of operative English cloth-manufacturers for an establishment he had begun in Scotland, but without avail. He had offered them higher wages than they were at that time getting; but they would not be tempted. "What," said they, "do you think we will run the risk of *losing our parish?*" the argument was unanswerable.

As the Scotchman has no parish, in the English sense of the word, he is not afraid of losing anything by going abroad.

The emigration of so many young men from the country, has its advantages and disadvantages. Among the most obvious of its disadvantages, is the inequality produced in the number of the sexes at home. Of young women of the trading and professional classes, in country towns, there are usually ten for one of young men; and the consequence necessarily is, that a great number of those classes are either never married at all, or only married late in life to persons still older than themselves, in many instances to individuals who have returned from abroad with competencies. Of the advantage, on the other hand, we may reckon, in the first place, the fulfilment of the purposes of commerce, and in a certain degree, of those of emigration also. Distant countries are improved by the income of so many members of a civilized and educated race. If these countries do not ultimately benefit by the settling of the strangers, their original country at least profits by their return. When they come back to the British shores, it is usually with an independency, which they desire to enjoy in the bosom of their families, amidst the scenes of their boyhood. They either purchase the property of spendthrift rank, or create new residences for themselves; and hence it is in no small measure to this class, that we are indebted for so large and useful a body of resident gentry. Nor must it be overlooked that these roamers, during the days of their pilgrimage, do much good to the friends they have left behind. A Scotsman is not only the most disposed of all men to travel or emigrate, but he is the most unchangeable of all men during his absence from his native seat. He never forgets the place of his birth, his old schoolmaster, his mother, his father, his sisters, the friends who helped him off on his cruise, or anything else that has once entered his affections, or become to him a habit of feeling. Usually, fortune has no sooner begun to shed her courted light upon his path, than he endeavours to reflect a portion of it back upon the modest household, and perhaps poverty-chilled hearth, where he knows that kind hearts are beating for him. Many is the family in old Scotland, whose reduced circumstances are only redeemed from bitterness by the generosity of the "callant," who went away almost penniless from them a few years ago, and whose loadstar in all his wanderings is still the little parlour in which they daily assemble, and over whose fire-place there hangs a little black portrait of him, more prized and admired than anything else in the house. Thus to recollect and cherish their relatives, is the *rule* amongst the numerous Scotch scattered over the world; there are of course exceptions, but they are not numerous. If, in the wanderings of the present sheet—for it, too, like every thing Scottish, wanders—the sentences we have just penned should fall beneath the eye of any one who feels that they do not apply to him, may we hope that they will not be

without avail in awaking an affectionate remembrance of a home where *he* can never be forgot, and in prompting that succor to his less fortunate friends, which so many of his countrymen are proud and happy to render?

Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

KNITTING.

We find the following notices on the subject of knitting and stocking-weaving in a late number of that useful miscellany, the Magazine of Domestic Economy:—

“It is probable that the art of knitting was discovered in the sixteenth century, but this is doubtful; and it is a disputed point to what people we are indebted for the invention, the name of the inventor being wholly unknown. Savary, in his ‘Dictionnaire de Commerce,’ gives the merit to the Scottish nation, because the French stocking-knitters, when they became so numerous as to form a Guild, made choice of St. Fiacre for a patron, this saint having been the son of Eugenius, who is said to have been king of Scotland in the beginning of the seventh century; besides this, there is a tradition that the first knit stockings were carried to France from that country. The first letter of foundation for this Guild, named the ‘Communante des maires honneties au tricot,’ is dated August 1527. This account of the invention is however contradicted by our own annals. Howel, in his ‘History of the World,’ printed in 1680, relates that Henry VIII., who reigned from 1509 to 1647, wore *cloth hose*, till he received a pair of knit silk stockings from Spain. This author says, ‘Silk is now grown nigh as common as wool, and become the clothing of those in the kitchen as well as the court; we wear it not only on our backs, but of late years on our legs and feet, and tread on that which formerly was of the same value with gold itself. Yet that magnificent and expensive prince Henry VIII., wore ordinarily cloth hose, except there came from Spain, by great chance, a pair of silk stockings. King Edward, his son, was presented with a pair of long Spanish silk stockings by Thomas Gresham, his merchant, and the present was taken much notice of. Queen Elizabeth, in the third year of her reign, was presented by Mrs. Montague, her silk-woman, with a pair of black knit silk stockings, and thenceforth she never wore cloth any more.’ In the year 1530, John Palsgrave, French master to the Princess Mary, published a grammar, in which the different meanings of the verb *to knit* are exemplified, and among them ‘I knit bonnets or hosen,’ is rendered ‘Je lasse,’—Example. ‘She that sytthet knytinge from morrow to eve can scantily win her bread.’ ‘Celle qui ne fait que lasser depuis matin jusqu’au sayre, a grans peyne pent elle gagner son payn.’ I give the sentence because it seems to prove that knitting was a business at this time, although one which was badly remunerated; and the master’s care to instruct his

