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Poetry.

LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

They drive home the cows from pasture,
Up and through the long shady lane,
Where the quails whistle loud in the wheat-fields
That are yellow with the ripening grain.
They find in the thick waving grasses,
Where the scarlet-tipped strawberry grows;
They gather the earliest snowdrops,
And the first crimson blood of the rose.

They toss the new hay in the meadow;
They gather the elder-bloom white;
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.
They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than July wines;
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest,
On the long thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate sea-weeds,
And build tiny castles in the sand;
They pick up the beautiful sea-shells—
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.
They wave from the tall rocking tree-tops
Where the oriole's hammock-nest swings,
And at night-time are lulled in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And from those brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of State.
The pen of the author and statesman—
The noble and wise of the land—
The sword and the chisel and palette,
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

Miscellaneous.

After Many Days.

"You'll spend Christmas with us?" John Mellish had said to his cousin; and Brian, remembering how very gloomy last Yule-tide had appeared as viewed from the solitude of his chambers, gladly accepted. If he had accepted the invitations that poured in to him, he might have passed his days in hunting, shooting and dining, but being of an ambitious turn, and having from his earliest boyhood heard it asserted that he would "do something" and attain some position above the ordinary herd, Brian had laid down a course of hard law-reading to which he now set himself stuck honestly. Perhaps there was not much merit due to him yet; the plow and furrow may have been as fascinating as the outer world. He had run the gauntlet, it is true, of many of those temptations which most easily beset a man, but he had never been in love; that trial remained, and we shall see how he met it. A flirting he had done his share, possibly more than his share. Law is, we know, at best, dry work, requiring counter excitement now and then; and Brian, being indolent in his amusements, took that which was at hand. But the women with whom he flirted said he had no heart.

He written that there is a tide in the affairs of men. This particular tide had not as yet set in upon the even shore of Brian's life, but the crisis was not far off, and, as is generally the way, fate came concealed by the most innocent of disguises; and so it was, that being in a fair way to become Q. C., if he thing more, Brian, running against his cousin, John Mellish, in the Strand, was summoned to meet his fate at "The Cedars," where, a week before Christmas, we find our hero, sitting by the Squire's young wife, but looking with all his eyes at the young face of his wife's younger sister Kate, and trying with all his ears to catch the murmur of her low, soft voice.

"I'll marry that girl or none," Brian said to himself, as he undressed the night after his arrival; and so he repeated still more passionately when, on the footman rousing him next morning, he became conscious that Kate's gray eyes had been shining upon him in the dreams.

"The hounds meet at the kennels, sir," said the servant; "and master says you'd better be down soon, as he and Miss Kerr are going to ride to cover."

"All right," quoth Brian; and having luckily come provided with breeches and tops, it was not long before he had descended to the breakfast room, where he found Kate presiding, and the squire and a couple of strangers from the other side of the country busy in fortifying against the chances of a long day.

"I've ordered the young chestnut for you, Brian," said John. "I want him shown off, and I am too heavy for the country we'll most likely cross to-day; besides, you handle a horse better than any man I know." Then the conversation turned upon the merits of the horse and the prospect of having a run.

For the first ten minutes after starting Brian had his hands full, and not until the chestnut quieted down had he a fair opportunity of looking at Kate, who, like all pretty women who can really ride, looked better on horseback than anywhere else; and as Brian watched her brightening color, and lithe figure swaying with every motion of her horse, the remembrance of his chambers came up like a nightmare.

What had green leaves, laced with daw-laden gossamers, carolling larks and full-throated robbins to do with dusty folios and blue lined foolscap? Brian thought it over that night, while the picture was well, still fresh in his memory, and he thought it over every night, till, as the reader will see, the odds against the Q. C., became longer and longer.

What the riding, dancing and games had left undone, the dressing up of the church and house for Christmas day completed, and by the time the greenery was gathered and hung, Brian knew that "the tide" had set in, and that the full waves were beating down every obstacle in their course.

