

### ROMANTIC ESCAPE OF AN IRISH OFFICER.

Several officers were known to have known refuge with the Macleans of Mull when they were persued by the Covenantors. Maclean of Dowart was compelled to surrender them to their enemies and "fourteene verie prettie Irishmen" were led out to death. The circumstances under which the only survivor escaped the fate of his companions is both curious and interesting. Just as the victims were brought out to prepare for death, Marriion of Dowart, youngest daughter of the chief, accompanied by a kinsman on horseback, was taking her departure from the Castle of Moy, the seat of the Maclean of Loughboy, and happening to pass the spot where the late guests of her father's halls were at that instant preparing to meet their doom, overcome by the distressing sight she fainted away and fell to the ground. Her kinsman immediately jumped off his horse and flew to her aid. At the same time her fall caught the attention of one of the gentlemen of the melancholy group, who exclaiming, "Ye heartless murderers, will none of you save the lady?" rushed forward, and vaulted, with the quickness of thought, into the deserted saddle of the young lady's kinsman, galloped off, and was soon out of reach of pursuit among the mountains. Whether the fit and fall of the Maiden of Dowart were premeditated design or the result of accident must be left to the reader to determine; it is however the fact that by the instrumentality of the same lady, the gallant fugitive had a boat provided for him on the south side of the Mull, by which he finally escaped.

### THE PEST OF SOCIETY.

The law protects us against the depredations of the sneak-thief, the plunderings of the burglar, the assaults of the rowdy; but it does not stand between us and one who is a greater pest of society—the rum-seller. The law licenses him to sell liquor to our sons, and make drunkards of them. He is permitted to keep a public place where old inebriates entertain young men with rose-colored reminiscences of the pleasures of the past sprees. The son of a respectable family, the son to whom the world presents opportunities of a bright career, the son on whose success rests the welfare of dependant parents, listens to the oft-told tales of experienced dissipators, and begins to think that real hap-

piness can only be secured by getting drunk. Rum is the magic elixir under whose influence mortals may be always jolly. Rum is the antidote for every ill, the balm for every grief. The old inebriate speaks of associates who could carry the contents of three bottles without a hiccough, a stagger, or a wink of the eye. The youthful listener thinks a "three bottle man" a distinguished individual, and to prepare himself for that honor his libations are frequent and deep. He commences with wine, but soon finds his appetite craving something stronger. Instead of improving his mind by reading, his evenings are spent in the grogshop, amid vicious companions, with whom he is "hail fellow, well met!" while his money lasts. When that is gone, when irregular habits have lost him employment, his days as well as nights are passed in the school of infamy, the dramshop. He is now a lounge, ready to drink with any stranger who invites him—ready, perhaps, to relieve the pocket of any straggler who reel insensible to the floor. He is now fairly started on his downward career; every day he becomes more degraded. The youth of whom such flattering anticipations were held by his parents, instead of being a help to them, has disgraced them. He is a burthen, a living shame, to his best friends. Oh, how happy would they be had the grave received him ere he had become the victim of the rum-seller.

### DEAL KINDLY WITH THE AGED ONES

Deal kindly with the aged ones,  
Give them thy tenderest cure,  
Altho' though they sometimes fretful be,  
With patience sweet forbear.  
The lines of anguish, grief, and pain,  
Deep written on their brow,  
Tell of the days when storms beat hard;  
Oh, do not grieve them now.

Deal kindly with the aged ones,  
Let them not sigh or pine,  
With no soft voice to sooth them on,  
Through this life's last decline.  
As rain-drops, falling from above,  
Gladden the fragrant bowers,  
So kind words sprinkled round their hearts  
Brighten their loney hours.

As LABORERS sow the ground in order to reap the fruits of the earth, so Christians sow in the heavens the fruits of their charity.

Give with a good grace; a gentle manner adds a new value to the present one desires to make.