

“Done,” said Butler, “and I promise a necklace into the bargain, if you win; but I’m afraid you’re only quizzing me.”

“Here’s my hand on it,” said she, “and now let’s talk of something else.”

“As Lady Boyle never asked my assistance, and, as I knew she was very well able to perform whatever she undertook, you may be sure I gave myself very little trouble about the whole affair, and, when they came, I went off to breakfast with Tom’s committee, not knowing anything that was to be done.

“Calvert had given orders that he was to be called at eight o’clock, and so in a few minutes before that time a gentle knock came to the door. ‘Come in,’ said he, thinking it was a waiter, and covering himself up in the clothes, for he was the most bashful creature ever seen; ‘Come in.’

“The door opened, and what was his horror to find that a lady had entered in her dressing-gown, her hair on her shoulders, very much tossed and dishevelled! The moment she came in she closed the door and locked it, and then sat leisurely down upon a chair.

“Billy’s teeth chattered, and his limbs trembled, for this was an adventure of a very novel kind for him. At last, he took courage to speak. ‘I am afraid, madam,’ said he, ‘that you are under some unhappy mistake, and that you suppose this chamber is——’

“‘Mr. Calvert’s,’ said the lady, with a solemn voice, ‘is it not?’

“‘Yes, madam, I am that person.’

“‘Thank God,’ said the lady, with a very impressive tone, ‘here I am safe.’

“Billy grew very much puzzled at these words; but hoping that, by his silence, the lady would proceed to some explanation, he said no more. She, however, seemed to think that nothing further was necessary, and sat still and motionless, with her hands before her and her eyes fixed on Billy.

“‘You seem to forget me, sir,’ said she, with a faint smile?

“‘I do indeed, madam; the half light, the novelty of your costume, and the strangeness of the circumstance altogether, must plead for me—if I appear rude enough.’

“‘I am Lady Mary Boyle,’ said she.

“‘I do remember you, madam; but may I ask——?’

“‘Yes, yes, I know what you would ask; you would say, why are you here, how comes it that you have so far outstepped the propriety of which your whole life is an example, that, alone at such a time you appear in the chamber of a man whose character for gallantry——’

“‘Oh, indeed—indeed, my lady, nothing of the kind.’

“‘Ah, alas, how poor defenceless women learn too late; how constantly associated is the retiring modesty which denies, with the pleasing powers which ensures success——’ Here she sobbed, Billy blushed, and the clock struck nine.

“‘May I then beg, madam——?’

“‘Yes, yes, you shall hear it all; but my poor scattered faculties will not be the clearer by your hurrying me. You know, perhaps,’ continued she, ‘that my maiden name was Rogers?’ He of the

blankets bowed, and she resumed. 'It is now eighteen years since, that a young, unsuspecting, fond creature, reared in all the care and fondness of dotting parents, tempted her first step in life, and trusted her fate to another's keeping. I am that unhappy person; the other that monster in human guise that smiled but to betray, that won but to ruin and destroy, is he whom you knew as Sir Harry Boyle.' Here she sobbed for some minutes, wiped her eyes, and resumed her narrative, beginning at the period of marriage, detailed a number of circumstances, in which poor Calvert, in all his anxiety to come *au fond* at matters could never perceive bore upon the question in any way; but as she recounted them all with great force and precision, entreating him to bear in mind certain circumstances to which she should recur by and by, his attention was kept on the stretch, and it was only when the clock struck ten that he was fully aware how his morning was passing, and what surmises his absence might originate.

"May I interrupt you for a moment, dear madam; was it nine or ten o'clock which struck last?"

"How should I know?" said she, frantically; "what are hours and minutes to her who has passed long years of misery?"

"Very true, very true," replied he timidly, and rather fearing for the intellects of his fair companion.

"She continued.

"The narrative, however, so far from becoming clearer, grew gradually more confused and intricate, and as frequent references were made by the lady to some previous statement, Calvert was more than once rebuked for forgetfulness and inattention, where, in reality, nothing less than short-hand could have borne him through.

"Was it in ninety-three, I said that Sir Harry left me at Tuam?"

"Upon my life, madam, I am afraid to aver; but it strikes me——?"

"Gracious powers! and this is he whom I fondly trusted to make the depository of my woes—cruel, cruel man."—Here she sobbed considerably for several minutes, and spoke not.