And yet he had not by word or look betrayed himself to Kate. He was much too deeply in earnest to risk asking to soon. He knew it was life or death, so to speak; and so, though he hunted Kate's steps, people did not see that the truth was, partly because of the mask he wore, and partly because of a very special reason which I shall explain presently.

Christmas was over; some guests left and others came; so that going into the drawing-room one evening, and being rather late, Brian found every one assembled, enjoying that pleasantness of all times, the gloaming half-hour before dinner. Kate was sitting near the fire, and consequently in the lightest part of the room, and by her side a stranger, not a young man, but old enough to be her father; so Brian stood aside, content to worship his divinity at a distance. Presently she caught his eye, and beckoning him to her, introduced him as General Amberly, who held out his hand, saying:

"I have just been telling Kate that your father and I were comrades in early days, and saw some hard times together with the Duke of York. You have heard him speak of Jessy Amberly?" And then turning to Kate, he went on, "Jessy was my nick name when I joined; I believe in those days I was considered a pretty boy, and, coming fresh from my mother's care, my ways and wants were different from those of public school men. This young gentleman's father's joined the same year, and being bigger and stronger at that time, stood by me in more than one row."

"His father is dead, General," whispered Kate, her soft eyes filling.

"Yes, my dear, I know; but the memory of a good man never dies. His father was one of the best of them."

So Brian's heart was at rest, and what was left of it went straight to the outspoken old soldier whose old-fashioned courtesy and chivalrous attention to Kate seemed, in poor Brian's eyes, the greatest charm he possessed.

Two days after this, Brian's visit terminated. As bad luck would have it, Kate had a headache; the last day she neither appeared at dinner, nor yet in the evening. Brian, who made up his mind to speak out, was down an hour before any one else next morning, but Kate only showed horself when breakfast was half over. So, as time waits for no one, he had to take his departure minus the hoped-for interview, and there was nothing for it but to trust his fate to the post. So after reaching London he wrote a manly straightforward letter, telling Kate the truth, and asking her to be his wife.

In two days the reply came, and Brian's fate was sealed.

"I am deeply grieved," wrote Kate, "more deeply than I can possibly tell you. I thought you knew I was engaged to General Amberly. John should have told you, and I cannot understand how it was you never heard; the fact is so universally known amongst my friends, that I never doubted you knew, and that will, I hope, enable you to forgive me if my conduct has helped to pain you. I showed your letter to the General, and he bids me say that he feels as I do, very, very sorry, and that as your father's friend you must look upon him as a true friend."

Over and over again Brian read his letter, quietly enough, too; but with the quiet that comes of despair. He saw it all; and there was not a shadow of reproach of blame in his heart against Kate; but the light seemed to go out of his life, and for three weeks Brian tried the old trick driving away his misery by a life of riot. At the end of three weeks nature gave way, and he was raving with brain fever. Dissipation did not suit him, and, luckily, the stop came before he was utterly lost.

"You must leave London," said the doctor, "quiet is necessary—try a sea voyage."

"I must see her first," thought Brian, "and then I don't care where I go: I shall see what I want to know in her face."

So soon as he could move about, Brian took the morning express, and hiring a gig at East Cross Station, drave over to "The Cedars." Mr. Mellish was out; the mistress was with the baby, but would be down directly." So Brian went into the morning room to wait, and presently, coming from the garden, he saw Kate. She walked up to the house rather slowly; and, hidden as he was behind the curtain, Brian could see without being seen, and his heart grew sick, even while a wild triumph seemed to fill his being; for he saw that he had hoped, even while he dreaded, in Kate's face. She stopped opposite the window, and looked at the dog cart, as if uncertain to whom it belonged, or whether to go on, then suddenly a flash came over her, and she turned quickly down the avenue. Brian had come out of his hiding place, and leant against the window, he was desperate just then.

When Kate was out of sight came the remembrance of where he was, and the certainty that if he staid he would have to face Mrs. Mellish. If the thought of this interview had seemed difficult when he first sat down in the room, it became still more hard after seeing Kate, and at last grew so intolerable that Brian turned and bolted, and the dog cart was half way to the station before Mrs. Mellish, who had waited the pleasure of the nurse to come up from her dinner, deposited the baby in that functionary's arms, and having seen that her hair was straight, descending to speak with Brian, found the bird had flown.

