

'How do you do, Mrs. Jones?'
'O, middlin', how's yer marm?—don't forget the mat, Mr. Beedle?'

This put me in mind that I had been off soundings several times in the long muddy lane, and my boots were in a sweet pickle.

It was old Captain Jones's turn: the grandfather being roused from a doze by the bustle and racket, he opened both his eyes, at first with wonder and astonishment. At last he began to hollow so loud that you might hear him a mile, for he takes it for granted that every body is just a deaf as he is.

'Who is it? I say who in the world is it?'

Mrs. Jones going close to his ear screamed out:
'It's Johnny Beedle.'

'Ho—Johnny Beedle. I remember he was one summer at the siege of Boston.'

'No no, father; bless your heart that was his grandfather, that's been dead and gone this twenty years.'

'Ho—but where does he come from?'

'Down town.'

'Ho—and what does he follow for a living?'

And he did not stop asking questions after this sort till all the particulars of the Beedle family were published and proclaimed in Mrs. Jones' last speech. He then sunk back into his doze again.

The dog stretched himself before one andiron, and the cat squat down before the other. Silence came on by degrees like a calm snow storm, till nothing was heard but a cricket under the hearth keeping time with a sappy birch forestick. Sally sat up as prim as if she was pinned to the chair back: her hands crossed genteelly upon her lap and her eyes looking straight into the fire. Mammy Jones tried to straighten herself too, and laid her hands across in her lap. But they would not lay still. It was full twenty-four hours since they had done any work, and they were out of all patience with keeping Sunday. Do what she would to keep them quiet, they would bounce up now and then, and go through the motions in spite of the fourth commandment. For my part, I sat looking very much like a fool; the more I tried to say something, the more my tongue stuck fast. I put my right leg over the left, and said, 'Hem.' Then I changed, and put my left leg over the right. It was no use—the silence kept coming on thicker and thicker. The drops of sweat began to crawl all over me. I got my eye on my hat hanging on a peg on the road to the door. At this moment the Captain all at once sung out, 'Johnny Beedle.' It sounded like a clap of thunder, and I started right up an end.

'Johnny Beedle, you'll never handle such a drum-stick as your father did, if yer live to the age of Methusalem. He would toss up his drum-stick, and while it was whirling up in the air, take off a gill er rum, then kitch it as it came down without losing a stroke in the tune. What d'ye think o' that, ha? But scull your chair around close along side er me, so yer can hear. Now what have yer come a'ter?'

'I a'ter? Oh, just takin' a walk.'

'Pleasant walkin', I guess?—'

'I mean just to see the folks—how they all do?'

'Ha! That's another lie—you're come a courtin'—'

Johnny Beedle you're arter our Sal. Say, now, d'ye want to marry, or only to court?'

That was what I call a choker. Poor Sally made but one jump and landed in the middle of the kitchen; and then she skulked in the dark corner till the old man, after laughing himself into a whoopingcough, was put to bed.

Then came apples and cider; and the ice being broken, plenty of chat with Mammy Jones about the minister and the sermon followed. I agreed with her to a nicety upon all the points of doctrine; but I had forgot the text and all the heads of the discourse but six. Then she teased and tormented me to tell who I thought the best singer in the gallery that day. But mum; there was no getting that out of me. 'Praise to the face is often disgrace,' says I, throwing a squint at Sally.

At last Mrs. Jones lighted another candle, and after charging Sally to look well to the fire, she led the way to bed, and the Squire gathered up his shoes and stockings and followed.

Sally and I were left sitting a good yard apart, honest measure. For fear of getting tongue-tied again, I set right in with a steady stream of talk. I told her all the particulars about the weather that was past, and also made some pretty cute guesses at what it was likely to be in the future. At first, I gave a hitch up with my chair at every full stop; then, growing sancy, I repeated it at every comma and semi-colon: and at last it was hitch, hitch, hitch, and I planted myself right by the side of her.

'I swear, Sally, you looked so plaguy handsome to-day, that I wanted to eat you up.'

'Pshaw! get along, you,' says she.

My hand had crept along somehow upon its fingers, and began to scrape acquaintance with her's. She sent it home again with a desperate jerk.

'Try it again. No better luck. Why, Miss Jones, you're getting upstropulous, old maidish, I guess.'

'Hands off is fair play, Mr. Beedle.'

It's a good sign to find a girl sulkey. I knew where the shoe pinched. It was that are Patty Bean business. So I went to work to persuade her that I had never any notion after Patty, and to prove it, I fell to running her down at a great rate. Sally could not help chiming in with me, and I rath'er guess Miss Patty suffered a few. I now not on'y got hold of her hand without opposition,

but managed to slip an arm round her waist. But there was no satisfying me, so I must go poking out my lips after a buss. I guess I rued it. She fetched me a slap in the face that made me see stars, and my ears rung like a brass kettle for a quarter of an hour. I was forced to laugh at the joke, though it was out of the wrong side of my mouth, which gave my face something the look of a gridiron. The battle began in the usual way.

