

ROMANCE OF LIFE.

A lady of Stockport died a few months ago, leaving a great number of legacies to relatives and friends, and among them was one to a woman named Smith, a daughter of a person of that name who was 18 or 20 years ago a sergeant in the 33d Regiment. The executors had punctually discharged all the duties imposed upon them by the will of the deceased, except that of paying this legacy, and they gave up that as a matter almost too wild and impracticable to be thought of, inasmuch as it seemed so little likely they could ever properly trace out the legatee; for the lady who had left the legacy had left no address of the party, had herself never seen her, and when she did hear of her it was 18 years ago—and it might be more than possible that even his name might be buried in the memories of his companions in arms, if not in their coffins, for they had seen foreign service, and part of the regiment had but lately come from Canada. The 33d regiment of 1848 might be another generation of men to that serving in 1829, after hard foreign service in the affairs of Cabul, or amongst the agues and fevers of Canada! But even if remembered, what of his widow and child? Would they have continued followers to the 'anted field'? Nothing was more unlikely, especially when it was recollected that Smith was degraded from his rank of sergeant for some breach of discipline a short time before his death, and his widow might be supposed to have lost even sympathy with those who had treated him, to her mind perhaps, harshly, have been too glad to quit and forget them. Besides, Smith was a common name; how many James Smiths, and even Sergeant James Smiths, might there yet have been in the service? What more likely than the mother, too, should now be dead? It seemed almost chimerical to pursue such an investigation, and so thought the executors. One of these gentlemen, Mr. B. Wheeler, of this city, the news agent, a few weeks ago was with a party at Southport, when taking up a Manchester paper, to read of the movement of troops in various directions about the country, in consequence of the apprehended disturbances, and amongst other things he perceived that a few companies of the 33d regiment had come to Manchester, and were gone to encamp on Kersal Moor. 'Now or never,' thought he; 'there is but little probability of success, but we ought not to lose such an opportunity at all events.' So taking 'the rail,' he came to Manchester, and took an early opportunity to visit the moor. He advanced towards the camp, but was held at bay by the sentinel. The sentinel, he perceived, was a young man, however; so he inquired from him if there was an officer with these companies who had been in the regiment 20 years? 'Yes,' said the sentinel, promptly, 'that gentleman you are coming this way, the captain (Captain Gough), has been in the regiment more than 20 years.' Mr. Wheeler advanced to meet the captain, and communicated, as briefly as possible, the object of his visit, exhibiting at the same time two letters, the last Sergeant Smith had written to the testatrix. 'Sergeant Smith?' repeated the captain, musing; 'Sergeant Smith? Yes; I recollect him very well, and his widow is in the regiment yet.' Here was encouragement, thought Mr. Wheeler. 'But,' continued the captain, 'she has married again.' 'And could you give me the name of her present husband?' was the next inquiry. 'Why,' rejoined the captain, smiling, 'he's Sergeant Smith, too; but they are not here—they are in Canada.' 'Well,' said Mr. Wheeler, 'it is not the mother I want, but the child—the daughter.' 'Oh, the daughter; well, we have the daughter, too—she's on the moor, but she's married.' 'And married also into the regiment,' inquired Mr. Wheeler, 'as well as the mother?' 'Married into the regiment, also,' rejoined the captain, laughing; 'and she, also, is married to a sergeant.' The facts seemed so striking, and the coincidence so unlikely, that the inquirer might have been excused a little incredulity had he not been talking to one not likely to romance, and on a less serious subject; but so true were they, that in a quarter of an hour from his arrival on the moor, Mr. Wheeler was in the presence of the legatee herself—was next in possession of documents from the register of the regiment, by the courtesy of Captain Gough, showing when Sergeant Smith enlisted, when his daughter was born, her name, when the Sergeant died, when the widow was re-married, and registering also the marriage of the daughter, with every other particular important to give the child a legal title to a legacy left her by a person could she never have known—never heard of—and, more singular still, whose name she had never so much as heard mentioned, even by her mother! We have only to add, that the executors rejoiced at being so unexpectedly enabled to complete the task imposed upon them, lost no time in fulfilling the requirements of the law, and something more than a week ago paid over the legacy.

By Douglas Jerrold.

BE KIND TO CHILDREN.