"A loud cheer of 'Butler for ever,' from the mob without, now burst upon their hearing, and recalled poor Calvert at once to the thought that the hours were speeding fast, and no prospect of the everlasting tale coming to an end.

"I am deeply, most deeply grieved my dear madam," said the little man, sitting up in a pyramid of blankets, 'but hours, minutes, are most precious to me this morning. I am about to be proposed as member for Kilkenny.'

"At these words, the lady straightened her figure out, threw her arms at either side, and burst into a fit of laughter, which poor Calvert knew at once to be hysterics. Here was a pretty situation; the bell rope lay against the opposite wall, and even if it did not, would he be exactly warranted in pulling it?"

"May the devil and all his angels take Sir Harry Boyle and his whole connection to the fifth generation," was his sincere prayer, as he sat like a Chinese juggler under his canopy.

"At length the violence of the paroxysm seemed to subside, the sobs became less frequent, the kicking less forcible, and the lady's

eyes closed, and she appeared to have fallen asleep. 'Now is the moment,' said Billy; 'if I could only get as far as my dressing gown.' So saying, he worked himself down noiselessly to the foot of his bed, looked fixedly at the fallen lids of the sleeping lady, and essayed one leg from the blankets. 'Now or never,' said he, pushing aside the curtain, and preparing for a spring—one more look he cast at his companion, and, then leaped forth; but just as he lit upon the floor, she again aroused herself, screaming with horror. Billy fell upon the bed, and rolling himself in the bedclothes, vowed never to rise again till she was out of the visible horizon. 'What is all this; what do you mean, sir?' said the lady, reddening with indignation.

"Nothing, upon my soul, madam: it was only my dressing gown!"

"Your dressing gown!" said she, with an emphasis worthy of a Siddons; 'a likely story for Sir Harry to believe, sir; fie, fie, sir.'

"This last allusion seemed a settler; for the luckless Calvert heaved a profound sigh, and sunk down as if all hope had left him. 'Butler for ever,' roared the mob; 'Calvert for ever,' cried a boy's voice from without; 'three groans for the runaway,' answered this announcement; and a very tender inquiry, of 'where is he?' was raised by some hundred mouths.

"Madam," said the almost frantic listener, 'madam, I must get up; I must dress; I beg of you to permit me.'

"I have nothing to refuse, sir; alas! disdain has long been my only portion. Get up if you will."

"But," said the astonished man, who was well nigh deranged at the coolness of this reply, 'but how am I to do so, if you sit there?'

"Sorry for any inconvenience I may cause you; but, in the crowded state of the hotel, I hope you see the impropriety of my walking about the passages in this costume?"

"And, great God! madam, why did you come out in it?"

"A cheer from the mob prevented her reply being audible." One o'clock tolled out from the great bell of the cathedral.

"There's one o'clock, as I live."

"I heard it," said the lady.

"The shouts are increasing. What is that I hear? *Butler is in.* Gracious mercy! is the election over?"

"The lady stepped to the window, drew aside the curtain, and said, 'Indeed, it would appear so; the mob are chairing Mr. Butler. [A deafening shout burst from the street.] 'Perhaps you'd like to see the fun, so I'll not detain you any longer. So good-bye Mr. Calvert; and, as your breakfast will be cold, in all likelihood, come down to No. 4, for Sir Harry's a late man, and will be glad to see you.'"

WEDDED LOVE.

Let wedded love be like the tire,
The wheel of life to grasp,
Gain more of force, when less the fire,
And, cooling, closer grasp.

I. O.

TRAINING AND TRELLISING VINES.

THE success which has attended the introduction and cultivation of the vine in South Australia during the past season has rendered everything of this kind in the way of practical direction a matter of interest to the colonists generally.

Under these circumstances, we have thought it desirable to give the following extracts upon this subject from "Shepherd's Lectures on Australian Horticulture," which will very appropriately follow. Mr. Henry Watson's articles upon the cultivation of the vine found in the three first numbers of the Magazine.

