

Years are gone. Henry Sherrard's name ranks high as a learned, a great, and better still, a good man. Emma, his loving wife, has blessed him with a large family of children. It is needless to say this is a happy home. With two such beings as representatives, it could hardly be otherwise. We do not say it was exempt from the trials that fall to the lot of almost every home, yet it was just such a circle as angles might delight to gaze on. Old Mrs. Osgood lives with them, a pious, humble Christian. Emma's children are as dear to her as her own ever were; but she indulges none of those ideal dreams of wealth and fame in regard to them that constantly dwell in her bosom in regard to her own offspring. Little Lucy Howard has grown up a beautiful and accomplished woman, and is married to Dr. Williamson's nephew.—they live at the residence of Mr. Howard, who has become a better man. His daughter is happy in the thought that she possesses the best of fathers, little dreaming what he once was and that by his hand she was deprived of a mother.

A letter from Eleanor a few days since, informed her mother of her intention to visit her native State. She said little of herself, the object that once occupied her whole thoughts; yet the tone of her letter showed plainly that she had found the happiness procured by wealth at best but precarious and transient.

Laura's husband has reformed, and her prospects for happiness are brighter than formerly. Virginia is a widow as much distinguished for humility as she once was for pride and ostentation. Thus the mothers and sisters have become, by sad experiences, wiser and better women.—Yet this experience has been dearly bought—with a daughter's blood and a sister's wrong's. Mothers, will you be warned, or must you pass through a similar ordeal to show you your duty?

THE INCONVENIENCE OF AN-OSSTORS.

THERE are two classes in the community, says a writer, who feel seriously the disadvantage of having had fathers—namely, persons whose fathers were exceedingly obscure, and persons whose fathers appropriated other peoples' horses, and were guilty of crimes for which they were subsequently hanged. We know people who would rather see the ghost of the witch of Endor the ghost of Hamlet's father, the Cock Lane ghost, indeed, forty other veritable ghosts, grinning and grim, than to see the ghost of their own fathers. A lady of fashion bedizened with silks, bejewelled to her fingerends, and making a vast display of grandeur at her dinner party, would be terribly horrified if the apparition of her honest father, a pedlar in a small way, with his leather pack on his back, should stalk in, in the midst of their hilarity, and inquire whether any pins or needles were wanted by any of the gracious company there assembled. We once knew a lady of fashionable distinction, the daughter of a cobbler, who used to do picayune jobs on the heels and toes of shoes in process of dilapidation, who, had the luck to marry a chap with an empty head and full pocket, soon became known as the leader of society. Her nose had so delicate an organisation that she avowed she could smell a mechanic a quarter of a mile off. This excessive olfactory delicacy would have been a "medium" and had the spirit of her father appeared frequently to her, for the old cock, it must be confessed, had a vile smell of leather and wax ends about him. This lady went into hysterics on the appearance of a venerable aunt in her parlour while she was doing the elegant to a brace of sweet smelling gentlemen. In spite of the denials of the lady as to the relationship between herself and the old woman, the latter protested that she was a genuine aunt, the sister of Peter Simpkins, cobbler, from whose joins the splendid lady before her sprang.—The old lady was tumbled out, but the story got wind, sadly to the discomfiture of the lady who, in the height of her passion, wished that she had never had any relative, and that she had come to this earth as spontaneously as an unparented mushroom. A man however, is what he makes himself, not what his ancestors made him. There is nothing more common than to see children altogether unlike their parents, and who, if it were not for the affinities of blood, would have very few affinities with those from whom they sprang. The son of a scamp may turn out to be a pattern of moral worth, and the darling boy of a horse thief may feel himself called on to convert the Thugs of India to an obedience of the Decalogue.

FRIENDS BEHIND OUR BACKS.

