

ceive any thing even passable in the beautiful young bride.

Gradually, however, as the younger Mrs. Florence, in the process of time, took her true position in the social circle, even Mrs. Marygold could begin to perceive the intrinsic excellence of her character, although even this was more a tacit assent to a universal opinion than a discovery of her own.

As for Melinda, she was married about a year

after Fanny Clayton's wedding, to a sprig of gentility with about as much force of character as herself. This took place on the same night that Lieut. Harwood, son of the Mrs. Harwood, before alluded to, led to the altar Mary Clayton, the sister of Fanny, who was conceded by all to be the loveliest girl they had ever seen—lovely, not only in face and form, but loveliness itself in the sweet perfections of moral beauty. As for Lieut. Harwood, he was worthy of the heart he had won.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

(See Plate.)

THE school was in an uproar, not in a state of insurrection, far from it, but the unwonted somnolency of the good Domine had given license to the very spirit of boyish fun and mischief. The master asleep! Jesse Sampson, the good-natured, order-loving Jesse asleep! The boys could hardly believe their own eyes. One of the most daring crept on tiptoe across the room, holding up his finger all the while, staring his eyes and puckering his mouth to the last degree of the grotesque, till he came to the very footstool of the master, where he peered close into the face, and felt the regular quiet breathing of the good man upon his own rosy cheek.

At this point he could restrain his ecstasy no longer. He gave one leap into the air, coming down, however, lightly upon his toes; he spread out his hands, and then brought them together in the shape of a clap, but carefully to make no sound, and then mounted a desk in the rear, and began to enact the Domine in dumb show. There he is with his saucy hand upon the sacred cap of the good master, and helping the uproar by mock attempts to allay it. This is Charles —, an aristocrat and a leader from the very cradle; frank, generous and bold; a young king, "by the grace of God" and the free will of his companions, for a democracy of boys can no more do without a head, a leader, a king, whatever the name may be, than a community of those of a larger growth.

This is a noble instinct of our nature, thus to recognise the full man, the godlike, the inherent right of him who combines in himself the qualities common to all, yet in a higher degree, the right vested by the Almighty in such an one, to lead the councils of the rest.

Smart, sturdy, fun-loving boys were they of the village school, each "father of the man." You can read their history as they are now grouped, for this is an instant of time when the true nature is revealed.

By the side of Charles is Francis —, a grave,

studious lad, with his finger upon his lip, and but half relishing the indignities put upon the master. Not so Tom —, who has even encroached upon the sanctum of the capacious pocket, and is ripe for all sorts of mischief.

Opposite this group is another; you will see Henry —, with MS. in hand, quietly enjoying the fun which he neither aids nor quells—with native kindness and genuine refinement of heart he is replying to the eager questionings of little Peter A —, who has just entered, and cannot as yet comprehend the nature of the disorder on every side. Samuel —, a pure specimen of the lymphatic, has laid his head close to the table, and is slowly gathering ideas; behind them are two Johns of the school, fiery, prompt, athletic youths, abounding in animal life, and yet capable of the best mental efforts. They regard books as a bore, while so much that is better may be learned under the free heavens, and amid the wild solitudes of wood and water. You see one is resolutely clinging to the head of the other, while his mate has seized him by the "forelock," as we are recommended to do with time.

John K. has just declared that the sister of John N — has a turned-up nose, and a pitched battle is the consequence.

That pale boy upon the top of the desk in the loose tunic, looking terrified and aghast, is the little son of Widow Jones, of whom we shall have more to say hereafter.

James — and George — are settling an old grudge, while Edward — is catching his breath, and looking on half in terror and half in delight, for when was there ever a boy that didn't enjoy a contest of whatever kind. That is he in the little coat with the skirts falling just below the shoulder-blades; that coat has been a miracle of skill, and the five boys of Mrs. — have worn it one after another, to the great pride and joy of the good woman.

William and Edwin C. are rummaging the

desk, and about to lay violent hands upon a doughnut belonging to little Jesse Sampson, who was at his father's knee, triumphantly droning forth b-l-a bla, b-l-e ble, &c., at the time the unlucky fit of sleep came on. This peril of the doughnut caps the climax of little Jesse's suffering, and you perceive he is looking quite as dolorous as the master himself.

