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THE SQUIRE'S DAUGHTER.

Selina Stanfield was one of the prettiest girls in the scattered village of Woodfield; and with her father, a decayed squire of ancient descent, occupied the last remaining ruinous fragment of the old turreted hall at the end of the lane leading to Blackmere Common—as desolate a spot as a traveller may meet with in the course of a ride of thirty miles over the bleak plains that lie on the western extremity of Norfolk. Selina, who had had the misfortune of losing her mother in her childhood, had picked up a sort of desultory education from her father, and an old maiden gentlewoman, of very slender attainments, her aunt; under whose united auspices she learned to read, write, cast accounts, and to play a few tunes on an old cracked harpsichord which had belonged to her grandmother. She could also embroider filigree, and work gentlemen's ruffles; which last accomplishment, all things considered, was rather a super-numerary acquirement for a heroine of the nineteenth century; but Aunt Bridget, who had been celebrated for her performances in this way, assured her pupil that no young lady would be regarded as a well-educated person unless she were capable of executing such handiworks.

At the age of fifteen, Selina was very pretty, and highly sentimental; had read all the old romances in her aunt's closet by stealth; and it was the ardent wish of her heart to experience a few distresses and marvellous adventures; it was, moreover, her secret desire to become the wife of a bandit chief.

Notwithstanding his fine names, no creature could be less like one of those lawless but far-famed desperadoes, than Albert Orlando Fisher, the ruddy, good-

tempered son of a deceased naval lieutenant. Albert, with his poor mother, and eight juvenile brethren, occupied a thatched cottage in the centre of an old monastic enclosure called the Priory; and, for an hour every day, put on his best clothes, for the purpose of shining peerless in the eyes of his fair neighbour, when he walked past her father's gate at noon, or called to bring him a weekly newspaper (a week old) which he had borrowed of the village apothecary for the squire's reading.

Selina was far from being insensible that those attentions were designed for her; and she graciously permitted Albert Orlando to walk by her side to and from church, when papa was confined to his chamber with the gout, and Aunt Bridget staid at home to take care of him. She also condescended to avail herself of his services in smuggling into the house, unknown to papa and aunt, the contraband article of new novels from the circulating-library at the nearest market-town, which was six miles distant from Woodfield. She accepted the daily offering of flowers which he privily made to her, with the rustic but not unpleasing gallantry in which love instructs his most untaught votaries; and she read with assumed dignity, but secret rapture, the "amatory doggerel rhymes, of Cupid's own inditing," which he addressed to her at certain interesting times and seasons, such as birthdays, new years, and Valentine's anniversaries.

She all of a sudden grew vastly intimate with his mother, who, good woman, felt herself greatly honoured by the calls of Miss Selina. She became fond of lonely rambles on Blackmere Common; a similar taste existed on the part of Albert Orlando Fisher; and by some secret

sympathy, I suppose, it happened that they always chose the same hour for their walks.

He commenced instructing her in botany; and she, in return, laboured to imbue his mind with the elevated and heroic sentiments, in which his deficiency was but too apparent, even in her partial eyes. Albert Orlando, who was a mere matter-of-fact sort of person, did not comprehend much of Selina's refinement, but, lover-like, he listened with great admiration to all she said, and told every one who asked any questions respecting his fair Selina, that she was the prettiest girl for ten miles round, and was clever enough to puzzle an Oxford scholar, which speech gave rise to the report that Miss Stanfield understood Greek and Latin better than the parson, a gentleman whom we have now occasion to introduce to our readers.

The reverend preacher was precisely of that perilous age when single gentlemen, arrived at the verge of decided old bachelorism, evince much painful anxiety to form a matrimonial connection of a nature sufficiently advantageous to satisfy their own self-esteem; and, abandoning all caution, contract such marriages as cannot fail to amuse the lovers of the marvellous. He possessed an eye for beauty, and began to regard the fair Selina with no common interest, in consequence of the attention which his egotistical pedantry had induced him to pay to her; and falling into an error, by no means unusual among vain people, of attributing his own sentiments to her, he at length persuaded himself into the belief that the young beauty would esteem herself the most fortunate of her sex in becoming his wife. He had no sooner arrived at this flattering conclusion, than he commenced a course of diurnal annoyances, in the shape of morning calls and friendly tea-visits at Blackmere Hall; to the infinite satisfaction of Mrs. Bridget Stanfield, who, no less egotistical than good Parson Bell, placed all these civilities to her own account, and invariably sent her pretty niece out of the way whenever she spied the portly divine, with his umbrella under his arm, ambling up the old avenue of chesnut trees leading to the house. This was vastly agreeable to Selina, who was thus enabled to enjoy many opportunities of unreserved intercourse with young

Fisher. Parson Bell, however, was too cunning to be thus easily out-witted; nor had he lived so long in single blessedness to be caught at last by a spinster of fifty years' standing. He soon discovered the drift of aunt Bridget, and was at length awake to the mortifying fact, that Selina had bestowed her youthful affections on a young and handsome lover; but one, withal, whose poverty, even more than his want of refinement, would present an insuperable barrier against his union with Selina Stanfield. Still he was a formidable rival. He was the only young man in the village whose station in society would entitle him to make pretensions to the daughter of proud Squire Stanfield. As for the squire, the overweening ideas of his own importance, and the claims of his ancient family, appeared to increase as the means necessary to substantiate those claims decreased. Field after field of the family estate had been alienated from the patrimony by his predecessors, to portion off their daughters, or to provide for the numerous train of younger sons which had blessed their union with dowerless beauties, till Reginald Stanfield and his sister Bridget found themselves in possession of little more of the goods of fortune than sufficed to supply them with the bare necessaries of life.

Reginald Stanfield felt these things severely, but his indolent disposition would have prevented him from making any exertions towards improving his situation, even had he possessed the capabilities of so doing. His education had been neglected, and his natural abilities by no means furnished him with those resources which might have assisted him in a struggle to recover the bygone prosperity of his race. His keen perception of the disadvantages under which his straitened circumstances would oblige him to appear if he mingled in society, induced him to lead the life of an anchorite in the very prime of his days; and so long had he persevered in this self-imposed seclusion, that any infringement on his solitary habits would have been most irksome to him. He saw his lovely and only child—the last of that line of whose name and reminiscences he was so proud—stepping fast into womanhood, without the most remote prospect of enjoying any of those advantages so requisite for a young

female, who is likely to be but slenderly provided with the goods of fortune; and he sometimes reflected with anxiety on the subject of her future destiny. Such thoughts, however, were painful; and therefore Mr. Stanfield, consistently with his natural and acquired indolence of mind, abandoned them for the more agreeable occupation of his favourite heraldic studies.

The visits of Parson Bell he at first considered intrusive, but every man is assailable when his weak side is known. Reginald Stanfield's might have been perceptible to a child, and was therefore sufficiently open to the cunning divine, who plied him so successfully with flattery, and rendered himself so agreeable by the civilities of lending him books, newspapers, magazines, and sending him occasional presents of game and fish, that the favour of the old squire was completely propitiated; and he at length heard without displeasure, though certainly with some surprise, his neighbour's proposal for Selina's hand.

The lover talked of settlements on his future bride, and represented, in many tempting terms, the increase of comforts that must accrue to Mr. Stanfield himself from the connection. The slight objections urged by the father of the young beauty, on the score of disparity of age, were easily answered. Selina was summoned; and, after a suitable preamble, the old squire presented the Rev. Joseph Bell to her in due form, as the gentleman whom he designed for her future husband. Selina stood aghast at a communication so truly unexpected; then, after a moment's recollection, exclaimed with great *naïvete*, "Dear papa, you have mistaken me for aunt Bridget. Mr. Bell is her lover, not mine. I'll go and call her;" and, without paying the slightest regard to the expostulations of her antiquated suitor or the anger of her father, she darted out of the room, and with breathless haste sought her aunt, whom she dispatched to join the astonished pair in the study. As may naturally be supposed, the squire and the worthy ecclesiastic were wholly unprepared for so unprecedented a proceeding on the part of a young lady when receiving a proposal of marriage. But Selina knew nothing of the world or its forms, and when

surprised out of her acquired habits of romance, she invariably conducted herself in a most original manner. Whilst under the influence of these feelings, her first impulse was to avail herself of the respite she had ingeniously procured, to seek her youthful lover, and acquaint him with the scene that had just taken place. Albert Orlando, who loved her with all the ardour of which a young warm heart is capable, and who was withal of a more shrewd and observant character than herself, saw much occasion for alarm when he considered the circumstances of the case, and reflected that Mr. Stanfield might have accepted from his designing neighbour pecuniary obligations, which there could be no means of repaying otherwise than by the sacrifice of Selina's hand.

Selina, who observed the change of his countenance, assured him that there was not the slightest cause for uneasiness, as her heart was unalterably his; and protested her antipathy to her middle-aged lover in terms sufficiently energetic to have made a figure in a tragedy, or a melodrama at the least.

"Oh, but circumstances may, and I fear will, compel you to become his wife, my sweet Selina," said young Fisher despondingly.

"Albert, if I thought such a thing possible, I would elope with you this very night, and thus put it out of the power even of fate to entail upon me a destiny so full of woe." Albert, with a deep sigh, cut short this romantic effusion by producing the whole of his worldly wealth, consisting of three shillings and four pence-halfpenny, not half enough, as he observed, to cover the expenses of their marriage by banns; and then what resource had either of them for a maintenance? Selina, in direct terms, proposed that Albert should become either a pirate or a bandit. "My love," replied the young man, laughing, "either of those high-sounding but villainous professions, even if practicable in these days, would conduct me post-haste to the gallows."

"Oh, but you do not know what interesting people pirates and brigands are!" "Very grand sort of fellows in the pages of romance I will allow, Selina; but heaven defend us both from the acquaintance and principles of such gentry in real life."

"But what other resource have you, Albert?"

"Heaven be praised, a very substantial one, my dear girl," said the young man, in a cheerful tone. "Patience! pretty Selina, and you will yet be mine; but, before I can indulge the rapturous hope of calling you my own, I must pass some years of patient expectation in active and industrious exertions."

Selina, of course, eagerly demanded an explanation, which Albert Orlando gave, by putting into her hand a letter, received that morning by his mother, from a distant relation, who was established in a prosperous business as a hosier and draper in Norwich. The contents were as follow:—

"Dear Madam—I take the liberty of addressing you, in consequence of a letter from the reverend minister of your parish, Mr. Joseph Bell, dated the first of this present month, in which he informs me that you have been left with a large family in a very destitute condition, by the death of my deceased kinsman, and that your eldest son in particular, whom he describes as a fine lad of eighteen, writing a good hand, and clever at accounts, has been, owing to your straitened circumstances, brought up without a business, and likely, in consequence, to fall into idle, disorderly habits, though at present he represents him as a steady, modest, respectable youth, which I have great pleasure in learning; and I beg leave to say, my dear madam, that, as a relation of the family, and a single man without any incumbrances, I shall consider it my duty to take him by the hand. Luckily, a vacancy for an apprentice, in my well-established house of business, occurs at this time, which affords me the opportunity of serving the lad in the most essential manner, by taking him into my own family and shop, where, if he thinks proper to behave himself in a praiseworthy manner, it will be much to his own interest, as I am getting into years, and may possibly, if he prove deserving of my favour, and clever in the business, take him into the firm as a junior partner. Waiting your reply, I am, dear madam, your humble servant,  
RALPH FISHER."

"I think!" echoed Selina, disdainfully, all the pride of the Stanfields flushing her countenance as she spoke: "I think that,

were I a man, I would rather die than condescend to become a hosier's apprentice!"

"Then, of course, you would never condescend to become the wife of a man who had filled such a situation," retorted Albert Orlando, with great pique.

Selina was silent.

"Miss Stanfield," resumed the young man, "the destiny which is offered to my acceptance by my worthy cousin is not very agreeable to the son of a naval officer; but a better and a wiser man than myself has observed, that 'we are not our own carvers.' Nothing can be justly called mean or dishonourable that is not dishonest; and my duty to my mother and family compels me to embrace a disagreeable occupation, even at the price of a sacrifice upon which I had not calculated."

Selina burst into tears. "I have no wish to influence your destiny, Mr. Fisher," said she, turning away.

"If you loved me, Selina, you would endeavour to strengthen my virtuous resolution, instead of acting thus unkindly; but I suppose you wish to break your engagement with me, that you may be free to marry old Parson Bell."

"I am not aware that I am compelled to marry either of you," replied Selina. "Old Parson Bell, as you call him, appears, however, to have taken his measures very skillfully for our separation; and it must be confessed, Mr. Fisher, that you have completely fallen into his plans." So saying, the offended beauty walked away with great dignity.

"Stay, Selina!" cried the agitated lover.

"Wait till Selina Stanfield is at your beck and call, before you presume to issue your commands, sir," replied the lady: and thus they parted.

The Rev. Joseph Bell reaped no advantage from the success of the schemes by means of which he had separated the youthful lovers; for he became, in consequence, so odious to the fair Selina, that she refused to enter the same room with him, on account, as she said, of the disrespect with which he had treated aunt Bridget, to whom she pertinaciously referred whenever she was called upon by her father or any one else to show cause for her proceedings.