pupil in this meaning of the word, shows that knitting was an amusement or employment with which even royalty was acquainted. In a household book kept during the life of Sir Thomas L’Estrange of Hunstanton in Norfolk, by his lady, Ann, daughter of Lord Vaux, are entries, in the year 1533, for ‘knytt hose,’ at so low a price that we cannot suppose them to have been foreign articles, but made by those persons to whom Palsgrave’s example refers. Neither can we imagine these hose were of silk, two pair of them, at the price of one shilling together, being for the children. And in the reign of Edward VI. among the regulations relating to trade and manufactures, issued in 1552, mention is made of ‘knitte hose, knitte petticoates, knitte gloves, knitte slieves, or any other thing used to be made of woolle.’ The art of knitting must have been practised to some extent to render this act necessary, and I cannot reconcile it with other anecdotes upon the subject; as for instance, we are told, that, in the year 1564, William Rider, an apprentice of Master Thomas Burdet, having accidentally seen in the shop of an Italian merchant a pair of knit worsted stockings, procured from Mantua, and having borrowed them, made a pair exactly like them, and these were the first stockings made in England of woollen yarn. Either this anecdote or the act of Edward VI. must be incorrect, and I think the balance of credibility in favour of the latter. About 1577, knitting was so commonly practised in the villages of England, that in Hollinshed’s Chronicle, the bark of the alder is mentioned as being much used by the country wives in colouring their ‘knitt hosen’ black. The greatest ornaments in dress about the same time were knit silk stockings and Spanish leather shoes. About 1579, Queen Elizabeth being at Norwich, there were exhibited before her upon a stage, eight female children spinning worsted yarn, and as many knitting worsted yarn hose. I ought to notice that the court poet of Henry VII. mentions in derision the ‘blanket hose’ of the female who is the subject of his verse; thereby intimating that even at that period better kinds of stockings were in use. To counterbalance this, we have the expensive *cloth hose* as worn by Queen Elizabeth, who inherited among others of her father’s many foibles (to speak gently) his love of dress.

In Germany the first mention of stocking-knitters occurs in the middle of the sixteenth century, and at Berlin about the year 1590. Silk stockings were first worn in France by Henry II. at the marriage of his sister with the Duke of Savoy in 1559. In the reign of Henry III., who ascended the throne in 1575, the consort of Geoffry Camus de Butcarre, who held a high office in the state, would not wear silk stockings, given to her by a nurse who lived at court as a Christmas present, because she considered them too gay. This was forty-eight years after the establishment of the Guild in that country.

The first stocking-loom used in England was invented by William Lee, and the date of this invention is fixed in Deering’s History of Not-

tingham, in the year 1589. This ingenious person was a native of Woodborough, a village about seven miles distant from Nottingham. He was heir to a considerable freehold estate, and a graduate of St. John's College, Cambridge. Being attached to a young country girl, whose occupation was knitting, he be-thought him of endeavoring to find out a machine which should facilitate her work, and lessen her labour. The result of his efforts was the stocking-loom; and having instructed his brother James in the use of it, and engaged apprentices and assistants, he carried on business for several years at Calverton, a village about five miles distant from Nottingham. Obtaining neither support nor remuneration from Queen Elizabeth, to whom he showed his work, Lee accepted an invitation from Henry IV. of France, who, having heard of this invention, promised a handsome reward to the inventor of it. Lee, therefore, carried nine journeymen and several looms to Rouen, in Normandy, where he worked with much approbation; but the assassination of the king, and the internal commotions which succeeded, injured the undertaking, and he fell into great distress, and died soon after at Paris. Two of his people remained in France; the others soon returned to England, and joined a former apprentice of Lee's, named Ashton, at Thornton, by whom some improvements in the loom were made, and the foundation of the stocking manufactory laid in this country. The number of masters increased so much that they applied to Cromwell to sanction the formation of a Guild; this was however refused, and letters patent were not granted to them till 1663, when privileges were secured to them to the extent of ten miles round London.

