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## THE WILL.

No two persons were ever more unlike each other than were old Richard Symmons and his brother James. Richard was the pattern of what we are accustomed to call a "true English heart," and his looks bore out the character well. A ruddy countenance, open as day, with locks almost entirely white, hanging around it like snow around a Christmas rose, and an erect, firmly-knit frame, formed the material case in which was enclosed as kind and generous a spirit as ever existed. Very different from the hale, hearty appearance of his brother, was that of James Symmons, and as different were his mind and character. James was a hunx, a curmudgeon, a miser; so, at least, said the whole village of Springwell, and the village had known him long, and had formed its judgment from deeds as well as looks. Shrivelled, shrunken, squalid in aspect, James might be compared to a bottle of thin beer that time had soured into vinegar, whereas Richard, like more generous liquor, had only been mellowed and improved by age. James's pinching parsimony, it was said, had broken his wife's heart, and had driven his son, his only child, to the door—to wander over the earth, it may be, a homeless outcast.

But these latter matters were partially forgotten at the time we write of, having passed a good many years before. As time had run on, the peculiarities of James Symmons had not become softened, but, on the contrary, increased in strength as he grew older. Though he had amassed considerable property, he lived in the meanest and most wretched way, keeping house, or rather hovel, alone, and denying himself even the necessaries of life. Most unlike this was Richard's way of

living. He had been in business, had earned for himself a comfortable competency, and he enjoyed it in comfort. Richard had never been married, but he was not, therefore, without a family; for he had taken to his home and heart a widowed sister, who had been suddenly thrown destitute upon the world by her husband's death. And this sister had a daughter, who became the apple of old Richard's eye. She had come to his care a child, and each succeeding year, as she shot up into comely womanhood, had bound her more firmly to the good man's love. As she tripped up and down his dwelling, his affectionate eye followed her light and graceful motions with delight, and it was his chief pleasure to select for her with his own hands all those little adornments which he thought would become and gratify her. Then would he say, as her pretty rosy lips thanked him with a kiss on such occasions, "Ah, Luce! I am just giving thee a staff to break my own head. Thou look'st so handsome now with that bonnet and those ribbons, that all the young sparks must fall in love with thee. And what would thy poor old uncle Dick do without thee, girl?" At other times he would aver, in the fulness of his heart, to his special crony, the schoolmaster, as they sat with a mug of ale and the backgammon board before them, that his "Luce was fit to be a duchess, and that she had repaid what he had done for her a thousand times over and over; though he had done nothing but his duty, by his poor sister and her child, neither."

But the worthy old man fell ill—became sick almost unto death. Illness was a thing Richard had scarcely known in his lifetime, and this attack reminded him forcibly of what health too often makes

men forget, namely, the necessity of arranging his affairs so that things might go as he wished after his death. His property lay chiefly in houses, and he wished to give his sister a life-tenure of part of that property, and to constitute his niece ultimate heir to all. Without a will, this disposition of the property could not be made, as Richard's brother, who was heir-at-law, would otherwise be entitled to all. Richard had no enmity at his "poor miserable" brother, as he called the parsimonious James, but he knew that the latter had much more wealth of his own than he ever could, or would use. Accordingly, to provide for his dear Lucy and her mother, was Richard's object, and in order to accomplish this, the schoolmaster's talents were put in requisition; for the schoolmaster, as is the case with his class in almost every parish in England, was a will-maker—at least he had acted in that capacity frequently, and the honest man thought himself very perfect in the calling. To attain perfection in it, indeed, after his fashion of going to work, was no very difficult matter. He had one form for all cases; and, accordingly, when Richard Symmons communicated his wishes to him, the schoolmaster drew up a will agreeably to this form. According to his friend's wish, the schoolmaster himself was nominated executor—a post which he held in nine out of ten of all the will-cases with which he had to do.

When the schoolmaster came to old Richard's bedroom with the will, to have it signed and witnessed, Lucy sat by her kind uncle's bedside, and, to use the beautiful language of Shakspeare,

—like the watchful minutes to the hour,  
Still and anon cheered up the heavy time,  
Saying, "What lack you?" and, "Where lies your grief?"  
Or, "What good love may I perform for you?"

Her mother also was in the room, engaged in knitting what she hoped her brother would yet live to wear. Neither she nor Lucy knew of the commission which Richard had given to the schoolmaster; and when it was communicated to them, they were moved to tears, partly of gratitude and partly of affectionate anxiety. "Oh! dear uncle," sobbed Lucy, "you will be spared to us yet!" "A little while, perhaps, Luce darling," said the old man calmly, "but not long—not long now. The blow has been given, and the first high wind will bring down the tree.

But come, let us have this matter settled, and I will be easy in mind." The invalid signed the will, and, under the directions of the schoolmaster, Lucy and her mother put their names to it, along with his own, as *witnesses*.

After the completion of this deed, Richard lived several weeks in the enjoyment of tolerable health. But a second attack, of the same nature as the first, terminated his days. The schoolmaster, as executor, spared Lucy and her mother the painful task of directing the funeral ceremonies. For the first time for many years, James Symmons entered his brother's house, on the occasion of the burial. He had become more squalid and haggard than ever, and though evidently verging rapidly to the grave, still grasped at wealth with as keen a hand as ever. Some thought they observed on his countenance gleams of wild eagerness breaking at times, as if unconsciously, through the show of gravity which he wore, as he followed his brother to the tomb. Certain it is, that his disappointment was obvious to every one present when the will of the deceased was read, though all the village anticipated the destination of the property. The countenance of the miser fell when he heard the deed gone over, his knees shook, and he glared with his dark cunning eyes on the innocent inheritors, as if they had robbed him of his treasure. He had so much self-restraint as not to break out into abuse, but he would partake of nothing with the other friends of the family, and left the house with a drooping head, and with mutterings upon his lips. His character and peculiarities were too well known to his widowed sister and his niece for them to feel surprise at his behaviour.

About a week after the funeral, the schoolmaster, in his capacity of executor, waited on Lucy's mother, and informed her that it would be necessary to prove the will in the Prerogative Court, and proposed that she and Lucy should go with him to a friend of his, an attorney, in order to get the matter completed. Of course this proposal was immediately acceded to. On reaching the attorney's chambers, the special will of Richard Symmons, drawn up and signed as already mentioned, was shown to the legal practitioner. He had not looked at it a few

minutes, when he discovered it to be totally useless and invalid! By the established law of England, every devise, in such a will, to an *attesting witness*, is *void*, and of no avail. Lucy and her mother were placed in this position through the consummate ignorance of the person who had undertaken to be their guide in the matter. When the attorney, with a grave face but kindly tone, intimated this sad error, the heart of the poor widow sank within her, as she looked at her daughter, and as the recollection of the heir-at-law's character came across her mind. And, for the schoolmaster, who was really a worthy, kind-hearted man, his self-accusations were bitter exceedingly. But he tried to re-assure himself and his friends with the hope that the flaw would never be known, and that, if it were known, James Symmons could not be so cruel and unjust as to take away what it undeniably was his deceased brother's wish to give to those who now had it. The attorney shook his head at the latter observation of the schoolmaster, and said, that "secrecy, to say the least of it, was much the stronger hope of the two." To the preservation of silence on the subject, he at once pledged himself, and trusted that the flaw might not be heard of. The schoolmaster then departed with Lucy and her mother, all three, it must be confessed, somewhat depressed in spirits by the unexpected intelligence which had been conveyed to them. Lucy's heart, already sad for the loss of her kind uncle, was now still more saddened by the fear of her mother's having to encounter hardships in her declining years. The mother, again, was grieved at the thought of the effect which the discovery would have upon the prosperity of her daughter's whole life. And self-reproach was busy in the breast of the schoolmaster.

Alas! evil news spreads fast. Whether James Symmons had himself observed the circumstance of the signatures at the reading of the will, and had afterwards discovered the legal consequences, or whether some other person had detected the error, and promulgated it, we are unable to say. But the flaw did come to the knowledge of James Symmons, and the cold-hearted miser, regardless of his brother's undeniable wishes, lost not a moment in taking advantage of it. The widow, within a

few days after her own discovery of the fact, received a letter from an agent employed by her mean and cruel brother, which informed her that Mr. Symmons having learned that the will of the late Richard Symmons was improperly executed, was resolved to claim restitution of his just and legal rights as heir-at-law. The letter concluded with a base hint that the will had been extorted from Richard by improper influence. This was the only colour which the miser could invent for his unnatural proceedings.

On receipt of this communication, the widow again visited the attorney alluded to, and consulted him respecting the probable issue of a legal attempt to oppose the claims of James Symmons. The attorney candidly told her that he believed all men would allow the intentions of the testator to be correctly represented by the will, but that these intentions most certainly had not been made good in such a way as to stand a contest in a court. Lucy's mother returned to her home, with the intention of giving all up to the greedy claimant, as soon as the few moveables which were her own could be taken away, and some arrangement made for providing herself and her child with another home. This resolution once taken, and notified to James Symmons, her mind became more easy, and the cheerful Lucy soon lightened the mother's heart still more, by detailing all her little plans for their mutual sustenance and comfort in future.

A few days passed over, and the widow and her daughter were seated in an humble dwelling in a retired corner of Springwell, and Lucy had taken in needlework. They had removed in the morning from the late Richard's house. But let us leave them, cheerful and resigned, and turn to the miser. This day he has added another half, at least, to his wealth, and still he is in his old wretched hovel. Though the night is one of winter, he has no fire, but he lies in bed with his clothes on, and all the rags in his possession heaped above him to keep him warm. Yet this night all will not do, for he shivers incessantly. Ever and anon, however, the thought of his newly acquired wealth sends something like a glow through him. Lying in bed saves candles; this is also a part of his creed. Has he no remorse for turning a sister and her child to the door? It is

hard to say what are his thoughts, but of late days he has seemed excited, though apparently more with joy than with any other feeling. But, hark! there is a tap at his door. It is unheeded, and, in consequence, is repeated again and again. At last the miser cries, "Who is there?" "It is I—I am seeking shelter—do you not know me?" "You can get no shelter here, whoever you are!" returns James Symmons. "Father, do you not know me? It is I, Charles Symmons—your son!" There was silence for a time within, until the same words were repeated, when the miser growled, "Go away—I do not know you—I do not believe you!" "Father," cried the voice without, "the night is very cold, and I am in want of shelter. You surely know my voice. Open the door, and you will see that I am Charles!" "*Whoever you are, go away,*" cried the inmate in still huskier tones; "you can get nothing here." After a few more words, the colloquy ended, and all was again silent.

On the following morning, a young man, genteelly dressed, and with his handsome countenance deeply browned by sun and air, called at the dwelling of the widow and her daughter. As soon as the latter saw the stranger, a glow of surprise and pleasure rushed over her cheeks, and she sprang forward a step with extended arms—but checked herself. The stranger, however, made the rest of the advance, and caught her in his arms and kissed her. "Cousin Charles!" exclaimed Lucy. "Ay, ay, Luce," cried the young man, as he gave the same salutation to her mother; "you used to say you could know me a mile or two off when we were children, but I think you had some doubt just now." Warm was the welcome which the youth received from his aunt and Lucy, for, when a boy, he had always been a great favourite with them, and was wont to fly from his own unhappy home to theirs for peace. He told them his story; he had been in the West Indies, and had been prosperous. He himself was the first to enter upon the disagreeable subject of his father's conduct, which had been detailed to him by the landlord of the inn, where he had slept. His visit at night to his father was also described to them; "he had gone," he said, "to try if his father would permit

him to be a son to him, but had found his heart as jealous, as cold, and as hard as ever," though the circumstances under which the appeal was made were purposely chosen as the likeliest to have moved his heart. "But fear not, cousin Luce," said he; "thou shalt have all I have, though it is not much after all—but thy mother and thou shall be comfortable. And who knows, but, when he sees me in the light of day, the old man may relent after all."

He did not relent. Things were so ordered that it could not be. When the old woman who had brought him a light every morning for more than ten years, entered his abode on the morning after the occurrence related, the miserable man was dead—cold as ice. An inquest, which sat upon his body, declared him to have died from cold, though it is probable that sickness of some kind or other had a share in the production of the event. However this may be, it excited a mighty sensation among the villagers of Springwell, who, as usual, preferred to give a supernatural rather than a natural solution of the occurrence, and connected it with the legalised outrage of feeling which he had on the preceding day committed.