If we quarrelled with all the people who abuse us behind our backs and began to tear their eyes out as soon as we set ours on them, what a life it would be, and when should we have any quiet? Backbiting is all fair in society. Abuse me, and I will abuse you; but let us be friends when we meet. Have not we all entered a dozen rooms, and been sure, from the countenances of the amiable persons present that they had been discussing our little peculiarities, perhaps as we were on the stairs? Was our visit therefore, the less agreeable? Did we quarrel and say hard words to one another's faces? No—we wait until some of our dear friends take their leave, and then comes our turn. My back is at my neighbour's service; as soon as that is turned let him make what faces he thinks proper; but when

we meet we grin and shake hands like well-bred folk, to whom clean linen is not more necessary than a clean, sweetlooking countenance, and a nicely got-up smile, for company.—*Thankery.*

From the American Messenger. THE BLESSED RAIN.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

"Thou sentest a gracious rain upon thine inheritance, and refreshed it when it was weary."

I marked at morn the thirsty earth
By lingering drought oppressed,
Like sick man in his fever heat,
With parching brow and breast.

But evening brought a cheering sound
Of music o'er the frame,
The tuneful voice of the heavenly shower—
Oh, blessed, blessed rain!

The pale and suffocating plants
That have bowed themselves to die,
Imbibed the pure, relieving drops,
Sweet gift of a pitying sky.
The fern and heath upon the rock,
And the daisy on the plain,
Were whispering to their new-born buds,
Oh, blessed, blessed rain!

The herds, that o'er the wasted fields
Reamed with dejected eye,
To find their verdant pasture brown,
Their crystal brooklet dry,
Rejoice within the mantling pool
To stand refreshed again,
Each infant ripple leaping high
To meet the blessed rain.

The farmer sees his crisping corn,
Whose tassels swept the ground,
Uplift once more a stately head,
With hopeful beauty crowned.
While the idly lingering water-wheel,
Where the miller ground his grain,
Turns gladly round with a dashing sound,
At the touch of the blessed rain.

Lo! if our drooping souls too long
Should close their radiant wing,
And the adhesive dust of earth
All darkly round them cling,
Send thou such showers of quickening grace,
That the angelic train
Shall to our grateful shouts respond,
Oh, blessed, blessed rain.

From Mr. Scott's New Book on the Crimea,
&c.

A RECENT VISIT TO SEBASTOPOL.

The port of Sebastopol consists of a bay running in a south-easterly direction, about four miles long and a mile wide at the entrance, diminishing to 400 yards at the end, where the "Tchernai Retchka," or Black River, empties itself. The average depth is about eight fathoms, the bottom being composed of mud in the centre and gravel at the sides. On the southern coast of this bay are the commercial military, and careening harbours; the quarantine harbour being outside the entrance—all these taking a southerly direction and having deep water.

The military harbour is the largest being about a mile-and-a-half long by 400 yards wide, and is completely land-locked on every side.—Here it is that the Black Sea fleet is moored in the winter, the largest ships being able to lie with all their stores on board close to the quays. The small harbour, which contains the naval arsenal and docks, is on the eastern side of the military harbour near the entrance.

The port is defended to the south by six principal batteries and fortresses, each mounting from 50 to 190 guns; and the north by four, having from 18 to 120 pieces each; and besides these there are many smaller batteries.

The fortresses are built on the casemate principle, three of them having three tiers of guns, and a fourth two tiers. Fort St. Nicholas is the largest, and mounts about 190 guns on carefully counting them we made 186. By great interest we obtained permission to enter this fortress. It is built of white limestone; a fine sound stone, which becomes hard and is very durable, the same material is used for other forts. Between every two casemates are furnaces for heating shot red hot; we measured the calibre of the guns, and found it to be eight inches, capable of throwing shells or 68-pound solid shot.

Whether all the guns in the fortress were of the same size it is impossible to say, but my belief is, that most of the fortifications of Sebastopol are heavily armed. We entered fort St. Nicholas through the elegantly-furnished apartments of the military commandant, situated at its south-western end.

At the period of our visit there were certainly not more than 850 pieces of artillery defending the port towards the sea, and of these about 350 could be concentrated on a ship entering the bay. Other batteries however, are said to have been since built. We took some trouble to ascertain these facts by counting the guns of the various forts—not always an easy matter where any suspicion of our object might have subjected us to grave inconveniences. Sebastopol is admirably adapted by nature for a strong position towards the sea, and it will be seen, from what

we have stated above, that this was fully taken advantage of to render it one of the most formidable fortified places in that direction which could be imagined.