'Ah, Sally, give me a kiss and ha' done with it now.'

'I won't, so there now.'

'I'll take it, whether or no.'

'Do it, if you dare.'

And at it we went, rough and tumble.

An odd destruction of starch now commenced. The bow of my cravat was squat up in half a shake. At the next bout smash went shirt collar, and at the same time some of the head fastenings gave way, and down came Sally's hair in a flood like a mill dam broke loose, carrying away half a dozen combs. One dig of Sally's elbow, and my blooming ruffles wilted down to a dish cloth. But she had no time to boast. Soon her neck tackling began to shiver. It parted at the throat, and whooah! came a whole school of blue and white beads scampering and running races every which way about the floor.

By the hokey! if Sally Jones ain't rale grit there's no snakes. She fought fair, however, I must admit, and neither tried to bite, nor scratch; and when she could fight no longer for want of breath, she yielded handsomely. Her arms fell down by her side, her hair back over the chair, her eyes closed, and there lay her little plump mouth all in the air. Lord! did you ever see a hawk pounce upon a young robin? or a bumble bee upon a clover top? I say nothing.

'Consarn it, how a buss will crack of a still, frosty night. Mrs. Jones was about half way between asleep and awake.

'There goes my yeast bottle,' says she to herself, 'burst into twenty pieces, and my bread is all dough again.'

The upshot of the matter is, I fell in love with Sally Jones head over ears. Every Sunday night, rain or shine, finds me rapping at Squire Jones' door, and twenty times have I been in a hair's breadth of popping the question. But now I have made a final resolve, that if I live till next Sunday night, and I don't choke in the trial, Sally Jones will hear thunder.

Gleanings from English Papers.

HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO SCOTLAND.—In the course of a few days Her Majesty and Prince Albert will proceed to Scotland for the Isle of Wight. The 9th inst. is the day at present fixed for their departure. The party will proceed in the Royal Yacht, accompanied by the Black Eagle, Undine, Garland, Fairy, yachts, two other steamers, by way of St. George's Channel and the Menai Straits, entering Scotland at Loch Ryan. Her Majesty's squadron will pass through the Caledonian Canal.

COLONIAL GOVERNMENTS.—The changes already arranged in the Colonial Department, consequent upon the death of Major Clark are—that he will be succeeded as Governor of Western Australia by Captain Fitzgerald, Governor of the Gambia. Mr. McDonnell, now chief Justice at the Gambia, is to be Governor there, and will be succeeded on the bench by Mr. Mantell, formerly of the Middle Temple, barrister-at-law, who has been some time acting as Queen's Advocate in the colony.

RAILROADS IN CANADA.—We have been prevented hitherto from noticing an able pamphlet by George R. Young, Esq., M. P., being a series of articles which appeared in the *Nova Scotian* on the project of connecting Halifax and Quebec by a railroad, with the ultimate design of uniting the Atlantic and the waters of Lake Huron. They are distinguished for great ability, clear, bold, and energetic; like every thing which springs from the American continent. Of the advantages of the scheme there can be no doubt; of its present practicability, especially as a moiety of the funds is to come from Great Britain, we fear Mr. Young cannot be sanguine. Time, however, and the rapid progress of events, must bring about these and similar improvements. In the meantime the Canadians can labour on in entire confidence, developing their own resources,—with the full consciousness that as they sow so they will reap, since whatever political changes may happen on this side, they have the royal word that "England will ever protect them with the whole weight of her power."

THE OREGON TERRITORY.—A curious fact transpired at the Glasgow election. Mr. McGregor, of the Board of Trade, one of the candidates, stated that at the time our ambassador at Washington, the Hon. Mr. Packenham, refused to negotiate on the 49th parallel of north latitude as the basis of a treaty, and when by that refusal the danger of a rupture between Great Britain and America became really imminent, Mr. Daniel Webster, formerly Secretary of State to the American Government, wrote a letter to Mr. McGregor, strongly deprecating Mr. Packenham's conduct, which, if persisted in and adopted at home, would, to a certainty, embroil the two countries, and suggested an equitable compromise, taking the 49th parallel as the basis of an adjustment. Mr. McGregor sent the letter to Lord John Russell, who gave Mr. McGregor permission to intimate to Earl Aberdeen that he, Lord John Russell, quite agreed with

Mr. Webster. This expressed opinion of a statesman in opposition doubtless relieved Earl Aberdeen of any apprehension of censure from that quarter; but Mr. McGregor claims for himself and Lord John Russell the merit of having thereby contributed materially to preserve the peace of the world.