Aunt Bridget, who was penetrated with gratitude at this instance of her niece's dutiful respect, united with her in taking active measures for the expulsion of their quotidian annoyance from the ruins of Blackmere Hall, which he haunted like an evil genius. The parson, however, spared no pains in rendering himself agreeable to the old squire, over whose feeble mind he daily acquired a stronger influence; but I believe it may be set down as a general axiom, that when the females of the house are united in common cause, they are sure to compass their ends; and the aunt and niece at length succeeded in banishing their unwelcome visitant from their domestic circle. It matters not to detail the means by which this desired object was effected; the result was, that the disappointed candidate for the fair hand of Selina vented his wrath on the occasion by suddenly demanding, in a peremptory manner, the payment of divers sums with which at sundry times he had accommodated Mr. Stanfield. The old squire was paralysed, and had Selina consented, would have endeavoured, by the sacrifice of her affections, to purchase the forbearance of his quondam friend.

"Surely, my dear papa, you would not so far depart from the dignity of your name and family!" exclaimed the young lady, in reply to the squire's expressed wish for a reconciliation with her antiquated lover.

"Not willingly, my child," replied her father; "but how else can I resist impending ruin? How raise three hundred pounds to liquidate the demand of interest and principal which it seems I owe him?"

"Your submission, my dear father, would not pay the debt; and if it would satisfy the creditor, I think you would never stoop to the degradation of existing from day to day on such paltry terms."

"But if you would marry him, my dear Selina——"

"I would die a thousand deaths first!" exclaimed Selina, shuddering.

"You are very perverse," said her father; "he would make you a very good husband; and, in fact, unless you can persuade yourself to accept him, I know not what we are to do; for you must be aware, that I have other debts, and that the estate, burdened with mortgages and other incumbrances, produces an income quite inadequate to our maintenance."

"I know that, papa; and my firm opinion is, that your best plan will be to sell it."

"Sell it! Sell Blackmere Hall and all its dependencies, the ancient domain of my family!—the girl is mad to think of such a thing!" retorted the angry squire, and he forbade her to allude again to the subject.

Selina obeyed; but his creditors were less complaisant. The principal mortgagee foreclosed and seized the estate; others put in their claims; the whole property was put up to auction;—and when every thing was sold, a very inconsiderable surplus remained for the maintenance of the last of the name of Stanfield. To the squire this was of little consequence; but the alienation of the patrimony broke his heart; and before the purchaser took possession of the crumbling manor-house, its late possessor slept with his fathers.

Selina was gifted with an innate strength of character which had only wanted scope to display its energies. On the present occasion she felt like a daughter, but she acted like a heroine—not the heroine of romance, whose sickly sensibilities are vented in tears, swoonings, and hysterics, but like the self-devoted heroine of real life, who represses the bitterness and anguish of her own heart to minister to the relief of those around her. She saw her sole relative and friend, aunt Bridget, sinking like her father beneath the calamity which had deprived them of home and fortune, and she felt herself imperatively called upon for active exertions. She had no counsellor to advise, no comforter to soothe, nor had she any friend to whom she could apply for assistance; but when the last rites had been paid to her father's remains, she resolved to trace for herself a plan of life, which, she trusted, would enable her to meet the exigencies of her situation. Having hired a small house in the village, she commenced the business of tuition; which, though the very antipodes to romance, afforded a maintenance for herself and aunt Bridget, who, partaking of the indolence of disposition and hereditary pride by which the squire had been characterised, would do nothing for herself. Within a few months after this reverse of circumstances, the old lady, like her brother, sank under the

burden of calamity. The decease of her kinswoman, though in reality a mitigation of Selina's troubles, the dutiful niece lamented as a trying affliction. While her aunt lived, she had a motive for exertion; and however irksome her task might have been, she had felt a satisfaction in performing it, for the sake of the last surviving link between herself and the world, in which she now stood a solitary being.

An unprotected state, she was aware, was not exactly desirable for a female so young as herself. Mr. Bell had taken the opportunity of Mrs. Bridget Stanfield's decease to recommence the persecution of his addresses to Selina; and was at length so pertinaciously annoying, that she resolved to abandon her native village for ever, and seek the sanction of a home in some private family, by accepting the situation of governess.

An occupation of this description was difficult to be obtained by a young female, whose education, like that of our heroine, had been of a desultory nature; but after advertising till both her patience and slender resources were well nigh exhausted, Selina at last formed an engagement with a family in a distant county, where, for a salary which a metropolitan housemaid would consider infinitely beneath her merits, Miss Stanfield undertook to communicate the rudiments of learning to six young ladies and two young gentlemen. With a heavy heart she bade adieu to the scenes of her childhood, and took her place in the London mail. The route lay through the ancient city of Norwich, which she had never before visited, but which, as the abode of Albert Fisher, possessed for her a secret interest that pride forbade her to avow even to herself. That her breach with Albert was attributable solely to her own vanity, she was forced to confess; but since she had felt that conviction, no opportunity had occurred of acknowledging her error, for Mrs. Fisher had left Woodfield before the death of Mr. Stanfield. Years had passed away in their swift course, and Selina, who had neither seen nor heard from her offended lover since the day of their quarrel, concluded that his boyish passion had been in the first instance shaken by her pride and petulance, and finally obliterated by time, absence, and change. How the young lady's affections had resisted the

force of these united influences, we must not take upon us to decide; but certain it is, that when the passengers stopped at the Angel Hotel to breakfast, Selina, instead of partaking of that meal, directed her steps to the interesting locality where stood a large hosier and draper's shop, over the door of which the name of Fisher was ostentatiously emblazoned in huge golden letters. Entering a haberdasher's opposite, Selina purchased an article for which she had no occasion, as an excuse for taking a correct survey of the premises over the way. She enjoyed the felicity of beholding Albert Orlando himself, in very spruce attire, waiting with courteous smiles on an old market-woman, and apparently exerting much powerful eloquence in the recommendation of a pair of coarse worsted hose, which the dame was examining with critical attention. Had time permitted, Selina might have made other observations—for Albert was wholly unconscious of her vicinity—but the dread of losing her place in the mail compelled her to hasten from the spot.

In due time she arrived at the end of her journey, and in the course of six months exchanged her lot of worse than Egyptian bondage, for a situation scarcely preferable in another family.

There is no cure for romance so effectual as a life of constant mental exertion and daily mortifications;—such as those to which the ill-treated and oppressed class of females called private governesses are subjected. It is probable that the high-spirited Selina Stanfield more than once gave a sigh to the remembrance of her first love, and balanced against the genteeler miseries of spinsterhood and preceptress-ship, the substantial comforts she might have enjoyed as the wife of Albert.

Seven years had revolved since, from the haberdasher's shop near Norwich market-place, she had enjoyed the stolen prospect of a certain interesting personage, and no second object (though Selina had, notwithstanding her forlorn situation, been wooed again and again,) had succeeded him in her heart; nor had she been fortunate enough to find a permanent home in any of the families to whom she had, on various occasions, engaged her services as governess. Norwich itself was at length the place of her destination.

She had made many exertions and some sacrifices to conclude an engagement in that city with a lady, the education of whose infant family she had undertaken to conduct. The first time she had occasion for a pair of new gloves, she made a point of purchasing them at the same shop which she had once before visited for a similar purpose; but in vain did she direct an anxious glance to the opposite windows—a draper's shop occupied the place of "Fisher's old-established warehouse;" nor was that interesting name to be found over any door in the neighbourhood. This circumstance produced a wonderful depression of spirits on the part of the fair Selina: she returned home in silence and doubt—a certain feeling of delicacy and pride, which was natural to her character, operating to prevent her from making any inquiry of the haberdasher respecting the disappearance of the name of Fisher from his vicinity.

A few days after this circumstance, the governess accompanied her pupils to the cathedral on some civic festival, when the mayor and corporation went thither in state to attend divine service. On that morning, Selina had been somewhat roused from her listless state of dejection by the lively delight of her pupils at the anticipated spectacle of witnessing the entrance of the above-mentioned important personages, attired in their scarlet robes and lilac silk scarfs.

"And only think, Miss Stanfield," said one of the children, "the mayor is not a great old ugly mayor with a wig on his head, like the old frights in St. Andrew's Hall, at which you laughed so much when papa took you to see them; but he is a young mayor, with curling hair and rosy cheeks, and with a great gold chain about his neck."

"Yes, and he is so good-natured," said another of the children; "he always laughs and tells us nice funny stories when he comes to see papa; and he is to drink tea with papa to-morrow, and then he will tell you a story too, perhaps, if we ask him."

Here the prattle of the little folks was interrupted by the entrance of the procession. The organ struck up, the maces, sword-bearer, &c., preceded the right worshipful chief magistrate towards his stall, the aldermen and other members of

the corporation following with their accustomed grace and dignity. Selina Stanfield was amused at the novelty of the scene, and interested in watching its effect upon the countenances of the children, when one of the little boys, pulling her by the sleeve, whispered, "Now, dear Miss Stanfield, do look at the mayor, for he is looking so much at you." Selina mechanically obeyed the injunction; and, in spite of the gorgeous adornments of scarlet robes, gold chains, &c., recognized the round blue eyes, and good-tempered handsome face, of her first, her only love—Albert Orlando Fisher.

"Oh dear, Miss Stanfield, I declare the mayor himself has bowed to you," whispered the eldest girl; "but that, I suppose, was because you were with us, for he cannot be acquainted with you."

The joyous glance of the faithful Albert assured Selina that the years of care and sorrow which had passed over her head since last they met, had neither banished her from his recollection, nor divorced her from his love.

"But our fortunes are different at present," sighed she to herself: "we parted in anger; I was in the wrong, and it is now his turn to indulge in proud and scornful feelings."

Proud and scornful feelings never formed any part of Albert's character; his affections were warm and kindly; and though his love partook not of the nature of romance, it was not, on that account, the less enduring and sincere.

Our tale having already exceeded the prescribed limits, we must disappoint the gentle reader of the details of the interesting scene which took place on the following day between the worthy Albert Orlando Fisher and Selina Stanfield. Suffice it to say, that the latter, instead of envying the destiny of either pirate's or bandit's bride, considered herself as one of the happiest among women, when, at the next civic festival, she presided in St. Andrew's Hall as mayoress of Norwich.  
—Miss Agnes Strickland.

A western American editor complains that all the good things in his paper are cut out and inserted in other papers without acknowledgment of the source whence they were obtained. He says, "They do not render unto scissors the things which are scissor's."

## A NIGHT IN CUNNEMARA.

The evening of an autumn day in 1829 brought two young men, who had been engaged for several hours in shooting over the wilds of Cunnemara, to the vicinity of the lodgings of a priest, with whom one of them was on terms of intimate friendship. The day had been one of cheerless unintermitting rain; the two sportsmen were drenched with wet; and one of them, a stranger in the district, and not accustomed to its rude exercises, was spent with fatigue. It was after a slow and toilsome march through a bog of various degrees of solidity, and being more than once soused almost to the shoulders in the black moreen or bog-water which lay at the bottom of the hollows cut in it by the winter floods, that the young men reached the vicinity of the priest's mansion. A shot fired at this moment by Blake, the individual of the party to whom Cunnemara was native ground, caused the almost instant appearance, at the door of his hovel, of the good-humoured face of Father Dennis, who no sooner distinguished his friend, than he issued forth, and gave him and his companion a hearty welcome.

"Father Dennis, Captain Clinton, of the —th. Clinton, Father Dennis Connelly," was the brief introduction by which Blake put the priest and his friend upon a footing of friendship. There was no need to inquire into the condition of the two sportsmen, and as little need to hint to the priest the line of conduct he ought to pursue towards them.

"Cold, wet, hungry, and fatigued, I see you are," said he, taking a pinch of snuff, and snapping his fingers after it. "But there's none of you more so than I am myself. Up and out I've been from peep of day this morning; not a morsel inside my lips since the bit of breakfast I swallowed at six o'clock; and never sat down a minute, no, nor stood still either, only just while I stepped in where I got calls, to buckle a pair in one place, and christen a couple of pausteens in another."

"What was it kept you so busy, Dennis?" said Blake.

"Pattthern day\* dont you know? And didn't you know how the Heffernans and Conrys were killing each other last year? Oh, then, if I hadn't enough to do with them this day, my name's not Dennis Connelly. God knows a heart-scald they are to any one that wants to keep paice and quiet among them. If you knew the pain I have in my shouldher this minute with leathering the scoundrels, and the tired legs I have pelting afther them; for as fast as I'd disperse them in one place, they'd gather in another." And Father Dennis, with grimaces expressive of extreme suffering, rubbed the ailing shoulder with his left hand, and the ailing legs with both.

"What! do you beat your parishioners?" cried the Englishman, in utter astonishment.

"To be sure I do—bate them while bating's

\* A half festive half religious meeting of the people in solitary places, common in the Highlands of Ireland, and at which much fighting sometimes takes place.

good for them, and that's long enough," replied the priest. "The poor ignorant cratures! sure they're like wild Indians! It's the only way to get any good of them."