His death turned the fortune of his kind old brother once more into the right channel, for Charles Symmons was not a moment at ease until he had seen Lucy and her mother reinstated in Richard's comfortable mansion. As to other points—Charles married his sweet cousin Lucy, and the junction of the two properties put them, as the saying is, "above the world." We are happy to have it in our power, also, to record one other fact of importance. The worthy schoolmaster suffered so much in mind from his share in the misfortune that befell Richard Symmons's last testament, that he resolutely declined will-making in future, and advised all parties who made application to him on the subject to betake themselves to men who had fitted themselves by their study of the law to be advisers in such matters. We strongly recommend a similar forbearance to all his brethren who wield parochial ferules, and we also counsel all who wish to leave wills behind them, drawn up in unimpeachable correctness, to remember this true story. It is not always that the mischiefs incident upon such mistakes are thus happily obviated.

## HOSPITALITY ABUSED.

Hospitality to strangers is a virtue which occupies a pleasing prominence in the brighter aspect of human nature. The privations and difficulties which beset our kind in their mortal pilgrimage, multiply, to an indefinite extent, the occasions for the exercise of spontaneous and unpaid benevolence; and hence it is that this social duty has been warmly urged, and eloquently eulogised, by the wise and the good of every age. Unfortunately, circumstances occasionally occur, which have a tendency to chill those hospitable feelings which it is our duty, as well as pleasure, to exercise. Witness the following incident:

Among the few stranger families who, in the summer months of the year 18—resorted to a small Scottish burgh, appeared the family of an English gentleman, whom we shall for the time accommodate with the name, so universal in its application, of Captain Smith. The ostensible object of Captain Smith—Captain D'Arcy Smith—in sojourning in the burgh, was to enjoy the salubrious air and romantic seclusion of its richly picturesque neighbourhood, and also to secure for his family, at an unexpensive rate, the educational advantages which the burgh afforded. He at first occupied a temporary lodging until he had time to look out for a more permanent residence. The Captain's family consisted of his wife and five or six children—two of the boys about the ages of thirteen and fifteen, and two young ladies, just blooming into womanhood. The establishment was conducted upon the most economical footing, and in the eyes of the immediate neighbours seemed in some particulars so palpably defective, as to require explanations about the "baggage to follow in due time from Carlisle," &c. &c., to maintain appearances. "The Captain, good man," such was the surmise, "no doubt husbanded the ways and means with all the commendable frugality which the miserable pittance of the retiring pay department called for at the hands of such ill-starred defenders of their country." His courteous and gentlemanlike manners began imperceptibly to make an impression upon the kindly disposed community. This was favored to some extent by his

gaining the confidence of the medical gentleman of the place, who was called in to attend upon some ailments of the young people. The kindness which this gentleman and his family lavished upon the gallant stranger, proved a channel of admission to the hearts and homes of the neighbouring residents. Mrs. Smith had considerable powers of pleasing; with other southern accomplishments, she had no small skill in housewifery and the culinary art; and some happy efforts of the latter sort, in refurbishing simple materials under the form of "curry," or the fascinating disguise of "potato pie à l'Anglaise," cemented in one case an intimacy of no small consequence. Some slight negotiations with the bank gave a color of credibility to the captain's assumed status, and by degrees the shopkeepers opened accounts with him.

The Smiths were now getting every day more and more within the pale of confidence. Few were the suspicious churls who still held out in distrust. There was indeed one old lady who, from the chilling experience of eighty years, had the hardihood to cherish some unamiable doubts. In reference to the primitive mode in which their first arrival in the town was effected (it having been alleged that the family had made their *debut*, on foot, with their luggage in a sort of a porter's carriage drawn by the boys; which report a friendly silence had allowed to drop into oblivion)—in reference to this, the foresaid aged dame gave out, that she had great misgivings about the respectability of parties "who came to the town in a HURLY." Such a questionable agent of locomotion, sooth to say, might perhaps have justified more general distrust. However, the manifest gentility of the manners of the parties prevailed over all disparaging surmises. All the members of the family contributed their share towards the maintenance of their common credit. For instance, the boys paid a degree of deferential homage to age and worth, on meeting any of the more influential householders, which was most beautiful to behold, and which excited in their own favor an acceptable contrast, no doubt, with the unpolite rusticity of the urchins indigenous to the burgh. The young ladies were also zealously serviceable when there was

any pressing call for the expeditious completing of feminine apparel—upon the occasion of a death, for example, or some such contingency befalling a neighbouring family. In an evening party, which the command of credit enabled them to give, the stranger beauties could regale the company with some winning melodies, which their considerate mamma spoke palliatingly of, as merely “artless wood-notes wild.” “Dear creatures! their musical education was so irregular.” Every thing now moved on in the ordinary tenor of social intercourse. There was not the slightest appearance of the family having anything to conceal. The good Captain on one occasion, in order to satisfy a neighbour who was struck with the unwonted sound of his first name, spelt the letters with the most unreserved particularity—D, apostrophe, A, R, C, Y. As their first place of residence was engaged only till a more commodious habitation could be found, the Captain hired a neat cottage and garden in the immediate neighbourhood of the town; and with a view to induce the landlord to make some desired improvements, such as putting in proper grates and stoves, he took a lease for a few years. Such proceedings bespoke the intention to make the place a permanent residence, and had their due effect in disarming the fears of cautious shopkeepers, who allowed the family’s account to swell in their books. As was most proper, the Smiths being from the southern part of the island, engaged seats in the Episcopal chapel, and soon, by their exemplary observance of all due forms, attracted the pastoral attention of the clergyman, who had every reason to congratulate himself upon such a goodly accession to his fold. The system of credit, however, cannot subsist long upon mere promises and appearances, and the burgesses showed at length a clamorous anxiety to see the color of their money. But this impatience was for some time kept within seemly limits, by the circumstances of Mrs. Smith having every appearance of being on the eve of a certain crisis of maternal interest, which was a matter of common talk in the families immediately adjoining. In contemplation of this event, the interesting lady returned one or two visits sooner, she hinted, than etiquette required.

Such was the state of matters, when one day a more than ordinary stillness pervaded the residence of the Smiths. The neighbours began to wonder, but long forbore to disturb by their curiosity the quietness of the establishment. Reasons unknown might have occasioned such a monastic seclusion for the time being. Doubts, however, began to float about in whispers, which soon rose to loudly expressed murmurs of suspicion. A thorough enquiry was authorised, and lo! upon forcing an entrance, the house was tenantless! To describe the agitation into which the town was thrown, when the escapade got wind, is beyond our power. The eyes of the citizens were in truth opened, and the reactions of popular execrations against the refugees was prompt indeed. When the first storm of maledictions, both loud and deep, had subsided, a Committee of Safety (as the Parisian republicans, in an overwhelming crisis, would designate it) was formed, and plenary powers given to certain individuals to pursue the denounced unfortunates. These commissioners lost no time in giving chase, and found that they had taken the high road in the direction of Carlisle. It was ascertained that the Smiths had taken a post chaise at the first posting quarters, having travelled in the same primitive way in which they had first entered it. The family had pushed on with all speed in the chaise, and succeeded in reaching Carlisle, whither their pursuers traced them. After an ineffectual search through various parts, they at length were descried in a low tavern in the purlieus of the town. The gallant Captain protested against his identity with the hero of the burgh, and vehemently eschewed acknowledging that name, the letters of which he had conned over with such naïveté to his former unsuspecting neighbour. The appearance of the lady also revealed the intelligence, that the adroit disengagement of certain supplemental clothes had quite superseded that touching crisis which, more than any other circumstances, had paralysed the shrewd sagacity of the inhabitants, male and female, of the burgh. The young ladies, on the view of the burghal plenipotentiaries, struck up a bravura of “wood-notes wild,” with all the genuine pathos of alarmed sensibility. The boys,

of course, squatted into modest retirement, leaving the field to more experienced hands.

The Captain struggled boldly to baffle his pursuers on the score that Scottish warrants were powerless on English soil. But this sheet-anchor of his hope cut away, and at last the crest fallen veteran was secured, and brought back in due course to the scene of his ingenious adventure. He preserved a dogged silence in the course of his journey; and finally he exhibited, in passing through the streets of the burgh, to the justly indignant citizens, a soul-sickening spectacle of hardened depravity. He was placed in confinement, and enquiries instituted as to the fate of the goods—such as was neither edible nor portable—with which he had stored his establishment out of the shops of the burgh. The result of the investigation proved that Captain Smith was no simple son of misfortune, but a deliberate and thorough-paced victimiser. No small portion of the *indigestible* goods alluded to had been packed up, sent to Edinburgh, and resold not long after they were got, in order to provide some little funds for carrying on the deception with a better grace, and also for executing the escapade with full-handed comfort. The Captain remained for some months in prison. By communications with the War Office, he was authenticated as an officer who, for early misdeeds, had been degraded from superior rank, and still retained a curtailed allowance. The creditors made what settlement they could under the circumstances, and the subject of our story was at last liberated, to practise, it is feared, his miserable vocation in some other equally unsuspecting locality. As circumstances left little reason to doubt that the juniors of the family were privy to the whole course of deceit, the mind shrinks from contemplating the probable effect of such training upon the character and fate of these boys and girls.

From this story may be drawn the short and simple lesson, that “even the noble virtue of hospitality ought to take counsel from prudence.”

It's hard work to look at the sun without winking; and it's hard work to look at some girls without feeling inclined to wink.

## SCENES AND STORIES OF VILLAGE LIFE.

## THE VALENTINE.

The anniversary of St. Valentine's Day, disregarded as it now is in refined society, is still a season of pleasing excitement among village lovers in humble life; and to them this almost solitary relic of ancient national customs is scarcely less precious, than when high and low throughout the land met in merry mood to choose their valentines.

It is true that the rhyming ware which formed the subject of the epistolary valentines of the English peasantry, like their Christmas carols and epitaphs, have from ancient times contained little true poetry, and scarcely any variety; nevertheless, the doggerel verses were always acceptable to whomsoever they were sent, and the meaning was by no means difficult to be comprehended.

Some years ago, when the art of penmanship was scarcely known among the peasantry, the parish clerk, if actually possessed of that rare accomplishment, was commonly employed as valentine writer and reader general to the unlettered lovers of the congregation. This, of course, proved an annual source of profit to the sagacious scribe, who never exercised his clerical skill for a smaller consideration than a silver tester, and unfrequently received a handsome gratuity over and above, as a sort of good-luck offering, from some of the most anxious among his gentle clients. Our old parish clerk and sexton (these offices are always united in a country village) was the greatest match-maker in the district, heaven rest his soul! It was, in sooth, his interest to nurse up all love affairs to a matrimonial conclusion, on account of the fees which fell to his share, in his official capacity, for his assistance in the performance of the marriage service.

Nehemiah Downton was an ancient bachelor, who, for the honour of the church of which he considered himself a dignitary, avoided all occasion of scandal, by dispensing with the services of a housekeeper, and performing all the domestic offices for himself; by which means he contrived to maintain an unsullied reputation, and to preserve inviolate such of the secrets of the parishioners as were confided to his keeping. In short, Nehemiah was a sort of Protestant Father Lawrence, whom any rustic Juliet among the lambs of his flock might visit and employ in the most delicate affairs with perfect safety.

Nehemiah's memory was well stored with the most approved valentine verses and their variations. An original valentine in those days was a thing of rare appearance, and when received, was perhaps scarcely so well understood or relished as the old-established formula which had descended from generation to generation. Great, however, were the cogitations and consultations between Nehemiah and his clients, if it happened that the latter were desirous of the alteration or interpolation of a couplet or quatrain in one of these standard valentines, in order to make it bear upon some peculiar circumstance or personal feeling. When this was the case, Nehemiah, being slow of study

in the art of poetry, generally requested three weeks' or a month's notice to prepare his brief, for which, moreover, he always expected a double fee.

One moonlight evening in January, our rosy dairy-maid Dorcas, after bringing home her flowing pails, and setting out the milk in the red earthenware bowls with which the dairy shelves were neatly ranged, went forth a second time, and made a temporary elopement across the fields and byeways to the residence of old Nehemiah, in order to seek his counsel and assistance in a matter that required the most anxious consideration.

Poor Dorcas had been in very low spirits for the last three months. She had ceased to sing pastoral ditties at milking time, or to move her dairy scrubbing brush with her wonted vivacity; she had eaten no plum pudding on Christmas day, moped during the merry-makings of new year's eve, and refused to have anything to do with drawing king and queen, or any other of the maskings and mummings practised in the servants' hall on old Christmas night, or the feast of the kins. Dorcas was a person of a secretive disposition, and therefore did not choose to relieve her mind by talking of her disquiet; yet it was pretty generally whispered "that she was crossed in love; for her young man, as she called Peter Fenn, farmer Drake's horse-driver (in Suffolk, ploughmen are always styled 'hoss drivers') had not been to see her for more than twelve Sundays past, so no doubt Peter kept company more with Hannah Brown, Mrs. Drake's cook and dairy-maid, which, as she was his partner, was kind of to be expected, and was more convenient for Peter than walking across so many fields and pightles after Dorcas."

