

'Do you dare to abuse my dog in my presence?' retorted the other. 'If you must vent your abuse on something, I am at your service.'

The young traveller, pale with passion, but yet calm, regarded Clinton fixedly, folding his arms.

'You shall give me satisfaction for this,' he said.

'As I said before, I am at your service.'

'To-night?'

'Any time.'

'But you have no witnesses—'

'One of your companions will do me that service.'

'Be it so.'

In half an hour all things were arranged. It being in the evening, and the use of pistols inconvenient, one of the travellers, who was from the South, suggested the utility of small swords. Clinton appeared indifferent: his antagonist, who had learned the use of that weapon, was delighted; and accordingly a pair of short rapiers was produced from one of the traveller's trunks.

The landlord, pale with excited fear, would have run out to give the alarm, but one of the travellers took his station at the door to prevent both egress and entrance. Fido, who appeared to understand the whole affair, stood behind his master whining most pitiously.

The weapons were placed in the hands of the two antagonists, and the word was given to commence. For half a minute their swords played about each other carelessly, but to no effect, except that the first few passes indicated that they both were masters of the weapon.

'Landlord,' said Clinton, as calmly as if he were merely practising for exercise, 'roast one of those chickens in my bag, for after killing this fellow I shall want to take a morsel.'

'You then expect hard work?' observed the traveller, getting warm.

'On the contrary, as a proof take that!'

Clinton made a rapid thrust, and touched his antagonist's thigh.

'It's nothing—a mere scratch—'

'Only a foretaste of what's to come,' interrupted Clinton. 'I think you will never teach dogs to smoke any more. By the way, if you have any thing to say to these gentlemen—any last request to make—speak, for I am getting impatient.'

The traveller was exasperated by the coolness of the hunter. He made more furious thrusts, which Clinton parried with all imaginable ease.

'Speak,' repeated the hunter, 'for it is now near eight o'clock—when the clock strikes it will be too late!'

The traveller said not a word, but the foam of rage stood upon his ashly lips, and the sweat of agony started from his brow. A fearful silence ensued, broken only by the sharp report of steel clashing upon steel.

The spectators became excited: the pointers of the clock were near the hour, and they felt that the hunter would keep his word.

The clock struck!

At the first stroke Clinton made a feint; at the second he gave the fatal thrust!

The traveller uttered a suppressed cry, and throwing up his arms, fell backward to the ground.

'It is a pity,' said Clinton, wiping the sweat from his brow, 'but he would have it so! Gentlemen, you are witnesses of my conduct.'

'Perfectly honourable,' cried one.

'Admirable,' added another.

'Then you will be so good as to excuse me. Send to Juliet immediately for a surgeon, and if there is any help for him, neglect nothing that can be done. Landlord, please to hand me my gun.'

The landlord obeyed trembling; and Clinton left the inn.

(To be concluded next week.)

MISCELLANY.

A VALUABLE HINT FOR FARMERS.

The celebrated Mr. Robert Bakewell of Dishly, Leicestershire, and the founder of the New Leicester sheep, used to tell an anecdote with exceeding high glee of a farmer not only of the olden school, but of the olden times. This farmer, who owned and occupied 1000 acres of land, had three daughters. When his eldest daughter married, he gave her one-quarter of his land for her portion, but no money. When his second daughter married, he gave her one-third of the remaining land for her portion, but no money. He then set to work, and began to grub up his furze and fern, and ploughed up what he called his poor dry furze land, even when the furze covered in some closes nearly half the land. After giving half his land away to two of his daughters, to his great surprise he found that the produce increased: he made more money because his new broken-up furze land brought excessive crops, and at the same time he farmed the whole of his land better, for he employed three times more labourers upon it; he rose two hours sooner in the morning, had no more dead fallows once in three years; instead of which he got two green crops in one year, and ate them upon the land. A garden never requires a dead fallow. But the great advantage was, that he had got the same money to manage 500 acres as he had to manage 1000 acres; therefore he laid out double the money upon the land. When his third and last daughter married, he gave her 250 acres, or half which remained, for her