"And are none of them ever tempted to make a return in kind?"

"Sthrike me! is it? Ah, captain, you English have quare notions in your heads—no, but down on their knees to beg my pardon, and wouldn't think they'd have luck or grace if they didn't get it. When one dashes into the thick of a fight, then, to be sure, one may get an odd blow, but not on purpose—they'd think the hand would rot off them if they riz it on their clargy."

"In such a very wild district, all this may probably be necessary," said Clinton, making a polite effort.

"It is, my dear sir, quite necessary," cried the priest, taking Clinton's remark in perfect good faith; "only look at this delicate little switch I took from a fellow to-day. There can't be less than a pound's weight of lead in the ferral. A crack of that now would smash an ox's skull, let alone a Christian's; and the blackguard had it up just ready to let fly at one that wasn't thinking of him at all—(you know him, Isidore—Davy Gavan, from Rusvela, a quiet poor man as ever lived), I got a houl't of the stick, but the fellow held it tight; he darn't sthrike me, and he didn't like to let it go; so there we were at it, pully hauly, till I twisted it out of his gripe in spite of him. I had a great mind to give him a good clip then, but I didn't like to do it with such a walloper, so I makes a kick at him; and what do you think? the impudent scoundrel caught my foot in his hand. I felt I could not help going; but just as I was tumbling back, I tilts up the other foot with a spang, hit him just here under the butt of the ear, and knocked him over and over—you never seen a fellow take such a roll. Between ourselves," added the stalwart champion of good order, with a meaning compression of the lips, and a corresponding wink and nod, "he didn't get up quite so quick as I did."

The young men were by this time seated in the priest's parlour, where no time was lost in purveying for them, and for the priest himself, the solacements demanded by their worn-out condition. An hour must be supposed to have passed since their meal was concluded. They are seated round a blazing turf fire, and the corner of a large square table is drawn in between them, the more conveniently to bring within general reach the materials for compounding the smoking and smoky beverage that stands before each. The general appearance of the apartment is rather more decent than might be expected in a district so uncivilised. It is ceiled and whitewashed, and the earthen floor is covered with a "cautiugh," or carpet of rush matting. It moreover boasts a couple of little sashed windows, a painted wooden chimney-piece, (no grate, however,) and for ornament, a whole series of highly coloured prints of saints, angels, and devils, varied by a coffee-coloured whole length portrait



of Napoleon Bonaparte, a view of the Bay of Naples, and a political caricature or two of some fifty years' standing. The priest's bed, it is true, as it stands against the wall, is rather a conspicuous object. But with its gay chintz curtains (quite new) and its patchwork quilt, it cannot well be deemed an eyesore, especially considering that the room is not otherwise very rich in furniture. Indeed, unless a great chest and a trunk or two may be counted as such, the inventory must be limited to a few chairs, and an immense wooden press painted red, (mahogany colour intended,) to which the woman of the house is paying constant visits, the upper compartment being her pantry, and the lower her repository for house linen, &c.

The trio at the fire sat for a time silent and unoccupied; the countenances and attitudes of each richly, though in different styles, expressive of the quiet indolent satisfaction of rest after fatigue. At length, rousing himself, Father Dennis exclaimed, "Come, another tumbler, gentlemen! A wet day in the hills calls for two, at any rate, to the one you'd take at any other time."

"Ay, that's the rule, Clinton; 'so fill, fill, my boy," cried Blake. "Do you know, I think you are getting reconciled to the poteen?"

"You are not far from the truth," returned Clinton, smiling. "I am truly grateful to the put—put—heen, or what do you call it? and with good reason too, for I never swallowed a potion half so grateful as that tumbler you forced down my throat by way of a preparative to drying myself. Henceforward I shall ever account it as the very best of cordials, where cordials are needed."

"There's many a true word said in jest, captain," said Father Dennis, nodding, as he filled his own glass brimful, and with an air of practised dexterity, turned it into his tumbler.

"You fancy I'm jesting, Mr. Connelly, do you? Upon my honour you are wrong if you do. I literally think what I say of it."

"Then upon my honour, and my conscience too, you're not far out in that, any way. And it's in such a place as this if it's needed. Oh, the hardships I have to go through here in the winter season, they're beyond belief! One can't even have a horse to help one out, for there's no riding. Look at my two elegant pair of boots that I brought with me, hanging up there against the wall, till they'd puzzle the rats themselves to make any use of them. And the foot work through the wet bogs is the sore work, though nothing at all to the boat work. Think, now, what it is to be out tossing on this contrary coast in all weathers—often with every tack about you as dripping wet as if you were keelhauled, and knowing all the time that you have a great deal better chance of the bottom than of any other end to your voyage.—How would you like that, captain?"

"Not at all, I confess. But I hardly think the perils of the sea can be much greater than the perils of the land in this quarter."

"Ah, the mooreen!" cried the priest. "Well, captain, I agree with you. As bad to be choked that way as with salt water."

"Ay, Dennis; but 'tisn't either of them you or I'd choose, if we were to be choked at all," said Blake, laughing; "water like this would be more to our taste. Come, will you tell the story of the cock and the tumbler to Clinton? Do, now—that's a good fellow."

"Oh, that ould story!—'twould be no pleasure to him."

"I beg your pardon, it would be a very great pleasure to me to hear a story of yours, if you will so far favour me," said the young officer, politely.

"You're very kind to say so, captain, I'm sure —"

Here both the young men broke in upon his disqualifying speech, with assurances that at length seemed to conquer his modesty. "Oh, if you ra'ally have a fancy for it, gentlemen, 'tis no throuble to me to tell it, to be sure. I don't know, Captain Clinton, whether you have any idain of the sort of a life a poor man lades, that's coadjuther (what you'd call curate, you know) to a snug, decent, worthy, gentale parish priest that loves his aise. I'll tell you, then. It's just the life of a pack-horse—no better. A sort of hand-ball he is, knocked about here and there, and up and down, and to and fro, wherever his shuparior plases to think he's wanted. Then, after slaving this way all day, routed out of his bed, maybe, half-a-dozen times in the course of the one night, to trot to the far ends of the parish at the bidding of every ould colloch that takes it into her crazy head she's booked for the other world, and she as tough all the time, maybe, as an old raven,"

"I beg pardon for the interruption, Mr. Connelly," said Clinton, laughing heartily at the list of grievances, or rather at the manner in which they were set forth, tones and grimaces inclusive; "but you must make allowance for my utter ignorance. Tell me, how is this very hard case different from yours at present, as a parish priest? You are liable to be called about in the same way, if I don't misunderstand you."

"True for you, my dear sir. I have most of the hardships as it is, sure enough. But then there's two little circumstances in the case that make a material difference. The poor coadjuther, you see, does all the work, and gets only half, maybe only the third, of the dues. Then, again, after one of them unlucky calls, when he jogs back tired and disappointed, all the comfort there's for him is black looks, if it isn't hard words itself, from one that wouldn't wag a finger to save him a journey to Jerico and back again."

"All very true," cried Blake, "But where has the story slipped to, Dennis?"

"Patience, Isidore, I'm coming to it, all in good time, if you'll only let me. Well, you are to know, Captain Clinton, there was once upon a time a poor priest—as it might be myself—and he, after a hard day's work, was just going to sit down to his little supper, of a Saturday night, of all nights in the week, when there comes a tantararara to his door, enough to waken up the dead; and before he had time

to bless himself, he was packed off to ride seven miles up the mountain, through the rain and sleet and wind (pitch dark it was too, into the bargain) to anoint a creature that wasn't expected.\* Well, captain, I needn't tell you what a time he and his poor baste had of it, getting through the bogs such a night; but he did get through them at last. The man of the house was in bed, but he got up, and brought out a little cruiskeen of potteen; and another man that had come across from Joyce Country, he got up too, and they all three settled themselves down by the fire, very cosey and comfortable. The priest had just mixed his tumbler, when he sees the cock, that was roosting upon the rafters above, lifting up the wings of him this way" (acting the motion), "getting ready for the crow; a sign, mark you, that twelve o'clock is coming. Now, a priest can't touch bit or sup, you know, from twelve o'clock on Saturday night, till twelve o'clock next day—that's till after last mass. So when he sees the lad preparing, he ups with the tumbler" (still acting), "and down clean he had it, before the screech came. 'There now,' says he in Irish, as he sat down with a whack, 'wasn't that well done? I took it off between the clapping and the crowing.'"

The lungs of the young Englishman did "crow like chanticléer" at this narrative; nor was he behind in the clapping.

"Ah, but it is better far in the Irish," resumed Father Dennis. "*Edir sgihan see gub*, you know Isidore, between the wing and the back. By far more expressive."

Another hearty fit of laughter signalled the conclusion of the story. But, Clinton having for some time given tokens of a disposition to sleep, his friend now proposed that they should bid their kind host good-night. Dennis, though willing to prolong the entertainment, was too polite to resist their wishes, and he accordingly rose and led the way across the kitchen to an apartment, which was certainly no favourable contrast to the one they had just quitted. The earthen floor in its undisguised ruggedness—the unhinged door merely resting against its door-frame—the partition wall wanting at least two feet of reaching the loft of hurdles that formed the sole ceiling overhead—and the small dismantled window, one pane alone, out of its four, in proper order for excluding air and admitting light, displayed no inconsiderable sum total of discomfort. Nor was there much to balance the account, except a tolerable clear fire on the hearth, and the clean and good articles of bedding that furnished forth a wooden-roofed bedstead, sociably destined for the accommodation of the pair of wearied sportsmen. Clinton's glance did not fail to take in all these details. But the idea of a bivouack being uppermost in his mind, he was able, with good grace, to make light of the subject-matter of the lamentations with which the parting compliments of the hospitable priest were rather profusely seasoned.

Scarcely an hour had elapsed, and the two youths were not half that time asleep, when Blake was awaked by Father Dennis's house-keeper, with the information that a marriage party had arrived, after having followed the priest all day, and that, if he and his friend would rise, they might see the whole of the fun from the top of the partition wall, without being themselves seen. "It's Tom Conry's widdy, sir," he said, "Mary Duane, and the bridegroom is a boy from Lithermullin, Pat-sheen Halloran by name—a big mullet-headed somnochawn, the very moral of the first husband, just as soft-looking, as fat and as foolish. Och, if your honor seen the pair, you would laugh if there was a laugh in you!"

Blake instantly rose, and roused his companion, who though at first more disposed to lie still than to enjoy the finest fun in the world, was at last persuaded to get up. When both had dressed, they ascended by a ladder to the place which the house keeper had pointed out as a point of observation for the survey of the next apartment, and there, sure enough, a very amusing scene met their eyes. The bridal party easily distinguishable from the people of the house by their dripping garments, were (with one exception) clustered round the fire, which a half-dressed girl, evidently roused from her sleep for the occasion, had just replenished. This damsel was now squatted down before her handy-work, blowing it up with might and main by the alternate aid of her scanty red petticoat, and her redder lips, and from time to time intermitting her occupation to invite the approach of the straggler—a gentle dame—who, however, stoutly resisted persuasives, whether verbal or manual, to move her from the spot near the door, where she had thought fit to establish herself. But the object that most immediately caught Clinton's observation was a huge settle-bed near the fire, from which more than one head appeared, projecting like birds from the nest to take observation of the company who had broke up their rest.

"Now I must be your Asmodeus, I suppose, Clinton," said Blake. "To begin, I must point out the bride to you."

"Needless, quite needless, my good friend," returned the other. "There is no mistaking that fair personification of bridal bashfulness, leaning against the wall there, aloof from the rest of the bevy."

"Truly, I believe you are right. The shrinking attitude, and the half-averted visage, and the hood of the blue cloak, held so modestly round the chin, for fear a glimpse at all could be had of her! 'tis capitally well got up altogether! There now is the good of practice to make perfect. Not one raw maiden in ten could top her part with the widow."

"Well, as you would say, joy be with her! But you are forgetting your office, Signor Diabie; which is the happy man?"

"Well, to say truth, he is a stranger to me. But from Nelly's account, I opine, by the great red head, and red gills, and clumsy build, and sheepish look, we may identify him in the

\* Not expected to live.

person of the worthy beyond there so busy with the toe of his brogue settling straws in crosses. Symbolical and ominous that, I am afraid! But hush, here comes Father Dennis. Not a whisper above your breath now, or he'll look up at us, for he knows my peephole of old."

There was a general movement among the groups below, as the priest made his appearance; but we may fairly confine our notice (as Blake did) to the bride and bridegroom. The former shrunk yet closer to the wall, while the gallant groom came forward, fumbling in his pockets, and looking to the right and the left, as if for escape or assistance. At length he lugged forth the foot of a stocking, and one by one extracted its contents, some eight-and-twenty lily-white shillings of which they formed a goodly pile on the table, that had meanwhile been placed before the ecclesiastic. Father Dennis seemed to look on during this operation with much unconcern; and when it was completed and the money pushed over to him, he measured its height with his thumb, and coolly pushed it back. "This won't do, my lady," cried he, addressing the bashful fair one, whose ogling of the wall became only the closer; "pay me the ten shillings you owe me for giving the rites of the church to your last husband, and then I'll marry you to another, and welcome—but the devil a bit till then."