These insinuations had had the effect of saddening all the festivities of that jocund season, and, indeed, of rendering everything of the kind intolerable to the mortified damsel. It was to no purpose that the other female servants strove to comfort her. Dorcas was sullen and froward with every one in the house. "She did not wish to be pitied," she said, "and begged them to mind their own business, and not trouble themselves about her affairs." Furthermore, Dorcas forbade any one to mention the faithless Peter's name in her hearing again, by which prudent step she escaped the mortification of some malicious condolences, and of listening to many aggravating reports of his attentions to her rival; but though her feminine pride, and the reserve natural to her character, induced Dorcas to carry matters off with so much independence, the pent-up grief pressed heavily at her heart, and, after brooding over the subject for some weeks, she suddenly took the resolution of proceeding to our wise man of the parish, Nehemiah, and craving his assistance in carrying her project into execution. Nehemiah was sitting alone at his old oaken table, with an hour-glass before him, spectacles on nose, reading, for the thousandth time, Sternhold and Hopkins' version of the Psalms, when he was interrupted by the appearance of this unexpected visitor.

Dorcas looked like anything rather than a love-lorn damsel, when she entered with the bright tints of her plump round cheeks heightened by the frosty air and the haste she had used, her flaxen hair blown into dishevelled ringlets, and her gay blue eyes sparkling through her tears. Our monk-like clerk was startled into something like an unwonted note of admiration at the agreeable vision that thus suddenly broke in upon his solitary studies. "My old eyes are quite dazzled through my spectacles, Mistress Dorcas, by those rosy cheeks of yours, that look brighter than Christmas berries to-night. Oh, lauk! oh, lauk! if I were but a young man for your sake!" cried Nehemiah, holding up his lamp, and scanning his comely visitor from head to foot. Dorcas turned away with a toss of the head. "Well, well, young woman, don't be scornful," said Nehemiah; "civility is always worth a smile in payment, and I dare say now you want me to do something for you that you can't do for yourself." Dorcas placed a sheet of paper, a new pen, and a silver tester, on the old oaken table before Nehemiah, with a deep blush and a heavy sigh.

Nehemiah understood a hint as well as some persons would a succinct direction. He shut his psalter, trimmed his lamp, turned his hour-glass, reached down his ink-horn, arranged the sheet of virgin paper in the proper position on the back of a superannuated leather letter-case, that had once been, like the ink-horn and oaken table, vestry furniture—tried the nib of the pen against his thumb-nail, then dipping it into the ink-horn, motioned to Dorcas to take a seat on the carved church-chest, in which he kept his Sabbath suit of rusty black and the parson's surplice—looked the damsel full in the face, and, pointing significantly to the paper, required her instructions in the following laconic terms:—"Epistle or valentine?" "Valentine," ejaculated Dorcas, in a faltering voice. "Good," said Nehemiah, referring for the day of the month to Moore's old almanac, which reposed beside his psalter. "Let me see—oh, January 21st; St. Agnes to speed; lucky day, Dorcas, for love affairs." "Ah, Master Nehemiah, I wish you may be right," sobbed Dorcas; "but, indeed, I isn't at all comfortable in my own mind; no, nor I hasn't been for a long time—nor ever since Michaelmas, as I may say, when that good-for-nothing hussy, Hannah Brown, let herself into farmer Drake's house, so that she might live partner with my young man, Peter Fenn. He has never fared like the same young man since, and she do boast that he keep company with her instead of me. I should never have thought of Peter for a sweetheart, if he hadn't comed a suitoring arter me Sunday arter Sunday, and last year he sent me the prettiest valentine that ever was found, tied to the latch of the neat-house door, with three sugar kisses and a pink peppermint heart in it." "What were the words?" "Oh, Mr. Nehemiah, for you to forget them beautiful words, when you was the very person what read them for me, and writ the answer to go to him on old valentine's day in reply!" "Ah,

I remember something about it now," said Nehemiah; "but, really, Mistress Dorcas, I write so many valentines, that though I have them all in my head, I seem to forget which goes to which. I am getting an old man now, pretty Dorcas, just on my sixty-six; but it wasn't always so, nor I didn't at one time need to wear 'sights,'" pursued the clerk, taking off his spectacles, and wiping the glasses on a corner of his visitor's apron. "What was your valentine last year, young woman, did you say?" "Why, Master Nehemiah, I haven't forgotten it, if you have," replied Dorcas, "for it was a proper pretty one; don't you recollect these lines,—

If you are ready, I am willing,  
All the pretty birds are billing,  
And, like them, we'll both be singing,  
When we set the bells a-ringing,  
Join heart, join hand, and faith with mine,  
And take me for your valentine."

"Ay, that was the one," cried Nehemiah; "sure I ought to recollect it, as you say, when it was all of my own writing; and wasn't there the picture of a hen and a few chickens drawn at the bottom by way of an emblem?" "Certainly," replied Dorcas; "and against the hen was written, 'this here hen is you, Dorcas; when you are my wife,

Like this bird that struts in pride,  
With all these chickens by her side,  
You shall be when you're my bride."

"I know all about it," said Nehemiah; "and I wrote for you in answer,

I am single for your sake,  
Happy couple we should make.  
Oh, how bright the sun did shine  
When I saw my valentine."

And the emblem I limed for you in answer to his was two hearts painted with red ink, and linked together with a yellow wedding-ring to signify as if it were gold; and the poesey was,

These two hearts are yours and mine,  
When I wed my valentine."

"Ah," said Dorcas, with a sigh, "that will never come to pass now, I fear, and I am going to send him a different kind of a valentine this year." "Of course you will," responded Nehemiah; "it wouldn't be no kind of use sending the same thing two years running, and you have plenty of time to choose another, you know; so, now, what shall it be?" "It shall begin, 'The rose is red,'" said Dorcas, with great solemnity. "Good," replied the amanuensis, writing down that most approved truism of valentine poesy. "'The violet's blue,'" pursued he mechanically, repeating the usual continuation of the sentence; but Dorcas hastily interposed with a "Pray, sir, don't say anything about violets this year." "What, then, am I to say after 'the rose is red?'" "Why," replied Dorcas, "it must be 'the leaves are green.'" "Very true, young woman," rejoined Nehemiah, placing the tip of his forefinger against the side of his nose; "I know the one you mean; it runs thus—

The rose is red, the leaves are green,  
The days are past that we have seen."

"That's a sure thing," sighed Dorcas; "well, sir, have you wrote that down?" "All in good time, young woman," said Nehemiah,

who was a slow scribe, and always formed his letters in the most methodical manner, his head gently following the motion of his pen through all its evolutions, with his tongue elongated and protruding beyond his lips, and his chin screwed up all on one side, indicating dots of i's, crosses of t's, and finishing strokes to f's, by significant nods and winks; and whenever he executed a capital letter, he testified his admiration of its appearance by an appropriate grin.

Dorcas sat meantime in a state of great mental excitement, with her mouth open, and her round blue eyes full of tears, watching with intense interest the pen of her amanuensis, and shaking her foot and drumming with her fingers on the table at the same time, as a sort of ventilation to the inward travail of her spirit. "Young woman," cried Nehemiah, "that out (wont) do!—if you go on beating the devil's tattoo on my table, how do you think I can write your valentine? I never can spell right when any body does that." "Lauk, sir," rejoined Dorcas, "I begs your pardon; I didn't know how *nervish* you were. But how far have you got?" "Why, as far as you told me,—The days are past that we have seen.' I s'pose you would like it to finish,

If your heart's constant, so is mine,  
And so good morrow, valentine."

"Oh, dear, Mister Nehemiah, I wish I only durst say that," cried Dorcas, putting her apron to her eyes; "but how can I, when he hasn't been to see me for twelve Sundays past, and folks do say he keeps company with that impudent hussy, Hannah Brown." "Pooh, pooh, Dorcas, for you shouldn't give ear to all that folks say." "No more I doesn't, any more than I can help," said Dorcas; "and I shouldn't believe anything they do say, if Peter hadn't behaved so very *neglecting* to me ever since she has lived partner with him, and I want you to put a hint of that in the valentine."

Nehemiah took up the sixpence with a significant look, and twirled it on the board, as much as to say, "You have not come down with the proper fee for that sort of business."

Dorcas understood the hint, and, drawing a small red leather purse with a tinsel edge from her bosom, and turning it mouth downwards, she shook its last coin, another sixpence, into her rosy palm, and pushed it towards the greedy scribe. "It's a crooked one," said she, "and I did keep it for luck; howsomever, as I have paid my shoemaker's bill, and bought my winter 'parel with my Christmas wages, and hasn't got a debt in the world, I suppose I'm free to part with it."

The heart of the bachelor ecclesiastic was softened by the pathetic tone in which the simple Dorcas entered into this explanation of the state of her finances, and he actually returned both the lucky sixpence and the one she had previously tendered, and professed his intention of "not only writing the valentine, but furnishing the extra poetry she required, gratis." Those who may think highly of Nehemiah's generosity on this occasion, can form no adequate idea of the extreme pains which it

always cost him to compound a rhyme. Truly, if our parish clerk had been paid a guinea a couplet, it would have been hard-earned money to him. In the present instance, he was only required to produce an answering rhyme to this octo-syllable interrogative, which was *improvised* on the spot by the distressed damsel herself

"How can you slight your only dear?" "Well," quoth the amanuensis, after he copied this moving query from Dorcas's dictation on the slate which he always used in original compositions, to prevent the unnecessary ruin of a sheet of paper, "what comes next?" "Why, lauk, Mr. Nehemiah, sir, that is just what I am posed about," cried Dorcas, "and what I 'spected you to be able to tell me, as you are such a s'prising scholar, and understands almost everything." "Don't you know that it is an awkwardish kind of business to find a rhyme just at a minute's notice, young woman," replied Nehemiah, gravely. "That's a sure thing," responded Dorcas again: "for as true as I'm alive, Mister Nehemiah, I have muddled my brains for the last three weeks, day and night, to try to fish out a rhyme to that there what I just told you, and it is a mercy that I didn't forget that by the way. Howsomever, now I talks of that, I must scamper home as fast as I can, and give our poor wennis (weanling) calves their suppers, or they'll raise such a dismal dolour arter their wittles and drink, that my partners will hear the poor dumb dears blaring, and wonder what I am up to, that I hasn't waited on them afore this time a-night. And so, Mister Nehemiah, when you have made a proper consideration, I hope you'll be able to finish that there valentine what we are writing to Peter." "We, quotha!" cried the scribe, with no-less scorn than the organist felt when the organ-blower talked of "our music." "If *we* had no more to do with it than *you* have, Peter would go without a valentine, I believe." "Well, Mister Nehemiah, don't fare so ugly-tempered," rejoined our Suffolk Sappho of low degree; "of course it's I what sends the valentine, and you writes it; so it is our valentine, or at least I hope it will, when you've finished it up."

Poor Nehemiah did his utmost endeavour to comply with Dorcas's request, and to finish up her valentine; but the more he tried, the farther off he seemed from the desired conclusion. Rhymes enough there were to "dear," no doubt, but none of them occurred to Nehemiah, save the very inappropriate substantives, *beer* and *steer*; and what had they to do with the jealousy and grief of a forsaken maiden, who was desirous of addressing a short pathetic remonstrance in amatory rhymes to her truant lover? So Nehemiah rejected both *beer* and *steer* as answering rhymes to "only dear;" and then he thought of *clear*, and *hear*, and *fear*, but could make nothing to the purpose with them. For three successive nights Nehemiah got no sleep for the mental travail he endured in this undertaking; "the Sabbath dawned, no day of rest for him," for, even when he entered upon his ecclesiastical duties,

his thoughts were profanely labouring at the provoking half couplet he was expected to complete, and he committed a series of blunders quite astounding to the vicar and congregation. Thrice did he read the parson's verses instead of his own in the psalms, twice he groaned out "Oh dear" instead of "Amen," and once he ejaculated an audible "Amen" in the middle of the sermon.

Never was a solitary bachelor who had no experience in love affairs of his own, so perplexed about compounding love verses for others. Still it was only half a couplet after all that was required of him, but that half couplet comprised more difficulties in its brief space than Nehemiah could master. "It hadn't no reason in it," he said, and he could not make anything of a seasonable nature to jingle with it, though he kept counting up on his fingers with every word that was anything like a clink to "dear."

Many were the clandestine visits that Dorcas contrived to make to Nehemiah, to hear "if he had finished up *their* valentine," but all were fruitless; a fortnight glided away, and still the unfinished couplet remained on Nehemiah's slate, without an answering rhyme, hanging up behind the door. At last, in the middle of his master's sermon, a thought popped into Nehemiah's noddle, which he considered so felicitous, that, lest it should escape again, and be for ever lost to Dorcas, Peter, and the world, he, with a trembling hand, stole forth his brass pencil case, and privily booked it on the fly leaf of the parish prayer book, though it was even in his own opinion a positive act of sacrilege. But the temptation was too great to be resisted. It was impossible to lose this precious line,

"To court another, as I hear,"

which made so pretty and applicable a conclusion to the first line of the couplet,

"How can you slight your only dear?"

