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"IT'S ONLY A DROP!"

It was a cold winter's night, and though the cottage where Ellen and Michael, the two surviving children of Ben Murphy, lived, was always neat and comfortable, still there was a cloud over the brow of both brother and sister, as they sat before the cheerful fire; it had obviously been spread not by anger, but by sorrow. The silence had continued long, though it was not bitter. At last Michael drew away from his sister's eyes the checked apron she had applied to them, and taking her hand affectionately within his own, said, "It isn't for my own sake, Ellen, though the Lord knows I shall be lonesome enough the long winter nights and the long summer days without your wise saying, and your sweet song, and your merry laugh that I can so well remember—ay, since the time when our poor mother used to seat us on the new rick, and then in the innocent pride of her heart call our father to look at us, and preach to us against being conceited, at the very time she was making us as proud as peacocks by calling us her blossoms of beauty, and her heart's blood, and her king and queen."

"God and the blessed virgin make her bed in heaven now and for evermore, amen," said Ellen, at the same time drawing out her beads, and repeating an ave with inconceivable rapidity. "Ah, Mike," she added, "that was the mother, and the father too, full of grace and godliness."

"True for ye, Ellen; but *that's* not what I'm after now, as you well know, you blushing little rogue of the world; and sorra a word I'll say against it in the end, though it's lonesome I'll be on my own hearth-stone, with no one to keep

me company but the ould black cat, that can't see, let alone hear, the craythur."

"Now," said Ellen, wiping her eyes, and smiling her own bright smile, "lave off; ye're just like all the men, purtinding one thing, when they mane another; there's a dale of desate about them—all—every one of them—and so my dear mother often said. Now, you'd better have done, or maybe I'll say something that will bring, if not the color to your brown cheek, a dale more warmth to yer warm heart, than would be convanient, just by the mention of one Mary—Mary, what a purty name Mary is, isn't it?—it's a common name too, and yet you like it none the worse for that. Do you mind the ould rhyme?—

'Mary, Mary, quite contrary.'

Well, I'm not going to say that she is quite contrary—I'm sure she is anything but that to you, any way, brother Mike, Can't you sit still, and don't be pulling the hairs out of Pusheen cat's tail, it isn't many there's in it; and I'd thank you not to unravel the beautiful English cotton stocking I'm knitting; lave off your tricks, or I'll make common talk of it, I will, and be more than even with you, my fine fellow! Indeed, poor ould Pusheen," she continued, addressing the cat with great gravity, "never heed what he says to you; he has no notion to make *you* either head or tail to the house, not he; he wont let you be lonesome, my poor puss; he's glad enough to swop an Ellen for a Mary, so he is; but that's a secret, avourneen; dont tell it to any one."

"Anything for your happiness," replied the brother sulkily; "but your bachelor has a worse fault than ever I had, notwithstanding all the lecturing you kept on

to me ; he has a turn for the drop, Ellen ; you know he has."

"How spitefully you said that!" replied Ellen; "and it isn't generous to spake of it when he's not here to defend himself."

"You'll not let a word go against him," said Michael.

"No," she said, "I will not let ill be spoken of an absent friend. I know he has a turn for the drop, but I'll cure him."

"After he's married," observed Michael, not very good-naturedly.

"No," she answered, "*before*. I think a girl's chance of happiness is not worth much who trusts to after-marriage reformation. *I wont*. Didn't I reform you, Mike, of the shockin' habit you had of putting every thing off to the last? and after reforming a brother, who knows what I can do with a lover! Do you think that Larry's heart is harder than *yours*, Mike? Look what fine vegetables we have in our garden now, all planted by your own hands when you come home from work—planted during the very time which you used to spend in leaning against the door cheek, or sleeping over the fire; look at the money you got from the Agricultural Society."

"That's yours, Ellen," said the generous-hearted Mike; "I'll never touch a penny of it; but for you I should never have had it; I'll never touch it."

"You never shall," she answered; I have laid every penny out, so that when the young bride comes home, she'll have such a house of comforts as are not to be found in the parish—white table-cloths for Sundays, a little store of tay and sugar, soap, candles, starch, everything good, and plenty of it."

"My own dear generous sister," exclaimed the young man.

"I shall ever be your sister," she replied, "and hers too. She's a good *colleen*, and worthy of my own Mike, and that's more than I'd say to 'ere another in the parish. I wasn't in earnest when I said you'd be glad to get rid of me; so put the pouch, every bit of it, off your handsome face. And hush!—whisht! will ye! there's the sound of Larry's footsteps in the bawn—hand me the needles, Mike." She braided back her hair with both hands, arranged the

red ribbon that confined its luxuriance, in the little glass that hung upon a nail on the dresser, and, after composing her arch laughing features into an expression of great gravity, sat down, and applied herself with singular industry to take up the stitches her brother had dropped, and put on a look of right maidenly astonishment when the door opened, and Larry's good-humoured face entered with the salutation of "God save all here!" He popped his head in first, and, after gazing round, presented his goodly person to their view; and a pleasant view it was, for he was of the genuine Irish bearing and beauty—frank and manly, and fearless-looking. Ellen, the wicked one, looked up with well feigned astonishment, and exclaimed, "Oh, Larry, is it you, and who would have thought of seeing you this blessed night?—ye're lucky—just in time for a bit of supper afther your walk across the moor. I cannot think what in the world makes you walk over the moor so often; you'll get wet feet, and yer mother 'ill be forced to nurse you. Of all the walks in the country, the walk across the moor's the dreariest, and yet ye're always going it? I wonder ye havn't better sense; ye're not such a chicken now."

"Well," interrupted Mike, "it's the women that bates the world for desaving. Sure she heard your step when nobody else could; its echo struck on her heart, Larry—let her deny it; she'll twist you and twirl you, and turn you about, so that you wont know whether it's on your head or heels ye're standing. She'll tossicate yer brains in no time, and be as composed herself as a dove on her nest in a storm. But ask her, Larry, the straight forward question, whether she heard you or not. She'll tell no lie—she never does."

Ellen shook her head at her brother, and laughed, and immediately after the happy trio sat down to a cheerful supper.

Larry was a good tradesman, blythe, and "well to do" in the world; and had it not been for the one great fault—an inclination to take the "least taste in life more" when he had already taken quite enough—there could not have been found a better match for good, excellent Ellen Murphy, in the whole kingdom of Ireland. When supper was finished, the

everlasting whisky bottle was produced, and Ellen resumed her knitting. After a time Larry pressed his suit to Michael for the industrious hand of his sister, thinking, doubtless, with the natural self-conceit of all *mankind*, that he was perfectly secure with Ellen; but though Ellen loved, like all my fair countrywomen, *well*, she loved, I am sorry to say, *unlike* the generality of my fair countrywomen, *wisely*, and reminded her lover that she had seen him intoxicated at the last fair of Rathcoolin.

"Dear Ellen!" he exclaimed, "it was only a drop,' the least drop in life that overcame me. It overtook me unknownst, quite against my will."

"Who poured it down your throat, Larry."

"Who poured it down my throat is it? why, myself, to be sure; but are you going to put me to three months' penance for that?"

"Larry, will you listen to me, and remember that the man I marry must be converted before we stand before the priest. I have no faith whatever in conversion afther"—

"Oh! Ellen," interrupted her lover."

"It's no use oh Ellening me," she answered quickly; "I have made my resolution, and I'll stick to it."

"She's as obstinate as ten women," said her brother. "There's no use in attempting to contradict her; she always has had her own way."

"It's very cruel of you, Ellen, not to listen to reason. I tell you a tablespoonful will often upset me."

"If you know that, Larry, why do you take the tablespoonful?"

Larry could not reply to this question. He could only plead that the drop got the better of him, and the *temptation*, and the *overcomingness* of the thing, and it was very hard to be at him so about a trifle.

"I can never think a thing a trifle," she observed, "that makes you so unlike yourself; I should wish to respect you always, Larry, and in my heart I believe no woman ever could respect a drunkard. I don't want to make you angry; God forbid you should ever be one, and I *know* you are not one yet; but sin grows mighty strong upon us without our knowledge. And no matter what indulgence

leads to bad; we've a right to think anything that *does* lead to is sinful in the prospect, if not at the present."

"You'd have made a fine priest, Ellen," said the young man, determined, if he could not reason, to laugh her out of her resolve.

"I don't think," she replied, archly, "if I was a priest, that either of you would have liked to come to me to confession."

"But Ellen, dear Ellen, sure it's not in earnest you are; you can't think of putting me off on account of that unlucky drop, *the least taste in life* I took at the fair. You could not find it in your heart. Speak for me Michael, speak for me. But I see it's joking you are. Why, Lent 'll be on us in no time, and then we must wait till Easter—it's easy talking."

"Larry," interrupted Ellen, "do not talk yourself into a passion; it will do no good; none in the world. I am sure you love me, and I confess before my brother it will be the delight of my heart to return that love, and make myself worthy of you, if you will only break yourself of that one habit, which you qualify to your own undoing, by fancying, because the *least taste in life* makes you what you ought not to be, that you may still take it."

"I'll take an oath against the whisky, if that will please ye, till Christmas."

"And when Christmas comes, get twice as tipsy as ever, with joy to think your oath is out—no!"

"I'll swear anything you please."

"I don't want you to swear at all; there's no use in a man taking an oath he is anxious to have a chance of breaking. I want your reason to be convinced"

"My darling Ellen, all the reason I ever had in my life is convinced."

"Prove it by abstaining from taking even a drop, even *the least drop* in life, if that drop can make you ashamed to look your poor Ellen in the face."