Not a word issued from the blue hood; but the bridegroom's voice, with the chorus of two others, opened at once in Irish. The priest replied in the same language; they rejoined with interest (one little-looking woman being particularly vociferous) and the exchange of fire became every moment more close and continuous.

"Blake, all this is only a dumb show to me; pray, favor me with an interpretation," whispered Clinton to his companion, who was almost convulsed with suppressed laughter.

"Oh such a whimsical debate on the subject of the ten shillings! but I hardly know how to render it for you. That little bitter old woman there is the first husband's mother; she is all but drowning poor Dennis's enumeration of his expenses of purse and person in coming by boat to her son in a most plentiful torrent of abuses. Then there is the bride's mother, whining and trying to mollify; and the bride's brother making out a long account of losses sustained, and a blank one of the balance sheet; and the happy man himself, disputing his liability, and professing his inability to answer the debt of his predecessor. Now, now, again Father Dennis strikes in—'A folly to talk! one score must be cleared off before another is begun.'"

"And his firmness causes a lull," said Clinton.

"Ay, and sends the bridegroom's hand into his pocket again, though he almost swore himself black in the face just now that he had not another shilling in the world. Out comes the silver. Oh, that sleeve of a fellow, see how he keeps the hand over it! I'd lay anything now he'll want to get off for part!"

"Heyday! what has raised the storm again?" exclaimed the Englishman, as the clamour recommenced as spiritedly as ever.

"As I guessed he has put down six shillings, and wants time for the other four. Time for a month—for a fortnight—Och! prayers and entreaties!—well then really Dennis is very tough—maybe the poor fellow actually hasn't it."

"So it is your fashion in this country to marry without a shilling in the world, is it?" said Clinton.

"Too much so, I confess. But in the present case, a man might have stock, cows, sheep, pigs, and goats, and still not silver for a present occasion. I have more than half a mind to discover myself and lend. Och! no need of it! he has found out a pocket he didn't know he had about him—two shillings. You may coin the other two, my tight lad, before I think again of helping you. Now he is trying to persuade Nelly's husband to go bail for him. A civil refusal—Father Dennis wouldn't take his bail. By my honor and credit, but this is too good! Another little pocket he has discovered, and out come the last two shillings! My blessings on—Hollo! mercy on us! is the woman electrified?"

This vehement exclamation was not uncalculated for, since the very moment the modest shrinking bride saw the last coin deposited, she flung back her hood, and, bursting through the circle, stood before the priest with eyes flashing, and cheeks glowing, and tongue ready to ring an alarm peal. "Since you have got my money, give me the worth of it!" she cried. "Say me a mass for the soul of my poor man that's gone! God knows it's chape arnin' fur ye!"

"Whisht, woman, whisht—stop your clatter—don't you know there's gentlemen in the house? Do you want to rouse them up?"

"Who cares for your gentlefolks!" she cried, screaming still louder and stamping with passion. "Let me have something for my money, I say—It's little you ever give, but let me have something!"

"Hut tut—sure it's none of your money I touched, maureen! Halloran did the thing handsome, afther all—ped me for himself and yourself, and poor Tom into the bargain. I've nothing at all to do with you, asthore."

"You have something to do with me, and plenty to do with me. 'Twas my money he ped you down. Faith I'd think twice afore I'd marry without the marriage money in my fist—to lave a man the right to sell me whin he'd get tired o' me!"

At this moment the virago started and paused in her turn, the long-suppressed laughter from above breaking forth in an uncontrollable peal. Father Dennis's eye instantly sought the aperture. "Bother, you scamp, is it there you are?" he cried, shaking his fist good humouredly at his young friend; "and you have brought the English captain to spy at me too! By this and that, Isidore, I'll be even with you for this yet."

"Faith, you are even with me as it is, for I am more than half choaked with laughing," gasped Blake, "Oh, these sides of mine! they ought to be iron to stand it."

"And the wall ought to be iron to stand your wriggling; you'll have it a-top of us, I think," cried the priest. "Come down out of that, and don't be making a fool of yourself and aggravating me! Come down, I tell you, both o' ye, and look at the wedding like Christians."

"Here I am at your elbow," said Blake, making a leap from the top of the partition wall, while his companion effected a more orderly entrance. "Here we both are, and now let me settle the debate between you and Mary Duane. Mary will forgive your making her pay old debts (and, you know yourself, that is the greatest offence that can be given in this country), and you'll promise to say the mass for poor Tom Conry. You ought to do what you can for him, I'm sure, if it was only for old acquaintance sake. Many's the good drop of potheen of his making has helped to wet the whistle for you before now. And right good it was, always—wasn't it? It's the least you can do to give him a cast of your office, when he so often gave you one of his, before the puff was out of him."

"Well, well, sure I'll do it! No more words about it now," cried the priest: and the women hailed the promises in a torrent of thanks and blessings on "Misther Isidore."

When these were silenced, the ceremony proceeded. Bottles of the national cordial were then produced from the pockets of the men, and from under the cloaks of the women, supplying means of a deep pledge to the health and happiness of the bride and bridegroom; which last important branch of the rites roused up even the tenants of the settle-bed, who had fallen fast asleep during the lull.

The departure of the bridal company of course followed; but the priest and his two young guests continued chatting and laughing by the kitchen fire for some time after the dispersion.

"Well, Clinton," said Blake, "you have now seen a good specimen of an Irish wedding. Do you think it was worth getting out of bed for?"

"I would not have missed it for anything," was the reply. "It was a most original scene—comic beyond what I could have conceived, even of a Cunnemara wedding. The comic effect was admirable. The bridegroom, with his inimitable cruise of discovery through forgotten pockets, and the bashful bride transformed by a magic touch into an amazon. Why, it would make no bad groundwork for a pantomime. By the bye, though, the lady dropped something that puzzled me. What was that she said about her husband's having a right to sell her?"

"How? a right to sell her? Did she say that? Oh, I know now what you mean—that's if she did not pay the marriage money. A queer notion the people have here, that if a man pays the marriage fees, he in fact buys

his wife, and may sell her again for the same, if he can find a purchaser. I have known it actually done in one instance—though I suppose Dennis would snap off my nose for mentioning it, as I know I cannot back it by a second. But so far as talk goes, all the priests or layman can say won't beat it out of their heads but that it is lawful. There's another item for your commonplace book, if you keep one. I think a good long list of Cunnemara characteristics have fallen under your eye in this ramble of ours."

"Yes; I have certainly been fortunate in this respect," said the young officer. "Whatever may be my future adventures, I am pretty sure they will never efface the memory of this 'Night in Cunnemara.'"—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

#### CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

There are some acts of the legislature which, because they excite no great amount of controversy in passing, are little thought of, then or afterwards, but yet, in the eye of a benevolent mind, are more significant, and of more real importance, than nine out of ten of those which attract the most notice. Of this class we consider the act against cruelty to animals—a measure for which there was no precedent that we are aware of in the days of either Greek or Roman greatness, or amongst the modern nations of Europe. The idea of extending the right of *personal protection* from the human being to the brute tribes was one reserved for Britain and the nineteenth century, and one for which, in our opinion, they are entitled to some credit. Yet the triumph is not by any means a complete one. We are forced, with humility, to recollect that there are other parts of Europe where legislative interference was not so necessary as in Britain; and also that, though the law was passed, it has by no means abolished the practices against which it was directed. In France, and most other continental countries, horses, dogs, and other animals, are generally treated with extreme humanity, and there, of course, no express legal enactment is required for their protection. The Frenchman talks to his horse, coaxes it on with words of endearment, gives it a portion of his bread, and sweetens its mouth with a bit of sugar or carrot; the animal consequently becomes most tractable, and exerts himself to the utmost of his ability for his master. The Turks are the kindest of all people to their animals. Their religion teaches them that acts of kindness done to animals, will be esteemed as good deeds by the Almighty, and thus their piety is ever exerted in seeking out objects whereon their humane feelings can be exercised. Pious Turks will not suffer birds' nests to be disturbed, neither will they wantonly kill any feathered or furred creature. A recent traveller mentions that he has seen wealthy Turks at Constantinople, in coming out of the mosques or churches, buy cagefuls of birds, to which they immediately had the pleasure of giving liberty. Cats are also much taken care of by

the Turks, and even dogs, which they deem unclean, are objects of constant solicitude. In every town in Turkey there are low stone fountains of fresh water, at which the dogs in the streets may at all times slake their thirst.

We can show nothing like this kindness to animals in England or Scotland. We cannot show a single fountain in a single town placed for the convenience of dogs. We can, without doubt, point to a few horse troughs erected here and there on the waysides, but these are not set up merely with the view of comforting the animals, but to prevent them from sinking under their load, and so failing in the execution of their appointed task. Besides, how frequently do we see these horse fountains destroyed! We know at least half a dozen in ruins within as many miles of Edinburgh. The placing of so much as a shilling's worth of metal about them, is certain to ensure their destruction.

The horse leads a very fine gentlemanly sort of life in England, provided he is a good or an elegantly formed horse. If he be youthful, has a beautiful glossy skin, can win a race, and show a pedigree, he will be petted, pampered, talked of, and chronicled. But let him grow old, lose his polish, and begin to lag in his paces, and it is all over with him—degradation and suffering mark the close of his career. Reader, have you ever seen a London cab-horse—once perhaps a racer—a creature yoked between two shafts, trailing a top-heavy vehicle after him, and urged on with the bitter, bitter lash, applied over his thin flanks and half-famished sides: crack, crack, the whip is sounding in our ears at this moment, as the pitiless driver hurries on in his headlong course, dashing through betwixt waggons, coaches, and carts, and trying, by his very speed, and the sustaining power of wheel and harness, to keep the poor animal from sinking and dying in the midst of the thoroughfare.

Along with the London cab-men we may class the Scotch coal-carters. Both may be supposed to rank as one genus, as respects the interest they take in the welfare of the brute creation. The Edinburgh coal-driver may be described as a sublimation of the peculiar genus to which he belongs. His favourite mode of driving his horse consists in tugging him with a rope halter by the left hand, while he belabours him with a stick with the right. He is of course perfectly regardless as to where his strokes fall. A good horseman never strikes his horse before the saddle, but the carter makes no distinction. Sometimes the blows are directed upon the head and across the eyes or mouth of the horse; sometimes across the back or legs; and when these blows do not produce the proper effect, he aims a well-directed kick with the point of his iron-shod foot against the belly of the animal. But, frequently, the load is so disproportionate to the poor horse's strength or feeding, that all these appliances, blows as well as kicks, accompanied with unmeaning howls of execration, fail in causing the animal to go forward, and he sinks down in the open street, a victim of the most brutal tyranny that the human mind can picture.

The perfect impunity with which persons of the above humble order maltreat their horses, often causes us to feel ashamed of the police of the country. The law, indeed, might as well have never been enacted, for no one seems to pay any regard to it. We now allude to the subject, with the hope of stirring up some philanthropic individuals to take ready and energetic means to enforce the provisions of the statute. We do not here appeal to ordinary commonplace persons who take things easily, or who are afraid of "coming before the public." We direct our observations to persons who have at once leisure and inclination to emulate the conduct of the benevolent Howard, and who will devote themselves with heart and soul to the duty of protecting animals from oppression. Who volunteers in this noble cause?—*Chambers.*

## SERVANTS AT THE COUNTY COURT.

Three fair damsels who congregated at the County Court on Monday last, were, first, a fat and frowsy-looking cook, called Sarah Shanks; second, a prim, starched, sharply braced-up waiting-maid; and the third was a thorough-going rough-skinn'd and hard-fisted servant of "all work." Each had on as many clothes as she could possibly carry, and the fat and frowsy cook sported a huge ring! They had all been previously acquainted, but had not anticipated a meeting in the Middlesex County Court on this occasion.

"Why, Sally Shanks," said the waiting-woman, "why, goodness me, who'd a thort of seeing you er?" "Or me you?" replied Sally Shanks. "I've summoned my missis," said the waiting-woman. "And so have I," said the cook. "Well I never," chim'd in the servant of 'all work'; "if I 'aint bin and done the same!" "He—he—he—he" said the *Abigail*, in full chorus. "Missises wont let no servants live now," said Mrs. Shanks; "no goin's out, no follorers, and no perkesites; they takes away the werry kitchen stuff." "Yes," said the housemaid, "and then see how they pokes about; no missis aint got any business in the kitchen." "No, to be sure," said the waiting-woman, "if they knew their places; 'spose we was to be a-poking our noses inter the drawin'-room. I'm sure my missis is no better than she o'rt to be." "No, nor mine," said the housemaid, twisting up her snub nose; "servants is got feelings as well as missises. What did you leave for, Missis Shanks?" "Oh, missis wanted dinner sarved up by half-past five, and I fell poorly and couldn't hurry; and so she came down in a panic, and I told her I worn't used to it, and up and said she might get another cook. So she told me to pack up directly. I said I'd have my month's warning. She said I shouldn't; so I wouldn't take nothen—and so I've summoned her; but I des say she'll be too frightened to come, and so I shall get my money."