RUSSIA.—The authorities at St. Petersburg have just received a report of the operations in the Caucasus, which opens with an account of the failure of the storming of the fortified village of Gengebil, in Daghestan, on the part of the Russians. Count Woronzow himself led the attack, which consisted of ten battalions of infantry, several divisions of Dragoons, Cossacks, and militia. The commanding generals under him were Count Angutinske, Dolgorwiski, Count Belutow Kotzebue, &c. The attack was made after lengthened preparations, and after several breaches had been made on the previous day. On the morning of the 16th June two columns, one under the command of Colonel Oberliam, penetrated simultaneously into the village, but at length, though supported by the reserve, were driven back by the Murides, and were compelled to retreat into the camp, whither the second column, commanded by Colonel Jeudokimow, was also compelled to retire, without having been able to penetrate even as far as the first column. The encounter is described as sanguinary in the extreme. The mountaineers permitted the Russian troops to come close to the walls before they opened their fire, and when the latter had forced their way into the interior of the village, they found unlooked for obstacles; for example, *logements* concealed in the earth, from which a deadly fire was discharged, fortified caverns, dwellings which were covered with sham roofs, and which gave way beneath the besiegers, who clambered upon them and fell upon the swords of the Murides. The obstinate defence of the mountaineers convinced Count Woronzow that the place can only be taken by the irresistible force of artillery, and he has, therefore, for the present, given up any further attack upon Gengebil. There fell in the fight of the 16th of June, two majors, six superior officers, and 119 privates; wounded, twenty-eight staff and superior officers, and 463 privates. The *Augsburg Gazette* states that on the 8th June a terrible combat took place between a Russian division, commanded by General Lepiski, and the mountaineers, under the orders of Mohammed Juba. Nearly 5000 fell on the field, neither party claiming the victory. The Circassians are greatly in want of gunpowder, paying, it is said, 300 Turkish piastres the pound for it.

SWITZERLAND.—The deputies of Lucerne, Uri, Schwytz, Unterwalden, Zug, Fribourg, and Valais, have issued a protest that they feel it their duty to make preparations so as to oppose any attempt of the other Cantons against their rights and privileges. The Federal Diet, on the other hand, has issued a decree forbidding any officer or subject of the Confederation to enlist in the ranks of the *Sunderbund*, and preventive measures have been taken to this effect. At Geneva a body of free corps has been enrolled to maintain the orders of the Diet. A collision seems almost inevitable. On the 20th ult. the Helvetic Diet decreed the dissolution of the seven Catholic Cantons as contrary to the compact of 1815, and that obedience to that decree would be enforced by ulterior measures. Twelve Cantons and a half voted in favour of the decree, which will, no doubt, be resisted to extremity. Advices have arrived from Berne to the 22d inclusive. The delegates of the several cantons had presented to the Diet a formal protest against the resolution which had been passed for the dissolution of the League, in which the legality of that compact and its necessity as a measure of self defence are insisted on. The Genevese delegates have proposed a resolution, that every officer who shall enter the service of the separate League shall be dismissed the service of the Confederation. This was to be discussed on the 23d, and would no doubt be adopted. It is said that the deputies of the seven cantons quitted Berne after signing the protest. The Patriotic Society of Lausanne, on becoming acquainted with the resolution of the Diet pronouncing the dissolution of the *Sunderbund*, published a virulent proclamation, engaging the inhabitants to enrol themselves as volunteers in the *corps franc*. The council of state of Vaud immediately took the energetic resolution to dissolve that society, and, to attain that object, published an ordinance, which has created great sensation in Switzerland.

The French Minister at Berne, M. Bois le Comte, conferred upon the practical joke of the editor of the *Charivari*, a diplomatic importance which has rendered the affair extremely ludicrous. On the 20th he addressed a note to the president of the executive council of the canton of Berne, complaining that M. Jenni, a member of the grand council, had decorated his dog with the ribbon and cross of the Legion of Honour, and had thus promenaded him in the public walk. The Government of Berne immediately replied, that it could not prosecute M. Jenni, seeing that the law gave it no power to that effect. That the affair in question did not concern the grand council, inasmuch as M. Jenni was not yet sworn as a member of it, and that his election was contested. That if M. Bois le Comte considered himself injured, the tribunals were open to him. Upon some explanation given by M. Jenni, the French Minister has withdrawn his complaint.

ROME.—A conspiracy against the Papal Government has been discovered at Rome, which was to have taken place on the 17th, the anniversary of the amnesty. Paid