We are well aware that the casemate fortresses are very badly constructed, and, though having an imposing exterior, that the walls are filled in with rubble. The work was carried on under Russian engineers, whose object was to make as much money as possible out of it.—They were, moreover, found to be defective in ventilation, to remedy which some alterations were subsequently made; but, admitting all their defects they are strong enough to inflict some amount of injury on an attacking fleet before their guns could be silenced.

In speaking of the means of defence at Sebastopol we have left the Russian fleet out of question. This however, is not to be treated either with indifference or contempt; for, while we are ready to admit this neither in the strength of ships, in the quality of sailors, nor in any other respect, can it be compared for an instant to those of England and France, yet there can be no doubt of the Russian seamen being well trained in gunnery, nor of their being endowed with a kind of passive courage which would lead them to stick to their work, when not called upon to exercise their seaman-ship in which they are very deficient.

The town of Sebastopol is situated on the point of land between the commercial and military harbours which rises gradually from the water's edge to an elevation of 200 feet. It is more than a mile in length, and its greatest width is about three-quarters of a mile, the streets entering the open steppe on the south. It was partly defended on the west towards the land by a loop, holed wall, which had been pronounced by one of the first engineers of Russia as perfectly useless, and plans for completely fortifying the place in that direction were said to have been made; but whether the work has since been carried out we know not, though we have a deep conviction that strong defences will be found to exist there by the time a besieging army arrives. These, however, being hurriedly raised, can neither be of sufficient magnitude nor strength to offer a serious resistance to a long-continued fire of heavy artillery, and unless these fortifications are on a most extensive scale and embrace a very wide circuit, they may be commanded from so many points that, attacked with heavy guns of long range, their speedy reduction become a matter of certainty.

None of the sea batteries or forts are of the slightest service for defence on the land side.—Indeed the great fort "St. Nicholas" has not a gun pointed in that direction, and such an armament would be perfectly useless if it existed, as that part of the hill on which the town stands rises behind it to the height of 200 feet. In fact, all the fortresses and batteries, both to the north and south of the great bay are commanded by higher ground in the rear.

The streets are built in parallel lines, from north to south, and intersected by others from east to west; and the houses being of limestone, have a substantial appearance. The public buildings are fine. The library erected by the Emperor for the use of naval and military officers is of Grecian architecture, and is elegantly fitted up internally. The books are principally confined to naval and military subjects, and the sciences connected with them, history and some light reading.

The clubhouse is handsome externally and comfortable within; it contains a large ball-room which is its most striking feature, and billiard-rooms, which appeared to be the great centres of attraction; but one looked in vain for reading-rooms, filled with newspapers and journals, such as are found in the clubs of England.

There are many good churches, and a fine landing-place, of stone, from the military harbour, approached on the side of the town beneath an architrave supported by high columns. It also boasts an Italian opera-house, the first performance for the season at which took place during our visit; but we cannot say much for the singing, the company being third rate and the voice of the *prima donna* very much resembling at times a cracked trumpet. The house itself was badly fitted up.

The eastern side of the town is so steep that the mastsheads of the ships cannot be seen until one gets close to them. Very beautiful views are obtained from some parts of the place, and it is altogether agreeably situated. A military band plays every Thursday evening in the public gardens, at which time the fashionables assemble in great numbers.

As Sebastopol is held exclusively as a military and naval position, commerce does not exist, the only articles imported by sea being those required for material of war, or as provisions for the inhabitants and garrison.

On the entrance side of the military harbour, opposite to the town, is a line of buildings, consisting of barracks some storehouses, and a large naval hospital, which we inspected. The wards are good, but too much crowded; many of the arrangements are bad, and the ventilation in some parts exceedingly defective, the effluvia being most offensive. But, perhaps, this is permitted on hygienic principles seeing that the Russian is so accustomed to foul odours from his birth that the physicians may consider a return to a little artificial native air as highly beneficial after a sea voyage.