Dorcas, however, was not satisfied with it; she protested "that it had no particular signification. She wanted to give Peter a hint who it was that he slighted her for," she said.

Nehemiah was highly provoked at the dissatisfaction of his fair client, and told her, "if she did not like that ending, she must finish it herself, for it had been more trouble to him than twenty christenings with deaf god-fathers." Dorcas replied, "that it wasn't of no use sending it as it was," and passionately besought him, as it still wanted a week to valentine's day, that he would make a further consideration for the purpose of finishing up the valentine. Nehemiah found it impossible to resist the entreaties of such a buxum nymph as our love-lorn dairy-maid, so he fairly suffered himself to be hag-ridden for nearly another week with "the confounded couplet," as he called it; and it was not till the very eve of St. Valentine, just as Dorcas was lifting the latch of his door to make a last almost hopeless inquiry, "if he had finished up their valentine?" that another bright idea popped into his head. "Come in, Dorcas, dear!" he exclaimed, in his ecstasy; "I have thought of it

now." "Well," cried Dorcas, fixing her round blue eyes upon the inspired clerk in eager expectation, "what is it?" "Hand me the slate that I may put it down, and then I'll tell you. No, I won't tell you, but I will read it all together," continued he, as he inscribed the parish-valentine slate with the precious morsel, which he called "a very 'spectable finish up" to the long-halting lyric. "Now, then, for it!" cried he, and, after clearing his throat with "Hi! ha! hum!" he read in a pompous chanting recitative,

"The rose is red, the leaves are green,  
The days are past that we have seen:  
How can you slight your only dear  
For one who lives so near?"

"That will do!" cried Dorcas, snapping her fingers, and by no means missing the two lacking feet in the metre, in her extreme satisfaction at Nehemiah having hit upon something that would fulfil her intention of giving Peter an intimation that she was aware of the proximity of the rival whose wiles had supplanted her. The valentine was duly transcribed on the sheet of paper without any accident of blot or blur, folded up, sealed with the top of Dorcas's thimble, and wrapped in a scrap of brown paper, addressed "to Mister Peter Fenn, hoss-driver, at Mister Drake, farmer. With speed."

This billet was discovered by Peter on the morning of valentine's day, reposing in the corn measure out of which he was accustomed to deal the first feed of oats to his horses. He secured it with much satisfaction, though the contents of course remained a mystery to the unlettered swain. According to his own account, however, "it made him fare very comfortable all the morning, for he took it to plough with him in his waistcoat pocket, but thought it must have burned a hole there, he did so long to know who it came from, and what it was about, but he durstn't loose the horses till noon while they were baiting," and then he lost his own dinner by running off to the clerk's house to get his valentine read.

Nehemiah protested he was quite hoarse with reading valentines that morning, there had been such a power of young people up with their valentines for him to read, and some that did not belong to the parish too, and who brought valentines that were very hard to make any sense of; however, those young people who had a parish clerk that could not read writing were certainly objects of charity, and he did all his possibles to make out all he could for them. At length, his harangue being at an end, he extended his hand for Peter's billet-doux, and gratified his longing ears by making him acquainted with the contents.

Peter was greatly touched by the tender reproach contained in the hopping couplet that had so long baffled Nehemiah's powers of rhyming. "Apray, Mister Nehemiah," said he, "doesn't that come from Dorcas Mayflower?" Nehemiah calmly replied, "I believe it do." "Well, master," rejoined Peter, seating himself on the old church-ohest, "I don't think I have used that gal well." "That is a sure thing, young man," said Nehemiah, "but you

know your own business best, I s'pose." "I can't say as how I do," replied Peter in a doleful whine; "for I have got into a sort of hobble between Dorcas and another young woman." "Whose fault is that?" asked Nehemiah. "Why, I s'pose Dorcas thinks it be my fault," responded Peter; "but that other gal would not let me be at quiet, and was always axing me for my company, and making so much of me when I comed in at meal times, that, somehow or other, I was forced to stay at home with her on Sunday evenings, instead of going to see Dorcas, because she always went into high-sterricks if I talked of going after Dorcas. But I tell you what, Mister Nehemiah, I am right sick of her nonsense; for, as true as I'm alive, I do think she henpecks me all the same as if she were my wife." "Sarve you right, young man, I say, if you are fule big enough to put up with it." "Why," responded Peter, "I wouldn't, if I could get my neck out of the collar, as the saying is. But what is your advice?" "You hain't paid me for reading that there valentine yet," observed Nehemiah. Peter drew out a yellow canvass bag, capacious enough to have served the squire, and disbursed the expected sixpence.

"Thank you, young man," said the clerk; "and now I'll tell you what I would do, if so be I were situated as you are; I would just have my banns put up with Dorcas next Sunday." "Oh, lauk!" cried Peter, "that wont do, for I'm letten to master till Michaelmas, and he wont approve of my entering another service, and a pretty life I should lead with Hannah in the house with me all the time the banns were being axed; and then I'm not quite certain that Dorcas would consent to that, for she holds her head properly high when we meet now, and I can't say as how I like the thoughts of humbling to her, she is such a proud toad." "No wonder," said Nehemiah, "for half the young fellows in the parish are ready to hang themselves for love of her; and if you don't take care, you will be left in the lurch while you are playing fast and loose, and halting like an ass between two bundles of hay; for Dorcas isn't a girl that is reduced to go a-suitering to a young man, like your partner Hannah. If you were to know all the sixpences and shillings I have taken for writing valentines to her this week, you'd begin to look about you." "For writing valentines to my Dorcas!" whined Peter, in dismay; "why, apray, who did you write them for, Mister Nehemiah?" "That isn't fair to ask," said the scribe, "because I might get into trouble if I told tales out of school."

Peter sat and bit his nails in a profound fit of meditation for several minutes; at last he rose up with a foolish grin, and said, "I'll tell you what Mister Nehemiah, I'll send Dorcas a valentine myself, and you shall write it for me." "Against owd valentine's day, I s'pose you mean." "No, but I doesn't; I means this blessed young St. Walentine's day," quoth Peter; "owd fellows like you may wait till owd St. Walentine's day, but I'm for the young saint, if so be you can make it convenable to

get it down against I take my *hosses* off at six in the evening." "That depends upon circumstances," replied Nehemiah; "and what sort of a one you want to have." "Why," said Peter, "my grandmother had a *bootiful* one sent to her by her first husband when she fancied he slighted her, and I dare say she would lend it to me for you to pattern after." "I dare say I know your grandmother's valentine," said Nehemiah, "if you can tell me how it begins." "I think I can," said Peter.

"The rose is red the violet's blue,  
I swear I never loved but you;  
The turtle never doubts her mate,  
Then why should you, my bonny Kate?"

"That won't do," interrupted Nehemiah; "for Dorcas can't stand in Kate's shoes." "No, but we might change the sense, and I really do think I shall turn a *pote*." "It isn't quite so easy to turn *pote*, as you call it," said Nehemiah; "however I'll get my slate and write down all the poetry you can say." "Then" said Peter, "you must put down

The turtle never doubts the dove,  
Then why doubt me, my only love."

"That isn't out of your own head, Peter?" cried Nehemiah. "Never you mind that, old fellow, but put down what I bid you, for there's more in my head than you thinks of, 'praps," said Peter; "only I must go and see arter my *hosses* now, for it's time for our second journey, but I'll stop here at half-past six, and tell you the rest; and if you get it fairly written out for me, and two doves, with a wedding ring in their bills, drafted on to the paper, I'll tip you a whole shilling, and show you that I am a cap-able *pote* in spite of all your *cisums*."

Nehemiah, who was by no means disposed to cherish an infant muse in his own parish, treated those indications of Peter's dawning genius with a certain dry sarcastic acerbity, which showed that nature had intended him for a reviewer, not a bard. Peter, however, like most youthful rhymsters, was too much taken up with his own newly discovered powers of jingling, to allow his poetic ardour to be chilled by the discouragement of an elder brother in the art. "Now, Mister Nehemiah," cried he, when he burst into the clerk's cottage as soon as he had finished his appointed tasks in the field and the stable, "what do you think of this for a finish to our valentine?"

'Tis you alone I mean to marry,  
Then why, sweet Dorcas, should we tarry?  
The birds have all chosen their mates for the year,  
But I'm not so happy—I wait for my dear;  
My heart is still constant, and if you'll be mine,  
Say 'yes,' and 'for ever,' my own valentine!"

"Think!" said Nehemiah, "that it's well worth half-a-crown to write down such a lot of out-of-the-way stuff, Peter; and I don't believe your grandmother ever had such a valentine in her life." "Why, she sartinly hadn't any thing about my Dorcas in her valentine, but I kind of patterned arter her's, for all that, in mine, and the rest of it what suit my own case I made while I was at plough." "No wonder all the parish make a mock of your crooked furrows, young man, if you waste your master's time and let your horses work the land in hills and vales while you are muddling your

head after such nonsense; I hope you don't mean to send that to the girl; she won't know what to make of it." "Oh, won't she?" cried Peter; "come, get your slate, and scratch away, or we shan't get it written down o' this side midnight." With a very ill grace Nehemiah complied, and it was only through the prevailing rhetoric of a third sixpence that Peter at length had the satisfaction of seeing his valentine completed, sealed, and indorsed as follows:—"For Miss Dorcas Mayflower, dairy-maid, at the Squire's great white house. In haste."

Dorcas was made happy by the receipt of the welcome missive that very night, and slept with it under her pillow. The following evening, after milking, she paid another stolen visit to the parish clerk, to be enlightened as to the nature of its contents; and as she left Nehemiah's cottage with a joyous heart and bounding step, she encountered the author of the precious rhymes lingering among the ruins of St. Edmund's Abbey. All differences were made up between the lately estranged lovers during their walk home. Peter stood the storm of Hannah's wrath and disappointment with the firmness of a stoic all the time the bans of matrimony between him and Dorcas Mayflower were in progress of publication in our parish church; and in spite of all the *high-sterricks* she could get up on the occasion, the nuptials were duly solemnised between the village valentines at the earliest possible day.

#### PERILS OF THE SOLWAY.

The Solway is well known to be a bay which deeply indents the west side of our island, between the county of Cumberland on the one side, and those of Dumfries and Kirkcudbright on the other. This is a remarkable arm of the sea, as its waters, owing to the great shallowness of the channel, recede, at every ebb of the tide, for not much less than forty miles, leaving a waste of sand of about that length, and eight miles at an average in breadth.

Through this far-spreading tract, the channels of various rivers, as the Eden, the Esk, the Kirtle, the Annan, and the Neith, are *continued* from the land part of their courses, forming, with some large pools, the only conspicuous features by which the uniformity of the surface is broken. When the tide is in ebb, and the sands are left dry, it is possible to walk or ride over them without danger; but when there is any water on the surface, however little, the sands are apt to give way beneath the feet, and allow those who may be upon them to sink into a stratum of soft marl or clay which lies beneath, and from which it is scarcely

possible to extricate one's self. In many places the sands are much thinner than in others, and these, thin places are continually shifting with the tide; so that it is not easy for any but the most experienced persons to avoid them. When any one is so unfortunate as to get upon a place which allows him to sink into the marl, he usually finds it quite impossible to extricate himself, but sinks deeper and deeper every moment, till, after beating for some time the surface of the water with his extended arms, his head becomes immersed, and he dies by suffocation. Horsemen, finding themselves on a quicksand, have a chance of escaping by putting their steeds to full speed, in which case the sand does not open quickly enough to retard the animal's feet. Having companions also affords a chance of escape in case of danger. The usual plan of rescue for a sinking friend is to *tread him out*—which is thus performed: a layer of straw or brushwood is laid round him, or if nothing better is at hand, a greatcoat or two; upon this some person must tread nimbly, either in a circle or backward and forward, and the ground being thus pressed by the weight, will gradually squeeze up the sinking man till he can get on the artificial stratum, when both must run for their lives.