"That's right," said the housemaid; "there's nothen like sticking up for one's rights. There's my missis said I shouldn't have no follorers;

but we had a nice front area, and my sweet-heart used to get over the railins, till at last missis she finds it out, and calls me inter the sitting-room, and ses to me, ses she, 'Susan,' ses she, 'you've disobeyed the rules of my house.' 'As how, mam?' says I, not a bit frightened. 'Why,' says she, 'you receive visitors in a clandestinous manner; and the rules of my house forbids any foll'ers.' 'Lawk, mam!' ses I, 'deed you're very much mistaken,' ses I; 'deed you are, mam,' ses I. 'Well,' says she, 'I hope I am.' 'I almost busted into laughing afore her face, cos I know'd Thomas ud be at the area at nine; and, sure as a gun, there he was at nine. So he jest whistled, and popp'd down; but he hadn't hardly got a bit o' wittles in his mouth before I hears missis a-creeeping down the stairs; and afore I could hide him, she comes right slap into the kitchen. So she told me to go about my business. But I mean to let her know as servants aint to be treated in that way. Why, she stopp'd 7s. 6d. for breakages!' 'Shameful! monstrous! No servant oughtn't to pay for nothen,' said Mrs. Sally Shanks. 'For my part, I sharn't enter into no family agin where there aint a man-servant kept.' 'Why, to be sure it's better,' said the waiting-maid, 'sept, when one has a party; and then I always thinks a man in the house is a great bore. D'ye think your missis 'ill come this mornin'?' 'Not she—nor yours nuther,' said the housemaid; 'they'll be ashamed; and you'll see we shall get what we wants—justice is justice, and no missis don't ought to put on a servant.' 'Ah,' replied the lady's maid, 'you should just read 'Anne Wolstonecroft.' She tells yer what the rights of women is. It's quite shameful our treatment—we don't get our rights.'

Here the fat cook puffed hard, and the lady's maid resumed, 'For my part I played some pretty tricks before I left: I tore three leaves out of missis's prayer-book, and I upset some witriol in her drawers, and took one of the screws out of the bedstead, and chucked it into the dust-hole!'

'I did worse nor that,' said the cook; 'the last dinner as I sarved up I made the soup with dish-water; I biled the fish all to hatoms, and I know'd missis liked things well roasted, and so I sent every thing up quite ror.' ('He, he, he,' said the trio).

'Ah, but,' rejoined the housemaid, 'I did wuss nor that. Missis had a nasty little whelp of a dog, you'd be astonished to see how fond she was of it, and the nasty little beast was always a-making me work; so, thinks I, my fine feller, I'll do your jobs for you 'efore I goes; so I got very friendly with it, and arter I pack'd up my boxes, I says, jest as missis used to say, 'Prinny, sweet—come, pretty Prinny—oh, it's a nice dog—come, my beauty—Prinny;' so the little beast let me take him, and I jest chucked him into the cistern, and there he is now, and they're a-drinking the water, and missis thinks she's lost him, and offered half a guinea reward. But, lawk a mercy, on'ey look how that there gentleman is a-starin' at us!' Here the colloquy was cut short. The several mistresses

did not appear, and the knowing *Abigails* of course got orders of court in their favour.

[The explanation may be added, for the benefit of servants, that they possess no legal right to admit their friends or acquaintances into the houses in which they serve, and that they can only do so by the express permission of their employers. Persons admitted by them, particularly at improper hours, can be committed for a trespass by the master or mistress of the house.]—*Sunday Times*.

#### THE CARPENTER'S DAUGHTER.

Of all living objects, children, out of doors, seem to me the most interesting to a lover of nature. In a room, I may, perhaps, be allowed to exercise my privilege as an old maid, by confessing that they are in my eyes less engaging. If well-behaved, the poor little things seem constrained and *genes*—if ill-conducted, the *gene* is transferred to the unfortunate grown-up people, whom their noise distracts, and their questions interrupt. Within doors, in short, I am one of the many persons who like children in their places,—that is to say, in any place where I am not. But out o' doors there is no such limitation: from the gypsy urchins under a hedge, to the little lords and ladies in a ducal demesne, they are charming to look at, to watch, and to listen to. Dogs are less amusing, flowers are less beautiful, trees themselves are less picturesque.

I cannot even mention them without recalling to my mind twenty groups or single figures, of which Gainsborough would have made at once a picture and a story. The little aristocratic-looking girl, for instance, of some five or six years old, whom I used to see two years ago, every morning at breakfast-time, tripping along the most romantic street in England, (the High-street in Oxford,) attended or escorted, it is doubtful which, by a superb Newfoundland dog, curly and black, carrying in his huge mouth her tiny workbag, or her fairy parasol, and guarding with so true a fidelity his pretty young lady, whilst she, on her part, queened it over her lordly subject with such diverting gravity, seeming to guide him whilst he guided her—led, whilst she thought herself leading, and finally deposited at her daily school, with as much regularity as the same sagacious quadruped would have displayed in carrying his master's glove, or fetching a stick out of the water. How I should like to see a portrait of that fair demure elegant child, with her full short frock, her frilled trousers, and her blue kid shoes, threading her way, by the aid of her sable attendant, through the many small impediments of the crowded streets of Oxford!

Or the pretty scene of childish distress which I saw last winter on my way to East Court,—a distress which told its own story as completely as the picture of the broken pitcher! Driving rapidly along the beautiful road from Eversley Bridge to Finchamstead, up hill and down; on the one side a wide shelving bank,

dotted with fine old oaks and beeches, intermingled with thorn and birch, and magnificent holly, and edging into Mr. Palmer's forest-like woods; on the other, an open hilly country, studded with large single trees. In the midst of this landscape, rich and lovely even in winter, in the very middle of the road, stood two poor cottage children, a year or two younger than the damsel of Oxford; a large basket dangling from the hand of one of them, and a heap of barley-meal—the barley-meal that should have been in the basket—the week's dinner of the pig, scattered in the dirt at their feet. Poor little dears, how they cried! They could not have told their story, had not their story told itself;—they had been carrying the basket between them, and somehow it had slipped. A shilling remedied that disaster, and sent away all parties smiling and content.

Then again, this very afternoon, the squabbles of those ragged urchins at cricket on the common—a disputed point of *out* or *not out*? The eight-year-old boy who will not leave his wicket: the seven and nine-year-old imps who are trying to force him from his post; the wrangling partisans of all ages, from ten downwards, the two contending *sides*, who are brawling for victory; the grave, ragged umpire, a lad of twelve, with a stick under his arm, who is solemnly listening to the cause; and the younger and less interested spectators, some just breeched, and others still condemned to the ignominious petticoat, who are sitting on the bank, and wondering which party will carry the day!

What can be prettier than this, unless it be the fellow-group of girls—sisters, I presume, to the boys—who are laughing and screaming round the great oak; then darting to and fro, in a game compounded of hide-and-seek and base-ball. Now tossing the ball high, high amidst the branches; now flinging it low along the common, bowling as it were, almost within reach of the cricketers; now pursuing, now retreating, running, jumping, shouting, bawling—almost shrieking with ecstasy; whilst one sunburnt black-eyed gypsy throws forth her laughing face from behind the trunk of the old oak, and then flings a newer and a gayer ball—fortunate purchase of some hoarded sixpence—amongst her admiring playmates. Happy, happy children! that one hour of innocent enjoyment is worth an age!

It was, perhaps, my love of picturesque children that first attracted my attention towards a little maiden of some six or seven years old, whom I used to meet, sometimes going to school, and sometimes returning from it, during a casual residence of a week or two, some fifteen years ago, in our good town of Belford. It was a very complete specimen of childish beauty; what would be called a picture of a child—the very study for a painter; with the round, fair, rosy face, coloured like the apple-blossom; the large, bright, open blue-eyes; the broad white forehead, shaded by brown clustering curls, and the lips scarlet as winter berries. But it was the expression of that blooming countenance which formed its

principal charm; every look was a smile, and a smile which had in it as much of sweetness as of gaiety. She seemed, and she was, the happiest and most affectionate of created beings. Her dress was singularly becoming. A little straw bonnet, of a shape calculated not to conceal, but to display the young pretty face, and a full short frock of gentianella blue, which served, by its brilliant yet contrasted colouring, to enhance the brightness of that brightest complexion. Tripping along to school, with her neat covered basket in her chubby hand, the little lass was perfect.

I could not help looking and admiring, and stopping to look; and the pretty child stopped too, and dropped her little courtesy; and then I spoke, and then she spoke,—for she was too innocent, too unfeared, too modest to be shy; so that Susy and I soon became acquainted; and in a very few days the acquaintanceship was extended to a fine open-countenanced man, and a sweet-looking and intelligent young woman, Susan's father and mother,—one or other of whom used to come almost every evening to meet their darling on her return from school; for she was an only one,—the sole offspring of a marriage of love, which was, I believe, reckoned unfortunate by every body except the parties concerned; they felt and knew that they were happy.

I soon learnt their simple history. William Jervis, the only son of a rich carpenter, had been attached, almost from childhood, to his fair neighbour, Mary Price, the daughter of a haberdasher in a great way of business, who lived in the same street. The carpenter, a plodding, frugal artisan of the old school, who trusted to indefatigable industry and undeviating sobriety, for getting on in life, had an instinctive mistrust of the more dashing and speculative tradesman, and even, in the height of his prosperity, looked with cold and doubtful eyes on his son's engagement. Mr. Price's circumstances, however, seemed, and at the time were, so flourishing—his offers so liberal, and his daughter's character so excellent, that to refuse his consent would have been an unfarrantable stretch of authority. All that our prudent carpenter could do was, to delay the union, in hopes that something might still occur to break it off; and when ten days before the time finally fixed for the marriage, the result of an unsuccessful speculation placed Mr. Price's name in the Gazette, most heartily did he congratulate himself on the foresight which, as he hoped, had saved him from the calamity of a portionless daughter-in-law. He had, however, miscalculated the strength of his son's affection for poor Mary, as well as the firm principle of honour, which regarded their long and every way sanctioned engagement as a bond little less sacred than wedlock itself; and on Mr. Price's dying, within a very few months, of that death, which, although not included in the bills of mortality, is yet but too truly recognised by the popular phrase, a broken heart, William Jervis, after vainly trying every mode of appeal to his obdurate father, married the orphan girl—in the despe-

rate hope, that the step being once taken, and past all remedy, an only child would find forgiveness for an offence attended by so many extenuating circumstances.

But here, too, William, in his turn, miscalculated the invincible obstinacy of his father's character. He ordered his son from his house and his presence, dismissed him from his employment, forbade his very name to be mentioned in his hearing, and, up to the time at which our story begins, comported himself exactly as if he never had had a child.

William, a dutiful, affectionate son, felt severely the deprivation of his father's affections, and Mary felt for her William; but, so far as regarded their worldly concerns, I am almost afraid to say how little they regretted their change of prospects. Young, healthy, active, wrapt up in each other and in their lovely little girl, they found small difficulty and no hardship in earning—he by his trade, at which he was so good a workman as always to command high wages, and she by needle-work—sufficient to supply their humble wants; and when the kindness of Walter Price, Mary's brother, who had again opened a shop in the town, enabled them to send their little Susy to a school of a better order than their own funds would have permitted, their utmost ambition seemed gratified.

So far was speedily made known to me. I discovered also that Mrs. Jervis possessed, in a remarkable degree, the rare quality called taste—a faculty which does really appear to be almost intuitive in some minds, let metaphysicians laugh as they may; and the ladies of Belford, delighted to find an opportunity of at once exercising their benevolence, and procuring exquisitely fancied caps and bonnets at half the cost which they had been accustomed to pay to the fine yet vulgar milliner who had hitherto ruled despotically over the fashions of the place, did not fail to rescue their new and interesting protege from the drudgery of sewing white seam, and of poring over stitching and button-holes.

For some years all prospered in their little household. Susy grew in stature and in beauty, retaining the same look of intelligence and sweetness which had, in her early childhood, fascinated all beholders. She ran some risk of being spoiled, (only that, luckily, she was of the grateful, unselfish, affectionate nature which seems unspoilable,) by the admiration of Mrs. Jervis's customers, who, whenever she took home their work, would send for the pretty Susan into the parlour, and give her fruit and sweetmeats, or whatever cakes might be likely to please a childish appetite; which, it was observed, she contrived, whenever she could do so without offence, to carry home to her mother, whose health, always delicate, had lately appeared more than usually precarious. Even her stern grandfather, now become a master-builder, and one of the richest tradesmen in the town, had been remarked to look long and wistfully on the lovely little girl, as, holding by her father's hand, she tripped lightly to church, although, on that father himself

he never deigned to cast a glance; so that the more acute denizens of Belford used to prognosticate that, although William was disinherited, Mr. Jervis's property would not go out of the family.