In the year 1614, the Venetian ambassador, Antonio Correr, persuaded an apprentice named Henry Mead, by the promise of five hundred pounds sterling, to go with a loom to Venice for a stated time, and to teach there the use of it. Mead met there with a favourable reception; but his loom becoming deranged, and no person at Venice being able at repair it, he returned to England when his time was expired, and the deranged loom was sold in London by the Venetians for a mere trifle. Another account says that Correr sent a boy back with Mead to England, who returned to Venice well instructed in the art, which was established at Udina, and a great many stockings were manufactured and sent for sale chiefly to Gradisca, in Austria. But in consequence of the poverty of the Venetian stocking knitters, an order was given to the person who had made the machines, Giambattista Carli of Gemona, that he should make no more looms; and the business at Udina being relinquished, the masters removed their machines to Gradisca, where the inhabitants of Udina were obliged to purchase such stockings as they wanted.

Some weeks after this, a person of the name of Abraham Jones, who understood stocking-weaving and the construction of the loom, went with some assistants to Amsterdam, where he worked on his own account for two years, till

he and his people were carried off by a contagious disease, when the looms, (no one understanding the use of them), were sent to London and sold at a low price. This was mentioned in the petition to Cromwell, and the establishment of a privileged company urged as the means of exclusively retaining the trade in this country.

Notwithstanding the clear and distinct account of the invention of the stocking-frame by William Lee, the French have laid claim to that honour; as, however, they do not pretend to give the name of the inventor, or the circumstances attending his discovery, it is not worth while entering into their pretensions. The first loom was probably carried to France in the time of Colbert, by a person named Cavellier, a native of Nismes; and in the course of fifty years the number of looms in the town and neighbourhood increased to some thousands. Savory asserts that the stocking manufactory was established at the castle of Madrid, in the Bois de Boulogne, near Paris, in 1656, under the direction of John Hindret. Winklemaun says that the French refugees who sought shelter in Germany after the revocation of the edict of Nantes, carried the first looms to Hesse. This is rendered probable by the circumstance that the Germans give French names to every part of their looms, as well as to their different kinds of work.

[For a very considerable period the practice of domestic knitting has been carried on to a great extent in the Shetland islands. There every female knits stockings and mits made from the fine native wool, and the produce forms a considerable branch of the export trade to the mainland of Scotland and England. Domestic knitting is also, we believe, carried on to a considerable extent in Aberdeenshire, but is now little practised in more southern districts.—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

EST FACILIS DESCENSUS AVERNI.

A Cornish gentleman having a dispute concerning several shares in different mines, found it necessary to send for a London limb of the law to have some conversation with the witnesses, examine the title deeds, view the premises, &c. The divine very soon found that his legal assistant was as great a rogue as was ever struck off the rolls. However, as he thought his knowledge might be useful, he showed him his papers, took him to compare the surveyor's drawing with the situation of the pit, &c. When on one of these excursions, the professional gentleman was descending a deep shaft by means of a rope which he held in his hand, he called out to the parson, who stood at the top, "Doctor, as you have not confined your studies to geography, but know all things from the surface to the centre, pray how far is it from this pit to the infernal regions?" "I cannot exactly ascertain the distance," replied the divine, "but if you let go your hold you will be there in a minute."
—*Mirror.*

MUSIC.

When through life unblest we rove,
Losing all that made life dear,
Should some notes we used to love
In days of childhood, meet our ear,
Oh! how welcome breathes the strain!
Waking thoughts that long have slept—
Kindling former smiles again
In faded eyes that long have wept.

Like the gale that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song
That once was heard in happier hours.
Filled with balm the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death,
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in Music's breath.

Music, oh, how faint—how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should Feeling ever speak
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Friendship balmy words may feign,
Love's are e'en more false than they;
Oh! 'tis only Music's strain
Can sweetly soothe and not betray.

Moore.