Owing to the shallowness of the Solway, it is scarcely a fit place for a ferry communication even at high tide; at low tide, on the other hand, the sands are open to travellers, but are known to be dangerous. Yet for fifteen miles from the head of the estuary, it is quite common for travellers to take the latter mode of crossing between Cumberland and Dumfriesshire, especially in clear weather, and when the tide has chanced to recede during daylight. The only alternative is to go round by the bridges on the Eden and Esk, which, in some instances, implies an addition of about twenty and thirty miles to the length of what might otherwise be a short journey. When we consider the general disinclination of roundabout ways, it is not surprising that the sands are so much travelled, even although we have not reckoned up all the perils of the passage. The tide, as might be expected, makes very rapidly in a channel so extremely shallow. Even in clear weather, and in otherwise favourable

circumstances, there is a source of great danger; but when the wind blows strong from the west, the sea comes with more than its usual rapidity, and usually in one lofty wave like a wall. The swiftest horse is then unable to bear off the traveller. A reminiscence, communicated by the late Doctor Currie to the editor of the *Border Minstrel*, may be quoted with reference to this danger. "I once," says he, "in my early days heard (for it was night, and I could not see) a traveller drowning in the Firth of Solway. The influx of the tide had unhorsed him in the night, as he was passing the sands of Cumberland. The west wind blew a tempest, and, according to the common expression, brought in the water three foot abreast. The traveller got upon a standing net, a little way from the shore. There he lashed himself to the post, shouting for half an hour for assistance—till the tide rose over his head! In the darkness of the night, and amid the pauses of the hurricane, his voice, heard at intervals, was exquisitely mournful. No one could go to his assistance—no one knew where he was—the sound seemed to proceed from the spirit of the waters. But morning rose—the tide had ebbed—and the poor traveller was found lashed to the pole of the net, and bleaching in the wind."

The following anecdote also communicates a striking idea of the dangers of the journey across Solway Sands:—In the month of February 1825, a party, consisting of thirty well-mounted Dumfriessians who had been at the horse fair of Wigton in Cumberland, and wished in the evening to return, resolved to do so by an established route across the sands between the fishing town of Bowness, and a point at Whinnyrigg near Annan, the breadth of the waste being there above two miles. They left Bowness about nine at night, accompanied, as is usual, by a guide; the night was calm, clear and starry. "No thought of danger occurred to them," says a chronicle of the day, "until they had proceeded nearly a mile on their way, and were about to ford the united waters of the Esk and Eden. And here a thick mist obscured the sky, and gradually became so dense and opaque, that they literally knew not which way they were moving, and could scarcely

see a yard before them. On getting through the water, the party halted, and held a hasty council of war; but their opinions were various and jarring in the extreme. While some were for putting to the right about, others were for pushing straight forward; but these words had lost their meaning, as no one could tell how the direct path lay, whether he was bound for England or Scotland. Amidst their bewilderment, many would not believe that they had crossed the Esk, and plunged and replunged into the bed of the river, some going up, others down, and describing over and over again the same narrow circle of ground. In this emergency, Mr. Thomas Johnston, Thornywaite, and Mr. Hetherington, Lochmaben, kept closely together, and by recollecting that the water runs from east to west, and observing how the foam fell from their horses' feet, they rightly conceived how the shore lay, and moved on in the direction of Annan. But this clue was soon lost, and after wandering about for nearly an hour, they appeared to be just as far from their object as ever. At every little interval they paused to listen to the incessant cries, of distress and encouragement, that reached the ear in all directions—from England, Scotland, the middle of the Firth—from every point, in short, of the compass. But where there was no system whatever in the signals, the stoutest callers only seemed to be mocked by the mournful echoings of their own voices. Amidst this confusion, horns were sounded from the Bowness side, and anon the solemn peals of a church bell added not a little to the interest of a scene which, abstracting from its danger, was truly impressive, if not sublime. The rising tide was gradually narrowing the dry land; and should it come roaring up two feet abreast before they escaped from their present perils, where was the power on earth that could save them? The two individuals named above, after pushing on quite at random, fortunately rejoined nine of their companions. And now the joyful cry was raised that they had found a guide in the person of Mr. Brough, of Whinnyrigg, who, hearing their cries, and knowing their danger, had, even at the risk of his own life, traversed the sands in the hope of being useful. But greatly as they rejoiced at his presence,

the danger was not yet over. In a little time even the generous guide got bewildered, and literally knew not which hand to turn to. Still his advice was that the tide was coming—that they had not a moment to lose—that everything depended on decision and speed. At times he dismounted and groped about until he came to some object or spot of ground which he fancied he knew, and then galloped off at full speed to some other point, and by reckoning the time it required to get thither, and repeating the experiment eight or ten times, he succeeded in rescuing fourteen fellow-creatures from the imminent danger in which they were placed. A friend reports, that when wholly at a loss what to do, he accidentally stumbled over the trunk of a tree which some former flood had left indented in the sand, and that, by accurately examining the position of an object he had frequently seen in daylight, he knew at once the bearings of the coast, and thus facilitated the almost miraculous escape of the party. Be this as it may, his presence was of the greatest possible use; his local knowledge inspired a confidence that was previously wanting; and, as the event proved, every thing depended on the decision and speed he so strictly enjoined. Though, under ordinary circumstances, twenty minutes may suffice to trot across the sands, nearly three hours had been consumed in zig-zagging to and fro; and within a quarter of an hour or less from the time the party touched the beach the tide ascended with a degree of force which must soon have proved fatal to the boldest rider, and the stoutest horse which the treacherous Solway ever ensnared. The fog that occasioned all the danger was one of the densest ever known. We should here mention the meritorious conduct of Mr. Lewis Bell, residing near Dornock, and two other farmers, whose names we have not yet heard. By crossing a few minutes earlier, the individuals had *weathered* the mist, but on hearing repeated cries of distress, they very humanely retraced their steps, and joined the wanderers on the Scottish side, much about the same time as Mr. Brough. But in place of guiding, they required to be guided, and actually shared all the perils of those to whose assistance they had so promptly hastened.

And here we must return to the other half of the travellers, who after the hasty council of war, replunged through the river with the view of returning to the village of Bowness. The guide was amongst them, but what, with the ringing of bells, the blowing of horns, and the shouts of distress that were every where raised, he became, it is said, as deaf as a post, and the most bewildered man of the whole. Different routes were tried and abandoned; and so little was known of their real situation, that some of them followed as closely the course of the stream as if they had been anxious to meet, rather than to flee from the coming tide. But the church bell at last proved a sort of a beacon; and after different persons had ventured with lights to the river's edge, the whole party were attracted to the spot, and conveyed to a comfortable home for the night."

The lively journalist who recorded the circumstance—need we tell his name?—recommended in conclusion that the guides would do well to carry a pocket compass on all occasions, so that they, and those entrusted to them, might at least be under no danger from a want of a knowledge of the direction in which they ought to go. We trust this recommendation has been attended to. A six-penny compass would be better, for such a duty, than twenty church bells.

*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

#### STORIES OF STYLES OF LIVING.

A new era now opens on the married life of Frank Fulton and his wife. The first period of economical living WITHIN THEIR MEANS, had been for some time past; so also had the second, during which they had lived UP TO THEIR MEANS; and we now find them, with a greatly increased family, living in a lesser or greater degree BEYOND THEIR MEANS. The various acts in this drama of real life had been quite progressive. There had been a gradual rise, little by little, from a condition of comparative poverty to one of considerable opulence. There had been no violent movement forward; all had been easy, and apparently the result of ordinary circumstances. Frank's professional engagements had greatly increased; he was now employed as a physician by families of the first consequence, and was enabled to live in a style of elegance which he at one period could not possibly have anticipated. Now was the time, then, when he was reaping the reward of his skill and perseverance, and when, without any difficulty, he might have realised such a competence as the prudent under such

circumstances would by all means have secured. Whether he did so or not we shall immediately learn.

Mrs. Fulton, during the rise in her husband's circumstances, acted as many women do in like situations. She yielded to the pleasing current of prosperity, and considered, that to be a fine lady was incompatible with being an attentive mother. Involving herself in an extensive circle of acquaintances, hardly one of whom cared anything at all about her, she was incessantly occupied in the most frivolous amusements and visitings; and instead of staying at home to bestow a motherly regard on her children, now grown up, and requiring more attention than ever, she was never so happy as when engaged in exchanging smiles and bows and trifling words of course with the class of friends with whom she had become involved. All was sunshine, gladness, and smiles, abroad, while at home, the house was left very much to itself, or went on under the supreme government of servants. Could all this last? We shall see.

In the midst of Frank's heedless career he took a lease of a large and magnificent mansion. It stood next door to that of one of the best friends of the family, Mr. Bradish, and was hence in a particularly fashionable quarter of the city. What a dear delightful idea! How we shall be envied! Such were the feelings of Dr. and Mrs. Fulton, as they prepared for the occupation of their new abode. As it was a thing for a considerable period, it was worth while to strain every nerve to furnish, and lay it out in the best manner. Mrs. Bradish had very kindly dropped a hint, that, when a ball was given by either family, a door might be cut through, and both houses thrown into one. It became, therefore, almost indispensable that one house should be furnished nearly as elegantly as the other. The same cabinet-maker and upholsterer were employed; and when completed, it certainly was not much inferior to Mr. Bradish's.

Jane was not behind Mrs. Bradish in costume or figure. Every morning, at the hour for calls, she was elegantly attired for visitors. Many came from curiosity. Mrs. Hart congratulated her dear friend on seeing her moving in a sphere for which it was evident nature intended her. Mrs. Reed cautioned her against any false shame, that might remind one of former times. Others admired her furniture and arrangements, without any sly allusions. On one of these gala mornings, uncle Joshua was ushered into the room. Jane was fortunately alone, and she went forward and offered two fingers with a cordial air, but whispered to the servant, "if any one else called, while he was there, to say she was engaged." She had scrupulously observed her promise, of never sending word she was not at home. There was a mock kind of deference in his air and manner, that embarrassed Jane.

"So," said he, looking round him, "we have a palace here!" "The house we were in was quite too small, now that our children are growing so large," replied Jane. "They must be

greatly beyond the common size," said uncle Joshua, "if that house could not hold them."<sup>4</sup> It was a very inconvenient one; and we thought, as it was a monstrous rent, it would be better to take another. Then, after we had bought this, it certainly was best to furnish it comfortably, as it was for life." "Is it paid for?" asked uncle Joshua, drily.

Jane hesitated. This was a point she was not exactly versed in. "Paid for!" she replied; "why, of course—that is—" "Oh, very well," answered the old man; "I am glad to hear it; otherwise, I should doubt if it is taken for life." Jane was silent for a moment. She felt abashed, but at length said, in as soothing a tone as possible, "You do not know, dear uncle, that Frank has been very successful in some speculations lately; he does not now altogether depend on his profession for a living; indeed, he thinks it his duty to live as other people do, and place his wife and children upon an equality with others."

"And what do you call an equality—living as luxuriously, and wasting as much time, as they do?—dwelling in as costly apartments, and forgetting there is any other world than this? When you were left to my care, and your dear mother was gone from us, how often I lamented that I could not supply her place—that I could not better talk to you of another world, to which she had gone; but then, Jane, I comforted myself that I knew something of the duties that belonged to this, and that, if I faithfully instructed you in these, I should be preparing you for another. When I saw you growing up, dutiful and humble, charitable and self-denying, sincere, and a conscientious disciple of truth, then I felt satisfied that all was well. But I begin now to fear that it was a short-sighted kind of instruction—that it had not power enough to enable us to hold fast to what is right. I begin now to see that we must have motives that do not depend on the praise or censure of this world—motives that must have nothing to do with it." And so saying, he hurriedly took his leave and departed.

Jane's feelings, immediately after this interview with her venerable relative, were anything but agreeable. She could impose upon others, but not upon herself. Frank, on returning home, found her more dull than usual, and upon being informed of the cause, remarked, that really uncle Joshua was becoming a very tiresome old man—always croaking about something." This, however, did not pacify Jane's conscience. "I might," thought she, "have sent him home in the carriage, or persuaded him to stay and dine, and he would have recovered from his fatigue. I did, however, as I thought was best, and that is all we can do. We can only do as seems to us right for the present."

How many deceive themselves with this opiate! The indolent, the selfish, and the worldly, lay this flattering unction to their consciences, as if doing what seems to us right for the present did not require reflection, judgment, and often all the self-denying as well as energetic qualities of our nature.

That evening, Jane was engaged at a large party. She was still young and handsome, and, surrounded by the gay and frivolous, she danced quadrilles, and cotillions, and returned at one. As they entered the door, on their return, one of the women met them, and told Frank there had been a message from uncle Joshua, requesting him to come immediately to see him, as he was very sick.

Jane was alarmed. "His walk was too much for him, I am afraid," she exclaimed. Frank looked at his watch. "Half-past one! Do you think I had better go?" "Oh, certainly. I will go with you." "Nonsense! With that dress!" Jane was resolute, and Frank ceased to oppose her. They drove through the unfashionable parts of the town, stopped at uncle Joshua's little green door, and knocked softly. A strange woman came to the door.

"How is my uncle?" said Jane. "He is dead," said the woman, in an indifferent tone. They rushed in. It was true. The old man lay motionless—his features retaining the first benign expression of death. With what agony did Jane lean over him, and press with her parched lips his cold forehead!