So matters continued awhile. Susan was eleven years old, when a stunning and unexpected blow fell upon them all. Walter Price, her kind uncle, who had hitherto seemed as prudent as he was prosperous, became involved in the stoppage of a great Glasgow house, and was obliged to leave the town; whilst her father, having unfortunately accepted bills drawn by him, under an assurance that they should be provided for long before they became due, was thrown into prison for the amount. There was, indeed, a distant hope that the affairs of the Glasgow house might come round, or, at least, that Walter Price's concerns might be disentangled from theirs; and for this purpose, his presence, as a man full of activity and intelligence, was absolutely necessary in Scotland; but this prospect was precarious and distant. In the mean time, William Jervis lay lingering in prison, his creditor relying avowedly on the chance that a rich father could not, for shame, allow his son to perish there; whilst Mary, sick, helpless, and desolate, was too broken-spirited to venture an application to a quarter, from whence any slight hope that she might otherwise have entertained was entirely banished by the recollection that the penalty had been incurred through a relation of her own.

"Why should I go to him?" said poor Mary to herself, when referred by Mr. Barnard, her husband's creditor, to her wealthy father-in-law,—“why trouble him? He will never pay my brother's debt: he would only turn me from his door, and, perhaps, speak of Walter and William in a way that would break my heart.” And, with her little daughter in her hand, she walked slowly back to a small room that she had hired near the jail, and sat down sadly and heavily to the daily diminishing millinery work, which was now the only resource of the once happy family.

In the afternoon of the same day, as old Mr. Jervis was seated in a little summer-house at the end of his neat garden, gravely smoking his pipe over a tumbler of spirits and water, defiling the delicious odour of his honey-suckles and sweetbriars by the two most atrocious smells on this earth—the fumes of tobacco\* and of gin—his meditations, probably, none of the most agreeable, were interrupted, first by a modest single knock at the front door. (which, the immediate doors being open, he heard distinctly,) then by a gentle parley, and, lastly, by his old housekeeper's advance up the gravel walk, followed by a very young girl, who approached him hastily yet tremblingly, caught his rough hand with her little one, lifted up a sweet face, where smiles seemed

\* Whenever one thinks of Sir Walter Raleigh as the importer of this disgusting and noisome weed, it tends greatly to mitigate the horror which one feels for his unjust execution. Had he been only beheaded as the inventor of smoking, all would have been right.



breaking through her tears, and, in an attitude between standing and kneeling—an attitude of deep reverence—faltered, in a low, broken voice, one low, broken word—“Grandfather!”

“How came this child here?” exclaimed Mr. Jervis, endeavouring to disengage the hand which Susan had now secured within both hers—“how dared you let her in, Norris, when you knew my orders respecting the whole family?”

“How dared I let her in?” returned the housekeeper—“how could I help it? Don't we all know that there is not a single house in the town where little Susan (Heaven bless her dear face!) is not welcome! Don't the very jailers themselves let her into the prison before hours and after hours? And don't the sheriff himself, as strict as he is said to be, sanction it? Speak to your grandfather, Susy, love—don't be dashed.”\* And, with this encouraging exhortation, the kind-hearted housekeeper retired.

Susan continued clasping her grandfather's hand, and leaning her face over it, as if to conceal the tears which poured down her cheeks like rain.

“What do you want with me, child?” at length interrupted Mr. Jervis, in a stern voice. “What brought you here?”

“Oh, grandfather! Poor father's in prison!”

“I did not put him there,” observed Mr. Jervis, coldly; “you must go to Mr. Barnard on that affair.”

“Mother did go to him this morning,” replied Susan, “and he told her that she must apply to you—”

“Well!” exclaimed the grandfather, impatiently.

“But she said she dared not, angry as you were with her—more especially as it is through uncle Walter's misfortune that all this misery has happened. Mother dare not come to you.”

“She was right enough there,” returned Mr. Jervis. “So she sent you?”

“No, indeed; she knows nothing of my coming. She sent me to carry home a cap to Mrs. Taylor, who lives in the next street, and, as I was passing the door, it came into my head to knock—and then Mrs. Norris brought me here—Oh, grandfather! I hope I have not done wrong! I hope you are not angry!—But if you were to see how sad and pale poor father looks in that dismal prison—and poor mother, how sick and ill she is; how her hand trembles when she tries to work—Oh, grandfather! if you could but see them, you would not wonder at my boldness.”

“All this comes of trusting to a speculating knave like Walter Price!” observed Mr. Jervis, rather as a soliloquy than to the child, who, however, heard and replied to the remark.

“He was very kind to me, was uncle Walter! He put me to school, to learn reading, and

writing, and cyphering, and all sorts of needle-work—not a charity-school, because he wished me to be amongst decent children, and not to learn bad ways. And he has written to offer to come to prison himself, if father wishes it—only—I don't understand about business—but even Mr. Barnard says that the best chance of recovering the money is his remaining at liberty; and, indeed, indeed, grandfather, my uncle Walter is not so wicked as you think for—indeed he is not.”

“This child is grateful!” was the thought that passed through her grandfather's mind; but he did not give it utterance. He, however, drew her close to him, and seated her in the summer-house at his side. “So you can read and write, and keep accounts, and do all sorts of needle-work, can you, my little maid? And you can run errands, doubtless, and are handy about a house? Should you like to live with me and Norris, and make my shirts, and read the newspaper to me of an evening, and learn to make puddings and pies, and be my own little Susan? Eh!—Should you like this?”

“Oh, grandfather!” exclaimed Susan, enchanted,

“And water the flowers,” pursued Mr. Jervis, “and root out the weeds, and gather the beau-pots? Is not this a nice garden, Susy?”

“Oh, beautiful! dear grandfather, beautiful!”

“And you would like to live with me in this pretty house and this beautiful garden—should you, Susy?”

“Oh, yes, dear grandfather!”

“And never wish to leave me?”

“Oh, never! never!”

“Nor to see the dismal jail again—the dismal, dreary jail?”

“Never!—but father is to live here too?” inquired Susan, interrupting herself—“father and mother?”

“No!” replied her grandfather—“neither of them. It was you whom I asked to live here with me. I have nothing to do with them, and you must choose between us.”

“They not live here! I to leave my father and my mother—my own dear mother, and she so sick! my own dear father, and he in a jail! Oh, grandfather! you cannot mean it—you cannot be so cruel!”

“There is no cruelty in the matter, Susan. I give you the offer of leaving your parents, and living with me; but I do not compel you to accept it. You are an intelligent little girl, and perfectly capable of choosing for yourself. But I beg you to take notice that, by remaining with them, you will not only share, but increase their poverty; whereas, with me, you will not only enjoy every comfort yourself, but relieve them from the burden of your support.”

“It is not a burden,” replied Susan, firmly; —“I know that, young and weak, and ignorant as I am now, I am yet of some use to my dear mother—and of some comfort to my dear father; and every day I shall grow older and stronger, and more able to be a help to them both. And to leave them! to live here in

\* Dashed—frightened. I believe this expression, though frequently used there, is not confined to Berkshire. It is one of the pretty provincial phrases by which Richardson has contrived to give a charming rustic grace to the early letters of Pamela.

plenty, whilst they were starving! to be gathering posies, whilst they were in prison! Oh, grandfather! I should die of the very thought. Thank you for your offer," continued she, rising, and dropping her little courtesy—"but my choice is made. Good evening, grandfather!"

"Don't be in such a hurry, Susy," rejoined her grandfather, shaking the ashes from his pipe, taking the last sip of his gin and water, and then proceeding to adjust his hat and wig—"Don't be in such a hurry: you and I shan't part so easily. You're a dear little girl, and since you won't stay with me. I must <sup>then</sup> go with you. The father and mother who brought up such a child, must be worth bringing home. So, with your good leave, Miss Susan, we'll go and fetch them."

And, in the midst of Susy's rapturous thanks, her kisses and tears, out they sallied; and the money was paid, and the debtor released, and established with his overjoyed wife in the best room of Mr. Jervis's pretty habitation, to the unspeakable gratitude of the whole party, and the ecstatic delight of the CARPENTER'S DAUGHTER.—*Miss Mitford.*

#### THE DINSDALE SPA.

There exists not in the kingdom, at the present day, a more industrious and trustworthy class of individuals than those functionaries whom custom has identified with their profession by the *soubriquet* of "Boots." Those who sit in armchairs, and live quietly at home in their own houses, can form but an imperfect idea of the extent of the responsibility that falls to the share of this part of his majesty's subjects. Since the improvement in roads and the increase of trade have set the commercial world in a state of perpetual locomotion, many and various are the wants of a traveller in the way of assistance and information on arriving at the place of his daily destination: yet no sooner does he plant his foot in an inn, than his objects, be they what they may, are immediately undertaken and accelerated by honest Boots. Whether it be that letters are to be delivered, or valuable parcels, or local matters of any sort to be attended to, application is always made in the first instance to Boots. Boots is the last person seen in the house at night, and the first again on foot in the morning: of him it is required to know everybody and everything; to have not only a strong back, but a civil, good-humoured countenance; to be able to work hard upon little pay; to possess a clear head and a light pair of heels, and, in short, with never-ceasing activity and time at command infinitely divisible, to officiate in every respect, and to the benefit of the travelling world, as the Mercury of the lower heaven. Hardly does the cock crow in a morning before Boots is on the alert—before the time of his repose arrives at night, every inmate in the house will have sunk down in leaden slumbers. Traveller, remember poor Boots. You have given him his fee: yet, peradventure some copper money may still jingle in your pocket; nay, if

it be a sixpence, it will not be ill bestowed on him who has welcomed your arrival, has sped your departure, has strained his sinews in your service, has done his duty, and now stands before you respectfully, wiping the perspiration from his brow with a fustian sleeve. Traveller, probably you are a bachelor; then now is the time to be liberal—remember poor Boots, while no weightier claims upon your purse disturb you—wait not for the hour when, with your travels at an end, and locomotive faculties impeded by joint gravity, a life of peregrination concludes by short stages, like the days of an uxorious blue bottle fly at the close of a summer.

I had remained more than two days at Stockton, when mere chance brought to my notice a card, inviting strangers to repair to the Dinsdale Hotel, in the immediate neighbourhood of the Dinsdale Spa, or Spaw. Never having heard either of the hotel or the spring, I was indebted to Boots accordingly for all necessary intelligence, and was moreover by him speedily consigned to a steam carriage on the Darlington Railroad, which deposited me at "The Fighting Cocks," four miles short of Darlington.

The approach to the hotel is extremely circuitous, for although the distance is not more than a mile from the road, the carriage way is full three miles: meanwhile the traveller, like the sailor kept off his port by contrary winds, makes his way in a spiral line, hardly sensible of progress, although the object all the time is in a conspicuous position.

Perhaps the want of access from the railroad is in some degree the cause of keeping the establishment in the background, the spa, although long resorted to, being very little known without the limits of the county of Durham. Nevertheless, it possesses advantages, as a place of summer resort, not to be equalled, I think, in all England.

In the first place, the house is a spacious, well-built mansion, lately erected by Lord Durham, (some say for his own residence, or that of a part of his family,) embellished with lawn and pleasure grounds, and situated on an eminence, commanding a magnificent view over the broad vale of Cleveland, as a foreground, and in the distance bounded by the Yorkshire mountains. Immediately below, the river Tees, almost equal in beauty to the Thames at Richmond, forms an ample and graceful bend; and on its hither bank plantations afford a retired and shaded walk nearly two miles in extent. The hotel, the lawn, and plantations altogether, bear the appearance of a good, comfortable, gentleman's residence, rather than of an inn. As to the style of things within the house, I was induced, after one experiment, to make a second; on which latter occasion I remained there several days, and was really delighted by the tranquillity of the spot, and the quiet, comfortable habits of the inmates. Upwards of a dozen people met daily at breakfast and dinner at the common table, as well as at tea, in the evening in the drawing room; the remainder of the day everybody managed his or her time as if the house belonged to them. The

fare was most excellent, and the terms even less than might be called reasonable; besides the party at the *table d'hôte*, several people occupied private apartments.

Notwithstanding the highly medicinal quality of the spring, there is not in the neighbourhood, excepting at the Dinsdale Hotel, accommodation for families, otherwise than on an inferior scale. At the village of Middleton One Row, a mile distant, a naked-looking row of ill-placed and ill-contrived lodging houses, resembling in appearance those "now and then knocked up in a hurry" in the neighbourhood of a brickfield, and all perfectly alike, afford each a miserable substitute for a habitation; their site, moreover, is totally unprotected by trees, on a bare common, fronting the south, and exposed from morning till night to the rays of the sun; so that the aforesaid houses are, as regards the comfort of the visitors, like so many small ovens. The name of "Middleton One Row," on first hearing it pronounced, sounds rather extraordinary, and is in fact unintelligible to strangers, it not being very clear how the noun of multitude is to be taken; whether as one Middleton, or one row—or altogether, as the name of a place: yet such is the confusion of terms by which the authorities have been pleased to designate a small village—at least, so say the tailboards of the farmers' carts, and the directing posts in the vicinity.