"I'll give it up altogether."

"I hope you will one of these days, from a conviction that it is really bad in every way; but not from cowardice, not because you darn't trust yourself."

"Ellen, I'm sure ye've some English blood in yer veins, ye're such a reasoner. Irish women don't often throw a boy off because of a drop; if they did, it's not

many marriage dues his Reverence would have, winter or summer."

"Listen to me, Larry, and believe, that though I spake this way, I regard you truly; and if I did not, I'd not take the trouble to tell you my mind."

"Like Mick Brady's wife, who, whenever she thrashed him, cried over the blows, and said they were all for his good," observed her brother slyly.

"Nonsense!—listen to me, I say, and I'll tell you why I am so resolute. It's many a long day since, going to school, I used to meet—Michael minds her, too, I'm sure—an old bent woman; they used to call her the Witch of Ballaghton. Stacy was, as I have said, very old entirely, withered and white headed, bent nearly double with age, and she used to be ever and always muddling about the streams and ditches, gathering herbs and plants, the girls said to work charms with; and at first they used to watch, rather far off, and if they thought they had a good chance of escaping her tongue and the stones she flung at them, they'd call her an ill name or two, and sometimes, old as she was, she'd make a spring at them sideways like a crab, and howl, and hoot and scream, and they'd be off like a flock of pigeons from a hawk, and she'd go on disturbing the green-coated waters with her crooked stick, and muttering words which if they heard, none could understand. Stacy had been a well-rared woman, and knew a dale more than any of us; when not tormented by the children, she was mighty well spoken, and the gentry thought a dale about her more than she did about them; for she'd say there wasn't one in the country fit to tie her shoe, and tell them so, too, if they'd call her anything but Lady Stacy; which the *rale* gentry of the place all humoured her in; but the upstarts, who think every civil word to an inferior is a pulling down of their own dignity, would turn up their noses as they passed her, and maybe she didn't bless them for it.

One day Mike had gone home before me, and, coming down the back bohreen, who should I see moving along it but Lady Stacy: and on she came muttering and mumbling to herself till she got near me, and as she did, I heard Master Nixon

(the dog-man*)'s hound in full cry, and seen him at her heels, and he over the hedge encouraging the baste to tear her in pieces. The dog soon was up with her, and then she kept him off as well as she could with her crutch, cursing the entire time, and I was very frightened, but I darted to her side, and with a wattle I pulled out of the hedge did my best to keep him off her.

Master Nixon cursed at me with all his heart, but I wasn't to be turned off that way. Stacy, herself, laid about with her staff, but the ugly brute would have finished her, only for me. I don't suppose Nixon meant that, but the dog was savage, and some men, like him, delight in cruelty. Well, I beat the dog off; and then I had to help the poor fainting woman, for she was both faint and hurt. I didn't much like bringing her here, for the people said she wasn't lucky; however, she wanted help, and I gave it. When I got her on the floor,† I thought a drop of whisky would revive her, and accordingly, I offered her a glass. I shall never forget the venom with which she dashed it on the ground.

'Do you want to poison me,' she shouted, 'after saving my life?' when she came to herself a little she made me sit down by her side, and fixing her large gray eyes upon my face, she kept rocking her body backwards and forwards, while she spoke, as well as I can remember—what I'll try to tell you—but I can't tell it as she did—that wouldn't be in nature. 'Ellen,' she said, and her eyes fixed in my face, 'I wasn't always a poor lone creature, that every ruffian who walks the country dare set his cur at. There was full and plenty in my father's house when I was young, but before I grew to womanly estate, its walls were bare and roofless, what made them so?—drink!—whisky! My father was in debt; to kill thought, he tried to keep himself so that he could not think; he wanted the courage of a man to look his danger and difficulty in the face, and overcome it; for, Ellen, mind my words, the man that will look debt and danger steadily in the face, and resolve to overcome them, *can do so*. He had not means, he said, to educate his

* Tax gatherers were so called some time ago in Ireland, because they collected the duty on dogs.

† In the house

children as became them: he grew not to have means to find them or their poor patient mother the proper necessities of life, yet he found the means to keep the whisky cask flowing, and to answer the bailiff's knock for admission by the loud roar of drunkenness, mad, as it was wicked. They got in at last, in spite of the care taken to keep them out, and there was much fighting, ay, and blood spilt, but not to death; and while the riot was a-foot, and we were crying round the death-bed of a dying mother, where was he?—they had raised a ten-gallon cask of whisky on the table in the parlour, and astride on it sat my father, flourishing a huge pewter funnel in one hand, and the black jack streaming with whisky in the other; and amid the fumes of hot punch that flowed over the room, and the cries and oaths of the fighting drunken company, his voice was heard swearing "he had lived like a king, and would die like a king!"

'And your poor mother?' I asked.

'Thank God! she died that night—she died before worse came: she died on the bed that, before her corpse was cold, was dragged from under her—through the strong drink—through the badness of him who ought to have saved her; not that he was a bad man either, when the whisky had no power over him, but he could not bear his own reflections. And his end soon came. He didn't die like a king; he died smothered in a ditch, where he fell; he died, and was in the presence of his God—how? Oh, there are things that have had whisky as their beginning and their end, that make me as mad as ever it made him! The man takes a drop, and forgets his starving family; the woman takes it, and forgets she is a mother and a wife. It's the curse of Ireland—a bitterer, blacker, deeper curse than ever was put upon it by foreign power or hard-made laws!'

'Lord bless us!' was Larry's half-breathed ejaculation.

'I only repeat old Stacy's words,' said Ellen 'you see I never forgot them. 'You might think,' she continued, 'that I had warning enough to keep me from having anything to say to those who war too fond of drink, and I thought I had; but, somehow, Edward Lambert got round me with his sweet words, and I was

lone and unprotected. I knew he had a little fondness for the drop; but in him, young handsome, and gay-hearted, with bright eyes and sunny hair, it did not seem like the horrid thing which *had made me shed no tear over my father's grave*. Think of that, young girl: the drink dos'nt make a man a beast *at first*, but it will do so before it's done with him—it will do so before it's done with him. I had enough power over Edward, and enough memory of the past to make him swear against it, except so much at such and such a time, and for a while he was very particular; but one used to entice him, and another used to entice him, and I am not going to say but I might have managed him differently; I might have got him off it—gently, may be; but the pride got the better of me, and I thought of the line I came of, and how I had married him who was'nt my equal, and such nonsense, which always breeds disturbance betwixt married people, and I used to rave, when, maybe, it would have been wiser if I had reasoned. Anyway, things didn't go smooth—not that he neglected his employment: he was industrious and sorry enough when the fault was done; still he would come home often the worse for drink—and now that he's dead and gone, and no finger is stretched to me but in scorn and hatred, I think may be, I might have done better; but, God defend me, the last was hard to bear.' Oh boys!" said Ellen, "if you had only heard her voice when she said *that*, and seen her face—poor ould Lady Stacy, no wonder she hated the drop, no wonder she dashed down the whisky."

"You kept this mighty close, Ellen," said Mike; "I never heard it before."

"I did not like coming over it," she replied; "the last is hard to tell." The girl turned pale while she spoke, and Lawrence gave her a cup of water. "It must be told," she said; "the death of her father proved the effects of deliberate drunkenness. What I have to say, shows what may happen from being once unable to think or act.

'I had one child,' said Stacy, 'one, a darlint, blue-eyed, laughing child. I never saw any so handsome, never knew any so good. She was almost three years ould, and he was fond of her—he said he was, but it's a quare fondness that

destroys what it ought to save. It was the Pattern of Lady-day, and well I knew that Edward would not return as he went; he said he would, he almost swore he would; but the promise of a man given to drink has no more strength in it than a rope of sand. I took sulky, and wouldn't go; if I had, may be it wouldn't have ended so. The evening came on, and I thought my baby breathed hard in her cradle; I took the candle and went over to look at her; her little face was red; and when I laid my cheek close to her lips so as not to touch them, but to feel her breath, it was very hot; she tossed her arms, they were dry and burning. The measles were about the country, and I was frightened for my child. It was only half a mile to the doctor's; I knew every foot of the road; and so leaving the door on the latch, I resolved to tell him how my darlint was, and thought I should be back before my husband's return. Grass, you may be sure, didn't grow under my feet. I ran with all speed, and wasn't kept long, the doctor said—though it seemed long to me. The moon was down when I came home, though the night was fine. The cabin we lived in was in a hollow; but when I was on the hill, and looked down where I knew it stood a dark mass, I thought I saw a light fog coming out of it; I rubbed my eyes and darted forward as a wild bird flies to its nest when it hears the scream of the hawk in the heavens. When I reached the door, I saw it was open; the fume cloud came out of it sure enough, white and thick; blind with that and terror together, I rushed to my child's cradle. I found my way to *that*, in spite of the burning and the smothering. But Ellen—Ellen Murphy, my child, the rosy child whose breath had been hot on my cheek only a little while before, she was nothing but a cinder. Mad as I felt, I saw how it was in a minute. The father had come home as I expected; he had gone to the cradle to look at his child, had dropt the candle into the straw; and unable to speak or stand, had fallen down and asleep on the floor not two yards from my child. Oh, how I flew to the doctor's with what had been my baby; I tore across the country like a banshee; I laid it in his arms; I told him if he didn't put life in it, I'd destroy him and his

house. He thought me mad; for there was no breath, either cold or hot, coming from its lips then. I couldn't kiss it in death; *there was nothing left of my child to kiss*—think of that! I snatched it from where the doctor had laid it; I cursed him, for he looked with disgust at my purty child. The whole night long I wandered in the woods of Newtonbarry with that burden at my heart?"