"My more than uncle—my father!" she exclaimed, while torrents of tears fell from her eyes. Then recollecting the scene of the day before, she felt as if she was his murderer. "Tell me," said she, "how it all happened. Did he live to get home? Tell me the worst, while I have power to hear it. My poor, dear uncle! But yesterday, I could have folded my arms around you, and you would have smiled upon me and loved me; but I was ungrateful and cold-hearted, and I let you go. Oh! that I could buy back those precious moments!—that yesterday would again return!"

Frank strove to soothe her grief. But she constantly recurred to his long walk, which a word of hers might have prevented. They found, upon inquiry, that his death was without warning. He had returned home, and passed the afternoon as usual. In the evening, at about nine, he complained of a pain at his heart, and desired Dr. Fulton might be sent for. Before the message could have reached him, his breath had departed. "You see, Jane," said Frank, "that if I had been at home, it would have been too late."

But what reasoning can stifle self-reproach? Jane would have given worlds to have recalled the last few years of worldly engrossment and alienation towards her uncle. But now it was all too late. He was alike insensible to her indifference or her affection. That sorrow which is excited merely by circumstances, soon passes away. There is a deep and holy grief, that raises and sublimates the character, after its bitterness is gone. It is health and strength to the mind. It were to be wished that Jane's had been of this nature; but it was made up sensation.

When uncle Joshua's will was opened, it was found that the little property he left was secured to Jane's children, with this clause: "At present it does not appear that my beloved

niece wants any part of it. But if, by any change of circumstances—and life is full of change—she should require assistance, she is to receive the annual income of the whole, quarterly, during her life.” He had appointed as executor and guardian of his will, Samuel Watson, a respectable mechanic in his own walk of life.

“After all,” said Frank, with an ironical air, “I don’t see, Jane, but you turn out an heiress.” “My dear uncle,” returned she, in a faltering voice, “has left us all he had. I am unworthy of his kindness.” “For heaven’s sake, Jane, don’t keep for ever harping upon that string. What could you have done more? You say you asked him to come and live with us.” “Yes; but now I feel how much more daily and constant attention would have been to him, than any such displays that I occasionally made. I earnestly hope he did not perceive my neglect.”

There are no lessons of kindness and good will that come so home to the heart, as those which are enforced by sudden death. Who has ever lost a beloved friend, that would not give worlds for one hour of the intercourse forever gone?—one hour to pour forth the swelling affection of the heart—to make atonement for errors and mistakes—to solicit forgiveness—to become perfect in self-sacrifice and disinterested devotion? This is one of the wise and evident uses of sudden death—that we may so live with our friends, that, come when and how it will, we may not add to the grievous loss, the self-reproach of unkindness or neglected duties.

Jane’s heart was bleeding under a feeling of remorse. It wanted soothing and kindness; but Frank seemed vexed and out of humour. “There could not,” said he, “be anything more consistent with uncle Joshua’s narrow views than his last will and testament. To make such a man as Samuel Watson his executor, and trustee for my children!”

“He was his particular friend; and I have often heard my uncle say, he was ‘honesty and uprightness to the back bone,’” replied Jane. “Yes; I know that was a chosen expression of the old gentleman’s. However, thank fortune! I need have no association with him. If he had left the property to my care, who am the natural guardian of my children, I could have made something handsome of it by the time they wanted it; but he has so completely tied it up, that it will never get much beyond the paltry sum it is now.”

Samuel Watson, the guardian and executor, was a man much resembling uncle Joshua, in the honest good sense of his character; but he was a husband and a father. His sympathies had been called forth by these strong ties, and by the faithful affection of an excellent wife. They had lived to bury all their children but one; and that one seemed to exist only as a link between this world and another. He had been, from infancy, an invalid. They had hung over him, with prayers and anguish, through many a year of sickness, spending upon him a watchfulness and anxiety that the

other two children did not seem to demand; for they were strong in health and activity. The blooming and beautiful had been called, in the dawn of life, and the invalid still lingered on. But that health, which had been denied to his material structure, seemed doubly bestowed on his mind. He was no longer the feeble object of his mother’s solicitude. He was her friend—her counsellor. By degrees, he obtained the influence of superior virtue over every one around him, and, from his couch of sickness and pain, afforded a striking proof that there is no situation in life which may not show forth the goodness and power of the Creator. Such were the friends that uncle Joshua meant to secure to Jane and her children.

The morning that Mr. and Mrs. Watson came to pay Mrs. Fulton a visit, they found her in a becoming mourning dress, every curl and every fold in place. But their own feelings of kindness supplied the want of hers, and aroused something like sympathy in her mind. “We must be friends,” said Mr. Watson, as he shook her hand with cordiality, “or we shall not fulfil the last request of our excellent friend. You must fix on an afternoon to pass with us, and bring all your children.” Jane could not refuse, and the day was appointed; and as Mrs. Watson left the room, she said, “don’t make it later than four.”

“Impossible,” said Frank; “go at four! What Goths and Vandals! You will expire before you can get away. I will call and pass half an hour after ten, and I hope this will finish off the intercourse for a year at least. By the bye, Jane, put down the day of the month, and next year we will return the invitation the same day.”

When the afternoon arrived, a new obstacle presented. Elinor, the eldest daughter, who had attained her sixteenth year, and was to come out the next winter, had her engagements and pursuits, and learned, with a feeling of disappointment, that a long afternoon was to be spent, in a scene of domestic dullness and ennui. The sacrifice, however, was to be made; and, with a naturally amiable disposition, and much energy of character, she determined it should be made cheerfully; with a secret hope, however, that they should not see the sick young man.

The sick young man was the first to receive them—to welcome them, with a gay and cheerful expression, to his father’s house. Mrs. Watson lost, at home, all the constraint of forms, to which she was unused. She was kind, maternal, and affectionate. The table was loaded with prints, and works of fancy and taste. Every thing was refined, and in good keeping; and, to the astonishment of the Fultons, Oliver, in fashionable phrase, was “the life of the party.” Instead of allusions to his feeble health, and a list of his infirmities, which the visitors had anticipated, not a word was hinted on the subject. A new treat was prepared for the evening, his electrical machine, with its curious experiments—his magic lantern, with its grave and gay scenes, its passing characters, so true a picture of human life.

When the carriage came, to convey Elinor to the cotillion party, strange as it may seem, she preferred staying the evening, and the carriage was dismissed.

Dr. Fulton did not come. Business undoubtedly prevented him. The family returned, delighted with their visit, and perfectly convinced, that, though Oliver looked sick and emaciated, and his hands were so white and almost transparent, he could not suffer much. Mrs. Fulton said "suffering was not only marked upon the countenance, but it destroyed the force and resolution of the character." In most cases, she was undoubtedly right; but in the present one she was wrong. Sickness and suffering had nerved, not destroyed, the energy of his character; and he had learned to look upon his frame as a machine, which the mind was to control.

About a year passed on after this introductory visit, and during this period Elinor frequently visited Mrs. Watson's family, but was at no time accompanied either by her father or mother. Both were engaged with society which they considered more exalted and more creditable. Yet both had not exactly the same ideas of spending time and money. Each followed a separate course, in some respects. Frank had wholly ceased his communications to Jane, with regard to his pecuniary affairs. Consequently, this mutual source of interest was gone; and, as she saw no restraints laid on any thing, she presumed, very naturally, that, as long as his business was so flourishing, it was of little consequence what they expended. Sometimes, when her benevolent feelings were interested, and she gave lavishly and injudiciously, Frank accused her of extravagance. Then came retaliation, and hints that she had always heard, that, with increase of means, came a greater tenacity of money. For her own part, she considered it as dross, if it was not circulating.

Extravagance seems to be a slight fault. In youth we are indulgent to it. We say, if there must be wrong, that extreme is better than the opposite; we had rather see it than sordid calculation. But is this all? Does it stop here? A little reflection will convince any one, that, to support extravagance, it must bring a host of allies. There must be injustice—selfishness; and the last auxiliary is fraud. Extravagance is, in truth, living beyond our honest means. It is a word used so lightly, that we almost forget its import.

The time was approaching when a very important event in the family was to take place. This was Elinor's *coming out*, a thing which the fond mother had greatly set her heart upon, and which was to be signalized by a ball of inconceivable grandeur.

"My dear Elinor," said Mrs. Fulton, as they both sat at work one morning, "your father and I have fixed upon the first evening in November for the ball. It is now the second week in October, and we shall not have much more than time to get ready. We must make out a list. Take your pen, and we will begin."

Elinor did as her mother directed. "The right way," said Mrs. Fulton, "is to arrange

the names alphabetically." It was soon found, however, that this was impossible. A string of Ps or Qs, &c., obtruded. Then Mrs. Fulton said, "Streets were the best way to begin with. R Street; then go to C or E Street, and so on." But here numbers were forgotten. And at last, she thought of the directory.

Elinor continued writing the list in silence, with her head bent over the paper. "The next thing will be to fix upon waiters and entertainments. We are to have the use of Mrs. Bradish's two rooms, just as she had ours last winter. But how moping you are, Elinor! I really think, as we are taking all this trouble for you, you might show a little interest in it."

Elinor attempted to answer, but her emotions seemed to be irrepressible; and she laid down her pen, and put her handkerchief to her eyes. "You are not well, dear," said her mother, tenderly. "Yes, I am," said Elinor. "But, mother, do you know how sick Oliver is?" "I know he has been sick for a great many years; I believe, ever since he was born." "But he is much more so now. The doctor says he cannot live long." "It will be a mercy, when he is taken," said Mrs. Fulton. "He is every thing to his mother," said Elinor, in a faltering voice. "Yes; his father and mother will feel it at first, no doubt. Have you put down the Wilkinsons on the list?"

"Mother," said Elinor, solemnly, "perhaps Oliver may die the very evening you have fixed on for the ball." "Well, if he should, it would be unlucky. But we cannot help it; you know." "They were such friends of uncle Joshua's!" said Elinor. "They are so out of the world, they will never know it." "But we should, mother." "There is nothing so unwise as to torment ourselves about possibilities. I am sure, things could not happen so unlucky."

Jane was right in one point at least. There is nothing so unwise as to trouble ourselves about possibilities. We may lay a thousand plans, waste time in revolving consequent events, even go on to imaginary conversations, and, after all, the occasion for them never occurs, and our plans are swept away, like chaff before the wind.

Elinor made out the list. The cards were written and sent, and the day before the ball arrived. The young, and those who remember the days of their youth, will not be severe on Elinor, that her thoughts took a brighter hue, as she busied herself in the splendid preparations; or that, when her ball-dress came home, her eye sparkled with pleasure as she gazed on it. Winters of sorrow and time must pass over the young head, before its germs of anticipation, of hope, and of self-complacency can be blighted.

"It is a beautiful dress," said Mrs. Fulton. "I will just run down and see if your father has come. He was to bring your ear-rings." Down Mrs. Fulton ran.

As she approached his room, which was on the basement story, she heard loud voices. She stopped at the door; and, at that moment, her husband said, in a deprecating voice, "I assure you this is only a trifling embarrassment. Wait a few days, and everything will go right."

"I know better," was the ungracious reply, "and I will wait no longer." Jane turned away, with a feeling of apprehension. Something of undefined evil took possession of her mind; and, instead of returning to Elinor, she impatiently waited, at the head of the stairs, till the men were gone. When the door closed upon them, she again sought her husband. He was flushed and agitated.

"What do you want?" said he, roughly, as she entered. "I came to see if you had got Elinor's ear-rings." "Don't torment me about such nonsense," replied he; "you worry my life out."

Jane had caught his retaliating spirit. "Something worries you, it is evident. Who were those men that have just gone?" "That is my affair," said he.

She was silent for a moment, and then affectionately exclaimed, "My dear Frank, how can you say so? Are not your affairs and mine the same? If any thing makes you unhappy, ought I not to know it?" How true it is that a soft answer turneth away wrath!—He evidently felt the forbearance of his wife, and replied, more gently, "Indeed, Jane, if I had any thing pleasant to tell you, I should be glad to tell it. But the truth is, it is from kindness to you that I do not speak."

"Then, there is something unpleasant to be communicated?" "Yes; but wait till this horrid ball is over, and then I will tell you all. Here," said he, taking a little box from his pocket, "carry these to Elinor, and tell her—No; tell her nothing."

"Indeed, Frank, it is cruel in you to leave me in this state of suspense. Tell me the worst." "We are ruined! Now, Jane, go and finish your preparations for the ball. You would know all, and you have got it."

What a day was this for poor Jane! Earnestly she entreated that the ball might be given up. But Frank said, if anything could increase their misery, it would be making it so public. And, after seas of tears on the part of Jane, it was finally settled that everything should proceed the same.