The spring, discovered about forty or fifty years ago, has been resorted to by the people in the neighbourhood ever since. A new bath house, a handsome brick building, was erected at the same time with the hotel: the previous edifice, such as it was, as my informant expressed himself, "a dog-kennel sort of a place," having been let on lease to an old blacksmith, little encouragement was held out to visitors, till Lord Durham, the lease having fallen into his hands, commenced the present improvements.

Besides conveniences for bathing, an apparatus is afforded for heating the water, its natural temperature being too cold for some stomachs; which latter objection is the less unreasonable, considered together with the quantity swallowed by the patients; some of whom drink four and others six large tumblers full before breakfast: one slim gentleman in particular informed me he took twelve tumblers in the course of one morning. They all say, that, drink as much as ever they will, they never feel full. Whatever may be the sensations of the parties, I can certainly testify to the inordinate quantity that, in their instance, the human haggis will hold: I have seen ladies and gentlemen swill tumbler after tumbler, till I have been in dismay, and have, though needlessly, almost trembled for the consequences. The boiling process, however, certainly deprives the water of its strength, as I ascertained by ascending a small ladder to the caldrons in a loft above: there appeared on the surface of the water an incrustation nearly half an inch in thickness, and so solid that, by placing under it the hooked end of a small cane, I was enabled to remove one piece entire, as

large as a folio sheet, and exactly resembling a cake of plaster ripped from a wall, containing, no doubt, much of the virtuous essence of the water, and being, in point of fact, chiefly carbonate of lime.

The chymical analysis is of course to be obtained in the proper quarter; in the meantime the unlearned may bear testimony, from its nauseous effluvia, to the resemblance it bears to the water of the Harrowgate well. Here, as there, they occasionally spell the word with a *w*—Spaw; which last letter, placed where it is, gives the word, when seen in print, a formidable appearance, sufficient of itself almost to turn the inside topsyturvy: thence it really seems advisable to turn the *w* out—just as *us* ought to be served in other cases, and are treated, particularly among the modern languages. Sulphur, at all events, is contained in the water in considerable proportion; so much that those who drink it find, in a very few days, every article of silver in their pockets turned quite yellow; snuff boxes, thimbles, and what not, all assume the appearance of silver gilt when very much worn. Trinkets of every description thus exhibit an inverse sympathy with the complexions of the owners, as if the goddess of the fountain, having first bidden their white cheeks glow with rosy red, then, inverting her wand, turned all their shillings yellow. Much is indicated as to the efficacy of the water by this very simple fact: for if its potency be sufficient even to discolour the silver in a gentleman or lady's pocket, it is but reasonable to conclude that, in its journey thither, carried, as it were, by wind and tide, through the various channels and pores of the body, it must necessarily, at the same time, work an indisputable change in the system: particularly, the situation of the bath house and spring being close to the river Tees, the inmates of the hotel have thereby the additional advantage of accelerating the natural process, by descending and returning by a steep hill, three or four hundred yards in length, in order to reach it.

There are other sulphur springs in the neighbourhood; one especially discharges itself, about a mile and a half above, into the Tees. The water, that trickles from it in a rivulet, leaves a white incrustation along its channel, in appearance exactly like soapsuds. Here is also a basin of the same water, whence, I believe, it rises, nearly circular, about ten feet diameter and six deep: the water is exceedingly clear, and minute white particles adhere to the moss and subaqueous plants at the bottom, bedecking them with a shining spangled covering that creates an imposing effect; precisely that of an artificially ornamented grotto.

The walks through the fields and woods in the neighbourhood of the Dinsdale Spa are as beautiful as can be imagined, containing a splendid distant prospect, with a home picture of rural retirement; but there are few particular points of attraction in the way of rides or drives in the neighbourhood. There is, however, one local curiosity, which, if by chance seen under favourable circumstances, is worth

the pains of a journey from London to obtain a sight of it; I allude to the salmon leap, (or Fish Lock, as it is called,) about two miles up the river. This barrier, when the water is low, is merely an artificial perpendicular fall of seven or eight feet in height, by means of a dike, or stone wall thrown nearly across the river; I say nearly, a space being left on both sides, by which the fish, at particular seasons, enter, and are taken.

A stranger about to visit the salmon leap has one matter of importance to bear in his mind, namely, that he had, in the first instance, better beware of the dog—a dog belonging to the miller, whose mill is close to the lock; a savage animal of a rare breed, just such a description of brute as is by no means agreeable to encounter; that is to say, a brindled bull, half mastiff, jaws underhung, rat tail, and ears as sharp as a fox. He has a trick (if he be still alive) of laying his nose cannily on his paws, as if asleep: meanwhile, on the visitor's approach, the lids of a pair of heavy-looking, vicious eyes, are but barely open; yet, no sooner is the incautious adventurer within his reach, than, with savage ferocity, he jumps up, all-fours, and springs upon him. It happened to be my lot to make his acquaintance as I was turning round a corner unaware, but a moment's glance having developed his good intentions, I shaped my course accordingly another way. On returning to the hotel I found his deeds were notorious, for only a few days before he had charged a Newcastle alderman, and nearly seized him by the leg; nay, he would have succeeded, but that the alderman's steed, like that of Tam O'Shanter, saved the limb of his master, at the expense of a large mouthful of the hair of his own tail, which the dog retained as a trophy.

The river having been previously swollen by a few successive days' rain, I saw the salmon leap in great perfection; which spectacle very far surpassed any idea formed from accounts previously heard, although, as to the height or distance that the fish is able to fling itself out of the water, I had overrated its powers. The river was at the time tumbling violently in a cascade the whole breadth of the fall, and the fish, although unable to surmount the obstacle, were advancing incessantly to the charge: it was said they would have gained the summit, but that the torrent was too heavy, forming so strong an eddy below as to render a sufficiently near approach impracticable. As far as I could see, they usually rose out of the water about six or eight feet from the bottom of the fall, although many sprang from a greater distance without reaching the cascade at all; the greater part leaping into the midst, were beaten down, and engulfed in a moment. It was beautiful to see the courage, determination, and perseverance displayed in this instinctive manœuvre; during a whole hour I was on the spot, although only three fish ascended the torrent, their attempts were not less daring and incessant; springing, without intermission, at the rate of twenty a minute—for I saw, I am sure, no less than twelve hundred leaps in that hour.

The animal darts at his leap, as a foxhunter charges a brook, exerting himself to the utmost, not only to the very last moment, but even when in the air: then they wriggle their sides like a horseman doing his best; at the same time, if it were not fancy, the eye seemed to flash, and an expression of energy animated for the moment even the countenance of a salmon: many drove themselves headlong straight at the watery barrier; others threw themselves against it sidewise, flapping their bodies heavily against the water; frequently not less than five or six were in the air at the same time.

Although several people had collected on the banks of the river, more fish made the attempt towards that part, in spite of the crowd, than at a greater distance, and although so near that any one of the bystanders might have knocked them down with a long pole, they showed, to all appearance, an utter disregard of danger.

The fish were, for the most part, small—about a couple of feet in length. Of the three which succeeded in the attempt, one, a very large one, made a clear spring to the top, covering perhaps in his leap three yards in height and four in length. For some seconds he struggled hard with the torrent above, remaining, with his back above water, without advancing an inch; till at last, success crowning his endeavours, he dived down almost perpendicularly, with his head against the stream, and immediately disappeared—as if eager to exchange turbulent ambition for scenes of quiet repose.—*Sir Geo. Head.*

THE VIZIER'S ESCAPE.—The possibility of a great change being introduced by very slight beginnings may be illustrated by the tale which Lockman tells of a vizier who, having offended his master, was condemned to perpetual captivity in a lofty tower. At night his wife came to weep below his window. "Cease your grief," said the sage;—"go home for the present, and return hither when you have procured a live black-beetle, together with a little *ghee*, (or buffalo's butter,) three clews, one of the finest silk, another of stout packthread, another of whipcord; finally, a stout coil of rope."—When she again came to the foot of the tower, provided according to her husband's commands, he directed her to touch the head of the insect with a little of the *ghee*, to tie one end of the silk thread around him, and to place the reptile on the wall of the tower. Seduced by the smell of the butter, which he conceived to be in store somewhere above him, the beetle continued to ascend till he reached the top, and thus put the vizier in possession of the end of the silk thread who drew up the packthread by means of the silk, the small cord by means of the packthread, and, by means of the cord, a stout rope, capable of sustaining his own weight,—and so at last escaped from the place of his duress.

"I feel rather dull to-day," as the razor said, after it had been used to open oysters.

## THE VALENTINE WREATH.

Rosy red the hills appear  
 With the light of morning,  
 Beauteous clouds in ether clear.  
 All the east adorning;  
 White thro' mist the meadows shine.  
 Wake, my Love, my Valentine!

For thy locks of raven hue,  
 Flowers of hoar frost pearly.  
 Crocus-cups of gold and blue,  
 Snow-drops drooping early,  
 With Mezereon sprigs combine:  
 Rise, my Love, my Valentine!

O'er the margin of the flood,  
 Pluck the daisy peeping;  
 Thro' the covert of the wood,  
 Hunt the sorrel creeping;  
 With the little Celandine,  
 Crown my Love, my Valentine.

Pansies, on their lowly stems,  
 Scatter'd o'er the fallows;  
 Hazel-buds with crimson gems,  
 Green and glossy salallows,  
 Tuffed moss and ivy-twine,  
 Deck my Love, my Valentine.

Few and simple flow'rets these,  
 Yet to me less glorious  
 Garden-beds and orchard-trees!  
 Since this wreath victorious,  
 Binds you now for ever mine,  
 O, my Love my Valentine.

*Montgomery.*

## FARE THEE WELL, THOU LOVELY ONE!

Fare thee well, thou lovely one!  
 Lovely still, but dear no more,  
 Once his soul of truth is gone.  
 Love's sweet life is o'er.  
 Thy words, what'er their flatt'ring spell,  
 Could scarce have thus deceived;  
 But eyes that acted truth so well  
 Were sure to be believed.  
 Then, fare thee well, thou lovely one!  
 Lovely still, but dear no more;  
 Once his soul of truth is gone,  
 Love's sweet life is o'er.

Yet those eyes look constant still,  
 True as stars they keep their light;  
 Still those cheeks their pledge fulfil  
 Of blushing always bright.  
 'Tis only on thy changeful heart  
 The blame of falsehood lies;  
 Love lives in every other part,  
 But there, alas! he dies.  
 Then, fare thee well, thou lovely one!  
 Lovely still, but dear no more;  
 Once his soul of truth is gone,  
 Love's sweet life is o'er.

*Moore.*

## A GEM.

Accept, dear maid, this beauteous rose,  
 To deck thy breast so fair;  
 Observe its hue, nor wonder why  
 It blushes to be there!

## THE THAMES.

Let the Rhine be blue and bright  
 In its path of liquid light,  
 Where the red grapes fling a beam  
 Of glory on the stream;  
 Let the gorgeous beauty there  
 Mingle all that's rich and fair:  
 Yet to me it ne'er could be  
 Like that river, great and free,  
 The Thames! the mighty Thames.

Though it bear no azure wave,  
 Though no pearly foam may lave,  
 Or leaping cascade pour  
 Their rainbows on its shore;  
 Yet I ever chose to dwell  
 Where I heard its gushing swell;  
 And never skim'd its breast,  
 But I warmly praised and blest  
 The Thames! the mighty Thames.

Can ye find in all the world  
 A braver flag unfurl'd  
 Than that which floats above  
 The stream I sing and love?  
 Oh! what a burning glow  
 Has thrill'd my breast and brow,  
 To see that proud flag come  
 With glory to its home  
 The Thames! the mighty Thames.

*Eliza Cook.*

## THE BIRD AT SEA.

Bird of the greenwood!  
 Oh! why art thou here?  
 Leaves dance not o'er thee,  
 Flowers bloom not here.  
 All the sweet waters  
 Far hence are at play—  
 Bird of the greenwood!  
 Away, away!  
 Where the mast quivers,  
 Thy peace will not be,  
 As 'midst the waving  
 Of wild rose and tree.  
 How should'st thou battle  
 With storm and with spray!  
 Bird of the greenwood!  
 Away, away!  
 Or art thou seeking  
 Some brighter land,  
 Where by the south wind  
 Vine leaves are fann'd?  
 'Midst the wild billows  
 Why then delay?  
 Bird of the greenwood  
 Away, away!  
 "Chide not my lingering  
 Where storms are dark  
 A hand that hath nursed me  
 Is in the bark;  
 A heart that hath cherish'd  
 Through winter's long day,  
 So I turn from the greenwood,  
 Away, away."

*Mrs. Hemans*

MEN WHOM THE WORLD TAKES  
CHARGE OF.

A popular magazine lately presented a series of articles, descriptive of the adventures of a military personage, who, while in reality destitute of talent, courage and experience, had by the favorable interpretation that was put upon all his actions, obtained rapid advancement, and ended as a general and K. C. B. Whether a real or imaginary being, Sir Frizzle Pumpkin might be cited as a specimen of a certain class of mortals, who appear to attain, without either merit or effort, all the honors for which better men often struggle in vain. We speak of this class as men whom the world takes charge of, because, from the commencement of their career, they seem as very nurslings, who have every thing done and furnished for them, and are the recipients of a great deal of fondling and coddling besides, with no duty on their own but that of submitting to it all. They have only to wait at home, like Beau Tibbs, and, swoop! every thing they want falls into their mouths. There is of course some principle in this, for no such phenomena can be quite accidental; and yet it is difficult to see what the principle is, or where it lies.