DRINK TO HER.

Drink to her who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.
Oh! woman's heart was made
For minstrel hands alone;
By other fingers play'd,
It yields not half the tone.
Then here's to her who long
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh—
The girl that gave to song
What gold could never buy.

At Beauty's door of glass,
Where Wealth and Wit once stood,
They ask'd her "which might pass?"
She answerd, "he who could."
With golden key Wealth thought
To pass—but 'twould not do:
While Wit a diamond brought,
Which cut his bright way through.
So here's to her who long
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh—
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

The love that seeks a home
Where wealth or grandeur shines,
Is like the gloomy gnome
That dwells in dark gold mines.
But oh! the poet's love
Can boast a brighter sphere;
It's native home 's above,
Tho' woman keeps it here.
Then drink to her who long
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh—
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

Moore.

THE SPELLS OF HOME.

By the soft green light in the woody glade,
On the banks of moss where thy childhood play'd,
By the household tree through which thine eye
First looked in love to the summer sky;
By the dewy gleam, by the very breath
Of the primrose tufts in the grass beneath,
Upon thy heart there is laid a spell,
Holy and precious—oh! guard it well!

By the sleepy rustle of the stream
Which hath lull'd thee into many a dream;
By the shiver of the ivy leaves
To the wind of morn at thy casement eaves;
By the bee's deep murmur in the limes—
By the music of the Sabbath chimes—
By every sound of thy native shade
Stronger and dearer the spell is made.

By the gathering round the winter hearth,
When twilight call'd unto household mirth;
By the fairy tale or the legend old,
In that ring of happy faces told;
By the quiet hour when hearts unite
In the parting prayer and the kind "Good night!"
By the smiling eye and the loving tone,
Over thy life has the spell been thrown.

And bless that gift!—it hath gentle might,
A guardian power and a guiding light.
It hath led the freeman forth to stand
In the mountain battles of his land;
It hath brought the wanderer o'er the seas,
To die on the hills of his own fresh breeze;
And back to the gates of his father's hall
It hath led the weeping prodigal.

Yes! when thy heart, in its pride, would stray
From the pure first loves of its youth away—
When the sully breath of the world would come
O'er the flowers it brought from its childhood's home
Think thou again of the woody glade,
And the sound by the rustling ivy made,
Think of the tree at thy father's door,
And the kindly spell will return once more!

Mrs. Hemans.

SONG.

My mind is my kingdom, but if thou wilt deign
To sway there a queen without measure,
Then come, o'er its wishes and homage to reign,
And make it an empire of pleasure.

Then of thoughts and emotions each mutinous crowd,
That rebell'd at stern reason and duty,
Returning shall yield all their loyalty proud
To the halcyon dominion of Beauty.

Campbell.

TO THE WIND.

Not unfamiliar to mine ear,
Blasts of the night—ye howl, as now
My shudd'ring casement loud
With fitful force ye beat.

Mine ear has dwelt in silent awe,
The howling sweep, the sudden rush
And when the passing gale
Pour'd deep the hollow dirge.

Kirke White.

DISCHARGING OF AN AMERICAN LAKE.

On the morning of June the 6th, 1810, being a day observed as a general holiday in the state of Vermont, about one hundred individuals, resident in a thinly populated portion of that state, assembled with shovels, spades, hoes, crowbars, and pickaxes, and marched to a lake called Long Lake, voting that they would have a "regular frolic." Not that their object was entirely of this character; on the contrary, they had the useful purpose in view of drawing off a small current of water from the lake in question, for the supply of certain mills situated at a short distance below. It was only from the uncertain and speculative nature of their attempt that they bestowed on it the name of a frolic, or, in American phraseology, a "scrape." They accordingly set to work in execution of their design, and, ere a few hours of the day passed over, the consequence was a true "scrape," in the English sense of the word. A most awful and desolating eruption of water signalized that attempt, such as has seldom, probably, been seen even in America, a land where waters move on a scale unknown anywhere else. In order to understand fully the nature of this occurrence, it is necessary to explain briefly the character, relative position, and extent, of the sheet of water thus fortuitously and unexpectedly discharged.