Sebastopol is not the port of construction for

ships of war; they are all built at Nicholaieu, on the river Bug; as Petersburg is the building place for Cronstadt. But here all repairs are done, and store and materials of war in great quantity are kept in the naval arsenal.

The works that have been accomplished in the little port appropriated to this department are immense. The quays are well and strongly built of limestone, with granite copings, under the superintendence of an English master mason. Along the eastern quay are ten large stone buildings, for storehouses, then in course of construction, five of which were already finished.

But all other works sink into insignificance at Sebastopol before those projected and accomplished by Colonel Upton, under immense engineering difficulties. They consist of a great fitting basin, into which open five dry docks, three at the end, and one on each side of the entrance canal. As there is no tide, these docks are above the level of the sea and the ships are floated into them by locks, of which there are three, having a rise of ten feet each.

To supply the basin, and thence the canal, the water is brought eleven miles by a beautiful aqueduct of stone, into which the Black Sea has been turned beyond Inkerman. This passes at one part through an excavated tunnel, 900 feet long, which is constructed on arches in five or six other places.

In order to make sufficient space for the dock, the canal of which leads from the southern extremity of the little port, it was necessary to cut away a portion of the mountain, and on the top of the great perpendicular wall thus made now stands a massive pile of stone buildings, used as the sailors, winter barracks.

In case of an enemy penetrating the dockyard port, these barracks might be held as a formidable position by men armed with the Minie rifle; and it has been suggested that a couple of line-of-battle ships in the basin, with their broadsides to the port, and commanding it, would also form a battery of great power. Thus, in attack by sea alone on Sebastopol every inch of ground would have to be contested.

A large filter has been erected, from which pipes are carried to the quay, into which a stream has been turned from the aqueduct, and where a ship requires a supply of water, she or the tank barges have only to come alongside, a hose is attached to the pipe, put on board, and the process is accomplished with the greatest facility and expedition. No expence has been spared to render this naval arsenal perfect and we doubt whether, in many respects, there is another in Europe so convenient, always supposing the works projected to have been carried out.

The streets of Sebastopol, as may be expected, teem with soldiers and sailors; indeed, no one unconnected with the service lives there; and all but Russians are discouraged or forbidden to do so. The Jews were at one time ordered away from it entirely, but some few have been allowed to return. It was said that no foreigners were permitted to remain there more than 24 hours; but, during a sojourn of 10 days, we met with no interference, although we visited, and curiously examined, all parts of the town, and everything worth seeing in it.

SCRAPS.

Man is like a snow-ball—stir and roll him about, and there will be more of him.

Time.—His factory is a secret place his work is noiseless, and his hands are mutes.

A man, being commiserated with on account of his wife running away, said don't pity me till she comes back again.

Three Things Modern Young Men Cultivate.—The acquaintance of a young lady with plenty of money, shirt collars as high as a garden wall—and a moustache.

A western editor, in speaking of a female singer, says "Her voice is as pure as moonlight, and as tender as a, three shilling shirt!"

The inability of a wife to make bread has been declared sufficient ground for divorce by the Jones County Agricultural Society at Iowa.

Dr. South says that many a man runs his head against a pulpit, who might have done his country excellent service at the plough.

An Oswestry lady, who took offence at something in the newspaper of the day, sent it home in a huff, declaring that she would "never borrow that paper again."

The expenses of the corporation of the city of Melbourne are wholly paid from licences to public houses and the fines of drunkards granted and imposed by the public court.

A contemporary says, "That the women ought to make a pledge not to kiss a man who uses tobacco, and it would soon break up the practice." Were the ladies to pledge themselves to kiss every man who does not use it, the practice would be given up sooner.

Julius Cæsar Hannibal giving an account of his sea voyage, says, "All de passengers was now heavin, and as if dat wasn't enough, de captain gave orders for de ship to heave too, and she hove too."

Is that the second bell?" inquired a gentleman of a sable porter at a country boarding-house, the other day. "No sir!" exclaimed the darkey, "dat am de secon' ringin' of de fust bell; we has but one bell in dis house."