"But her husband, her husband!" inquired Larry in accents of horror; "what became of him?—did she leave him in the burning' without calling him to himself?"

"No," answered Ellen; "I asked her, and she told me that her shrieks she supposed roused him from the suffocation in which he must but for them have perished. He staggered out of the place, and was found soon after by the neighbours, and lived long after, but only to be a poor heart-broken man, for she was mad for years through the country; and many a day after she told me that story, my heart trembled like a willow leaf. 'And now Ellen Murphy,' she added, when the end was come, 'do ye wonder I threw from yer hand as poison the glass you offered me?—And do you know why I have tould you what tares my heart to come over?—because I wish to save you who showed me kindness, from what I have gone through. It's the only good I can do ye, and, indeed, it's long since I cared to do good. Never trust a drinking man; he has no guard on his words, and will say that of his nearest friend that would destroy him soul and body. His breath is hot as the breath of a plague; his tongue is a foolish as well as a fiery serpent. Ellen, let no drunkard become your lover, and don't trust to promises; try them, prove them all, before you marry.'"

"Ellen, that's enough," interrupted Larry, "I have heard enough—the two proofs are enough without words. Now hear me—What length of punishment am I to have? I won't say that, for, Nell, there's a tear in your eye that says more than words. Look—I'll make no promises—but you shall see; I'll wait yer time; name it; I'll stand the trial."

And I am happy to say, for the honor and credit of the country, that Larry did stand the trial—his resolve was fixed; he never so much as tasted whisky from

that time, and Ellen had the proud satisfaction of knowing she had saved him from destruction. They were not, however, married till *after* Easter. I wish all Irish maidens would follow Ellen's example. Woman could do a great deal to prove that "*the least drop in life*" is a great taste too much!—that "*ONLY A DROP*" is a temptation fatal if unresisted.

Mrs. S. C. Hall.

IMPRESSIONABLENESS.

"Each man in his time plays many parts."—*Shakespeare*

Chemists tell us that, let any two metals be brought together, the one will affect the other electrically, that which is the less liable to mix with oxygen sending the fine fluid into that which is the more liable to do so. A phenomenon of the same kind is observable in the moral world, for no two persons are ever brought together, but the one who is the more strongly characterised in any way, invariably increases that particular kind of character in the other, as if he had actually communicated to that person some part of his own tendencies. Thus an extremely gay man makes others more gay; an extremely gloomy man makes others more gloomy;—and so on. At the same time, the extremely gay or extremely gloomy man becomes affected in some degree by those whom he affects; taking on a little gloom or a little gayety in exchange, as it were, for that portion of the respectively opposite characteristics which he has imparted. The susceptibility, however, of being affected either in the first or second instance, depends very much on the fixedness or pliancy of the general nature of the parties. It is the class who may be called the impressionable that are most apt to be affected by a powerful characteristic in those with whom they are brought in contact. It is possible for such a person to have very much of some sort of character, and yet to be affected with the opposite by one who has not that opposite in great strength, but who is of a less yielding turn. To describe it in figures, gayety as 20, with impressionableness as 10, may sink beneath gloom as 10, with fixedness and constancy of character as 20.

The unimpressionable man is readily to be recognised. Firmness and self-esteem predominate over his nature. In a dispute, he never thinks of yielding, for it never occurs to him that he can be wrong. His only and invariable object in argument is to get others to see the thing in the proper, namely, his own, light. He is a self-erected standard for every thing, and others are rational, or foolish, in proportion as they conform or do not conform to it. You wonder how he should have ever got any new ideas in the course of his lifetime; for, whenever you present one to him, different from those he already entertains, he challenges it as only one of your absurd fancies, evidently

wishing you, like the Archbishop of Toledo, a better understanding. Nothing is to be done or gained with him, unless he gets all his own way. If he were the one dissentient man of a jury, he would expect all the rest, as a matter of course, to give up their opinions, and allow his to become the basis of the verdict. He would look upon them as extremely obstinate people, if they did not readily comply; the idea of his giving in to them being entirely out of the question. He considers himself, nevertheless, as a man very easily dealt with, and who would give no trouble whatever, if people would only not thwart him. If he differs much with mankind, and is rather misanthropical, it is entirely mankind's own blame. He would be the kindest person possible to mankind, if mankind would only do what they ought to do, think what they ought to think, and feel what they ought to feel—namely, what he does, thinks, and feels.

Such is the kind of man who, wherever he goes, maintains his own characteristics in all their ordinary force; continues serious amidst the frivolous, or frivolous amidst the serious; who would keep up his habitual smile in a field of battle, or not relax a wrinkle of his brow in the company of Aristophanes, or while reading (supposing he could do such a thing) the *Pickwick* papers. If he is at all liable to be affected by the moods of those around him, it is only in some minute inappreciable degree, sufficient to maintain the law of the case—as a cherry-stone is allowed, in falling to the earth, to exercise also some power in drawing the earth to itself. He is the man to be conformed to, not to conform. Whoever, with less fixedness of character, comes into contact with him, is irresistibly forced to take up his mood, and become the yielding recipient of his ideas, as (to resume our first image) the more oxidifiable metal is to receive the galvanic communication from the less oxidifiable.

This is, we believe, the philosophical explanation of those strange influences which some minds are noted to have exercised over others. It is but a larger endowment of firmness and self-esteem which has enabled some men to cause others to believe whatever they said, to follow them into all sorts of dangers, and to surrender the most important interests to them. It is the secret of that fascination which was supposed to be a product of magical power, or of drugs and philters, and was sometimes said to reside in the eyes of those who possessed it. The less gifted with the above-mentioned elements of human character constitute the class whom we denominate the "Impressionable."

The impressionable man readily yields, at least for the time, to the opinions of the less impressionable. He is ever apt to become a follower, or an instrument. He likes the shelter of authority for all things, and to have somebody in command above him. His life is a perpetual metamorphosis. In the presence of his superiors, he not only feels humble, but could almost imagine himself their lackey. On the other hand, though not perhaps a man of high station, the presence of a decided infe-

rior makes him feel for the moment very big. If you suppose him to be good, and let him know that you do, he is good. If you intimate a suspicion unfavourable to him, he becomes the thing you suspect. When he meets a grave and sober friend, he feels tacitly chidden for being rather too light and free in his mode of living. When he falls into the company of any light-hearted, sanguine, and convivial sort of person, he is disposed to look upon himself as rather a stiff sort of fellow. He may be a very benevolent man, and act as generously as he feels, but he will only be satisfied as to the duty he does to the poor and the afflicted when contemplating the less generous conduct of the generality of those who possess the same means: there will be some in whose presence he suspects himself to be a complete scrub. He is surprised to reflect how different is the strain of his discourse in different families, where he visits; how, in one, he finds himself constantly talking of bargains and gains; how, in another, his chat is all of balls and fetes, "Shakspeare, taste, and the musical glasses;" how, in a third, he does nothing but speak of the failings of his fellow-creatures; at one place gay, at another serious; here all for prudence and pelf, there all for the enjoyment of the passing hour; alternately, a romantic enthusiast, a solemn pedant, a droll, a sagacious man of the world, a generous philanthropist, a censorious misanthrope; the real cause being, that he has much veneration for others, an humble opinion of himself, and no concentration or continuity of feeling, so that he becomes whatever others choose or chance to make him.

We have no preaching to deliver on these distinctions of human character. It might be easy to show that the impressionable are always in danger of being led into mischief, and that the unimpressionable are apt to suffer for their self-satisfiedness and obstinacy. We might beseech the impressionable to be not just so impressionable, and the unimpressionable to be a little less unimpressionable. But of what use would such commonplaces be? The thing is chiefly, if not exclusively interesting, as an important point in the natural history of the human mind, and in the designs of providence. It plainly informs us of one valuable truth, that leaders and led, active and passive, commanding and obeying, ordering and serving, are natural institutions, instead of accidental circumstances, which they are sometimes thought to be. There are of course many evils arising from those arrangements in human society, but, we suspect, only because they have never yet been formed on just and rational principles. It is to be hoped that these evils will be much diminished, as mankind become more enlightened; but even in the meantime they are nothing compared with those which would instantly arise, if the general provision which leads to them were withdrawn, for then no great or good quality would obtain the least reverence, and the social fabric would be dissolved into its rude elements. It is the sense of different values in ourselves and others which alone at present

produces or maintains any arrangement in society; and for the sake of so great a good we may well bear with a few troubles springing out of it, and which the improving sense and humanity of the race tend constantly to make less.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

THE OFFICER, HIS WIFE AND THE BAGGAGE-ASS.

The following anecdote is taken from *A. Visit to Flanders*, and will give some idea of the kind of scenes that were passing during the memorable Battle of Waterloo:

"I had the good fortune," says the intelligent writer, "to travel from Brussels to Paris with a young Irish officer and his wife, an Antwerp lady of only sixteen, of great beauty and innocence. The husband was at the Battle of Quatre-Bras as well as Waterloo. The unexpected advance of the French called him off at a moment's notice to Quatre-Bras; but he left with his wife his servant, one horse and the family baggage, which was packed upon an ass. Retreat at the time was not anticipated; but being suddenly ordered, he contrived to get a message conveyed to his wife, to make the best of her way, attended by the servant and baggage, to Brussels. The servant, a foreigner, had availed himself of the opportunity to take leave of both master and mistress, and to make off with the horse, leaving the helpless young lady alone with the baggage-ass.