Long Lake, before it was drained, was a beautiful sheet of water, about a mile and a half in length from north to south, and, where largest, three-fourths of a mile in breadth. At the southern extremity, the lake was pointed in shape, and shallow, but it rapidly swelled out, in the form of a pear, and became very deep, varying from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet. Only about five hundred yards, indeed, of the length of the lake, at the southern end, was less than this depth, so that the whole contained body of water was very great. The only supply of Long Lake came from a small rivulet on the western side, and the sole outlet was through a trifling sluggish streamlet at the southern point, where the shore was low. The eastern and western banks were bold and elevated. The northern shore, with which we have chiefly to do at present, was about half a mile in length, and was generally low, rising not more than five or six feet above the surface of the lake, and consisting of a narrow belt of sand, succeeded by a bank of light sandy earth. The descent here, from the surface of the water, was bold and rapid, and the lake's greatest depth was at no great distance from the shore. Against the inclined plane of the northern bank; the whole waters may be said to have rested, and this plane was covered over with a sheet of calcareous deposit, from two to six inches thick, lying on a mass of sandy earth. This deposit was the true support of the lake, having long preserved, doubtless, the soft bank from the wearing action of the water, when agitated by storms.

Such a preservative was much required, for the northern boundary was extremely narrow.

The ground continued level only for about five rods, and then descended rapidly for other two hundred rods, where it reached the shores of a second lake, called Mud Lake, which was about three-fourths of a mile in length, and half a mile in breadth. There had never been any natural connection between Long Lake and Mud Lake. The difference in their level was about two hundred feet, and Mud Lake discharged itself in an opposite direction from the former; towards the north, namely, by a rapid stream called Barton River. On this stream, about four miles below Mud Lake, was situated a hamlet called Keene-Corner, where there were a grist-mill and a saw-mill, named Wilson's mills. About seven miles farther down the little valley of Barton river, stood the village of Barton, and below this were two other mills, at various distances. With the exception of the cleared land about these mill-hamlets, the whole country in this neighbourhood was covered with a thick forest, reaching to the very shores of Barton river and the two lakes, and also covering the ground between them.

Barton river, in the summer season, gave but an insufficient supply of water to the mills of Keene-Corner, which was a great inconvenience to the inhabitants, and had frequently provoked discussions of the question, "Whether it was not practicable to let out part of the water of Long Lake into Mud Lake, and so furnish an additional supply to the mills on Barton river?" An affirmative conclusion was generally come to on the point, and, at last, on the holiday of June the 6th, 1810, the inhabitants, as has been mentioned, with a body of neighbours collected from all quarters around, marched to Long Lake to make the long-meditated attempt, though so little aware of the consequences as to regard the enterprise half as a frolic.

About ten o'clock, the band reached the northern shore of Long Lake, and after selecting the track that seemed most feasible, began to cut down the trees, and to dig a channel for the water across the belt of sandy earth forming the boundary of the lake. They commenced within a yard of the water, and by three o'clock had dug a trench five feet wide, and eight feet deep, from that point to the brow of the declivity leading to Mud Lake. The command was then given that all hands should leave the trench, and, this being done, some of the men commenced with their pickaxes to break as much as they could of the cake of calcareous deposit already alluded to, expecting that, when this was accomplished, the water would carry before it the little sand left in the trench, and flow in a gentle stream over the declivity. When a portion of the deposit was broken, the water *did* press over the aperture, but, to the surprise of the workmen, it did not flow into the trench. The sand under the deposit was a species of quicksand, and the issuing stream, instead of flowing along the trench, began to sink beneath the deposit, and to work down a portion of the quicksand with it. The portion of the deposit thus

undermined was not long able to sustain the pressure, and burst. This occasioned a violent rushing of the water to the part; more of it sank below the deposit, undermined, and broke it up still further. Successive underminings and burstings of this kind took place, until at length the belt of sand in which the trench had been made, was worn down to the width of several rods, and finally the waters made a deep gulf or channel through the whole barrier, and poured down the declivity to Mud Lake!

While these operations, which did not occupy above twenty minutes, were going on, the workmen stood looking on in stupefied amazement at the unforeseen commotion they had excited, and they did not think of getting out of the way until the first burst of the torrent began, when one of them was with difficulty saved by the hair of the head. Another was caught by the torrent, and only saved by his accidentally catching the roots of a tree. These accidents induced the men to run with speed to save their lives, and as they did so, they felt the whole ground quivering under them. Having got to a secure spot, they stood and watched the progress of the desolation.