David B. is a dull youth, too dull to start any thing original in the shape of mischief, though he has all the propensity therefor; he is making the hackneyed experiment of looking funny in the spectacles of the Domine, and the rest having better sport, pay little regard to his odd looks.

Thus much for the school. Now comes the more important office devolving upon us as chronicler of the event; the singular and unprecedented drowsiness of the good Mr. Sampson. In doing this it will be necessary to enter into a review of certain things transpiring three or four years anterior to the said nap, which caused so much disorder in the village school.

Jesse Sampson had been five years a widower; a period of mourning very tranquilly divided between the village school, the village church, and the village matrons, the latter of whom always gave the good Domine an extra cup of tea with the condoling remark, that "he must find himself very lonely," whereupon the smooth face of the good man assumed an expression at once dolorous in the extreme.

It was very considerate in his wife Sally to drop off as she did, without subjecting him to any great expense or anxiety on her account, either of which would have been very inconvenient for him to bear. The young Jesse was a baby at this time, a brown lymphatic child, who sucked his thumb resolutely, as if with the express purpose of sparing the feelings of the bereaved father. Indeed every thing seemed as if arranged for this very purpose, and thence came it, that Jesse was as sleek, hearty a mourner as ever filled the lists of widowhood.

On the Sunday after the commencement of this period, Jesse prepared a note, recounting the great calamity which had befallen himself and the little Jesse, which the parson read in a loud and emphatic voice, whereupon the whole congregation stared Jesse full in the face. Then, in his prayer, the parson dilated largely upon the virtues of the deceased, and the perils in store for the little Jesse, till the poor Domine was quite overcome with the extent of a misery which seemed greater than he had before realized. From this time forth he received from dame and spinster smiles of sympathy and condolence, which very much mitigated his sense of suffering.

Mr. Sampson had kept the school for about fifteen years, and was thence acquainted with all the pupils, even from their babyhood. He could tell the hair-breadth "scapes of each—the exact period of weaning and dentition, and the transition states, involving robe, tunic, and finally jacket

and inexpressibles. There was not a youth in the village under twenty who had not experienced his tender mercies in the shape of a flogging one or more times at the least.

It was an affecting sight to behold Jesse Sampson, every day for the last three years, in his widowhood, daily pass to and fro leading poor little Jesse, armed with a huge slice of bread-and-butter, or making inroads upon a doughnut. On the Sabbath too, little Jesse sat in the pew beside him, the master considerably holding the boy's lips a little apart, that his snore might not interfere with the labours of the parson.

These distressing avocations were relieved by regular visits to sundry good dames with well-stocked larders, where Jesse, the younger, was pitted, petted, and stuffed to his heart's content; and Jesse, the elder, was sure to be in a fair way of preserving his rotundity of aspect.

Amongst these visits, which so much relieved the tediousness of his widowhood, was one to Mrs. Jones, the wife of Deacon Jones, the latter of whom had been ailing for nearly a year, and thence was highly gratified whenever Mr. Sampson came in to read the newspaper, discuss the probable result of an election, or tell with what exceeding unction parson Johnson held forth on the preceding Sabbath, though this last subject belonged more immediately to Deacon Brown, who was likewise a widower, and a frequent caller upon the invalid Deacon Jones, as being a brother in the same church, and deprived of public ministration.

David Jones, the youngest son of Mrs. Jones, was about the same age of little Jesse, and it was thence very natural that Mr. Sampson should often take him upon his knee, and talk kindly to him, and even in school extend to him a considerable degree of indulgence; and it was quite natural too that the child should conceive a good degree of favour for the man who so considerably laid aside the thunders of his station in his behalf.

At length it so happened that Deacon Jones grew suddenly worse, so much worse that Deacon Brown, Parson Johnson, and Master Sampson were all precipitately summoned to his bedside. It was all in vain, for the Deacon expired just as the first of these worthies stepped upon the door-sill, whither he had hurried with such promptitude as to actually leave his well-preserved hat hanging upon the peg behind his own door.

The two latter were in season to find Deacon Brown seated beside the widow, essaying the difficult task of consolation: Parson Johnson joined in prayer, and Mr. Sampson took little David upon his knee.