Amidst the preparations for the evening, Mrs. Fulton's depression was not observed. The only hope that remained to Frank, was, that his affairs might be arranged with some degree of secrecy; and for this, the ball, he conceived, was actually necessary. When the evening arrived, and Elinor came to show herself, all equipped for her first appearance, any mother might have been proud of such a daughter, with her bright happy face, her sunny blue eyes, and a figure set off by her white satin bodice, and splendid necklace and ear-rings—the last present of her father. "Does she not look like a queen, ma'am?" said the chamber-maid, following her, and holding the light high above her head. Mrs. Fulton cast upon her a look of anguish.

The company came. Everybody congratulated Jane on the beauty and elegance of her daughter. Everybody prophesied she would be the belle of the winter. Then came the supper. And, at last, the visitors departed. Elinor

retired to bed, full of happy dreams; and her parents were left alone.

Jane attempted to converse with her husband, but he had done the honours of the whisky punch and champagne, till he had not a clear idea left. And broken slumbers and sad thoughts followed her through the night.

The next morning came, with bitter consciousness of what was before them. Frank had not the consolation of feeling that misfortune had reduced him. He had not lost any large amount, by the sudden changes to which mercantile speculations are subject. He had been extravagant in his amusements; had thrown away a great deal of money in pictures and other works of art, beyond his means; had lavished not a little on horses and an equipage; but, above all, he had allowed his wife to pursue a system of reckless extravagance both in her domestic concerns and expenditure on herself and children. All the money which could be commanded, had been thus expended, and to supply the deficiency of ready money, credit had been got, and bills signed to a ruinous amount.

Thus, then, closes the melancholy scene of the Fultons' fall. To particularise the departure of the family from the splendid mansion in which had been witnessed their reckless extravagance, would both be painful and needless. They at once sunk into a condition of general disrespect, and were only saved from feeling the stings of absolute poverty by the humble provision which good old uncle Joshua had made for them, and which had been at first held in so much contempt.

JASON CREEL.

The mists of the morning still hung heavily on the mountain top, above the village of Redcliff, but the roads which led towards it were crowded with the varied population of the surrounding country, from far and near. At Aylesbury the shops were closed, the hammer of the blacksmith laid upon its anvil; not a waggon of any description was to be seen in the street, and even the bar of the tavern was locked, and the key gone with its proprietor towards the cliff, as a token of an important era which was without a parallel in the annals of the place. And save here and there a solitary head looking through a broken pane in some closed-up house, with an air of sad disappointment; or the cries of a little nursing were heard, betokening that, in the general flight, it had been left in unskilful hands; or, mayhap, here and there a solitary, ragged and ill-natured school-boy was seen, or a not less solitary and ill-natured dog, either seeming but half appeased by the privilege of a holiday, granted on condition of staying at home—the whole village exhibited a picture of desertion and silence which had been unknown before.

But in proportion as you drew nearer the ponderous cliffs, in the midst of which the little town of Redcliff was situated, you mingled again in the thick bustle and motion of the world, of men, and women, and boys, and

horses, and dogs, and all living, moving, and creeping things that inhabit the wild districts of Pennsylvania.

The village itself was crowded to overflowing long before the sun had gained a sufficient altitude to throw its rays upon the deep valley in which it lay. There the bar of an inn was crowded, and the fumes of tobacco and whisky, the jingling of small change, and the perpetual clamour of the throng, were sufficient to rack a brain of common flexibility. In the streets there was a greeting of old and long-parted acquaintances; the bartering of horses; the settling of old accounts; the buffoonery of half-intoxicated men; the clatter of women; the crying and hallooing of children and boys, and the barking and quarrelling of stranger dogs. To look upon the scene, to mingle with the crowd, listen to the conversation, or to survey the countenances of the assembled multitude, led to no satisfactory solution of the cause for which this mass of heterogeneous matter was congregated.

Within the walls of the old stone jail at the foot of the mountain, a different scene had been that morning witnessed. There, chained to a stake in the miserable dungeon, damp, and scarcely illuminated by one ray of light, now lay the emaciated form of one whose final doom seemed near at hand. A few hours before, his wife and little daughter had travelled a hundred miles to meet him once more on the threshold of the grave; they met, and from that gloomy vault the hymn ascended with the ascending sun; and the jailor, as he listened to the melodious voices of three persons whom he looked upon as the most desolate and lost of all in the wide world, almost doubted the evidence of his senses, and stood in fixed astonishment at the massy door. Could these be the voices of a murderer, and a murderer's wife and child?

This brief, and to be final, interview, had passed, however; those unfortunate ones had loudly commended each other to the keeping of their heavenly Parent, and parted; he to face the assembled multitude on the scaffold, and they, as they said, to return by weary journeys to their sorrowful home. The convict, worn out by sickness and watching, now slept.

His name was Jason Creel, his place of residence said to be in Virginia. He had been taken up while travelling from the northward to his home, and tried and convicted at a country town some miles distant, for the murder of a traveller, who had borne him company from the Lakes, and was ascertained to have a large sum of money with him, and who was found in the room in which they both slept, at a country inn, near Redcliff, with his throat cut. Creel always had protested his innocence, declaring that the deed was perpetrated by some one while he was asleep; but the circumstances were against him; and although the money was not found on him, he was sentenced to be hung, and had been removed to the old stone jail at Redcliff for security, the county jail being deemed unsafe. This was the day the execution was to take place; the scaffold was already erected; the crowd pressed round the

building, and frequent cries of "Bring out the murderer," were heard.

The sun at last told the hour of eleven, and there could be no more delay; the convict's cell was entered by the officers in attendance, who roused him with the information that all was ready for him without, and bade him hasten to his execution; they laid hands upon him and pinioned him tight, while he looked up towards heaven in wild astonishment, as one new born, and only said, "The dream—the dream!" "What dream, Mr. Jason?" said the sheriff; "you would do me a great kindness if you would dream yourself and me out of this disagreeable business." "I dreamed," replied the convict, "that while you read the death warrant to me on the scaffold, a man came through the crowd, and stood before us, in a grey dress, with a white hat and large whiskers, and that a bird fluttered over him, and sang distinctly, 'This is Lewis, the murderer of the traveller.'"

The officers and jailor held a short consultation, which ended in a determination to look sharply after the man in grey with the white hat; accompanied with many hints of the resignation of the prisoner, and the possibility of his innocence being asserted by supernatural agency. The prison doors were cleared, and Creel, pale and feeble, with a hymn-book in his hand, and a mien all meekness and humility, was seen tottering from the prison to the scaffold. He had no sooner ascended it, than his eyes began to wander over the vast concourse of people round him, with a scrutiny that seemed like faith in dreams; and while the sheriff read the warrant, the convict's anxiety seemed to increase; he looked, and looked again; then raised his hands and eyes a moment towards the clear sky, as if breathing a last ejaculation, when, lo! as he resumed his first position, the very person he described stood within six feet of the ladder! The prisoner's eye caught the sight, and flashed with fire while he called out, "There is Lewis the murderer of the traveller," and the jailor at the same moment seized the stranger by the collar. At first he attempted to escape, but being secured, and taken before the magistrates, he confessed the deed, detailed all the particulars, delivered up part of the money, informed where another part was hidden, and was fully committed for trial—while Creel was set at liberty, and hastened like a man out of his senses from the scaffold.

Three days had elapsed; Creel had vanished immediately after his liberation, when the pretended Lewis astonished and confounded the magistrates by declaring Creel to be her husband; that she had concealed the disguise, and performed the whole part by his direction; that he had given her the money, which he had successfully concealed; and that the whole, from the prison to the scaffold scene, was a contrivance to effect his escape, which having effected, she was regardless of consequences. Nothing could be done with her—she was set at liberty, and neither she nor her husband was heard of again.—*Old American Paper.*

## SONG.

Withdraw not yet those lips and fingers,  
Whose touch to mine is rapture's spell;  
Life's joy for us a moment lingers,  
And death seems in the word—Farewell.  
The hour that bids us part and go,  
Sounds not yet—oh! no, no, no.  
Time, whilst I gaze upon thy sweetness,  
Flies like a courser near the goal;  
To-morrow where shall be his fleetness,  
When thou art parted from my soul?  
Our hearts shall beat, our tears shall flow.  
But not together—no, no, no.

*Campbell.*

## SONG.

Oh, how hard it is to find  
The one just suited to our mind;  
And if that one should be  
False, unkind, or found too late.  
What can we do but sigh at fate,  
And sing Woe's me—Woe's me!  
Love's a boundless burning waste,  
Where Bliss's stream we seldom taste,  
And still more seldom flee  
Suspense's thorns, Suspicion's stings!  
Yet somehow Love a something brings  
That's sweet—ev'n when we sigh, Woe's me!

*Campbell.*

## THE OAK.

The tall oak, towering to the skies,  
The fury of the wind defies,  
From age to age, in virtue strong,  
Inured to stand and suffer wrong.  
O'erwhelm'd at length upon the plain,  
It puts forth wings, and sweeps the main;  
The selfsame foe undaunted braves,  
And fights the wind upon the waves.

*Montgomery.*

## SONG OF OLD TIME.

I wear not the purple of earth-born kings,  
Nor the stately ermine of lordly things;  
But monarch and courtier, though great they be,  
Must fall from their glory and bend to me.  
My sceptre is gemless; yet who can say  
They will not come under its mighty sway?  
Ye may learn who I am—there's the passing chime  
And the dial to herald me—Old King Time.

Softly I creep, like a thief in the night,  
After cheeks all blooming and eyes all light;  
My steps are seen on the patriarch's brow,  
In the deep worn furrows and locks of snow.  
Who laughs at my power? the young and the gay;  
But they dream not how closely I track their way.  
Wait till their first bright sands have run,  
And they will not smile at what Time hath done.

I eat through treasures with moth and rust;  
I lay the gorgeous palace in dust;  
I make the shell-proof tower my own,  
And break the battlement, stone from stone.  
Work on at your cities and temples, proud man,  
Build high as you may, and strong as ye can;  
But the marble shall crumble, the pillar shall fall,  
And Time, Old Time, will be king after all.

*Eliza Cook.*

## O'ER THE FAR BLUE MOUNTAINS.

O'er the far blue mountains,  
O'er the white sea foam,  
Come, thou long parted one!  
Back to thine home!  
When the bright fire shineth,  
Sad looks thy place,  
While the true heart pineth,  
Missing thy face.  
Music is sorrowful,  
Since thou art gone;  
Sisters are mourning thee,  
Come to thine own!  
Hark! the home voices call  
Back to thy rest;  
Come to thy father's hall,  
Thy mother's breast!  
O'er the far blue mountains,  
O'er the white sea foam,  
Come, thou long parted one!  
Back to thine home! *Mrs. Hemans.*

## ABSENCE.

'Tis not the loss of love's assurance,  
It is not doubting what thou art,  
But 'tis the too, too long endurance  
Of absence, that afflicts my heart.  
The fondest thoughts two hearts can cherish,  
When each is lonely doom'd to weep,  
Are fruits on desert isles that perish,  
Or riches buried in the deep.  
What though, untouch'd by jealous madness,  
Our bosom's peace may fall to wreck;  
Th' undoubting heart that breaks with sadness  
Is but more slowly doom'd to break.  
Absence! is not the soul torn by it  
From more than light, or life, or breath;  
'Tis Lethe's gloom, but not its quiet—  
The pain without the peace of death!

*Campbell.*

## SONG.

Who comes so gracefully  
Gliding along,  
While the blue rivulet  
Sleeps to her song;  
Song richly vying  
With the faint sighing  
Which swans in dying  
Sweetly prolong?  
So sung the shepherd boy  
By the stream's side,  
Watching that fairy boat  
Down the flood guide,  
Like a bird winging,  
Through the waves bringing  
That siren singing  
To the hush'd tide.  
"Stay," said the shepherd boy,  
"Fairy boat, stay,  
Linger, sweet minstrelsy,  
Linger a day."  
But vain his pleading,  
Past him, unheeding,  
Song and boat, speeding,  
Glided away.

*Moore.*

## LITERARY NOTICES.

THE CANADIAN JOURNAL.—The January number of this Periodical contains the Annual Address of the President of the Canadian Institute; articles on the Rocks of Canada; on the ancient town of Louisburg, in Cape Breton; the American Nautical Almanac; the Ancient Miners of Lake Superior; Correspondence; Scientific Intelligence, &c., &c., with a Lithographed plan of Louisburg Harbour.

