

following sources of loss and expense some of which are likely to be entailed on the public for *ages*—viz : 1. The value of British merchant vessels and their cargoes, *captured and destroyed* by hostile force during the war 1793 to 1815. 2nd. The value of British merchant vessels wrecked, by being deprived, by the war, of access to friendly ports. 3d. The value of British property seized and destroyed during the war, at various places in Europe, particularly at the following, viz : at Ham-
burgh, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Frankfort, Leipsic, Bremen, Moscow, Copenhagen, Dantzic, Riga, Venice, Naples, Genoa, Trieste, Leghorn, and in France, Spain and Portugal.

N. B. Claims against Denmark have lately, 1835, been lodged with the British commissioners to the amount of £550,000 sterling. 4th. The amount of military, naval, and other pension, 1815 to 1837. 5th. The amount of taxes continued upon the public, 1815 to 1837 to pay the interest of the war debt. 6th. The increase of the establishment since 1792.

NOTE.—*The sum of four hundred millions sterling, and upwards*, has been drained from the public from 1815 to 1836, to defray the expense of the army, navy, ordnance, militia, and yeomanry, maintained during twenty-two years of peace, and retired allowances. The interest on the unliquidated amount of the war debt of the wars of William III. has been paid by the public for 140 years. Such was the terrible destruction of human life occasioned by the late war, that it is stated, upwards of *two millions of our fellow creatures* fell a sacrifice thereto, among the *several* belligerents.—*Scottish Pilot*.

'AVENGE NOT YOURSELVES.'

"Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place to wrath; for it is written, vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

Has thou been wronged, beyond the bound
Of possible redress,
And injured deeper than the power
Of language can express?
Yet, seeking for the precious balm
Which heals the deepest wound,
A hly rest—a heavenly calm,
Thy spirit may be found.

Perchance upon this realm of peace,
New inroads may be made,
And wounds, scarce cicatrised by time,
Afresh are bleeding laid.
As Pelion on Ossa heaped,
Thy injuries may rise,
Mount above mountain towering high,
And reaching to the skies.

Yet, as thou may'st not bare the arm
To light volcanic fires,
Nor strive to smother Etna's flame,
Until her light expires;
So may'st thou not, with reckless hand,
"Presume God's bolts to throw,"
And, with a vengeful curse, to brand
The author of thy woe.

It may be in thy power, to blast
His fortune, or his fame,
And, with a single breath, to cast
A blight upon his name.
Go, rather thou, and, bowed in prayer,
Before the eternal throne,
At Mercy's footstool kneeling there,
Pray for that sinful one.

Vengeance is mine, thus saith our God,
I surely will repay,
His, his is the avenger's rod,
And his the judgment day.
And mortals may not dare to wrest
The sceptre of his power,
Whose arm can blast, as well as bless
His creatures of an hour.

TRUE COURAGE.

"Coward! coward!" said James Lawton, to Edward Wilkins, as he pointed his finger to him.

Edward's face turned very red and then the tears started in his eyes, as he said, "James Lawton, don't call me a coward."

"Why don't you fight John Taylor, then, when he dares you? I would not be dared by any boy."

"He is afraid," said Charles Jones, as he put his finger in his eye, and pretended to cry.