"What could he mean?" she said afterwards, to Kate. And Kate, looking very pale, answered:

"He wanted to see John, perhaps; won't John go up and see him?"

And John, who was one of the most good-natured men in the world, went up to town next day, taking Mrs. Mellish with him, and they, having done some shopping, proceeded to Brian's chambers, where they heard the flat pronounced by the doctor, and learned that Brian, having tired of reading law, meant to try a settler's life in Australia.

"You'll come back to us some day, old fellow," was the Squire's farewell.

"Ay, in ten years I'll spend Christmas Day with you."

"Well, that's a bargain; ten years we'll lay a knife and fork for you."

Brian laughed bitterly, repeating, "In ten years," and Mrs. Mellish coming up to him, put her hands upon his shoulders and kissed him, whispering "her blessing to Brian; you are a noble fellow."

She followed her husband down stairs, and taking a cab, they drove to Euston Square.

Kate was sitting by the library fire when they reached home, and very wistfully the girl looked at her elder sister, who said, as she took off her shawl:

"We have seen Brian, Kitty; he is much better, and has been ordered a sea voyage, so he is going to see how Australian air will suit him. He has promised to spend Christmas with us ten years hence. How did the baby get on without me?"

Spring came; but the General was not well, and the marriage was put off until Christmas, but when autumn came the old man was prostrate. He lingered so nearly two years, Kate nursing him, and to her he left his property. Once or twice during his illness he had asked for news of Brian, and by his request the squire had written to relations and friends, but no tidings could be obtained.

"He might have had the grace to write," said John, when he told the General the result of his inquiries. But the latter shook his head.

"Nay, John, he is right. He that putteth his hand to the plough and looketh back is not meet for the kingdom of heaven. The poor boy has done well; he will come back in ten years, and when he does, tell him I said so."

When the General's welfare was over, and the old soldier had answered his muster roll, Kate remained altogether at The Ceders; and, calling herself the old maid of the family, was looked up to with much respect by the rising generation of nephews and nieces. Nor was Kate's money idle; many a wrinkled old face in the village grew anxious when gossip gave out that Miss Kate had another wooer; but when the lover mounted and rode away, and Kate was still Miss Kate, the news spread like sunshine, and the smiles came back again, and Christmas after Christmas brought good cheer and full larders to every home in the village, with a softer glow to Kate's cheek and a brighter smile to Kate's lips.

At last the tenth Christmas was near at hand. The winter was a hard one. Upon the morning of Christmas eve Kate and the children went forth to gather greenery. Young Ethel now nearly as large as Kate herself. Dick upon the Sheltie; Tom and Harry armed with knives big enough to do serious damage to the holly trees.

Amongst them stood Kate; time, in taking away the lightness of girlhood, had perfected the maturer womanhood and very fair and loveable she looked, as with her hands full of gleaming holly, she stood in the wintry picture—a picture very unlike that of a Christmas in the other side of the world, where the seasons are turned upside down and Christmas day comes at midsummer. So thought a man that was leaning against the church-yard gate. He had been standing there for some time before the children came down the avenue, and moving a little so as to bring the branches of a tree between him and them, he still stood, until the thud of his horses' feet on the snow made him turn, and as the squire trotted up, the men came face to face.

John Mellish reined in his horse, and stared, stooped down in his saddle, and grew red as he cried:

"Not Brian!—and yet, by the Lord Harry, it is. Welcome home, old fellow!" As he spoke, the squire had got down from his horse, and was clasping Brian's hands. "Why did'nt you write?"

"I tell you, some day, old friend; let bygones by bygones."

"Right, there; but see, lad, there's something to mark the bygone," and, John pointed to the group so busily gathering greenery, but which that instant, catching sight of him, broke up—the boys running forward to meet him; leaving Kate and Ethel alone, up to whom John and his cousin went.