Such a character as that above described will be recognised as one of very common occurrence in almost every walk of life. The individual in question for many years enjoyed a high reputation in the Scottish capital as one of the society of legal practitioners named Writers to the Signet. He was a man of large person, and composed demeanor, always well dressed, lived in a handsome house, sat at good men's feasts and gave good men feasts in return—and was supposed, like the Thane of Cawdore, to be a most prosperous gentleman. Not only did this man obtain the confidence of a number of land proprietors, who gave up their affairs to his management, but all the poor people for twenty miles round his summer retirement in the country, brought to him their savings, and were only too happy when they could prevail upon him to become their banker, although a savings-bank giving the same or nearly the same interest was open in the next town. Insurance offices were glad when they could get his name into their lists of ordinary directors. Shipping companies at the neighbouring port rejoiced at placing it among their extraordinaries. At a meeting of creditors he was sure to be put into the chair; and at a public dinner he was appointed vice or croupier, only if some men of title were present, to take the chair. All kinds of people and all kinds of public bodies busied themselves in thrusting undesired, or at least unsought honors upon him, and in puffing along the bark of his fortunes. He was thought to be honest above all the world's honesty, and to possess, underneath a mute and grave deportment, an unexampled amount of talent and wisdom. At length this man became a bankrupt under the most disgraceful circumstances, half ruining hundreds of clients who had trusted their

affairs to him, and depriving multitudes of poor rustics of their little all. It was then ascertained that he could have possessed neither wisdom nor integrity; and many who thought themselves knowing persons wondered what the world had all along seen in him to entitle him to such confidence, as, for their part, they had never heard a single judicious observation fall from his lips, while they had often had occasion to suspect his conscientiousness—said people having only formed this conclusion respecting his character after his insolvency was declared. The fact is, that all who came within the range of that individual since ever he commenced business, has been impressed with a veneration for his large negative torpid person, and felt as if they might derive a kind of security from running under the shelter of his boughs. He became an idol to those around him by virtue of something in his external aspect and demeanor which inspired confidence; and he never betrayed, by any action or saying, his real value. He might have lived comfortable on his honest and substantial look all the days of his natural life, if he had possessed the most ordinary positive qualifications to enable him to manage the large funds entrusted to him. Nothing but the most uncommon stupidity could have stayed the progress of such a fortune.

Alfred Magnus Bulkley, Esquire, a well-known literary and scientific character of the last age, but now totally and deservedly forgotten, was an equally remarkable sample of these foster-children of society. He belonged to a respectable profession, possessed a little patrimony, and from the first took up a pretty high position in the world. While not destitute of ability, he possessed no striking gifts of mind; he could write a tolerable paper for a learned society, but never was known to strike out an original train of thought, or discover a new light in science. This man, however, never was guilty of any depreciatory trifling; he never committed any folly; he never proved or published himself the small-wit he was. He at this time belonged to a coterie of some influence, occupied a goodly house, and dined and gave dinners in a very tolerable sort of way. The result was, that both honors and profits were showered upon him. First, he was nominated to one onerous and well paid duty—something, however, only tolerable as a beginning. Place number two was a degree better; and it was followed in due course of time by places numbers three and four. Here, one should have imagined, the run would have stopped. But no. There came a final post, transcending all that had preceded it, and consequently making place number five. Some people are said to be born with a silver spoon in their mouth; but it admits of inquiry whether Alfred Magnus Bulkley, Esquire, was not ushered into the world with a whole set, tea, dinner and dessert.

Societies, bodies corporate and unincorporate, learned and unlearned, and government to boot, all seemed to be actuated by one common tendency, and that tendency or impulse was to

pour salaries into the pockets of Alfred Magnus Bulkley, Esquire. How long the phenomenon might have lasted, had this most excellent gentleman lived any length of time after entering into the possession of place number five, no one can tell. To the mortification of all who knew him, he died just as place number six began to be prepared for his acceptance. Mankind often grumble when they see an individual pampered in this manner; but mankind never grumbled in seeing place after place given to Alfred Magnus Bulkley, Esquire. It was a positive pleasure to them when the object of their solicitude rose a step to his undeserved honors. There were many younger and less portentous persons, of excellent ability and great industry, who were of course better fitted than he for almost any literary or official duty that could be mentioned, and who would have been glad to give their whole time and pains to any honorable avocation; but all these were usually passed over in favor of a man of whose qualifications no positive proof existed, and who was only supposed to be great. It was sometimes asked, indeed, what has Alfred Magnus Bulkley, Esquire, done to entitle him to take so high a place in the literary world?—on what title-page of distinction do we find his name?—what have we to say to posterity, in justification of our having thrust so much honor upon this man? The answer to these queries was usually, "Ay, what has Alfred Magnus Bulkley, Esquire, done?—where are his title-pages?—what is posterity to say to it?" No one could pretend to clear the mystery of his elevation; nor could any one have ventured publicly to challenge a reputation in which the public was so much interested. Mankind appeared to be fascinated by this man while he lived. He seemed to possess the gipsy art of glamoury, or something equivalent to it, whereby to mystify his fellow-creatures. In fact, the fault did not lie with himself. He was scarcely conscious, we verily believe, of the strange influence he exercised. He was simply a man of gentlemanly station and deportment, possessed of respectable abilities and information, and incapable of doing anything unfavorable to his own reputation. The effect of this moderately positive, but splendidly negative character, in the midst of the follies, eccentricities, and mean circumstances of more highly endowed men, was to give him the eminence he attained. There was nothing in the case that was not perfectly natural, or that may not occur again. It is not until the world has got the monuments of such men erected, that it awakens from their magnetic sleep into which their dullness and decency have thrown it.

A rural friend, with whom we have often conversed respecting these pets of society, has supplied us, in the following terms with an account of another and humbler individual of the species, whose history had come prominently before his notice:—"Robert Fotheringham, the son of a small farmer in Forfashire (so the narrative proceeds), was a harmless, honest, inoffensive creature, but without the smallest

pretensions to any other merit, being alike destitute of talent and activity. It was his father's intention to bring him up to the same business which he himself followed; but, simple as that business is, Robert was found, on trial, unequal to it. It was soon evident that he never would be able to conduct it with even decent skill. In truth, it appeared he had no genius whatever for farming. He had neither the activity, nor the carefulness, nor the perseverance, nor, I may add, the judgment, necessary to afford any chance of success in that profession.

The father was greatly distressed on making this discovery, and did not know what to do with his son, who was now eighteen years of age, and it was full time he should be doing something. The position of matters, in short, as regarded Robert, was an uneasy one, although he felt none of it himself. But he was not lost sight of. His good genius, or rather the good genius of his class, was at hand to assist him. His father's landlord, who was a man of extensive property, called one day on the farmer, and asked him what he intended making of his son—whether he meant to make a farmer of him. The father replied, he rather thought not. "To tell truth," said the honest man, "I don't know very well what to make of him. He's not just so active or pushing as I would like him."

"But he writes a good hand," replied the landlord, "and is not amiss at figures, I believe." "Oh, yes," said the honest farmer, "he does, certainly." "And he's a pleasant, good-tempered, honest lad?" added the landlord. "I like the young man very much, and, to come to a point at once with you, Mr. Fotheringham, I have called on you to say, that I would be glad to engage him as a sort of under-factor, or overseer, to keep the farming accounts, and so forth, and look over my workmen."

The old man was delighted with the proposal: it came just in the nick of time. Robert himself was neither delighted or otherwise with it, but he accepted it readily enough, and was next day regularly installed in his new appointment. The salary was not a great deal, indeed, but it was a pretty fair thing to begin with. Here, then, was the first instance in the case of Robert, illustrative of that kindness of nature towards creatures of this sort. He had made no exertions to obtain his present situation—he had never sought it—never gone an inch out of his way to obtain it. It was pitched into his hand.

With this employer Robert remained three years, during which time he by no means distinguished himself by activity, intelligence or ability; but his gentle and inoffensive disposition, won him the entire esteem of his master. At the end of that period mentioned, the landlord got into embarrassed circumstances, and was compelled to announce to Robert, and he did it with much regret, that he could no longer employ him. Robert took the intimation very coolly. He expressed neither surprise nor sorrow, nor, indeed, any

feeling whatever on the subject, but returned with great composure to his father's house.

It must not be supposed, however, from the circumstances just mentioned, that Robert's good genius had deserted him. By no means. About three weeks thereafter, while sitting in an easy, calm, contemplative mood by the fireside one day, gazing at the burning embers, and particularly at a certain personage in a huge cocked hat which he discovered between the bars, his father came in with an open letter in his hand, and gave it to him to read. It was from a brother of his former employer who was a wood-merchant in one of the out-ports, and ran thus:—

"Dear Sir—Being in want of a clerk, and having learned from my brother, the last time I saw him, that your son, of whose integrity and good dispositions I had opportunities of judging, is just now out of employment, I beg to say that I will be glad to take him into my counting-house. The salary I would propose to give is eighty pounds per annum. If my offer is accepted, let the young man come to town to-morrow, and call on me. I am," &c.

Robert, on reading the letter gave a faint smile, but this was all. He did not express, either by sign or word, any stronger feeling of satisfaction in the matter. Next day, however, he went to town, and was planted comfortably at the desk of the wood-merchant. Here Robert remained four years, obtaining each year, regularly, an advance of salary, and giving great satisfaction as far as honesty and good disposition went, and passable as regarded the discharge of his duties.

At the end of the above-mentioned period, another calamity similar to the former befell him. His employer became bankrupt, and a trustee was appointed by his creditors to wind up his affairs. Hereupon Robert, as before, coolly and composedly prepared to return to his father's house, thinking very little about the matter, and never dreaming of looking out for another situation. He had no occasion, as the sequel will show.

On the day previous to that which he had fixed for his departure, the trustee on the bankrupt estate, who had come frequently in contact with Robert after entering on the duties of his office, had been pleased with his quiet and civil manner, asked him what he intended doing. Robert said he intended going, in the meantime, to his father's. "What salary had you here?" inquired the trustee. Robert told him. "Wouldn't you like another situation?" Robert said he would if it could be got, but he knew of none. The trustee replied, he had an opening just now in his own counting-house for a young man, and would be glad to employ him, naming the salary he would give, —some twenty pounds per annum more than he had from the wood-merchant—and added a request, that, if he accepted the offer, he might enter on his new situation on the following day. Robert said he would, and did so accordingly; and thus found himself, without moving from his desk, once more comfortably provided for. There was, apparently, no

necessity, and, therefore, no use, for exertion in the case. It must have cost others a world of trouble, of running about, of calling, entreating, promising, and beseeching, to have secured any situation, however humble. They would have required, besides, to have set a whole clan of friends a-going to have accomplished their object. But nothing of this kind was required from our hero. Situations were popped into his hand without his speaking to a soul on the subject, or giving any one the smallest trouble, and without his making the least exertion himself. He was never put to the trouble even of asking them.

With the trustee Robert remained four years, maintaining precisely the same character with which he had started in life, namely, that of being an easy, honest, good soul. The recommendation could go no farther, for experience had done nothing for him. Neither on the score of penetration nor of judgment was there the smallest improvement. In these respects he was exactly where he had been a dozen years before. At the termination of these four years, his employer died, and the business which he followed, of course, came to a close, when our hero once more prepared to return to his father's house till another situation should cast up, and for this, as usual, he had not long to wait. By a stroke of good fortune, equal, if not superior to any he had experienced, he received a lucrative appointment in a large mercantile establishment. Thus far then, and, as yet, no farther, has our friend's good genius brought him, for he is still in the situation last mentioned. But it is likely to be the last move he will stand in need of, as he has now got a pretty large share in the concern, the profits of which place him in a very agreeable condition. He has a neat well-furnished house, a pretty garden, an excellent wife, and a large family. He is, in short, settled in life, and just as snugly and delightfully situated as a man needs to be. And yet no man has been able to discover to this good hour the why or wherefore of his extraordinary success."

Reader, the grand secret is, that moderate, quiet, well-balanced characters, are by far the safest. In the affairs of the world there is so much occasion for *confidence*, that the safe dull man is almost surely to be preferred to the highly endowed. Some people look a great deal too clever—if they could fall upon some device equivalent to Swiftfoot in the fairy tale, and impose some drag upon their alarming quickness of intellect, they would come far better on. In the case of our first hero, the world was deceived; but that is nothing to the question. In his, as in the other two cases, we see the disposition of society to put trust in the tamer kinds of genius; and this is all that is to be contended for. In this disposition of society, there is surely to be traced a kind design of providence. If the smart fellows had in every case a preference, what would become of the dull ones? Is it not lucky that for these there is also some ground of appreciation and preferment?—*Chambers' Ed. Journal.*