Blessed be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child, for there is no saying where and when it may bloom forth. Does not everybody remember some kind-hearted man, who showed him a kindness in the quiet days of his childhood? The writer of this recollects himself at this moment, a bare-footed lad standing at the wooden fence of a poor little garden in his native village; with longing eyes he gazed on the flowers which were blooming there quietly in the brightness of a Sunday morning. The possessor of the garden came forth from the little cottage. He was a wool-comber by trade, and spent the whole of

the week at his work in the woods. He was come into his garden to gather a flower to stitch into his coat when he went to church. He saw the boy, and breaking off the most beautiful of his carnations—it was streaked with white—gave it to him. Neither of them spoke one word; and with bounding steps the boy ran home; and now here, at a vast distance from home, after so many events of so many years, the feeling of gratitude which agitated the breast of that boy expresses itself on paper. The carnation has long since withered but now it blooms afresh.

From the London People's Journal.

LIVES

WRITTEN ON A SUNDAY NIGHT.

Oh praise be to Him who unto man
The Sabbath-day hath given;
For unto me, a son of toil,
It is a glimpse of heaven!
For then my haggard cheek, so wan,
So death-like, and so white,
Is tinged with brown by moorland winds,
And Phœbus' rays so bright;
For then, amongst thick, wavy grass,
I drink salubrious air,
And nature's beauties chase away
That knowing monster, care.
Bluebottles, flies, and grasshoppers,
Then my companions are;
And zephyrs lightly waft my soul
To fairy-lands afar.
And as in rapture thus I lie
Upon my green grass bed,
And gaze upon the heavenly bright
Blue zenith o'er my head,
The midge, and moth, and beetle black,
And butterfly, and bee,
Sing and converse in language wild,
And symphonise with me;
And as the butterfly, with its bright
Light wings, fans cool my cheek,
I have aspiring sunny thoughts,
Which cheer my spirits meek.
Oh Sabbath doth reward my toil,
My energy renew;
And cheerfully I toil six days
With it to cheer my view,
And oft as Phœbus at noontide
Throw slant his cheering beams,
A ray of hope along with them
Through my crazed window streams.
And oft when the sunbeams doth
The floating dust reveal;
My soul far from the dusty shop
Through stone walls thick doth steal.
And o'er the mountain, plain, and heath,
'Mongst flowers and herbs I roam;
Till at the voice of some one, quick
As lightning back I come.
Oh praise be to Him who unto man
Fleet fancy's wings hath given
We can the universe explore,
And have a glimpse of heaven.
Tyrants cannot her wing suppress—
Thank heaven—for if they could,
As base things they have done before,
Long, long e'er now they would.

T. B. SOUTHWICK.

THE BOUNTIES OF PROVIDENCE.

BY DR. CROLY.

THE number of human beings on the earth is calculated at nearly one thousand millions; all those are fed from the produce of the ground; for even animal food is itself the produce of the ground. It is true that, for this result, man in general must labour; but how small an actual portion of this immense productiveness is due to man! His labour ploughs the ground, and drops the seed into the furrow. From that moment a higher agency supersedes him. The ground is in possession of influences which he can no more guide, summon, or restrain, than he can govern the ocean. The mighty alembic of the atmosphere is set at work; the rains are distilled, the gales sweep, the dews cling, the lightning darts its fertilizing fire into the soil, the frost purifies the rapidity of the fermenting vegetation—perhaps a thousand other agents are in movement of which the secrets are still hidden from man, but the vividness of whose force penetrates all things, and the extent of whose action is only to be measured by the globe; while man stands by, and has only to see the naked and denuded soil clothing itself with the tender vegetation of spring, or the living vegetation of the harvest; the whole loveliness and bounty of nature delighting his eye, soliciting his hand, and filling his heart with joy.

But the wonder does not come to his limit with the provision for man; the forest, the field, the mountain, the shores are all peopled with eager existence. The world is all life. The quadruped millions range freely, and are fed abundantly, in regions into which man never stuck a spade. We speak of things of common knowledge. The buffalo ranges in herds of thousands in realms of the New World, to which man has yet scarcely given a name. In Africa, the casual migration of the antelope has displayed such myriads that they have been compared to the movement of a great army. The elephant, in Eastern Africa, is almost master of the land.

Who feeds those millions? They can produce nothing for themselves. But their table is spread upon the ground, and their provision is perpetual. If the tempest ravages it, or the run scorches, or the frost smites, they are led by instinct, the invisible hand of Providence, to another soil; and still the land furnishes their inexhaustible food.

But the support of man and the quadruped races is but a portion of this wondrous productiveness. The millions of the reptile tribes,

the millions of millions of the insect tribes, are all to be fed from the ground.