With a firmness becoming the wife of a British officer, she boldly commenced, on foot, her retreat of twenty-five miles, leading the ass by the bridle, and carefully preserving the baggage. No violence was dared by any one to so innocent a pilgrim, but no one could venture to assist her. She was soon in the midst of the retreating British army, and much retarded and endangered by the artillery; her fatigue was great; it rained in torrents and the thunder and lightning were dreadful in the extreme. She continued to advance, and got upon the great road from Charleroi to Brussels, at Waterloo, in the evening, when the army were taking up their line for the awful conflict. In so extensive a field, among 80,000 men, it was in vain to seek her husband; she knew that the sight of her *there* would

embarrass and distress him, she kept slowly advancing to Brussels all night, the road choked with all sorts of vehicles, and horses; multitudes of fugitives on the road, and flying into the great road, and many of the wounded walking their painful way, dropping at every step, and breathing their last; here and there lay a corpse or a limb, particularly, as she said, several hands. Many persons were actually killed by others, if they by chance stood in the way of their endeavours to help themselves; and to add to the horrors, the rain continued unabated, and the thunder and lightning still raged as if the heavens were torn to pieces.

Full twelve miles further, during the night, this young woman marched, up to her knees in mud; her boots were worn entirely off, so that she was bare-footed; but still, unhurt, she led her ass; and, although thousands lost their baggage, and many their lives, she calmly entered Brussels on the morning in safety, self, ass and baggage, without the loss of an article. In a few hours after her arrival commenced the cannons' roar of the tremendous Battle of Waterloo, exposed to which, for ten hours, she knew her husband to be; she was rewarded—amply rewarded, by finding herself in her husband's arms, he unhurt, and she nothing the worse, on the following day. The officer told the tale himself with tears in his eyes. With a slight Irish accent, he called her his dear little woman, and said she became more valuable to him every day of his life.

THE PIASA.

It is an idea which has more than once occurred to me, while throwing together these hasty delineations of the beautiful scenes through which, for the past few weeks, I have been moving, that, by some, a disposition might be suspected to tinge every outline indiscriminately with the "color de rose." But as well might one talk of an exaggerated emotion of the sublime on the table-rock of Niagara, or amidst the "snowy scalps" of Alpine scenery, or of a mawkish sensibility of loveliness amid the purple glories of the "Campagna di Roma," as of either, or of both combined, in the noble "valley beyond the mountains." Nor is the interest experienced by the traveller for many of the spots he passes confined to their scenic beauty. The associations of bygone times are rife in the mind, and the traditional legend of the events these scenes have witnessed yet lingers among the simple forest-

sons. I have mentioned that remarkable range of cliffs commencing at Alton, and extending, with but little interruption, along the left shore of the Mississippi to the mouth of the Illinois. Through a deep, narrow ravine in these bluffs flows a small stream called the Piasa. The name is of aboriginal derivation, and, in the idiom of the Illini, denotes "*The bird that devours men.*" Near the mouth of this little stream rises a bold precipitous bluff, and upon its smooth face, at an elevation, seemingly unattainable by human art, is graven the figure of an enormous bird with extended pinions. This bird was by the Indians called the "*Piasa*;" hence the name of the stream. The tradition of the Piasa is said to be still extant among the tribes of the upper Mississippi, and is thus related:—

"Many thousand moons before the arrival of the pale faces, when the great megalonyx and mastodon, whose bones are now thrown up, were still living in the land of the green prairies, there existed a bird of such dimensions that he could easily carry off in his talons a full-grown deer. Having obtained a taste of human flesh, from that time he would prey upon nothing else. He was as artful as he was powerful; would dart suddenly upon an Indian, bear him off to one of the caves in the bluff, and devour him. Hundreds of warriors attempted for years to destroy him, but without success. Whole villages were depopulated, and consternation spread throughout all the tribes of the Illini. At length *Owatoga*, a chief whose fame as a warrior extended even beyond the great lakes, separating himself from the rest of his tribe, fasted in solitude for the space of a whole moon, and prayed to the Great Spirit, the Master of Life, that he would protect his children from the *Piasa*. On the last night of his feast the Great Spirit appeared to him in a dream, and directed him to select twenty of his warriors, each armed with a bow and pointed arrows, and conceal them in a designated spot. Near the place of their concealment another warrior was to stand in open view as a victim for the *Piasa*, which they must shoot the instant he pounced on his prey. When the chief awoke in the morning he thanked the Great Spirit, returned to his tribe, and told them his dream. The warriors were quickly selected and placed in ambush. *Owatoga* offered himself as the victim, willing to die for his tribe; and, placing himself in open view of the bluff, he soon saw the *Piasa* perched on the cliff, eyeing his prey. *Owatoga* drew up his manly form to its utmost height; and, placing his feet firmly upon the earth, began to chant the death-song of a warrior: a moment after, the *Piasa* rose in the air, and, swift as the thunderbolt, darted down upon the chief. Scarcely had he reached his victim when every bow was sprung and every arrow was sped to the feather into his body. The *Piasa* uttered a wild, fearful scream, that resounded far over the opposite side of the river, and expired. *Owatoga* was safe. Not an arrow, not even the talons of the bird had touched him; for the Master of Life, in admiration

of his noble deed, had held over him an invisible shield. In memory of this event, the image of the Piasa was engraved in the face of the bluff."

Such is the Indian tradition. True or false, the figure of the bird with expanded wings, graven upon the surface of solid rock, is still to be seen at a height perfectly inaccessible; and to this day no Indian glides beneath the spot in his canoe without discharging at this figure his gun. Connected with this tradition, as the spot to which the Piasa conveyed his human victims, is one of those caves to which I have alluded. Another, near the mouth of the Illinois, situated about fifty feet from the water, and exceedingly difficult of access, is said to be crowded with human remains to the depth of many feet in the earth of the floor. The roof of the cavern is vaulted. It is about twenty-five feet in height, thirty in length, and in form is very irregular. There are several other cavernous fissures among these cliffs not unworthy description.—*The Far West.*

THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

IN CARDIGANSHIRE, NORTH WALES.

The cataract, which is here formed by the fall of the Mynach, saluted us with its thundering roar long ere we approached it; and as we drew near, the strong reverberation, rebellowed by surrounding cavernous rocks, seemed to convulse the very atmosphere itself! We hastily put up our horses at the Hafod Arms, a solitary inn; and within a few paces found ourselves on the bridge, suspended over a gulf at which even recollection cannot but shudder. This bridge bestrides a lane of almost perpendicular rocks, patched with wood, whose summits are here scarcely five yards asunder.

At a terrific depth in the glen rages, unseen, the impetuous Mynach, engulfed beneath the protruding crags and pendant foliage; but on looking over the parapet, the half-recoiling sight discovers the phrenetic torrent in one volume of foam, bursting into light, and threatening, as it breaks against the opposing rocks, to tear the mountains from their strong foundations: then instantly darting into the dark abyss beneath, it leaves the imagination free to all the terrors of concealed danger. With emotions of awe, nor without those of fear, we descended the side of the rock, assisted by steps already cut in it, and, with some peril, reached the level of the darkened torrent, where, standing on a projecting crag, against which the river bounded, immersed in its spray, and deafened by its roar, we clung to the rock. The impression of terror subsiding, left us at liberty to examine the features of the scene. Nearly over our heads appeared the Old Bridge, attributed to the handy work of the Devil, and another standing perpendicularly over that, built by a native mason about fifty years since. The original bridge is supposed to have been built by the monks of Strata Florida Abbey, about one hundred and fifty years ago. On climbing from this hollow, we proceeded two or three hundred yards to the left of the bridge,

and again descended a fearful tract, to witness the grand falls of the Mynach. Under the direction of a guide we reached the ordinary station with some difficulty, where the view of the cataract disclosed itself in four different cascades; though the intervention of a projecting rock divided these great falls, they appeared too much alike. I wished to get lower, but it seemed impracticable. Emboldened, however, by the example of a guide, I clambered upon the edge of an immense perpendicular strata of rock to nearly the lower channel of the torrent, when the cataract appeared in the most perfect manner imaginable; the great fall displayed itself in an uninterrupted superiority, and the lesser ones retired as subordinate parts.

The perpendicular descent of this cataract is no less than two hundred and ten feet; the first fall does not exceed twenty feet, the next increases to sixty, the third diminishes to about twenty, and then after a momentary pause, the torrent bounds over a shelving rock in one tremendous fall of one hundred and ten feet, and soon unites itself with the Rhydol, a river of considerable size.

This grand cataract receives no small augmentation of its terrific appearance from the black stratified rocks forming the glen down which it thunders; nor can the spectator, however firm his mind, divest himself of terror, while, near the bottom of an abyss for ever denied a ray of sun, he views the menacing torrent bursting before him, or contemplates its foaming course tearing at his feet, among crags that its fury has disjoined. If he ventures to look up the acclivitous rock, more real danger threatens his return, when a devious balance or false step would ensure his certain destruction! Yet, from the horrors of this gloomy chasm, some favoured projections relieve the imagination, ornamented by the light and tasteful penciling of the mountain ash, intermixing with vigorous sapling oaks; where here and there a tree of riper years, unable to derive support from the scanty soil, falls in premature decay a prostrate ruin.

I have seen waterfalls more picturesquely grand than that of the Mynach, but none more awfully so—not excepting even the celebrated falls of Lodore and Scaleforce, in Cumberland. Climbing from the scene of terrors, I rejoined my companions, and at the Hafod Arms Inn obtained a change of clothes; a comfort which, though wet for several hours, I should still longer have denied myself, had not the approach of night forced me from the Mynach's interesting scenery.