From a description of the best mode of cultivating the vine in Australia, and form a detailed account of success which had attended his personal efforts in New South Wales, Mr. Shepherd proceeds to "trellising and training" as follows—

I explained to you in my last lecture, how grape vines should be pruned in the dwarf bush fashion, and I shall now explain how they should be trained and pruned upon trellises. I have a trellis in my nursery, which answers very well for training grape vines. If such a trellis as mine were put up in a sheltered situation, where the southerly winds could not blow upon it, excellent crops might be produced. When I say southerly winds, I mean any cold boisterous wind which blows from the south, south-east, or south-west; but if cold winds blow from any other quarter, in some districts of the colony with which I am unacquainted, guard against them in the same way as I have recommended to guard against southerly winds. The trellis in my nursery is put up in the form of an equilateral triangle; its height above ground is about eight feet; and it slopes from both sides to the centre above, between two rows of grape vines, and to prevent it from having the appearance of the ridge of a house, the upper ends of the rafters are kept apart by a piece of wood about two feet long, which is nailed between the rafters to keep them apart from each other; so that you may walk underneath the trellis, and dress the vines, gather the grapes, also dig, hoe, or manure the ground. The distance between the two rafters at the ground level should be about eight feet, which would give the trellis a considerable slope, and would be of great benefit to the vines, by exposing the principal bearing branches to perpendicular air, from the bottom of the trellis to the top, and also by protecting the bunches of grapes from hot or cold winds, and from the hot sun also, by these hanging under the shoots and leaves, which would prevent their rotting if the season proved to be wet. The rafters may either be made of durable wood, sawed to four-inch square scantling, or, to save expense, the rafters may be made with saplings; but I think the sawed stuff would in the end be cheaper than the saplings. The rafters may also be made of split stuff, such as are in common use for fencing, which would be as durable as sawed stuff, only it should be split as near as can be to the size of four inches square. The rafters should be charred at the bottom, to prevent their rotting in the ground. The rafters will only require to be put into the ground about eighteen inches, as the ground will never require to be disturbed afterwards, so as to cause them to be loosened, as it will not be requisite to dig the ground in a vineyard above the depth of six or eight inches. When the rafters have been fixed into the ground, and nailed at the top to cross pieces, you may then nail five battens to the rafters. Battens such as are used in singling will answer; only they would be more convenient for tying the vines if they were sawn to about one inch thick by two inches broad. The lower batten should be nailed outside the rafters, at about eighteen inches above ground, in a horizontal direction. The top batten to be nailed at the top of the rafters, and the three middle battens should be equally divided to fill up the space, which will make in all five battens on each side of the slope formed by the rafters.

When your rafters and battens have been thus fixed, you may plant your vine plants or cuttings outside of the trellis, into the ground, about two feet apart; then allow every fifth plant to be trained upon the lower batten, which must first be trained with one straight stem, from the ground to the batten, and then with two main branches to be tied to the batten, one leading to the right, the other to the left, until each branch reached to within nine inches of the centre between each fifth vine; then the bottom batten will be completely furnished with bearing wood. The second batten to be furnished in the same manner as the lower batten, also the remaining three battens, so that when all the battens are furnished with grape vines, regular crops of grapes may be expected every year from the top to the bottom of the trellis. The horizontal bearing branches which are tied to the battens, will produce a plentiful supply of young wood, which must be cut in the winter, pruning to one, two, or three eyes, to form spurs. In the summer following, these spurs will produce as many shoots as the number of eyes left upon them in the last winter's pruning, and these young shoots will produce a crop of grapes, and must be afterwards cut, in autumn or winter, in the following manner:—Let all the shoots which were cut to one eye, and which produced one shoot only, be cut to one, two, or three eyes, according to their strength. Let all the shoots which were cut to two eyes, and which produced two shoots, be cut down to the lowermost shoot upon each spur, and that lowermost shoot to be cut to one, two, or three eyes, according to its strength. Let all the shoots which were cut to three eyes, and which produced three shoots be also cut to the lowermost shoot, and that shoot afterwards to be cut to one, two, or three eyes, according to its strength. If this method of pruning is attended to, your principal bearing branches will look neat, by keeping the spurs short, and will continue in a bearing state for many years, if nothing occasion the stock or plant to be unhealthy. This is the least expensive method of trellis training and pruning.