In the article on Louisburg, the author remarks: "In the simple article of sand, which invariably abounds upon the sea shore, experience proved had to be conveyed to Louisburg. The character of the mortar which is found among the ruins of the fortifications is sufficient evidence of the difficulty under which the engineers laboured for proper sand as a building material. The simple fact is, that in every instance in which sea-shore sand was used the works speedily mouldered away and fell down, especially after they had been submitted to the action of the frost during winter. Mortar used in building is a silicate of lime; and when a large quantity of the chloride of sodium (always found in the sea-shore sand) is combined with it, the proper combination of silica and lime is impeded, and instead of becoming the hard durable material which characterizes proper mortar, it is friable, and easily disintegrated with the least moisture, depending in all probability on the chloride of calcium formed in the mixture. It is certain that after the engineers employed on the works at Louisburg had discovered their mistake, there existed a vast difficulty in remedying the defect, and of procuring sand free from salt. The whole Island of Cape Breton is surrounded and greatly indented by the sea, while all its inland parts were totally inaccessible for want of roads, so that proper sand could not be procured nearer than Canada or the West Indies."

We do not see the *vast difficulty* here spoken of. Why, in the name of common sense, did not the builders employ the aid of *fresh water*, and wash the salts away from the sand? The trouble would certainly have been far less than that of importing an article required in such large quantities from either "Canada or the West Indies."

CAOUTCHOUC, OR INDIAN RUBBER.—This singular substance is the inspissated juice of a tree, the *Jatropha elastica*, a native of different provinces of South America, and is prepared thus:—Incisions are made in the lower part of the trunk through the bark, and a milky fluid issues in great abundance: it is conveyed into a vessel prepared to receive it by means of a tube or leaf fixed in the incision, and supported with clay: by exposure to the air, it gradually dries into a soft, reddish, elastic resin. The purest is that which separates spontaneously in close vessels; it is white, or of a light fawn colour. It is, however, imported into Europe in pear-shaped bottles, which are formed by the Indians of South America by spreading the juice over a mould of clay; as soon as one layer is dry, another is added, till the bottle be of the thickness desired; it is then exposed to a thick dense smoke, or fire, which not only dries it thoroughly, but gives it the dark appearance. It is then ornamented with various figures by means of an iron instrument. When dry, the clay mould is crushed, the fragments extracted, and in this manner the spherical bottles are formed. Owing to its great elasticity and indestructibility, it is used for a variety of important purposes, such as tubes for conveying gasses, catheters, &c. &c.; among the latest applications is that of a flexible tube for introduction into the stomach, to which an apparatus is attached for the washing out any deleterious matter, such as poisons, &c. In Cayenne, and places where it is abundant, torches are made of it for the purpose of illumination. A solution of it in five times its weight of oil of turpentine, and this solution dissolved in eight times its weight of drying linseed oil, is said to form the varnish for balloons. Would not a solution of it be of service to leather, so as to render it water-proof, without destroying its elasticity?

NEGRO COUNCIL.—Near the centre of Congo there is a little kingdom watered by the river Lao, which runs from north to south. The negro king is a sage prince, and very much beloved by his subjects. He has a numerous court, but it costs the nation nothing; because the arts and luxury are at present unknown there; the result of which is, that a grandee of the country lives nearly in the same manner as an honest labourer. Some idea of the simplicity of manners there may be formed from the way in which the sessions of the King's privy-council are held. In the midst of a vast plain is a large enclosure, formed of palms instead of columns: and in the midst of this verdant hall are placed a dozen of great jars, half full of water; a dozen councillors, quite naked, betake themselves to this spot with a solemn pace: each jump into his jar, and plunges in the water up to the neck. In this way they deliberate, and decide on the most important affairs. When opinions are divided, they put two stones, one red and one white into a thirteenth empty jar; the king draws; and the opinion represented by the stone which issues first has the force of a law.

### THE USE OF COFFEE AND OTHER SIMPLE BEVERAGES.

The introduction of tea and coffee has led to the most wonderful change that ever took place in the diet of modern civilised nations—a change highly important both in a physical and a moral point of view.

Food is taken for two purposes—to nourish and sustain the body, and to refresh, stimulate, or exhilarate the animal spirits. Solids, generally speaking, afford much more nourishment than liquids; but it is worthy of remark, that the refreshing or exhilarating substances, with some trifling exceptions, are all liquids. The body may be supported in vigour upon many different kinds of aliment, and the business of society carried on almost equally well, whether men live on fish, flesh, or fowl, on corn, pulse, or nutritious roots, or a mixture of all these together. Considered as a social being, it is of little consequence what man eats, but it is of great consequence what he drinks. Upon the nature of the refreshing and stimulating beverage consumed depends the state of the animal spirits, and this in its turn has a powerful influence upon the sensations, the mental activity, the feelings, the temper—in a word, upon the social and moral character of the individual. Previous to the introduction of tea and coffee, fermented liquors of some species—wine, ale, beer, or cider—were the drinks universally used by persons of both sexes, for the purpose of exhilaration. Every body has heard of Queen Elizabeth's maids of honour breakfasting upon beef-steaks and ale. Now, the stimulating quality of all these liquors arises from the portion of alcohol they contain; and hence the vivacity of spirits which they excite is in fact merely a lower species of intoxication. Three evils necessarily attend the habitual use of such a beverage. First, that even when used in moderation, it generally confuses the brain as much as it quickens its activity; secondly, that a little thoughtlessness or want of control, leads to inebriety; and, thirdly, that when the excitement has subsided, a proportional depression of spirits follows, while the sensibility of the system is impaired, and in course of time worn out, by the constantly recurring action of the alcoholic stimulus. Let us suppose that when these drinks were in universal use as articles of food, and when statesmen, lawyers, and merchants, were no doubt often seen with muddy heads in a forenoon, any one had discovered a species of wine or ale which had the refreshing and exhilarating effects required, without confusing the brain or leading to intoxication, would not such a man have merited a statue from the conservators of the peace in every town and county of the empire? Now, this is exactly what the introduction of tea and coffee has accomplished. These beverages have the admirable advantage of affording stimulus, without producing intoxication, or any of its evil consequences. To the weary or exhausted, they are beyond measure refreshing. They give activity to the intellect, without confusing the head, or being followed by that annoying depression which

impels the drinker of ale or spirits to deeper and more frequent potations, till he ends in sottishness and stupidity. To the studious they are invaluable; and they are perfectly adapted to the use of females, which ale or wine never can be. They render the spirits elastic, the fancy “nimble and forgetive;” and hence they greatly aid the flow of rational and cheerful conversation, and promote courtesy, amenity of manners, serenity of temper, and social habits. The excitement of wine, ale, or spirits, even if it were as pure in its nature, never stops at a proper pitch. The drinker of these liquors has hardly become gay or animated, when a glass or two additional carry him to the stage of boisterous jollity, which is too often followed by beastly inebriety. Then his carousals are succeeded by a woful flatness. He is listless, torpid, unsocial, perhaps crabbed and sulky, till he is again on the road to intoxication. Take half a dozen of men even who are not drunkards, and observe what a difference there is in their conversation, in point of propriety, piquancy, and easy cheerfulness, in the two hours after a coffee breakfast, and the two hours after a dinner at which they have been enjoying wine or spirits merely in moderation. Lovers of tea or coffee are in fact rarely drinkers; and hence the use of these beverages has benefited both manners and morals. Raynal observes, that the use of tea has contributed more to the sobriety of the Chinese than the severest laws, the most eloquent discourses, or the best treatises of morality. Upon the whole, we imagine the observant reader will go along with us in thinking, that coffee is a softener of the manners, and a friend to civilization.

Plenty of milk is essential to the preparation of good coffee, and with this accompaniment it affords, in our opinion, a much more nourishing and wholesome beverage than tea, though perhaps not so light or gently exhilarating. The art of preparing coffee is not very well understood in this country, as every one will admit who has tasted the superb and delicious beverage which is served up in the cafes and restaurants of Paris. There are different modes of preparing it, and these need not here be defined, for all are less or more acquainted with them. We need only remark, that the chief point to be attended to is making the beverage strong, and free of sediment. Great care should be taken to use the coffee as soon after it is roasted and ground as possible, for the best properties escape by exposure to the air.

The late Count Rumford, who was a great consumer of coffee, wrote a memoir in praise of its nutritive and medicinal qualities. Many medical men have eulogised its virtues; and if we had time, it would not be difficult, we believe, to collect a cento of testimonies in its favour. Hooper says, “Good Turkey coffee is by far the most salutary of all liquors drunk at meal time. It possesses nervine and astringent qualities, and may be drunk with advantage at all times, except when there is bile in the stomach. If drunk warm within an hour after dinner, it is of singular use to those who have

headache from weakness in the stomach, contracted by sedentary habits, close attention, or accidental drunkenness. It is of service when the digestion is weak, and persons afflicted with the sick headache are much benefited by its use in some instances, though this effect is by no means uniform."

The coffee bean is the produce of a plant which grows to the height of fifteen or twenty feet, generally in a pyramidal form, with whitish-yellow flowers, which are followed by a red berry about the size of a small cherry, inclosing in two distinct cavities two grains, flat on one side and convex on the other, which are known by the familiar name of coffee beans.

Coffee was introduced into France in 1669, when Soliman Aga, who then resided at Paris for a year, first made it known to the French. They soon displayed a partiality for its use, that has been progressively increasing. The Dutch were the first to transport it from Mocha, where they had purchased a few plants, to their own colonies at Batavia, whence they exported it to Amsterdam. From that city the French consul sent a plant to Louis XIV. It was placed in a hothouse, and throve so astonishingly, that the project of transporting it to Martinique suggested itself to the government, as likely to be very advantageous. Three plants were accordingly sent, of which two perished by the way, and the third was preserved solely by the care of Captain Declieux, who, during a long and stormy passage, shared with it his ration of fresh water, and thus preserved its life. This plant was the source of all the coffee plantations afterwards established at Martinique, Guadaloupe, and St. Domingo.—*Scotsman.*

#### INQUISITOR OUTWITTED.

The late Admiral Pye having been on a visit to Southampton, and the gentleman under whose roof he resided having observed an unusual intimacy between him and his secretary, inquired into the degree of their relationship, as he wished to pay him suitable attention. The admiral said that their intimacy arose from a circumstance, which, by his permission, he would relate. The admiral said, when he was a captain, and cruising in the Mediterranean, he received a letter from shore, stating that the unhappy writer was by birth an Englishman; that, having been on a voyage to Spain, he was enticed while there to become a Papist, and in process of time was made a member of the inquisition; that there he witnessed the abominable wickedness and barbarities of the inquisitors. His heart recoiled at having embraced a religion so horribly cruel, and so repugnant to the nature of God: that he was stung with remorse to think if his parents knew what and where he was, their hearts would break with grief; that he was resolved to escape, if he (the captain) would send a boat on shore at such a time and place, but begged secrecy, since, if his intentions were discovered, he would be immediately assassinated. The captain returned for answer, that he could not with propriety send a boat,

but if he could devise any means of coming on board, he would receive him as a British subject, and protect him. He did so, but being missed, there was soon raised a hue and cry, and he was followed to the ship. A holy inquisitor demanded him, but he was refused. Another, in the name of his holiness the Pope, claimed him; but the captain did not know him, or any other master, but his own sovereign King George. At length a third holy brother approached. The young man recognised him at a distance, and in terror ran to the captain, entreating him not to be deceived, for he was the most false, wicked, and cruel monster in all the inquisition. He was introduced, the young man being present, and to obtain his object, began with bitter accusations against him; then he attempted to flatter the captain, and, lastly, offered him a sum of money to resign him. The captain said his offer was very handsome, and if what he affirmed were true, the person in question was unworthy of the English name, or of his protection. The holy brother was elated. He thought his errand was done. While drawing his purse-strings, the captain inquired what punishment would be inflicted on him. He replied, that, as his offences were great, it was likely his punishment would be exemplary. The captain asked if he thought he would be burnt in a dry pan. He replied, that must be determined by the holy inquisition, but it was not improbable. The captain then ordered the great copper to be heated, but no water to be put in. All this while the young man stood trembling, uncertain whether he was to fall a victim to avarice or superstition. The cook soon announced that the orders were executed. "Then I command you to take this fellow," pointing to the inquisitor, "and fry him alive in the copper." This unexpected command thunderstruck the holy father. Alarmed for himself, he rose to be gone. The cook began to bundle him away. "Oh, good captain, good captain, spare, spare me, my good captain." "Have him away said the captain. "Oh, no, my good captain." "Have him away; I'll teach him to attempt to bribe a British commander to sacrifice the life of an Englishman to gratify a herd of bloody men." Down the inquisitor fell upon his knees, and offered the captain all his money, promising never to return if he would let him go. When the captain had sufficiently alarmed him, he dismissed him, warning him never to come again on such an errand. The young man, thus happily delivered, fell upon his knees before the captain, and wished a thousand blessings upon his brave and noble deliverer. "This," said the admiral to the gentleman, "is the circumstance that began our acquaintance. I then took him to be my servant: he served me from affection; mutual attachment ensued; and it has inviolably subsisted and increased to this day.—*Buck's Anecdotes.*

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