This was Friday night, and now comes the important era of our story. The half day of schooling on Saturday was omitted, out of respect to the Deacon. On the Sunday following, Parson Johnson came out with a sermon expressly for the occasion, which the best judges of the village pronounced superior to any previous effort.

After meeting was the funeral, the largest ever before known—for Deacon Jones was an inoffensive good man, well-to-do in the world, and now that all was over with him, the public were wonderfully alive to his merits.

All these things kept the good Domine in a state of feverish excitement, sleep was out of the question. He could do nothing but think of the poor widow, solitary and in tears. Accordingly, about seven o'clock on Sabbath night, he walked slowly, solemnly in the direction of her dwelling.

Nor had his sympathies alone been elicited on this trying occasion. As Mr. Sampson approached the house, a cheerful light stole from the window of Mrs. Jones, lighting up the pales of the fence in front, and revealing the wood-pile, heaps of chips, and the wheelbarrow, with a hoe lying half across it. Mr. Sampson paused not. As he passed the window, he observed a chair had turned aside a portion of the curtain. Mrs. Jones sat

with her handkerchief to her eyes, and Deacon Brown was holding her kindly by the hand.

Mr. Sampson paused one moment—it was a moment of bitter self-reproach at his own tardiness. He then quietly turned away, passed the chips, the wheelbarrow, hoe, and wood-pile, opened the little gate, closed it, and moved down the road with a step even more solemn than that with which he went up. That was a long night to the poor Domine.

Monday morning came. The boys were each in their places. Mr. Sampson looked pale and haggard, and there was a double tone of kindness in his voice, as if new and strange sympathies had been awakened within him. Little Jesse stood by his side reading b-l-a bla, as before set forth. Slowly the Master's head sank upon his bosom, and the boys, little Jesse, Mrs. Jones, Deacon Brown, all faded into oblivion.

THOUGHTS AND REMINISCENCES FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST QUEBEC—EDWARD CAVENAUGH.

BY LEWIS R. HAMERSLY.

So much for my preserver, "Honest Ned," which epithet he still bears among his neighbours, by whom he is much esteemed.—JUDGE HENRY.

REVERENCE for the departed is one of the most beautiful features of humanity, and it is said that it has prevailed in a ratio almost inverse to the degree of civilization; thus teaching us that it is the untutored voice of that deep religion of the soul which nature has implanted in the hearts of her simplest children, which prompts man to venerate the manes of his fathers. The funeral obsequies of the earlier and ruder nations of the East were full of pomp, sacrifices and sacred rites. The free and polished states of antiquity, too, wisely fostered this sentiment. They incited their youth to noble deeds by the posthumous honours which they lavished upon their illustrious dead. Greece was the land of apotheosized heroes and men-gods; her liberties had no better safeguard than the shining example of her virtuous civilians and patriot warriors; and one of our own great orators has strikingly said that the battle of Thermopylæ preserved her independence more than once. The ingenious youth of Rome were surrounded by a thousand lively mementos of the ornaments and benefactors of the republic. Their minds were always filled with national memories and feelings. The deeds of their departed great were "enrolled in the Capitol;" perpetually kept fresh in the popular mind by amusements, games and festivals, and on all great and solemn occasions, their mute statues were borne through the capital in silent and slow procession.

Our own country, the youngest and fairest daughter of Liberty, should profit by the example of her elder sisters. True, as a nation we have no age of fabulous obscurity; no vague and shadowy traditionary era; no self flattering system of mythological genealogies. "Our country has stepped forth at maturity, in the panoply of war; like Minerva from the brain of Jove." The earthly origin of the founders of our States and achievers of our independence is so well authenticated that we have no show of reason for tracing their paternity to the gods who erst sat enthroned on Mount Olympus. The Revolution—the nation's birthday, was an event of the last age; and there are enough "veterans of half a century" yet lingering with us, to link the past and the present generation as closely together as though both were but a single succession of men. But few years have elapsed since the death of the most illustrious of the lion-hearted, patriot warriors and statesmen of that era; the very chronological order of their departure is distinctly preserved in the personal recollection of those who are now but in the prime of life. And has the effect of this close familiarity with their personal appearance and habits, their character and actions, and their death, been prejudicial to the vast measure of true fame allotted them? No! This has not been the effect of familiarity with them as they lived; for we have derived none but