MODE OF TRAVELLING IN HINDOSTAN.—Palanquins, which are a kind of covered litter, carried by means of poles upon the shoulders of men, form the principal vehicle for personal transport in Hindostan. A very minute description of an ordinary palanquin, together with an amusing account of a *dak* or *dawk* journey, which is the name given to the mode of travelling long distances by the palanquin, is given by Captain Basil Hall. The palanquin is described

as about six feet long by two and a half feet wide, and provided with conveniences which enable it to serve at night-time for a bed, and in the day-time for a parlour. In the front part is usually a shelf, with a drawer underneath, and a net stretched above it; and in the hinder part is often a shelf for books, a net for fruit, and other loose articles, and hooks for hats, towels, &c. In each side of the palanquin are two doors, or sliding partitions, with Venetian blinds in the upper panel, and in each end are two small windows. As, owing to the heat of the country, travelling is performed much by night, palanquins are often furnished with a lamp at one corner, so fixed as to throw its light into the interior, but to be trimmed from the outside. The bottom, or seat, is made of strips of rattan, like that of a cane-bottomed chair, and is covered with a light elastic mattress stuffed with horse hair or shavings produced in dressing the bamboo and rattan. Across the palanquin, at about eighteen inches from the hinder end, is hung a flat square cushion for the traveller's back to rest against when sitting up, and towards the other end is a moveable bar, against which the feet may be planted as against the stretchers of a boat, which may be shifted nearer to or farther from the end of the palanquin, according to the length of the traveller's legs, or his choice of position. In the space behind the back cushion the bed-clothes and pillow are stowed away during the day; and the shelves, drawers and nets afford facilities for the conveyance of teapots, canisters, shaving apparatus, scientific instruments, sketching materials, and a sufficient supply of clothing to prevent inconvenience if the traveller be separated for a time from his heavy baggage. Flat articles may be laid beneath the mattress, and bottles and glasses carried in sockets attached to the corners of the palanquin. A cover of waxed cloth is affixed to the top in such a way that it may be rolled up when not wanted, and let down so as completely to envelop the palanquin, in rainy weather, or when the night is cold. A pole is attached to each end of the palanquin, near the top, to carry it by; and to the foremost of these poles is suspended a rattan basket containing a water pitcher, or goblet of porous earthenware; and as the water which exudes through the pores of the goblet is rapidly evaporated by the current of air, its contents are always kept cool in the hottest weather. On the hinder pole are carried in like manner a kettle, coffee-pot, and wooden wash-hand basin. As the poles, which rest upon the shoulders of the bearers, are not elastic, like those of a sedan-chair, Captain Hall states that a palanquin has not the same unpleasant motion as that vehicle; and, Bishop Heber also observes, is neither violent nor unpleasant, but that, being incessant, it is impossible to draw in a palanquin, and not very convenient to read, excepting a large print. Only four bearers can, in an ordinary palanquin, place their shoulders beneath the poles, two at each end; but in passing over difficult ground, two others will occasionally bear part

of the weight by thrusting a bamboo under the body of the palanquin. In most cases the bearers follow each other in a straight line; but in some districts it is the custom to proceed obliquely, in which case the sideway motion is said to be exceedingly unpleasant to the traveller. While walking or running with their load, the bearers, who form a peculiar caste among the Hindoos, keep up an incessant noise, sometimes like grunting or groaning, and sometimes approaching the character of a song, or of wild vociferation.

TREATMENT OF THE DEAD IN THIBET.—The people of Thibet, instead of burying or burning the bodies of the dead, throw them into a walled enclosure, that they may be devoured by birds of prey; but they hold an annual festival in honour of the deceased, which is thus described by Captain Turner:—"On the 29th of October, as soon as the evening drew on, and it became dark, a general illumination was displayed upon the summits of all the buildings in the Monastery of Teshoo Loomboo, close to which was the Golgotha, if I may so call it, to which they convey their dead; the tops also of the houses upon the plain, as well as in the most distant villages, scattered among the cluster of willows, were in the same manner lighted up with lamps, exhibiting altogether a splendid and brilliant spectacle. The night was dark, the weather calm, and the lights burned with a clear and steady flame. The Thibetians reckon these circumstances of the first importance, as, on the contrary, they deem it a most evil omen, if the weather be stormy, and their lights extinguished by the wind or rain. It is worthy of notice, how materially an effect depends upon a previously-declared design, and how opposite the emotions may be, although produced by appearances exactly similar. In England, I had been accustomed to esteem general illuminations as the strongest expression of public joy; I now saw them exhibited as a solemn token of melancholy remembrance, an awful tribute of respect paid to the innumerable generations of the dead. The darkness of the night, the profound tranquillity and silence, interrupted only by the deep and slowly-repeated tones of the *nowbut*, gong, and cymbal, at different intervals; the tolling of bells, and the loud monotonous repetition of sentences of prayer, sometimes heard when the instruments were silent; were so calculated, by their solemnity, to produce serious reflection, that I really believe no human ceremony could have been contrived more effectually to impress the mind with sentiments of awe. In addition to this external token of solemn respect, acts of beneficence, performed during this festival, are supposed to have peculiar merit, and all persons are called upon, according to their ability, to distribute alms, and to feed the poor.

CURE FOR WARTS.—Dissolve as much common washing soda as the water will take up; wash the warts with this for a minute or two, and let them dry without wiping. This repeated, will gradually destroy the largest wart.

TRUTH.

Adhere rigidly and undeviatingly to truth; but while you express what is true, express it in a pleasing manner. Truth is the picture, the manner is the frame that displays it to advantage.

If a man blends his angry passions with his search after truth, become his superior by suppressing yours, and attend only to the justness and force of his reasoning.

Truth, conveyed in austere and acrimonious language, seldom has a salutary effect, since we reject the truth, because we are prejudiced against the mode of communication. The heart must be won before the intellect can be informed.

A man may betray the cause of truth by his unseasonable zeal, as he destroys its salutary effect by the acrimony of his manner. Whoever would be a successful instructor, must first become a mild and affectionate friend.

He who gives way to angry invective, furnishes a strong presumption that his cause is bad, since truth is best supported by dispassionate argument. The love of truth, refusing to associate itself with the selfish and dissocial passions, is gentle, dignified, and persuasive.

The understanding may not be long able to withstand demonstrative evidence, but the heart which is guarded by prejudice and passion, is generally proof against argumentative reasoning; for no person will perceive truth when he is unwilling to find it.

Many of our speculative opinions, even those which are the result of laborious research, and the least liable to disputation, resemble rarities in the cabinet of the curious, which may be interesting to the possessor, and to a few congenial minds, but which are of no use to the world.

Many of our speculative opinions cease to engage attention, not because we are agreed about their truth or fallacy, but because we are tired of the controversy. They sink into neglect, and in a future age their futility or absurdity is acknowledged, when they no longer retain a hold on the prejudices and passions of mankind.—*Mackenzie's Literary Varieties.*

THE CIRCASSIAN WALLACE.—We extract the following account of the Schamyl, the chief of the Circassians, from a letter dated Constantinople, and published in the *Univers*:—"It is said that the power of Schamyl Bey is on the increase. Circassia, in place of ceasing the unequal struggle in which she has been engaged for so many years, appears, on the contrary, to find new resources in the courage and alliance of the surrounding tribes. The Caucasus has become the refuge and the rampart of all the mountaineers who defended their ancient liberties; and such is the general confidence in the future, that this military leader is already considered as the founder of a monarchy around which the populations of Georgia, Armenia, and Daghestan are to be grouped. Russia has no longer to put down a partial revolt. The point for her is now to hold firmly against a

rising and creating power, which opposes numerous and strong nationalities to her own. The vague reports collected relative to Schamyl represent him as an able and fortunate warrior, surrounded with a warlike army, disciplined by Polish refugees in the European manner. On Fridays, public prayers are offered up for his safety—a Mussulman ceremony in honour of royalty. Money is struck with his mark—we do not say his effigy, for the poverty of the country does not permit the use of metal for money, but only of leather, which, however, is received in all places where his authority extends, and is even preferred to Russian money. Schamyl is of middle height, well made, and of a robust constitution, which enables him to support with ease all kinds of fatigue; continually on horseback, at the head of a chosen band of determined troops, composed of Polish lancers and Cossack hulans, he never appears but with the ornaments of his rank and in full uniform; liberal to profusion, he distributes all the booty with those who share his danger; fond of literature, he has around him poets who celebrate his triumphs in popular songs; prompt to conceive plans of strategy, and still more so to execute them, he flies from one extremity of his territory to the other, and falls on the Russian outposts with the rapidity of lightning, and after occasioning them serious loss, returns to his impregnable mountains, or flies to other dangers. His batteries of artillery are numerous and complete, and each piece is a trophy which has cost the enemy dear. Mussulman enthusiasm surrounds him with a religious aspect; but he, with an elevated and tolerant spirit, leaves to all his soldiers, as well as to the population under his authority, the free and full exercise of their worship. Liberty in this respect contrasts so advantageously for him with the religious despotism of the Russian Government, that it has gained him the sympathies of the Christians persecuted by the official church of the Emperor."

A NEAPOLITAN'S FIRMNESS.—The Neapolitans in general hold drunkenness in very great abhorrence. A story is told there of a nobleman, who, having murdered another in a fit of jealousy, was condemned to suffer death. His life was offered to him on the sole condition of saying that when he committed the deed he was intoxicated. He received the offer with disdain, and exclaimed, "I would rather suffer a thousand deaths than bring eternal disgrace on my family by confessing the disgraceful crime of intoxication." He persisted, and was executed.