"I have brought the guest of the year Katie," her brother said; "a guest come from the other side of the world to keep a trust made ten years ago; before you were born, Dick, think of that;" and taking the Sheltie's rein, John ran down the road, calling to the other boys to bring his horse.

Katie's eyes had darkened as Brian came towards her; and the holly fell from her hands, so that both were ready to be put in his. Beyond this double shake, the meeting was quiet enough to strike Ethel as a very cold way of receiving a friend, after being away ten years; but Ethel, you see, had a great deal to learn yet. They walked up to the house together, and when Brian went to speak to Mr, Mellish, Kate disappeared.

What a dinner that was! Surely some of us have known or shared in the happiness of welcoming one long absent to his home fireside; and, after many days of exile by sea and land, of strange adventures, perils and hair breadth escapes, have felt the heart grow full, as looking down the table past familiar faces, the old face, changed and yet the same, turns to us, and the eyes throw back their answer of affection and faith. So, at least, felt John Melish, and so too, felt one true heart not far from John. But it was not until later in the evening, when they were all standing about in the front room listening to the Carol singers, that Brian found an opportunity of saying, in Katie's ear:

"I never loved a woman but you, Kate, and I've been faithful to my love through all these ten hopeless years. May I ask for my wages?"

Kate had no voice to make audible reply, but a warm hand stole into Brian's, and he knew that after many days he had his reward.

Eddystone.

THE HISTORY AND ROMANCE OF THE LIGHTHOUSE.

A report was current on the evening of Wednesday that the Eddystone Lighthouse had been swept away by the storm. The light-keepers, it was added, had been drowned—a piece of unnecessary detail; since, if the news had been true that the waves had dashed down the beautiful and proud structure of Smeaton, they would have made short work of the poor creatures living in the desolate sea-tower. "Eddystone Lighthouse down?" people said, one to other; "could such an event happen? Is it not the 'house built upon the rock,' against which the winds may roar and the waves beat till the stones wear out, but, till they wear out, no storm can lay it low?" Yet who knows the power of an Atlantic roller, driven by the fierce "soul'-wester?"

A New York steamship, the Pereire, put out from Havre a short time ago to cross the ocean for America. She was as powerful and handsome a ship as could float, and one of the quickest among ocean-going steamers. Yet, four days out, she ran her nose under a huge roller, piled up by the gale, and seven hundred tons of water, it is estimated, in one ugly gray avalanche of furious spume and swirl, broke upon her deck—crushing everything flat to the planking, breaking the backs of passengers, and with the blow of that pillow completely disabling the ship. It was asked whether, perchance, some such vast mass of the sea, driving up with the storm, and falling in the full power of its impulse upon the lighthouse, had crushed and annihilated it. In that case how sad the fate of the poor light-trimmers, swept into death beyond all chance of escape, or even knowledge of their doom!

No need to tell us that the three men were gone, if the lighthouse was no more; their lives would be mere bubbles in the crash—one moment prolonged, and the next extinguished in the rush of the fierce waters over the level tower. And then thoughts arose of the peril which would ensue to homeward-bound vessels. Every captain coming up the channel is used to make out the fixed white light of the Eddystone. It is as sure to be there, with its friendly gleam, he thinks, as the white cliffs and green meadows of "home" beyond. Once inside the Lizard Point, the mariner's order is to "keep a look-out for the Eddystone;" and when it is seen "home" is as good as reached. The pilot presently comes out, and the ship's voyage is all but over. If the lighthouse were really gone, we might hear next that a great ship with her crew and cargo had gone bodily upon the dreadful stone, at the very moment when the mariners were wondering why they did not make out the well-known beacon.

It would have to be built up again, too, at a heavy cost, and with an interval of long delay and danger; for even with modern appliances, it could be no small task to rival Smeaton, and place another Pharos upon the desolate, perilous crag. All these gloomy thoughts were happily brought to an end by the welcome news that the lighthouse was as safe as ever. The thick weather of the tempest had obscured the gleam, and some Plymouth bound vessel, we suppose, failing to make it out in the sea drift, had run into port with the notion that it was gone. Yesterday morning, however, the light was made out well enough from the breakwater, and we may trust that no gale, for many a long year to come, will shake down one of the noblest works created by man.

