

The pasha then called together all his officers and his household. He was attired in his most splendid robes, and received them in his state divan, as though in the plenitude of his power. The fatal messenger stood by his side. In one hand he held a golden goblet, all enriched with precious stones, and in the other he held the imperial firman! "I have sent for you," he said, addressing them in a firm voice;—"I have sent for you all, to show you by my example that it is the duty of a Mussulman to die at the command of his superior, as well as to live for his service and honour. The sultan, our master, has no further occasion for his servant, and has sent him this firman. It remains for me only to obey. I might, it is true, resist, surrounded as I am by guards and friends. But no: I respect the will of God and our blessed prophet, through the word of his successor. I value not life in comparison with duty; and I pray you all to profit by my example." With a firm and unflinching hand he carried the poisoned goblet to his lips and drank it to the dregs, then shaking his head, as one who has had a nauseous draught, he handed the cup to the Tartar, and said—"Keep it; your potion is bitter indeed; present my duty to our master, and say that his servant died as he lived, faithful and true. And you," he added, turning to those who stood dismayed around him, "If ever it should arrive that any of you should have to undergo—the same—trial," his voice faltered, and his face became deadly pale—"remember—Cherchid Pasha!—Allah—Acbar—God's will be—" but before he could finish the sentence, his head fell upon his breast, and he fell back upon the cushions of his divan and expired.

The Tartar took a bag from his girdle, and with a knife separated the head from the body: the blood staining the jewelled velvets. The head he deposited carefully in the bag, tied it round his waist, and in a few minutes was on his fleet steed on the road to Constantinople.

LOT'S WIFE.

Mr. Coleman, in his agricultural address last week, illustrated the folly of modern female education, by an anecdote. A young man, who had for a long time remained in that useless state designated by "a half pair of scissors," at last seriously determined he would procure him a wife. He got the "refusal" of one who was beautiful and fashionably accomplished, and took her upon trial to his home. Soon learning, that she knew nothing, either how to darn a stocking, or boil a potato, or roast a bit of beef, he returned her to her father's house, as having been weighed in the balance and found wanting. A suit was commenced by the good lady, but the husband alleged that she was not "up to the sample," and of course the obligation to retain the commodity was

not binding. The jury inflicted a fine of a few dollars, but he would have given a fortune rather than not to be liberated from such an irksome engagement. "As well might the farmer have the original Venus de Medicis placed in his kitchen," said the orator, "as some of the modern fashionable women. Indeed," continued he, "it would be much better to have Lot's wife standing there, she might answer one useful purpose; she might salt his bacon!"—*American paper.*

(ORIGINAL.)

A LAY FOR BEYOND SEA.

'Tis sweet to stray 'mong ruins gray,
When o'er the mouldering wa's,
The moonbeams play, wi' siller ray,
O'er turrets, towers and ha's;
Where gallant knight, and ladye bright,
Wad list to minstrel's sang;
While to warlike lays o' former days
The echoing castle rang.

In thrilling lay, the minstrel gray,
Would mourn o'er battles lost;
Where the tyrant throng, in numbers strong,
O'erwhelmed fair freedom's host;
And then he'd tell, how many fell
Beneath th' avenging brand,
Of stalwart knight, in stormy fight,
'Gainst foes of "Auld Scotland."

And dark would grow the proud knight's brow,
And the fire flash frae his e'e,
To hear how right to tyrant might
Was forced to bend the knee;
But grim he'd smile, and the dame the while
Wad weep for joy to hear,
How the meteor glave, of patriot brave,
Carved out oppression's bier.

And, oh, how sweet the dawn to greet,
When the gowden god o' day,
Wi' a gush o' light, through the pall o' night,
Bursts upward on his way;
When flowrets spring, and woodlands ring,
To the lark's bright morning lay;
An' like jewels rare, on ladye fair,
The dew-drops deck ilk spray.

Nor moon's pale horn, nor dawning morn,
Such soothing joy can yield,
As when mem'ry kind, o'er the exile's mind,
His magic power does wield;
Oh! then, I ween, in heavenly sheen
His bygone years are drest,
And the cares o' life, wi' their jarring strife,
For a time are hushed to rest.

Montreal, March, 1839.