USE OF THE PEACOCK'S TAIL.—The beauty of the peacock's plumage was a theme of admiration in the remotest times; and the bird was sought after as capable of adding splendour to the magnificence of Solomon. The chief display of this beauty arises from that arrangement of long and gorgeous feathers which spring from the space between the region behind the wings and the origin of the tail; but the use of this to the bird itself has been a subject of doubt. At first sight it seems to be no better than a luxuriance of nature, and an encumbrance rather

than a benefit. The action by which their splendour is outspread has also been deemed an absurd manifestation of pride. But men are imperfect interpreters of the actions of animals; and a closer examination of the habits of this bird will afford explanation. The tail of the peacock is of a plain and humble description, and seems to be of no other use besides aiding in the erection of the long feathers of the loins; while the latter are supplied at their insertion with an arrangement of voluntary muscles which contribute to their elevation, and to the other motions of which they are capable. If surprised by a foe, the peacock presently erects its gorgeous feathers; and the enemy at once beholds starting up before him a creature which his terror cannot fail to magnify into the bulk implied by the circumference of a glittering circle of the most dazzling hues; his attention at the same time being distracted by a hundred glaring eyes meeting his gaze in every direction. A hiss from the head in the centre, which in shape and colours resembles that of a serpent, and a rustle from the trembling quills, are attended by an advance of the most conspicuous portion of this bulk; which is in itself an action of retreat, being caused by a receding motion of the body of the bird. That must be a bold animal which does not pause at the sight of such an object; and a short interval is sufficient to insure the safety of the bird; but if, after all, the enemy should be bold enough to risk an assault, it is most likely that its eagerness or rage would be spent on the glittering appendages, in which case the creature is divested only of that which a little time will again supply. A like explanation may be offered of the use of the long and curious appendages of the head and neck of various kinds of humming-birds, which, however feeble, are a pugnacious race.

—Couch's *Illustration of Instinct*.

THE CAT AND THE CROW—A few days ago, the attention of several persons was excited at St. Ives by an unusual noise made by a crow which had built her nest and hatched her young in the chimney of an uninhabited house near the Wesleyan chapel in that town. On examination, it appeared that a cat had discovered the young birds, and was trying to dislodge them; but every time puss put her head into the chimney the crow pounced upon her hinder parts, and then flew off to a neighbouring chimney. The crow, perceiving that she was unable singly to put the enemy to flight, flew to the tower of the church and brought seven others, which proceeded to assail the cat in the way before described, until she was so severely wounded as to be obliged to retreat, minus pretty much of her fur, and bleeding profusely.—*West Briton*.

QUAINT RESEMBLANCES.—Some philosopher has remarked that every animal when dressed in human apparel, resembles mankind very strikingly in features. Put a frock, bonnet, and spectacles on a pig, and it looks like an old woman of eighty. A bull dressed in an overcoat would resemble a lawyer. Tie a few buttons round a cat, put a fan in its paw, and

a boarding school miss is represented. A cockerel in uniform is a general to the life. Dress a monkey in a frock coat, cut off his tail, and trim his whiskers, and you have a city dandy. Donkeys resemble a good many persons.

M. Lewenhoeck, in his work on the microscope, says that the mite makes 500 steps in a second. Each leaf on a tree has a colony of insects grazing on it like oxen on a meadow.

THE WEEVIL IN WHEAT.—A correspondent of the *Sydney Morning Herald* states the following means of destroying weevils:—"I have in more than one instance tried the simple remedy of one quart of sifted lime mixed with one pint of fine salt to a hundred bushels of wheat, where, I may say, millions of that insect were to be perceived; and in the short space of twenty-four hours they have completely disappeared. I did not see a single one of them in the grain again, although kept in the same place for months afterwards."

A gentleman of Runcorn, having seen a recipe for destroying cockroaches, &c., sliced cucumber, made a trial of the remedy by slicing two cucumbers, and throwing them into a place which was literally swarming with them. The effect was very satisfactory, for in fifteen hours there was an almost perfect clearance of these disagreeable inmates.

PROTECTING WALL-FRUIT FROM INSECTS.—The ant occupies a distinguished position as a depredator on wall-fruit. No sooner has an insect "of large growth" commenced the destruction of a fruit, than these little pests assemble in myriads and complete the demolition; and this is often carried on by means of a minute aperture in the cuticle of the fruit next the wall, so that some of the finest fruit is often destroyed ere we become aware of the fact. The usual wasp-traps are of little or no service in the destruction of the ant, and even muslin bags, so effectual for the exclusion of flies, &c., are often ineffectual. The best remedy I have ever seen for the prevention of the attacks of the whole insect race is common tow or hemp. As soon as the fruit, from its ripeness, begins to become attractive, envelope it in a thin coating of this substance, packing it well between the fruit and the wall, and no insect will venture to molest it. The fine filaments of the hemp form a complete *chevaux de frise* to their attacks. Even the minute ant fails to penetrate them. I lately saw a fine crop of peaches, which were required to be preserved for a particular occasion, treated in the manner described, and out of several dozen from the one tree not one fruit had the least blemish from the attack of an insect.—*Gardener's Chronicle*.

A miser having threatened to give a poor labourer some blows with a stick: "I don't believe you," says the other, "for you never give anything."

A captain of a vessel loading coals went into a counting house, and requested the loan of a rake. The merchant, looking towards his clerks, said, "I have a number of them here, but none of them would wish to be hauled over the coals."

AN ADVENTURE IN HUNGARY.

On the third day of his departure from Vienna, a horsedealer alighted at an inn situated at the entrance of a little town, which, to all appearance, was respectable and quiet. He recommended his horse to the care of the landlord, dried his clothes at the fire, and, as soon as supper was ready, sat down to the table with the host and his family, who appeared to be decent people.

During supper the traveller was asked where he came from, and on his answering from Vienna, they were all anxious to hear some news from the capital. The horsedealer told them all he knew. The landlord then asked him what business had taken him to Vienna, to which he replied that he had been there to sell some of the very finest horses that had ever appeared in the market there.

At these words the landlord looked very significantly at the young man who sat opposite to him, and who appeared to be his son. His expressive glance did not escape the observation of the traveller, who, however, took no notice of it; yet he very soon afterwards had cause to regret his want of caution. Being in want of repose, he begged the landlord, as soon as the supper was finished, to show him to his room. The landlord took a lamp, and conducted the traveller across a yard into a detached building, which contained two tolerably neat rooms. A bed was prepared at the farther end of the second.

As soon as the landlord had retired the traveller undressed himself, unbuckled a money-belt containing a considerable sum in gold, and took out his pocket-book, which was full of Austrian bank-notes.

Having convinced himself that his money was right, he placed both under his pillow, extinguished the light, and soon fell asleep, thanking God and all the saints for the success of his journey. He had slept but an hour or two when he was suddenly awakened by the opening of the window, and immediately felt the night air blow upon him.

Startled at this unforeseen circumstance, the traveller raised himself up in bed, and perceived the head and shoulders of a man, who was struggling to get into the room; at the same time he heard the voices of several persons who were standing under the window.

A dreadful terror seized our traveller, who gave himself up for lost; and scarcely knowing what he did, crept under the bed as quickly as possible. A moment afterwards a man sprang heavily into the room, and staggered up to the bed, supporting himself against the wall.

Confounded as the horsedealer was, he nevertheless perceived that the intruder was inebriated; this circumstance, however, gave him little hope, for he had probably got intoxicated in order to summon up courage for the contemplated crime; besides this the traveller had heard the voices of persons outside, so that the murderer, in case of resistance, could count upon the assistance of his comrades.

But how great was his astonishment when he saw the unknown person throw his coat

upon the floor, and stretch himself upon the bed which he had just quitted! A few moments afterwards he heard the intruder snore, and his terror began gradually to give way to reflection, although the whole affair was quite incomprehensible to him.

He was just preparing to quit his hiding-place, in order to awake the inmates of the house, and ask another bed in place of that from which he had been so unceremoniously expelled, when a new incident occurred.

He heard the outer door carefully opened, and, on listening, the sound of cautious footsteps reached his ear. In a few moments the door of the room opened, and two figures, those of the landlord and his son, stood on the threshold.

"Keep the lamp back!" muttered the father in a suppressed voice.

"What have we to fear?" said the young man; "we are two against one: besides he has only a small knife with him, and is sleeping soundly: hear how he snores."

"Do what I tell you," said the father, angrily: "do you wish to awake him? would you have his cries alarm the neighbourhood?"

The horsedealer was horrified with the spectacle. He remained motionless under the bed, scarcely daring to breathe. The son shut the door after him, and the two wretches approached the bed on tiptoe.

An instant afterwards, the bed was shook by a convulsive motion; and a stifled cry of pain confirmed the foreboding, that the unhappy man in the bed had had his throat cut. After a short pause of awful silence, the landlord said:

"It is over now: look for the money."

"I have found it under the pillow," said the son; "it is in a leathern belt and a pocket-book."

The murderers disappeared.

Everything being now quiet, the traveller crept from under the bed, jumped out of the window, and hastened to the adjoining town to inform the authorities of what had happened.

The mayor immediately assembled the military, and in less than three-quarters of an hour, the inn was surrounded by soldiers, who had been summoned to arrest the murderers. The whole house seemed buried in profound silence, but on approaching the stables they heard a noise. The door was immediately broken in, and the landlord and his son were seen busily digging a pit. As soon as the murderers saw the horsedealer, they uttered a cry of horror, covered their faces with their hands, and fell to the ground.

