

desperate state of their patients, would not suffer them to be removed out of the room where they fought, but had beds immediately conveyed to it, on which they lay many hours in a state of insensibility; When they came to themselves, and saw where they were, Pack, in a feeble voice said to his companion, "Creed, I think we are the conquerors, for we have kept the field of battle." For a long time their lives were despaired of, but, to the astonishment of every one, they both recovered. When they were able to see company, Mathew and his friend attended them daily, and a close intimacy afterwards ensued, as they found them men of probity, and of the best disposition, except in this extravagant idea of duelling, of which, however, they were now perfectly cured."

POET'S CORNER.

THE LAST MAN.

All wordly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The Sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its Immortality!
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to weep
Adown the the gulf of time!
I saw the last of *human* mould
That shall Creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime!

The Sun's eye had a sickly glaze,
The Earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in fight,—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands;
In plague and famine some!
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood
As if a storm pass'd by,
Saying, We are twins in death, proud Sun!
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis Mercy bids the go;
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill;
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,
The vassals of his will?—
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim discrowned king of day:
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Heal'd not a passion or a pang
Entail'd on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recal

Life's tragedy again:
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe;
Stretch'd in disease's shapes abhorr'd,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the sythe.

Ev'n I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire;
Test of all sunless agonies,
Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,—
The majesty of Darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost!

This spirit shall return to Him
Who gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bless unknown to beams of thine,
By him who recall'd to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robb'd the grave of Victory,—
And took the sting from Death!

Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
On Nature's awful waste
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste—
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
On Earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy
To quench his Immortality,
Or shake his trust in God!

THE VENTRILOQUIST.

A Few years ago, towards the dusk of the evening, a stranger was leisurely pursuing his way towards a little tavern, situated at the foot of a mountain, in one of the western states of America. A little in advance of him, a negro, returning from the plough was singing the favourite Ethiopian melody,

'Gwine down to shimbone alley,
Long time ago!

The stranger hailed him—"Hallo! uncle, you snowball?"
'Sah?" said the blacky, holding in his horses.
'Is that the half-way house ahead yonder?"
'No, sah, dat Massa Billy Lemond's hotel.'
'Hotel! eh! Billy Lemond!'
'Yes, sah, you know massa Billy? he used to live at the mouf of Ceder Creek; he dont move now though—he keeps a monsus nice house now, I tell you.'
'Indeed!'
'Yes, sah; you stop dah dis evening, I spec; all spectable gemplemen put up dare. You chaw backah, massa?'
'Yes, Sambo; here is some real cavendish for you.'
'Tankee, massa—tankee, sah—Quash my name.'
'Quash, eh?'
'Yes, sah, at your service. Oh!' grunted out the delighted African, 'dis is nice; he better dan de Green Riber; tankee, sah—tankee.'
'Well, Quash, what kind of person is Mr. Lemond?'
'Oh, he nice man—monsus nice man; empertain gemplemen in fust style, and I take care ov de horses. I 'blongs to