There seems no reason, indeed, why the Eddystone Lighthouse should not stand as long as the Pharos at Alexandria, which lasted from B. C. 470 to A. D. 1303; almost, that is to say, for two thousand years. The famous Pharos, it is true, had no such sea to withstand as that which rages many times in the year around the base and over the sides of Smeaton's tower. But the channel beacon was built to fight the billows, and it has been the model of all the light towers in the modern world. The light houses of the Bell Rock, the Skerry Vore, Bishop's Rock, the Brehat, Barfleur, and many others, were fashioned after the example of this solid and perfect piece of construction. The waves themselves taught Smeaton how to build, for they let nothing but the firmest work remain on that lashed and lonely rock.

Everybody knows the story of the place, how treacherous and deadly it was, lying under water right in the fairway of the channel, till Winstanley, the mercer, first lighted the reef. Miss Angelow has told, in charming verse, how the good haberdasher, sad at the loss of more than one of his ventures upon the Eddystone, vowed that no more lives and vessels should be cast away upon that rock if he could help it. People laughed at him for his courage and humanity; but he stuck to his purpose. After many failures he got his piles and cross-beams fixed upon the reef, and hoisted the first light over it. Thus many a life was preserved; but at length the channel billows rose and swept the timber-stuff all away in November, 1703.

Next, Redyard tried his hand, and reared a strong tower, solid and well planned enough; but in this case fire did what water failed to effect, and the building was burned down. Smeaton was then called upon to set up something which neither water nor fire should be able to destroy; and he went, as wise engineers should do, to nature. He saw how the bole of an oak tree holds up its gigantic mass against the fiercest winds, although they lay hold of its green and spreading head, and bend its vast limbs. The knitted roots and thick base keep the forest monarch firm; and Smeaton resolved to make a sea-oak tree of his lighthouse. Broad at the base, and solid as the rock on which they stood, with their stones bound together and inter-knitted like the fibre of the tree, he laid his lower courses. Upon these he raised his hollow super-structure, of great thickness and strength, but tapering upward inside the lines of his foundation.

If anybody wishes to read a "romance of real life," let him peruse Smeaton's "Narrative of the building of Eddystone Lighthouse," and he will see how man also learns to make "even the wildest waves obey him." It is remarkable that the form selected by the renowned engineer for his sea-tower, as being nature's own idea of solidity in vertical erections, is nearly identical with the symbol used in the Egyptian hieroglyphics for "strength." The priest represented that notion by the figure of an obelisk almost precisely resembling the outlines of Smeaton's light-house; and a hundred years of weather have proved that they and the engineer knew what they were about. The light burned for the first time upon the new building in October, 1759; it burns now, all safely; and it is likely to burn through many a stormy winter to come.

And if we on land have almost affection for these sturdy turrets erected in defiance of the strongest forces of nature, to save life and property, and to light the mariner toward his home, what must sailors feel? A landsman can scarcely realise the blessing of these friendly lights. He knows that they save life. Firm as Smeaton's tower is, the huge erection shudders in the shock of such a tempest as has lately raged; the winds howl like maddened devil's upon its head, while the big waves burst upon its sides, and fling their sheets of green and white right over the gallery and lantern. Strange sights and sounds are the recreation of those hermits of the tower—the storm-torn craft driving wildly past—the land birds dashing in the darkness against the glass of the light—and sea-wrack, mingled sometimes with dead bodies, flung against their water-stairs.

It is not for a little that men are found to live in the dismal solitude of such a place as the rooms under the Eddystone lamp. Two watchers used to keep this melancholy but useful garrison; but one died, and the other was forced to live with the corpse till the relief arrived, lest he should be accused of murder. Since that time three have always occupied the house. The sailor best knows how well worth pains and cost the trouble and scrupulous attention are. Each sunset finds the patient keepers careful trimming the light and setting the polished reflectors, and not for a moment is that brilliant glare allowed to relax.