The next method for trellis preserving and training, which was once recommended as the best of any for producing large crops of grapes, is that plan recommended by Mr. Nichol; a method which I have practised many years in England, with great success. That is, plant your grape vines outside of the trellis, about three or four feet apart, and train each plant with a single stem to the height of the first batten; afterwards, with two horizontal branches, to be tied to the batten, each branch not to extend above eighteen inches on each side of the stock. These horizontal branches are to be considered the main branches, with a view to producing bearing branches, to be trained perpendicularly up the trellis, to various lengths, according to their strength; the weakest branches to be cut down to one eye, to produce wood for the year following, the other shoots from three to seven eyes; all these eyes will in general produce fruit, but if any should not bear they must be pulled off, except the leader, which must be trained at full length for producing a crop of fruit, the year following. The remaining shoots must be all topped, one or two joints above the uppermost bunch, and in the pruning season in the winter following, the side branches must be cut clean off, leaving the leaders only, which may be cut from three to seven eyes, according to their strength; and as soon as these leaders have reached the top of the trellis, and borne their last crop, they must be cut down to the main horizontal branches, to produce young wood for a fresh supply of leading bearing branches again, so that the trellis will be supplied with bearing wood from the bottom to the top of the trellis, after the vines have been planted three or four years.

The next method of training upon a trellis, is a plan which was strongly recommended by Mr. Forsyth, which he called serpentine training. Two main branches, as in Nichol's plan, are trained horizontally at the bottom of the trellis, and all the shoots which these main branches produce, are to be cut down to one or two eyes, to produce wood for the year following, except as many shoots to be trained in a serpentine form from the bottom, to within eighteen inches of the top of the trellis, with from fifteen to thirty eyes, and all the shoots are to be topped at one or two joints, before the last branch, and all shoots produced upon these serpentine branches which do not produce fruit are

to be pulled off to strengthen the bearing ones. These serpentine branches should be about eighteen inches or two feet apart. The young wood produced from the shoots, which was cut down to one or two eyes, must be trained up the trellis at full length, and all the laterals and tendrils must be carefully picked off as they are produced. I have obtained very large crops of grapes trained in this way; but the vines very seldom produce wood sufficiently strong for many years in succession, so that this method of training and pruning I do not consider so good as either Nichol's plan, or the spur pruning.

It may be necessary when vines grow very strong, when they are trained in the spur fashion, to train a few shoots from the stock to their full length in summer, and in the winter following, cut them to from fifteen to thirty eyes, and train them in Forsyth's plan; this will cause the plants to produce an extraordinary crop, which will reduce the strength of the vine, and will afterwards make it more productive for spur pruning. For additional instructions on the cultivation of the vine, I strongly recommend you to examine every particular which refers to the vine, in the *Journal of a Tour through some of the vineyards of Spain and France*, by James Busby, Esq., in 1833. In Mr. Busby's little journal you will find a great deal of useful information. You will observe, that in each of the vineyards which Mr. Busby examined, particular varieties of grapes only were cultivated, which had been found out by experience to succeed best; hence you may perceive my reasons for having recommended you to apply to Mr. Cunningham for two cuttings of each of all the varieties of vines imported by Mr. Busby that are now growing in the Botanic Garden. By this plan you will be able to select the varieties which succeed best in the situations where you intend planting a vineyard. Thus, each person who plants a vineyard throughout the colony will find out the varieties suitable to the different districts, as Mr. Busby has described to have been done by the people in France and Spain.

THE SABBATH.

God's holy day of rest, O! blessed boon,
 Did man esteem the privilege aright;
 Bound to the world, its pleasures, or its cares,
 Still loth to make the Sabbath his delight.

The slave of pleasure deems it mars his sport,
 And mammon's servant grudges God his day;
 Alas! how many, self-deceiving, think
 Because they do not scoff, they need not pray.

Lord! raise our grov'ling sordid minds to thee;
 Make us to love the type which thou hast giv'n
 Of thine eternal sabbath's holy rest—
 Our souls prepare to worship thee in heav'n.

BRIEF LITERARY SKETCHES.

REMINISCENCES OF FATHER LOONEY.

CHAPTER II.—THE GRAVE-YARD MEETING.