portion, and no money. He then found that he had the same money to farm one-quarter of the land as he had at first to farm the whole. He began to ask himself a few questions, and set his wits to work how he was to make as much of 250 as he had done of 1000 acres. He then paid off his bailiff, who weighed twenty stone! rose with the lark in the long days, and went to bed with the lamb; he got as much more work done for his money; he made his servants, labourers, and horses, move faster; broke them from their snail's pace, and found that the eye of the master quickened the pace of the servant. He saw the beginning and ending of every thing; and to his servants and labourers, instead of saying, 'Go do it,' he said to them, 'Let us go, my boys, and do it.' Between come and go he soon found out a great difference. He grubbed up the whole of his furze and ferns, and then ploughed the whole of his poor grass land up, and converted a great deal of corn into meat for sake of the manure, and he preserved his black water (the essence of manure); cut his hedges down, which had not been plashed for forty or fifty years; straightened his zigzag fences; cut his watercourses straight, and gained a deal of land by doing so; made dams and sluices, and irrigated all the land he could; he grubbed up many of his hedges and borders covered with bushes, in some places from 10 to 14 yards width, some more in his small closes, some not wider than streets; and threw three, four, five, and six closes into one. He found out that, instead of growing whitethorn hedges and haws to feed foreign birds in the winter, he could grow food for man instead of migratory birds. After all this improvement he grew more and more, and made more of 250 acres than he did from 1000; at the same time he found out that half of England at that time was not cultivated from the want of means to cultivate it with. I let him rams and sold him long-horned bulls (said Mr. Bakewell), and told him the real value of labour, both in-doors and out, and what ought to be done with a certain number of men, oxen, and horses, within a given time. I taught him to sow less and plough better; that there were limits and measures to all things; and that the husband-man ought to be stronger than the farm. I told him how to make hot land colder, and cold land hotter, light land stiffer, and stiff land lighter. I soon caused him to shake off all his old deep-rooted prejudices, and I grafted new ones in their places. I told him not to breed inferior cattle, sheep, or horses, but the best of each kind, for the best consumed no more than the worst. My friend became a new man in his old age, and died rich.—*Gardeners' Chronicle.*

THE ARISTOCRACY OF AMERICA.

And let us here be permitted to say one word upon what may justly be called the true aristocracy of America. This class is calculated to produce a moral era; and it is with a joyful spirit that we say it is not only influential, but it is becoming more so day by day. Of this class, many are poor as to worldly wealth, and lowly as to birth and station—where station is reckoned by income, fine equippages, &c. yet their influence is diffusive as light and air, and, like these pure elements, they produce only vitality and a healthy moral existence. Of this class are the Garrisons, the Chapmans, the Channings, the Whittiers, the Childs, the Hutchinsons, the —s, the —s; we could add a long list of names, but we refrain, for many of those on whom our eye is fixed are men and women, and many of them quite young, who, though influencing a large circle, are as yet unknown to the public. The outward characteristics of this class are gentleness, the spirit of self-sacrifice, purity, benevolence, simplicity, combined with great intelligence, activity of mind, broad sympathies, and the most innate refinement and good breeding. It is unlike any thing English, French, or German, that we ever saw. It is the pure, affectionate Christian life of young America. It is the realisation of all that Franklin and Washington dreamed of, and out of which true national greatness will grow. It is the spiritual life of the holiest and best of the pilgrim fathers and mothers, now coming forth, like seed long buried, to a beautiful and noble growth, which, having truth and religion for its supports, will spread like light, and become universal. Of this class is Elisha Burritt, to whom we now return with pleasure.—*Mary Howitt in the People's Journal.*

THE LOYALTY AND PEACEFUL HABITS OF THE HIGHLANDER.

While the Continent of Europe rocks to and fro to the vibrations of reeling thrones and the plunges of unmanageable people, it is not a little pleasant to turn from the vexation and vanity of foreign politics to that far-off home,

"Beneath gigantic hills that watch
The infant springs of Highland Dee,"

where Queen Victoria is hailed by the chivalrous homage of plaided Gael. We all feel that if our own "city of residence" were to forget the loyalty she has so faithfully testified in the troubled times of 1848, that her Majesty might retire to her Highland fastnesses with the same unhesitating confidence as that with which the Emperor of Austria threw himself into the arms of his unswerving Tyrolese. And yet these are the men whose fathers or grandfathers fought at Falkirk, and died at Culloden in the cause of Charles Edward, and