The light-keeper can not see what help he gives; his business is to guard the bright monitory gleam. But, far away from his rock, the blasted mariner, anxious and in doubt, suddenly "makes out the Eddystone." Some keen eye forward or aloft catches the tiny spark over the dark waters, and then the lead-line and the fearful watch are no more wanted. "So shines," as Shakspeare says, "a good deed in a naughty world." A good and brave deed it was to plant the cross of help upon the ugly Channel-rock, as Winstanley first did, and as Smeaton after him succeeded in doing, with a work which many such gales as this sou'-wester will leave safe and sound—the monument of man's audacity, and, better still, of man's brotherhood.

Old English Electioneering Campaigns and Candidates of Past Times—How They Managed a Canvass.

The dare devil excitement, the enormous stakes, the fun, the jollity, and the wit, all lent to an old election contest the glories of a field of battle, in combination with the humors of a country fair. "Has life," said the Duke of Norfolk in 1807, "anything better to show than a contested election for Yorkshire which you win by one vote?" Sometimes elections were made the subjects of bets, and it is on record that a Scotch Opposition nobleman once bet the Lord Advocate a hogshead of claret that he would return both members for his county. He won his wager—but the expense would have stocked his cellars into the third and fourth generation.

When men approached the business in this spirit, we need not be surprised at any extravagance that we read of. In 1807 the contest in Yorkshire, between Mr. Wilberforce on the one side and the united Milton and Lascelles interest on the other, is computed to cost half a million. In Wiltshire, the contests between the Astleys of Everly—a family of fifteen thousand a year—and the Bennetts resulted in the ruin of the former, whose lands are still hopelessly mortgaged, and whose house is let to the stranger. "In Northamptonshire, only three days' polling, it is supposed, Fox spent eighty thousand pounds to secure the return of his son, Lord Frederick Fitzroy, and failed after all. But, indeed, there is hardly a county in England without its tradition of some memorable contest which has consigned some old family or another to penury and obscurity for generations. Nothing is more common than to see, hanging in fine old Elizabethan hall, and discover on inquiry that the present occupier is not of the family of its former owner, than to hear that the ancient line who still possesses it were ruined "by election days, times back."

One source of immense expenditure in electioneering was the bringing up of freemen (the "honorary freemen" described in a former paper) to vote from all parts of the kingdom. The expense at Lincoln was often as much as twelve thousand pounds a candidate. Once, after a hard fight at Colchester, all the beaten candidates were bankrupts. But the two great Westminster elections of 1781 and 1806 are the most memorable, if not the most costly, struggles upon record. On the first occasion the poll was kept open for forty days—the utmost period allowed by law. The candidates were Lord Hood, Mr. Fox, and Sir Cecil Wray; the contest lying really between the last two. For twenty-five days Fox was in a minority, but at last the tremendous exertions of his friends prevailed, and he finally came in second by a majority of two hundred and forty-six. As a specimen of the election squibs which were rife among our grandfathers, we subjoin the following, which was sung in all the public houses of Westminster, to the tune of "Green Sleeves:"

The gallant Lord Hood, to his country is dear,
His voters, like Charley's make excellent cheer,
But who has been able to taste the *small beer*
Of the Cecil Wray?

Then come every *free*, every generous soul,
That loves a fine girl and a full flowing bowl,
Come here in a body, and all of you poll
For that man of wine, that man Sir Cecil Wray.

In vain all the arts of the Court be let loose,
The electors of Westminster never will choose
To run down a Fox and set up a *Goose*
Like Sir Cecil Wray?