MANY were the strangers, but few the relatives, whose love for the departed, or sympathy for the survivors, drew to Hollydell. Indeed, of all my father's friends, only one came, whose relationship was so distant that it was almost worn out; in fact, from his formality and coldness, and difference, mental and bodily, from all the Loonies I had ever seen, I almost fancied that there was as little of their genuine blood in his veins, as there was of family likeness in his face. The only reason that I could assign for his shyness, and that of his people, was, that my father's marriage had been contrary to their wishes; and also that their purses were a little heavier than ours—a thing which too often, even in families, like a canker-worm, gnaws the last threads of affection and kindred which should bind them together. Be that as it may, there is one certainty connected with it, that from my father's marriage until his death, our new visitor was the first Looney to cross our threshold, and I consequently looked upon his arrival as the dawn of a new and happy era in the civil history of the Looney family, and greeted him, despite his reserve, with as hearty a welcome as the melancholy occasion of his visit and my sorrows permitted. Even my poor mother—widowed and broken-hearted as she was—smiled upon him, as he entered, a silent “cead mhille a falthee;” and as the funeral was to be performed on the morrow, he was invited to remain for the night. The procession started very early, as the family burial ground was two miles distant; and never, in the memory of the oldest villager, did an assemblage so numerous or affected leave the hamlet of Ballydun, or were conveyed together so many of the cleaveens (distant relations) of my mother's side, the O'Connors of Balruthery and Glenduffin, whether uncles, grand-uncles, cousins, or nephews, who all, according to their relative affinity to the deceased by my mother's marriage, followed the carriers two and two, while my mother, who could not be persuaded to stay behind us, followed the body. It was a cold black day in September, when we arrived at the Chapel-yard of Killvara, and the wind, as it whistled and rustled around the ired walls and grave stones, smote my heart with as mournful an impression as if it were the portentous wail of a banshee over the last dark resting-place of all my people. We stopped at the appointed place of interment, and there was the grave-digger sitting quietly smoking his dudheen, and his spade and pick-axe lying beside him: but the grave was undug; a tall man whom I recognised as Looney, stood opposite him with one foot on the place marked out as the grave, apparently to arrest the digging. His countenance, as we approached him, seemed much excited, and I concluded that it must have arisen from the negligence of the digger, and accordingly reached my hand toward him, in silent acknowledgment of his seeming attention; but a look of drunken contempt and defiance repaid mine, and he proudly put his hand in his pocket. “Why have you not the grave ready, as we ordered?” enquired a dozen voices at once of the astonished functionary. “Bekase that gint is afther tellin me not,” replied the man. “And why did you stop for any one?” cried my uncle, warmly. “Why, thin, he's afther sayin that ground is the Loonie's, and that ye must get some more convanient subterfuge for yerselves, and that there is no purvission for the O'Connors here.”

"No, what?" enquired the officiating priest, who just arrived in time to hear the final flourish of Barney's eloquence. "Why, thin, yer riv'rance, I can't jist rimember his rale words, but he towld me jist to sit down here, and make myself asy, as there was no pur——". Silence, sir, interrupted the priest, and he turned to the representative of the Loonies—"Now, what may be your objection, young man, to us burying here?" "Because this is our family ground, and no one ever joined to a Connor shall be here, begging your reverence's pardon," replied Looney. "The fact is this," said my uncle, "if ye will not let us bury with yer consent, we must just try to bury without it, so here goes, come on boys." "Hands off," shouted Looney, evidently afraid of his earthly tabernacle being molested by the dense throng of O'Connors, whom curiosity and rage had brought about him. "Silence," cried the priest, "do not attempt to molest the man, if he goes off peaceably; and you, Connor dhu and Long Paddy, if I see your crooked fingers near him again, I'll break every knuckle on them; this young man is on his father's ground, and, with God's assistance, it shall be his—so Barney to work." "Aye, and Misther Looney," added Barney, as he jumped to work, "it will be his ancestors after him, so here goes—I'll split the head of the first man dares to say stop, Barney."