among whom the march of Glengarry and the running Johnnie Cope are still household words. Long prescription, the failure of the male line of Stuart, and the quitclaim of branches ranking prior in blood, have confirmed a title originally derived from the questionable occupancy of Elector George, and Queen Victoria is now fully recognised as the legitimate heir of the Stuart succession, even by the sons of those who had so nearly unseated the House of Hanover only a hundred years ago. Nor is this contrast (for so it must appear to those who do not sufficiently regard the circumstances which effected the transition) more remarkable than the change in the habits of life prevalent among the same people. Two centuries ago, or less, there was almost as much incongruity between the Highlander and his Lowland neighbour as between the Red Indian and the Ohio Yankees. Now, however, no part of the Queen's subjects are more observant of the law of *meum* and *tuum* than those north of the Grampians. In these tame times the Highlander, though his native songs may sometimes stir up a regret for the days of Rob Roy, is perfectly content to keep cattle of his own, instead of driving the herds of Lennox and Monteith.

STOP MY PAPER.

A FEW WORDS FOR THE PRESS GENERALLY.

From the quiet seclusion of our Editorial Chair we enjoy daily a thousand instructive peeps into the flattering anxious world which stretches away on every side. As guarding one of the outlets, however small, to publicity, we are surrounded by a crowd of modest aspirants or impudent pretenders—men calculated either to win our love or excite our repugnance, but each unfolding, in his own way, some natural trait of character or foible of custom, and thus enlarging, indefinitely, our experience of mankind, and our acquaintance with the peculiarities of the age we live in.

There they are in phantasmagoric circle!—the bustling functionary yearning for applause: the schemer wearing out brain and life in the monomaniacal pursuit of some vapoury and unsubstantial crotchet—the officious suggester—the indignant assailant—the meek complainer—and the amiable philanthropic bore! Of all the characters, however, thus anatomised to our privileged vision, that of the STOP MY PAPER gentleman is, beyond all comparison, the most conceited, insulting and intolerable.

We entreat that we may not be misunderstood. Every man is entitled to stop his Paper when it suits his convenience or humour. Reasons for so doing are neither needed nor heeded. In the fluctuating margin of newspaper circulation, people are, of course, continually coming and going, as at the outskirts of a crowded assembly.

Our allusion is to that class of persons who take violent offence where none could, in the nature of things, be intended—and imagine, because they are subscribers, they have a right to have all their requests, however numerous or preposterous, complied with, in virtual usurpation of the editorial functions, without editorial knowledge or editorial responsibility.

We wonder whether the STOP MY PAPER monster be endowed with ordinary feelings of humanity? Of course he is actuated by a sublime and self-sustaining consciousness that he is the important 'omnes solus'—the prop of a paper mill, an ink manufactory, a type foundry, and a Printing Office, to say nothing of writers, reporters, with mouths that might create a famine! Has he no visions, then, of compositors out of work, and out at the elbows; of sub-editors pining in garrets, and little blacknesses thrown helpless on an inhospitable world? Does he know the worth of a penny? The Barbarian! to snatch the crust from the gaping mouth of the poor 'Devil,' and that as coolly as the school boy decapitates a thistle that has unconsciously 'galled his kibe.'

In a word, the STOP MY PAPER gentleman is the type of that class of persons whom it is the interest of society to put down. The man who would make use of his little vaunted patronage to create a mean and servile press, has slaves, we dare swear, for his servants, and parasites for his friends. The greatness of heart which a despot's menace cannot move, but which a suppliant's tear can melt—the generosity which is more ready to ascribe a merit than impute a motive—a manly wisdom that stretches its sympathies beyond the narrow boundaries of self, and has place in memory for favours received—these, and qualities like these, have no share in the monster's character.

PALEY FOUND OUT.—A week or two since a correspondent of the *Athenæum* distinctly proved Doctor Paley to have stolen his 'Natural Theology.' The *Church and State Gazette* thus speaks of the larceny:—'Before Dr. Paley gave to the world, as his own, the "Natural Theology," a work on the same subject, and nearly in the same words, had appeared in Holland, with the name on its title-page of one of Holland's most erudite philosophers, Dr. Bernard Nieuwentyt. From this work, published, we say, long before that of Paley, lengthened extracts are given in the *Athenæum*; these are contrasted, with similar passages from Paley, and these are so similar as to be nearly *verbatim* reproductions of the original. If the extracts from the Hollander be genuine—which we cannot, unfortunately, doubt—then Paley shines unrivalled in the enormity and splendour of his plagiarisms. In the annals of literary cer-