Another race then comes into view, equally fed from land and ocean—the fowls of the air. No grasp of numeration can calculate their multitudes. The migration of a single tribe—the wood pigeons of the North American forests—has covered the sky with a column of flight, a living cloud, ten miles long and a mile broad. In some instances the migration is said to have lasted for days, continually darkening the sky. Such numbers defy all counting; yet they are all fed from the produce of the ground. Even the birds of prey, and the sea birds, are fed from that which was originally the produce of the ground.

It is computed that the land of the globe would be equal to the support of fifteen times the number of its present inhabitants, or might sustain a population of fifteen thousand millions. But the ocean, three times the extent of the land, probably contains even a much larger proportion of life, from its being penetrable through all its depths; and from our knowledge, not merely of its surface, but from the strong probability, amounting almost to certainty, that the mountains and valleys of its bed are filled with vegetation, fed on by those monstrous animals whose skeletons we so constantly find embedded, and thus preserved, in soils once evidently covered by the sea. There probably exist millions of those huge creatures, no more capable of ascending to the surface of the ocean than man to the surface of the atmosphere; yet enjoying their existence, grazing in their submarine forests and prairies, ranging through an extent of pasture to which the broadest regions of the land are tame and narrow; and, undisturbed by the hostility or molestation of man, giving, in their provision and their enjoyment, proofs, to higher than mortal eyes, of the spontaneous and boundless beneficence of their Creator.

From the Christian Times.

TESTIMONY OF G. CRUIKSHANK.

On Tuesday evening, the 26th December, the members and friends of the London Temperance League held a Soiree at the Hall of Commerce. George Cruikshank, Esq., presided. H. Clapp, Esq., of America, very eloquently advocated the cause of Temperance as a great truth, and contended for the unity of all societies which were based upon truth. Mr P. Edwards followed up Mr C.'s argument, and adduced some facts in evidence. R. F. Pinching, Esq., a surgeon, answered some of the physical objections which had been made to total abstinence. Dr. Gourley, a medical gentleman, apparently full 60 years of age, in the course of a long speech, said that he had never taken a glass of wine or spirits in his life; he had never taken a dozen doses of medicine, and had never had a day's illness in his life. Mr H. Clapp then proposed, and Mr Sims seconded, a vote of thanks to Mr Cruikshank for his kindness in presiding. This proposition having been carried unanimously, Mr C. rose to reply, and was received with much applause. He said:—I was induced to take this chair from the earnest solicitation of your Secretary, who urged that by complying I might be the means of doing some good. (Hear, hear.) If, then, from so slight an exertion, any good is accomplished, I am most happy that I am here. (Cheers.) I came forth also for another reason; to set, by my humble example, the opinion of this unthinking world at defiance. Now mark: I believe that by nature, and from the profession that I formerly belonged to, that of a Caricaturist, I have as keen a sense of the ridiculous as most men. (Laughter and applause.) I can see clearly what is ridiculous in others; I am so sensitive myself that I am quite alive to every situation, and would not willingly place myself in a ridiculous one. (Hear, hear.) And I must confess, that if it was to be a teetotaler was to be a milk sop; if it was to be a namby-pamby fellow, or a man making a fool of himself, or of others, then indeed I would not be one; certainly not. But if on the contrary, to be a teetotaler is to be a man that values himself, and tries by every means in his power to benefit others; if to be a teetotaler is to be a man who does battle with false theories and bad customs, then I am one. [Loud applause.] I have been a convert but a short time, not much over 12 months. I only wish that I could say with Dr. Gourley, that I had never taken a glass of spirits in my life. I wish that I had acted upon the principle of total abstinence only 30 years ago; for if I had, I am convinced that at this time I should have been much better both in body and mind. [Hear and cheers.] I have experienced much benefit already, both physically and mentally. [Hear, hear.] I never did sneer at or scorn the question of temperance, yet I never thought that I should stand up as a teetotal advocate. [Hear and cheers.] But I am proud that I have been put into the position in which I am now placed. (Cheers.)

From the London Times.

A HINT TO YOUNG MEN.

Every young man in this metropolis, if he will only attend to his business, what ever it is, and keep out of scrapes, is a rising man, and has all the prizes and honors of the nation before him, if not for himself and children, at least for his children's children. There is no reason to complain when this is the case.