This was neither from repentance nor the fear of punishment, but they thought they saw before them the ghost of the murdered man, notwithstanding they heard him speak. There was some trouble in convincing them to the contrary. They were then bound, and led to the out-house, where the horrible deed had been committed, anxious to see how the enigma would be solved.

The prisoners appeared tolerably collected, at least calm and sullen; but when, on entering

the room, they perceived the body which lay on the bed, the son fell senseless to the earth, and the father threw himself upon it, with loud lamentations, clasped the bloody corpse, and exclaimed despairingly, "My son! oh, my son! I, thy father, am thy murderer."

The murdered man was, in fact, the youngest son of the host. Drunkenness was the only fault this young man had; and, this night, instead of being, as his father and brother supposed, in his own bed, he had gone out secretly, and been carousing, with some of his companions, at the ale-house.

Soon becoming sufficiently inebriated, and fearing his father's anger if he appeared before him in that state, he intended to pass the night in the detached outhouse, as he had often done before. His companions had accompanied him hither, and helped him to climb up to the window. The rest requires no further explanation.

Nor do we need to add that the murderers expiated their crime with their life; and that the horsedealer, although saved, and again in possession of his plundered property, still shudders at the recollection of that dreadful night.

CAUTION.—Two brothers were cultivating the ground together: the eldest went home first to prepare dinner, and then called his brother; upon which the latter cried out, with a loud voice, "wait till I have hidden my spade, then I will come directly." When he came to the table, his brother scolded him, saying, "When one hides any thing, one ought to be silent, or at least to speak about it with a low voice; for by bawling out as you did, one risks being robbed." The dinner being over, the younger brother went again into the field, but on seeking the spade, he only found the place where he had put it. He immediately ran back to his brother, and approaching his ear mysteriously, he whispered, "my spade has been stolen."

THE BLOW-PIPE AND ARROWS OF GUIANA.—When a native of Macoushia goes in quest of feathered game or other birds, he seldom carries his bow and arrows. It is the blow-pipe he then uses. This extraordinary tube of death is perhaps one of the greatest natural curiosities of Guiana. It is not found in the country of Macoushia. Those Indians tell you that it grows to the south-west of them, in the wilds which extend betwixt them and the Rio Negro. The reed must grow to an amazing length, as the part the Indians use is from ten to eleven feet long, and no tapering can be perceived in it, one end being as thick as the other. It is of a bright yellow color, perfectly smooth both inside and out. It grows hollow; nor is there the least appearance of a knot or joint throughout the whole extent. The natives call it Ourah. This, of itself, is too slender to answer the end of a blow-pipe; but there is a species of Palma, larger and stronger, and common in Guiana, and this the Indians make use of as a case, in which they put the Ourah. It is brown, susceptible of a fine polish, and appears as if it had joints five

or six inches from each other. It is called Samourah, and the pulp inside is easily extracted, by steeping it for a few days in water.

Thus the Ourah and Samourah, one within the other, form the blow-pipe of Guiana. The end which is applied to the mouth is tied round with a small silk grass cord, to prevent its splitting; and the other end which is apt to strike against the ground, is secured by the seed of the Acuero fruit, cut horizontally through the middle, with a hole made in the end, through which is put the extremity of the blow-pipe. It is fastened on with string on the outside, and the inside is filled up with wild bees'-wax.

The arrow is from nine to ten inches long. It is made out of the leaf of a species of palm-tree, called Coucourite, hard and brittle, and pointed as sharp as a needle. About an inch of the pointed end is poisoned. The other end is burnt to make it still harder, and wild cotton is put round it for about an inch and a half. It requires considerable practice to put on this cotton well. It must just be large enough to fit the hollow of the tube, and taper off to nothing downwards. They tie it on with a thread of the silk grass, to prevent its slipping off the arrow.—*Waterton's Wanderings in South America.*

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE SALMON.

The salmon is a very prolific fish; both male and female are frequently fit for propagation during the first year of their age. The roe of the female is found, on an average, to contain from 17,000 to 20,000 ova or eggs. During the months of August, September, and October the reproductive organs, both of the male and female salmon, have more or less completely reached maturity; at which period the instinct of propagation compels them eagerly to seek rivers, and to ascend them nearly to their sources, in order to find a place suitable for the deposition of their spawn. They no longer, as in winter and spring months, roam over the coast and shores, and return backwards and forwards with the flowing and ebbing of the tide, but pursue the most direct route by the mid-channel up the river, and make the greatest efforts to overcome every obstacle, either natural or artificial, that may impede their progress. The spawning is accomplished in the months of November, December, and January. When the parent fishes have reached the spawning ground, they proceed to the shallow water, generally in the morning, or at twilight in the evening, where they play round the ground two of them together. After a turn, they begin to make a furrow, by working up the gravel with their noses rather against the stream; as a salmon cannot work with his head down the stream, for the water going into his gills the wrong way, drowns him. When the furrow is made, the male and female return to a little distance, one to the one, and the other to the other side of the furrow. They then throw themselves upon their sides, again come together, and rubbing against each

other, both shed their spawn into the furrow at the same time. This process is not completed at once, as the eggs of the roe must be excluded individually, and from eight to twelve days are required for completing the operation. When this process is over they betake themselves to the pools to recruit themselves. The spawn thus deposited is afterwards covered with loose gravel; and, in this state the ova remains for weeks, or sometimes much longer, apparently inert, like seeds buried in the soil. In an early spring, the fry come forth early, and later when the spring is late. Generally, they begin to rise from the bed about the beginning of March, and their first movement is usually completed by the middle of April. The appearance which they present is that of a thick braid of grain rushing up in vast numbers. The tail first comes up, and the young animals often leave the bed with a portion of the investing membrane of the ovum about their heads. From experiments that were made upon the roe, it appears that they can only be hatched in fresh water; for when a portion of the roe was put into salt water, none of the ova ever came into life; and, when a young fish which had been hatched in fresh water, was put into salt water, it showed symptoms of uneasiness, and died in a few hours. When the evolution from the ova is completed, the young fry keep at first in the eddy pools till they gain strength, and then prepare to go down the river, remaining near its sides, and proceeding on their way till they meet the salt water, when they disappear. The descent begins in the month of March, continues through April, and part of May, and sometimes even till June. The reason why the fry thus descend by the margin in rivers, and the mid-channel in estuaries, is apparently, according to Dr. Fleming, because the margin of the river is the easy water, and consequently best suited to their young and weak state; but when they reach the estuary or tide-way, then the margin of the water being most disturbed, the fry avoid it, and betake themselves to the deepest part of the channel, disappearing alike from observation and capture, and so go out to sea. After remaining some weeks at sea, the smolts or samelts, as the fry are called, return again to coasts and rivers, having attained from a pound to a pound and a half of weight; by the middle of June they weigh from two to three pounds, and are said to increase half a pound in weight every week. They are now known in Scotland by the name of grilse, and by the end of the fishing season they have attained the size of seven or eight pounds. In the first five months of its existence, that is from April to August, both inclusive, it may be stated that the salmon reaches, in favourable circumstances, eight pounds in weight, and afterwards increases, though more slowly, yet so as to have acquired the weight of thirty-five pounds in thirty-three months. After the process of spawning is completed in the river, the parent fish retire to the adjoining pools to recruit. In two or three weeks from that time, the male begins

to seek his way down the river; the female remains longer about the spawning ground, sometimes till April or May. The fishes which have thus spawned are denominated *keltts*. In their progress to the sea, when they reach the estuary, they pursue a course precisely similar to the fry, not roaming about the banks like clean fish, but keeping in the mid-channel. They are at this time comparatively weak, and in thus betaking themselves to the deepest parts of the channel, they are the better able to resist the deranging effects of the flood-tide, and to take advantage of the ebb-tide in accelerating their migration to the sea. It appears that some which descend as *keltts* in spring, return again in autumn in breeding condition, a recovery which is no less remarkable than the early growth of these animals. The sea seems to be the element in which the salmon feeds and grows. When caught in fresh water, not only is their condition comparatively poor, but scarcely anything is ever found in their stomachs. In estuaries and on coasts, on the other hand, they feed abundantly, and their stomachs are often found full of sandeels.—
Edin. New Phil. Journal.

PROPERTIES OF CHARCOAL.—Among the properties of charcoal may be mentioned its power of destroying smell, taste, and colour; and as a proof of its possessing the first quality, if it be but rubbed over putrid meat, the bad smell will be destroyed. If a piece of charcoal be thrown into putrid water, the putrid flavour is destroyed, and the water is rendered comparatively fresh. The sailors are aware of this fact, and when the water at sea is bad, are in the habit of throwing pieces of burnt biscuit into it to rectify it. Again, colour is materially influenced by charcoal, and, in numbers of instances, in a very singular way. There are numerous applications of this property of charcoal to useful purposes in the arts; if you take a dirty black syrup, such as molasses, and filter it through burnt charcoal, the colour will be removed. There are some properties in charcoal which appear to be mechanical rather than any thing else; but, for the purposes just mentioned, the charcoal of animal matter appears to be the best. You may learn the influence of charcoal in destroying colour, by filtering a bottle of port wine through it; it will lose a great portion of its colour in the first filtration, and become tawney; and after repeating the process two or three times you may destroy its colour altogether. It is a very hygrometric substance, and therefore absorbs air and moisture in considerable quantity; it therefore increases in weight, on exposure to air after burning.—*Brand's Lectures.*

A Gentleman, a good shot, lent a favourite old pointer to a friend, who had not much to accuse himself of in the slaughter of partridges, however much he might have frightened them. After ineffectually firing at some birds, which the old pointer had found for him, the dog turned away in apparent disgust, went home, and could never be persuaded to accompany the same person afterwards.