It was but a few seconds, after the first efflux of its waters, ere Long Lake was entirely empty! When the first waters escaped, the rest, being left without support, flowed northwards with such impetuosity that the northern shore gave way to the width of more than a quarter of a mile, and the depth of one hundred and fifty feet. The whole barrier being thus removed, the escape of the waters, as has been said, was almost instantaneous, and the violence of their motion inconceivable. The liberated mass—consisting of a volume of fluid one and a half miles in length, three-fourths of a mile in width, and from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet in depth—made its way down the declivity to Mud Lake, tearing up and bearing before it trees, earth, and rocks, and excavating a channel of a quarter of a mile in width, and from fifty to eighty feet in depth. "With the immense momentum which it had gained," says Dr. Dwight, in his account of the eruption in Silliman's Journal, "it flowed into the valley of Mud Lake, forcing forward, with irresistible impetuosity, the spoils which it had already accumulated, tore away masses of earth from the high grounds on each side of the lake, excavated the whole bottom of the valley, including the shores of Mud Lake, to the depth of perhaps thirty feet, and with the additional mass of water thus acquired, made its way down the channel of Barton river."

With the exception of the narrow pass by which Barton river found an outlet, the whole northern shore of Mud Lake had been composed of rising ground of considerable height. The torrent broke away this mound in a moment, and carried it, as a fresh trophy, down the valley. The valley, however, was insufficient to serve the torrent for a path; it hollowed out a new one for itself, varying from twenty to thirty rods in width, and from twenty to sixty feet in depth. This excavating course

was continued for about five miles below Mud Lake, where the country opened up considerably. Before reaching this point, however, the waters carried away the mills at Keene-Corner, or rather carried away, to a great depth, the ground on which they stood. Happily no lives were lost, though one man had just barely escaped the torrent's path as it went by.

About a mile below Keene-Corner, "the moving mass of trees, earth, and water (says Dr. Dwight), expanded itself as the country opened, and, with the velocity acquired in its long descent, marched onwards in its work of desolation." The inhabitants of Barton, seven miles below Keene-Corner, received a dreadful alarm, when they saw the flood rushing rapidly down towards them, bearing a moving forest on its top. Only one house, nevertheless, proved to be within the track of the torrent. The proprietor of this, and his wife, were then at home. Alarmed by the noise, the man caught his wife in his arms, and carried her up the bank; yet it was with the utmost difficulty they escaped. Their house was lifted from its foundations, but being carried against some firm object, it remained there till the waters passed. The mills of Mr. Blodget, and those of Mr. Enos, respectively three and five miles below Barton, and fourteen and sixteen below Mud Lake, were entirely carried away. At Enos's mills the torrent retained still enough of force to move a rock, above one hundred tons in weight, many rods from its bed. Indeed, the excavating effects of the waters extended over the greater part of the level country above Enos's mill, a channel from thirty to sixty rods in width, and from ten to fifteen feet in depth, being left to mark its course. Below these mills, the country opened up still more, and the force of the current was much weakened, but its marks were visible all the way to Lake Memphremagog, fifteen miles below Barton, into which it discharged itself.

It was fortunate, though most remarkable, that no lives were lost through this violent and most unlooked-for eruption of water. The neighbouring inhabitants of the country, who were not within sight of the flood, participated in the alarm excited by it; for the noise of the first outbreak was like the loudest thunder, and the earth shook as if with an earthquake, causing the cattle to run home with signs of the utmost terror and alarm. After the torrent had passed, the appearance of the districts through which it had moved was most extraordinary. The immense continuous chasm ploughed out by the waters, was the most remarkable object. In many places, also, great depositions of sand and earth had taken place, wherever the waters had been obstructed, and formed an eddy in their course. These sandy heaps covered acres in many places. The quantity of wood which the waters had carried down was large beyond calculation. In some places where the current had met an obstruction, heaps of timber had been piled up to the height of eighty feet. At Barton, a field of twenty acres had been covered with deposited timber to the height of twenty feet. Thirteen years after-

wards, Dr. Dwight saw abundance of the same timber still lying, though the people around had been continually using it as fuel since the time of the eruption. The site of Long Lake remained, ever after the event, without water, though the bottom continued soft and marshy. Mud Lake was not entirely exterminated, though the mud from the upper pool filled it up so much as to make it a shallow and trifling body of water ever afterwards.