We have no exclusions of race. Take any dozen men in good circumstances, either at the east or the west end of London: take them in a club at Pall Mall, or in the Exchange, and enquire into their origin. One is an Irishman, another a Scotchman, another is a Welshman. Perhaps half of them can show a Celt in his pedigree. The same number can

produce an ancestor driven to this country by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, or a foreigner of still more recent date. So much for race. As for condition, the great-grandfather of one was a laborer; of another, a gentleman's butler, of another a weaver, of another, a journeyman blacksmith, of another, a hairdresser, and so forth. So far from the trade and commerce of London being at all a monopoly, it is notorious that nearly all the tradesmen of London, or their immediate ancestors, came from the country. In the manufacturing districts, these examples of successful industry are still more numerous. Manchester, for example, is made out of nothing. Now this state of things suits the British taste very much better than any scheme for making and keeping all men equal. The fact is, that we don't like equality. Saxons are a spreading, a stirring, an ambitious, and a conquering race. We prefer hope to enjoyment, and would rather look forward to be something better than to be always the same. Englishmen of any thought have just the same feeling about their posterity. The hope to rise in their offspring. They do also know that they will do so, if they are steady and industrious, and train up their children as they ought to do. Every working man with two ideas in his head knows very well that it is his own fault if he does not thrive, live in a comfortable house rented at more than £10 a year, have a little money safely invested, and before many years, find himself and his family safe—at least from the workhouse.

By Thomas Hood.

WRITING FOR THE PRESS.

O ye poets and proers, who aspire to write in the miscellanies, and above all, O ye palpitating untried, who meditate the offer of your maiden essays to establish periodicals, take care, pray ye, take care to cultivate a good, plain round text. Set up Tomkins as well as Pope or Dryden for a model, and have an eye to your pot-hooks. Some persons hold that the best writers are those who write the best hands, and I have known the conductor of a magazine to be converted by a crapped M. S. to the same opinion. Of all things, therefore, be legible; and to that end practice penmanship. If you have never learned, take lessons. Be sure to buy the best paper, the best ink, the best pens, and then sit down and do the best you can; as schoolboys do—put out your tongue and take pains. So shall ye happily escape the rash ejection of a jaded editor; so having got in your hand, it is possible that your head may follow: and though last, not least, ye may fortunately avert those awful mistakes of the press which some times ruin a poet's sublimest effusions, by pantomimically transforming his roses into noses, and his angels into eagles, and all his happiness into pappiness.

From Sharpe's London Magazine.

THE MORAL USES OF GAS.

The moralist may see much here to engage his thoughts, for these silent burning lights are aiding his labors by preventing the crimes to which darkness offers a temptation. Let any one who doubts this read the accounts of the state of things in London in old times, when the link-boy was necessary to enable the passenger to track his path through the dark streets, at the corners of which desperate footpads lurked, for the approach of some passenger whom business or pleasure had forced out. Such times were the golden ages of burglars, who did nearly as they pleased during the period between sunset and sunrise. Who now fears lest he should be knocked down and deliberately robbed and beaten in Cheapside, Fleet-street and the Strand, even if he should be out hours after sunset? Now, this change in the social state has not arisen simply from alterations in police arrangements, but from the additional security given to persons and property by a well-lighted city. The men who first observed the burning of the Gas-jets in a coal-mine, little suspected the moral importance which that very species of flame would exercise in subsequent ages. Perhaps even Mr. Murdoch, who first drew public attention to the use of gas in lighting towns, did not anticipate the importance to which his improvement would so rapidly rise. In the year 1792 he erected a small gasometer for use on his own premises; ten years after the population of Birmingham poured out in thousands to witness his brilliant illumination at Soho, when peace was proclaimed; but in the year 1848 the brilliant lights are familiar to all inhabitants in our second and third class towns. Such is one aspect in which fire or flame may be viewed, as the producer of light, and the creator of numberless aids to civilization.

AN EFFECTUAL CURE.

'Doctor,' said a sick man, peevishly, to his physician, 'you have been dosing and plugging me this long time, and it's all of no use; do take the matter more vigorously in hand; let us go to the root of the evil, and get rid of it at once.' 'I will do it at one stroke,' replied the Doctor, raising his stick and smushing the brandy bottle, which stood on a side table near his patient.

EVENING HOURS.

'What,' says the 'North of Scotland Gazette,' in an article in favor of the early closing of shops. 'What have evening hours done for mechanics who had only ten hours' toil? What in the moral, what in the religious, what in the scientific world? Hark! to these facts!—One of the best editors the 'Westminster Review' could ever boast, and one of the most