I WOULD WE HAD NOT MET AGAIN.

I would we had not met again!
 I had a dream of thee,
 Lovely, though sad, on desert plain,
 Mournful on midnight sea.
 What though it haunted me by night,
 And troubled through the day?
 It touched all earth with spirit-light,
 It glorified my way!
 Oh! what shall now my faith restore
 In holy things and fair?
 We met—I saw thy soul once more—
 The world's breath had been there!
 Yes! it was sad on desert plain,
 Mournful on midnight sea.
 Yet would I buy with life again
 That one deep dream of thee!

Mrs. Hemans.

HERE, TAKE MY HEART.

Here, take my heart—'twill be safe in thy keeping,
 While I go wand'ring o'er land and sea;
 Smiling or sorrowing, waking or sleeping,
 What need I care, so my heart is with thee.

If, in the race, we are destined to run, love,
 They who have light hearts the happiest be,
 Then happier still must be they who have none, love,
 And that will be *my* case when mine is with thee.
 It matters not where I may now be a rover,
 I care not how many bright eyes I may see;
 Should Venus herself come and ask me to love her,
 I'd tell her I couldn't—my heart is with thee.
 And there let it lie, growing fonder and fonder—
 For, even should fortune turn true to me,
 Why, let her go—I've a treasure beyond her,
 As long as my heart's out at int'rest with thee.

Moore.

I THINK OF THEE.

I think of thee, when morning springs
 From sleep with plumage bathed in dew,
 And like a young bird, lifts her wings
 Of gladness on the welkin blue;
 And when, at noon, the breath of love
 O'er flower and stream is wandering free,
 And sent in music from the grove,
 I think of thee—I think of thee.

I think of thee, when soft and wide
 The evening spreads her robe of light,
 And, like a young and timid bride,
 Sits blushing in the arms of night:
 And, when the moon's sweet crescent springs
 In light o'er heaven's deep waveless sea,
 And stars are forth like blessed things,
 I think of thee—I think of thee.

Prentice.

LIGHTS AND SHADES.

The gloomiest day hath gleams of light,
 The darkest wave hath bright foam near it;
 And twinkles through the cloudiest night
 Some solitary star to cheer it.

The gloomiest soul is not *all* gloom,
 The saddest heart is not *all* sadness;
 And sweetly o'er the darkest doom
 There shines some lingering beam of gladness.

Despair is never quite despair,
 Nor life, nor death, the future closes;
 And round the shadowy brow of care
 Will hope and fancy twine their roses.

Mrs. Hemans.

TO MY SISTER.

Yes, dear one, to the envied train
 Of those around thy homage pay,
 But wilt thou never kindly deign
 To think of him that's far away?
 Thy form, thine eye, thine angel smile,
 For many years I may not see;
 But wilt thou not sometimes the while,
 My sister dear, remember me?
 Remember me, I pray—but not
 In Flora's gay and blooming hour,
 When every brake hath found its note,
 And sunshine smiles in every flower;
 But when the fallen leaf is scar,
 And withers sadly from the tree,
 And o'er the ruins of the year
 Cold autumn weeps, remember me.
 Remember me—not, I intreat,
 In scenes of festal week-day joy;
 For then it were not kind or meet
 Thy thoughts thy pleasure should alloy:
 But on the sacred Sabbath day,
 And, dearest, on thy bended knee,
 When thou for those thou lov'st dost pray,
 Sweet sister, then remember me.

Everett.

REMINISCENCES.

Where are ye with whom in life I started,
 Dear companions of my golden days?
 Ye are dead, estranged from me, or parted,
 Flown, like morning clouds, a thousand ways.
 Where art thou, in youth my friend and brother,
 Yea, in soul my friend and brother still?
 Heaven received thee, and on earth none other
 Can the void in my torn bosom fill.
 Where is she, whose looks were love and gladness—
 Love and gladness I no longer see!
 She is gone; and since that hour of sadness,
 Nature seems her sepulchre to me.
 Where am I?—life's current, faintly flowing,
 Brings the welcome warning of release;
 Struck with death, ah! whither am I going!
 All is well—my spirit parts in peace.

Montgomery.

DEPARTED DAYS.

The mist grows dark—the sun goes down—
 Yes, dear departed, cherished days;
 Could memory's hand restore
 Your morning light, your evening rays,
 From Time's gray urn once more,
 Then might this restless heart be still,
 This straining eye might close,
 And Hope her fainting pinions fold,
 While the fair phantoms rose.
 But like a child in ocean's arms,
 We strive against the stream,
 Each moment farther from the shore,
 Where life's young fountains gleam—
 Each moment fainter wave the fields,
 And wilder rolls the sea;
 The mist grows dark—the sun goes down—
 Day breaks—and where are we?

Holmes.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE CANADIAN JOURNAL.—The February number of this Periodical contains A Memorial and Correspondence respecting the Royal Observatory at Toronto; Notes on the Geology of Toronto; The Mineral Springs of Canada; The Horse and its Rider; Extracts from Exhibition Lectures; Notice of an Indian Burying Ground; Scientific Intelligence, &c., &c., &c.

SYDNEY-SMITH'S PRIME CUT.—When Sydney Smith got the prebendal stall in our cathedral, he was lodging in College Green; and as his fame as a convivialist was not then so noised and known as subsequently, he was allowed to dine at home more frequently than one would suppose; and his dinner was always a beefsteak, and that beefsteak he always bought himself. I was then as I am now, my own purveyor, and there were few days when he was in residence that I did not meet him at Burge's in Denmark Street, (his favourite butcher and mine,) over-seeing and selecting his own cut. After Sydney had described a circle with his finger round a certain pin-bone, and emphatically told the man of fat to "cut there, and cut boldly," as the Roman augur said, Burge turned to me and asked, "And where will you be helped, sir?" "I'll follow suit," said I, "the cut next to Mr. Smith's; I can't go wrong with such a precedent." The canon's droll eye twinkled; his large, pouting, and somewhat luxurious lip moved with that comic twitch which spoke the man, as he said, "You're a wise man, sir; this is one of the cases where you can't err if you follow the church, and you'll find your obedience rewarded with a good beefsteak."—*The Church-Goer, &c.*

An Irishman was seen in the upper part of the city with the words "A Tenant Wanted," painted in large letters on pasteboard, and suspended around his neck. Patrick was asked "Who wanted the tenant, and where?" "And it's me, meself," he replied, "that wants a tenant."—"Well, for what house?"—"House! and do I care what house, so long as it be a dacent and respectable place and sure wages?"—"You're a fool, Paddy, or somebody has been making a fool of you—for if you have a house to rent then you want a tenant, but if you want a situation why don't you say on your show-bill 'A Situation Wanted.'"—"Aba, my darlint," replied the Irishman, "and is it there you are? And perhaps I aint a fool! Sure I want to be occupied, and can I be occupied unless I have a tenant?"—*New York Mirror.*

ALL OR AULD FOOL'S DAY.—The first day of April, among the French, is occupied in mak-

ing pretended keepsakes, or presents, and in performing sundry pleasant tricks: each person tries to deceive the other, whether by sending packets filled with straw, &c., or in prevailing on persons to go to houses where they are not wanted, &c. &c. Among the ancients, and indeed with all, till the seventeenth century, the year commenced at the Spring Equinox; and it was the practice to make presents at the commencement of the year, consequently this custom was formerly practised on the first of April; but when this month became the fourth in the Calendar, the *extrennes*, or gifts, were carried back to the first of January; accordingly, in April, nothing but *pretended* presents and mock congratulations were made, to deceive those who still believed that the first of April was the first day of the new year; hence, probably, the origin of those sleeveless errands and worthless presents which are the usual attendants of the first of April. The persons whose credulity is thus imposed on are called *Poissons d' Avril*, or April Fish.

THE CORNWALL SCHOOLBOY.—An ould man found, one day, a young gentleman's portmantle, as he were a going to es dennar; he took'd et en and gived et to es wife, an said, "Mally, here's a roul of lither, look, see, I suppose some poor ould shoemaker or other have los'en, tak'en and put'en a top of the tester of tha bed, he'll be glad to hab'en agen sum day, I dear say." The ould man, Jan, that was es neam, went to es work as before. Mally then open'd the portmantle, and found en et three hundred pounds. Soon after this, the ould man not being very well, Mally said, "Jan, I've saaved away a little money, by the bye, and as thee can't read or write, thee shu'st go to scool" (he were then nigh threescore and ten.) He went, but a very short time, and comed hoam one day, and said, "Mally, I wain't go to scool no more, 'case the childer do be laffin at me; they can tell their letters, and I can't tell my A, B, C, and I would rather go to my work agen." "Do as the wool," ses Mally. Jan had not ben out many days, afore the yung gentleman came by that lost the portmantle, and said, "Well, my ould man, did'ee see or hear tell of sich a thing as a portmantle?" "Portmantle, sar, was't that un, something like thickey? (pointing to one behind es saddle.) I found one t'other day zackly like that." "Where es et?" "Come along, I carr'd'en and gov'en to my wife Mally; thee sha't av'en. Mally, where es that roul of lither that I giv'd tha the t'other day?" "What roul of lither?" said Mally. "The roul of lither I broft en and tould tha to put'en a top of the tester of the bed, afore I go'd to scool." "Drat tha emperance," thee art bewattled, that was before I was born."—*HALLIWELL'S Provincial Dictionary.*

FINIS.