About a dozen of voices confirmed Barney's harangue, and about twice as many hands lifted the agressing Looney overhead, despite his wriggling, shouting, and cuffing, and dropped him, without a blow, quietly over the wall of the yard, where, with bitter looks and dogged silence, he mounted his horse and remained until the ceremony was concluded. "This is foolish work, Mr. Looney," said he to me, as I approached him in returning, "very serious, too, but as cross makes loss between friends, and the quieter this is settled between us the better, if you surely meet me here at this hour, on this day week, in Killvara Yard, we will settle all, if we both be alive." I assented, and gave my hand in confirmation of the promise, which he shook heartily, as likewise my mother's, and several of my relatives, and, giving spurs to his horse, dashed rapidly off. The week went past very tediously, as weeks made up of sorrow always do; yet the recollection of my strange appointment rarely left my mind amid all my sorrows. The last hour of promise, but one, at length came, and with a feeling of indefinite gloom over my heart, I took the road for Killvara. The day had been early overcast, and ere I reached its precincts, the first big drops of promised rain began to patter on the broad leaves of ivy whose matted stems seemed to bind its toppling walls together, and over the sycamore and bore-trees that grew profusely among its gloomy dwellings—the silent depositories of the departed. As I was impatient to meet my relative, I looked around the ruins, and behind every tree or stone where he might possibly have taken shelter, but still there was no trace of Looney. Concluding, therefore, that he could not be distant, I took my own place of refuge beneath the deep fretted archway of the building. An hour rolled tediously over—the rain clouds had cleared partially off the horizon—I waited another hour, but no Looney appeared among the grave-stones, except myself. Surely, thought I, he has not forgotten his promise—or perhaps it was a drunken phrenzy: this doubt at once sealed my determination to return, and, half upbraiding myself for relying on the faith of a drunkard, I was proceeding and my foot on the stile, when I beheld a strange looking figure approaching. The shoulders and arms of the stranger were so completely enveloped by an empty potato sack, in lieu of a cape, that they appeared to be actually sewed up in it; and into it, where it met in front, his face was so buried, that I concluded

it must have been instinct, rather than sight, which guided him along the narrow footpath, the windings of which he deliberately followed, for all his visage was to me invisible, except the extreme point of his nose, which was very red, and of no ordinary length, for it stood out boldly from the shade behind, and seemed to measure inches with the short dudheen or pipe underneath, the other end of which could alone tell where the mouth was : over all was a rimless hat, almost sans crown, and turned up at the edges, in Killeavey fashion, and under all, on either leg, from knee to brogue, a huge hay rope or suggan was twisted, with such elegance, closeness, and ingenuity, as to bid defiance to either rain, mud, or shape. "Gho manhi Dhea ghud," exclaimed the man, as he stood before me, who, until that instant, I did not recognise as Barney the grave digger. "Oh ! then Gho manhi Dhea ghud a Barney," I responded in his native tongue (God save you, Barney), "you are early out at Killvara." "Och, an isn't this the thunderin' day in earnest, God bless it ! yer rivrance," turning his hand toward the place where the rim of his hat should be "and isn't it myself that's drowned alive coming out to tether these pilverising goats of Jim Hoonan's—ill fortune till them, every suggans length iv them, they have ate up all the roses and laurels off Squire Doolan's grave ! yer rivrance, aye, and, savin' yer prisance, they wud eat the chin-stay off a corpse, the divils." "Granted they would, Barney," said I, endeavouring to turn the discourse from the goats to Looney. "But did you meet or see Mr. Looney here this morning?" "Och then, and maybe I did'nt, and maybe I don't know yer rivrance too well to be joked that way so aye—och, and isn't it on yer own mother's son I'm lookin now—Isn't it on you, Misther Looney, of Hollydell—a squilsh mahuil machree? (Light of my eye and heart.)" "Feasthalagh," (nonsense) said I, impatiently, "Barney, I am not joking about myself or another, I am really serious. Did you see my namesake, Looney, of Dramulla, here this morning?" Barney seemed uncertain. "Why you must remember," I continued, "the person who prevented you from digging my father's grave last week ; he has promised to meet me here this day, and as it is now three hours beyond the time appointed, I suppose that the rain has prevented him." Barney's countenance during the interrogation underwent a most extraordinary change—from mirth to gravity, and from gravity to melancholy ; but at the conclusion, the extraordinary evolutions of his visage gave place to words. "Ich, wirra, wirra ! " and the sack fell from his shoulders as he struck his clasped arms across his bosom ; but such a rueful looking being I never since beheld as he at that moment appeared. "Och, thin, wirra dheelish, he has not desaved you. Long enough, and cowlid enough he has waited for you ; he has been beside yer father's grave these three days ; come, and I'll shew yer rivrance." The digger accordingly led the way by a short route, through the rank grave weeds which, round the bleached headstones and narrow hillocks, were breast high ; need I add, that my conjectures as to Looney's fate, as I followed my solitary guide, were fully verified. He pointed to a newer grave, beside my father's. "There," said he, emphatically, "he has kept his promise ; he broke his neck off his horse this day week, in going home, and there he is now." "Ah, said I, "such was life, and such is death—what was promised in the one is unbroken by the other ; he has met me indeed at the grave of my father ; it is a black meeting, but our differences are ended.