Though the men who caused this violent and unexpected deluge were scarcely blameable, they were prosecuted by the proprietor of one of the destroyed mills, who sought damages of a thousand dollars from them, but afterwards took a hundred in compromise. After all, it was fortunate that the eruption took place at the time it did, when the country was very scantily settled. From the slight and fragile nature of the northern barrier, as well as from the local position of the lake, it may be safely pronounced that its waters would, sooner or later, have discharged themselves in the way they did; and had this taken place when the country was thickly peopled, as it is now, the calamity might have been one of the most signal and destructive that ever resulted from similar causes.

PROGRESS.—Greater changes have taken place in no single age than are at this time in progress; and the revolutions in which empires, kingdoms or republics are made and unmade, and political constitutions rise and burst like bubbles upon a standing pool, when its stagnant waters are disturbed by a thunder-shower, are not the most momentous of those changes, neither are they those which most nearly concern us. The effects of the discovery of printing could never be felt in their full extent by any nation, till education, and the diffusion also of a certain kind of knowledge, had become so general, that newspapers should be accessible to every body, and the very lowest of the people should have opportunity to read them, or to hear them read. The maxim that it is politic to keep the people in ignorance, will not be maintained in any country where the rulers are conscious of upright intentions, and confident likewise in the intrinsic worth of the institutions which it is their duty to uphold, knowing those institutions to be founded on the rock of righteous principles. They know, also, that the best means of preserving them from danger is so to promote the increase of general information, as to make the people perceive how intimately their own well-being depends upon the stability of the state, thus making them wise to obedience.

TO PREVENT FLIES FROM INJURING PICTURE FRAMES, GLASSES, &c.—Boil three or four leeks in a pint of water, then with a gilding brush wash over your glasses and frames with the liquid, and the flies will not go near the articles so washed. This may be used without apprehension, as it will not do the least injury to the frames.

From an oversight, a portion only of the following article appeared in our last number. (See page 404):—

FLOWERS ON THE ALPS.—The flowers of the mountains—they must not be forgotten. It is worth a botanist's while to traverse all these high passes; nay, it is worth the while of a painter, or any one who delights to look upon graceful flowers, or lovely hues, to pay a visit to these little wild nymphs of Flora, at their homes in the mountains of St. Bernard. We are speaking now generally of what may be seen throughout the whole of the route, from Moutier, by the little St. Bernard, to Aosta,—and thence again to Martigny. There is no flower so small, so beautiful, so splendid in colour, but its equal may be met with in these sequestered places. The tenaciousness of flowers is not known; their hardihood is not sufficiently admired. Wherever there is a handful of earth, there also is a patch of wild-flowers. If there be a crevice in the rock, sufficient to thrust in the edge of a knife, there will the winds carry a few grains of dust, and there straight up springs a flower. In the lower parts of the Alps, they cover the earth with beauty. Thousands and tens of thousands, blue, and yellow, and pink, and violet, and white, of every shadow and every form, are to be seen, vying with each other, and eclipsing every thing besides. Midway they meet you again, sometimes fragrant and always lovely: and in the topmost places, where the larch, and the pine, and the rododendron, (the last living shrub), are no longer to be seen, where you are just about to tread upon the limit of perpetual snow, there still peep up and blossom the "Forget me not," the Alpine ranunculus, and the white and blue gentian, the last of which displays, even in this frozen air, a blue of such intense and splendid colour, as can scarcely be surpassed by the heavens themselves. It is impossible not to be affected at thus meeting with these little unsheltered things, at the edge of eternal barrenness. They are the last gifts of beneficent, abundant Nature. Thus far she has struggled and striven, vanquishing rocks and opposing elements, and sowing here a forest of larches, and there a wood of pines, a clump of rhododendrons, a patch of withered herbage, and, lastly, a bright blue flower. Like some mild conqueror, who carries gifts and civilization into a savage country, but is compelled to stop somewhere at last, she seems determined that her parting present shall also be the most beautiful. This is the limit of her sway. Here, where she has cast down these lovely landmarks, her empire ceases. Beyond, rule the ice and the storm!—*New Monthly Magazine.*

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