The canvassing on both sides was conducted with extraordinary vigor. The Prince of Wales rode through the city wearing Fox's colors, and a sprig of laurel in his hat; the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire made a house-to-house canvass, and bought a butcher with a kiss. Some excellent stories are still told of this election. "Sir," said one voter to Charles Fox, who was pressing for his support, "I never deserted my friends but hang your principles." "Sir," replied the wit, "I admire you sincerity, but hang your manners." A saddler in the Haymarket, when solicited by the same candidate, produced a halter, with which he said he should be happy to oblige him. Fox said: "I return you my best thanks, but I should be sorry to be the first to mount, as I presume it must be a family piece." Other lady canvassers for Fox on this occasion were the Countesses of Carlisle and Derby, and Ladies Beauchamp and Duncannon, who all wore the *fox's brush* in their hats, and begged with all their charms from door to door. We do not hear that Cecil Wray had much of any kind of zeal exerted in his favor. But most of the eminent men of the day voted for him; and Lord Kenyon, then Mr. Kenyon, whose house was just outside of the liberties of Westminster, slept in his stable a sufficient number of nights to qualify himself to vote.

In 1806, Sheridan, Sir Samuel Hood, and Mr. Paul, who had once been a tailor, contested Westminster; and most, of course, was made of this latter unfortunate circumstance. His opponents got a squib out at once, beginning—

"Tradesmen, hear a brother talker;"

and they likewise paraded a bannerbearer up and down the streets, carrying a long pole with a cabbage on the top of it, the whole surmounted by a smoothing iron. He was followed by another, who carried a boy dressed up like an ape, as the sworn foe to a tailor's board, surrounded by the implements of his craft. This contest lasted fifteen days, when Hood was returned at the head of the poll and Sheridan second. There was a grand procession, in a carriage drawn by six horses with orange and blue ribbons. They stopped in St. James' Place, when a glass of wine was handed to the members, in which he drank "the King, God bless him," waving his glass over his head at the same time. But in spite of the hilarity, the mob rather complained that the old ceremony of chairing Covenant Garden had been dispensed with.

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Cowper, the poet, too, has left us an interesting picture of a canvass some sixty years later. "We were sitting yesterday, after dinner," says he, "the two ladies and myself very composedly, and without the least apprehension of any such intrusion in our snug little parlor, one lady knitting, the other netting, and the gentleman winding worsted, when, to our unspeakable surprise, a mob appared before the window; a smart rap was heard at the door; the boys hollooed, and the mob announced Mr. Grenville. Puss, a tame hare, was unfortunately let out of her box, so that the candidate with all his good friends at his his heels, was refused admittance at the grand entry, and referred to the back door as the only possible means of approach. Candidates are creatures not very susceptible of affronts, the stranger. In Northamptonshire, only a few days before, he had spent £700 on a dinner to the electors, and I presume it must be a family piece." Other lady canvassers for Fox on this occasion were the Countesses of Carlisle and Derby, and Ladies Beauchamp and Duncannon, who all wore the *fox's brush* in their hats, and begged with all their charms from door to door. We do not hear that Cecil Wray had much of any kind of zeal exerted in his favor. But most of the eminent men of the day voted for him; and Lord Kenyon, then Mr. Kenyon, whose house was just outside of the liberties of Westminster, slept in his stable a sufficient number of nights to qualify himself to vote.

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An Adventure With a Shark.

Twenty years ago the West Indian squadron consisted of sailing frigates and brigs, not of screw-vessels, as at present. In those days officers had to depend entirely upon their seamanship; there was no furling sails and getting steam up if a head wind or calm turned up, or to go in and out of difficult harbors; and if the passage from one port to another did occupy a little more time than it does at present, yet there was the pleasure of "eating your way to windward," and of seeing what your vessel really could do against a foul wind.

At the time I allude to I was serving as a midshipman on board her Majesty's sloop H——, the finest of those magnificent "sixteen-gun brigs" built by Sir Wm. Symonds. I know no sensation more pleasant than being officer of the watch on board a brig of war, with every stitch of canvas set, the bowlines hauled, and as much wind as she can stagger under, while the little beauty knocks off the nine or ten knots, close alongside, gliding over the water like a swan, sometimes throwing the spray as high as her maintop, or at others dipping her sharp nose under an opposing wave, and sending the spray right aft to her quarter-deck, while she gives a shake to her st