HENRY H. BLACKHAM.

Greenfell-street, Adelaide.

THE MONTHLY RECORD, JANUARY, 1842.

HOME INTELLIGENCE.

Our space this month will only admit of the following list of the new Ministry brought by the late arrivals:—

CABINET.

Duke of Wellington.
 First Lord of the Treasury—Sir Robert Peel.
 Lord Chancellor—Lord Lyndhurst.
 Chancellor of the Exchequer—Mr. Goulburn.
 President of the Council—Lord Wharncliffe.
 Privy Seal—Duke of Buckingham.
 Home Secretary—Sir James Graham.
 Foreign Secretary—Earl of Aberdeen.
 Colonial Secretary—Lord Stanley.
 First Lord of the Admiralty—Earl of Haddington.
 President of the Board of Control—Lord Ellenborough.
 President of the Board of Trade—Earl of Ripon.
 Secretary at War—Sir H. Hardinge.
 Treasurer of the Navy and Paymaster of the Forces—Sir E. Knatchbull.

Postmaster-General—Lord Lowther.
 Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster—Lord George Somerset.
 Woods and Forests—Earl of Lincoln.
 Master-General of the Ordnance—Sir George Murray.
 Vice-President of the Board of Trade and Master of the Mint—Mr. W. E. Gladstone.
 Secretary of the Admiralty—Hon. Sydney Herbert.
 Joint Secretaries of the Treasury—Sir G. Clerk, Sir T. Freemantle.
 Secretaries of the Board of Control—Hon. W. Baring, J. E. Tenant.
 Home Under-Secretary—Hon. C. M. Sutton.
 Foreign Under-Secretary—Lord Caning.
 Colonial Under-Secretary—G. W. Hope.
 Lords of the Treasury—Alexander Pringle, Baring, J. Young, J. Milnes Gaskell.
 Lords of the Admiralty—Sir G. Cockburn, Admiral Sir W. Gage, Sir G. Seymoure, Hon. Captain Gordon, Hon. H. L. Corry.

Storekeeper of the Ordnance—J. R. Bonham.
 Clerk of the Ordnance—Captain Bolero.
 Surveyor-General of the Ordnance—Colonel Jonathon Peel.
 Attorney-General—Sir F. Pollock.
 Solicitor-General—Sir F. Follett.
 Judge-Advocate—Dr. Nicholl.
 Governor-General of Canada—Sir C. Bagot.
 Lord Advocate of Scotland—Sir W. Rae.
 Solicitor-General for Scotland—Duncan M'Neil.

IRELAND.

Lord-Lieutenant—Earl de Grey.
 Lord Chancellor—Sir E. Sugden.
 Chief Secretary—Lord Elliot.
 Attorney-General—Blackburne, Q. C.
 Solicitor-General—Mr. Pennefather.

QUEEN'S HOUSEHOLD.

Lord Chamberlain—Earl Delawarr.
 Lord Steward—Earl of Liverpool.
 Master of the Horse—Earl of Jersey.
 Master of the Buck-hounds—Earl of Rosslyn.
 Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard—Marquis of Lothian.
 Captain of the Gentlemen Pensioners—Lord Forester.
 Vice-Chamberlain—Lord Ernest Bruce.
 Treasurer of the Household—Earl Jermyn.
 Comptroller of the Household—Hon. D. Damer.
 Lords in Waiting—Lord Aboyne, Lord Rivers, Lord Hardwicke, Lord Byron, Earl of Warwick, Viscount Sydney, Earl of Morton, Marquis of Ormonde,
 Grooms in Waiting—Captain Meynell, Ormsby Gore.
 Equerry in Ordinary—Colonel C. G. J. Arbuthnot.
 Mistress of the Robes—Duchess of Buccleugh.
 Ladies of the Bedchamber—Marchioness Camden, Lady Lytton, Lady Portman, Lady Barham, Countess of Charlemont.
 PRINCE ALBERT'S HOUSEHOLD.
 Groom of the Stole—Marquis of Exeter.
 HOUSE OF LORDS APPOINTMENTS.
 Sergeant-at-Arms—Colonel Percival.
 Clerk Marshal—Lord C. Wellesley.