

Poetry.

OLD CHURCH BELLS.

Ring out merrily,
Loudly, cheerily,
Blithe old bells from the steeple tower.
Hopefully, fearfully,
Joyfully, tearfully,
Morrow the bride from her maiden bower.

Cloud there is none in the fair summer skies,
Sunshine flings benison down from on high,
Children sing loud as the train moves along,
"Happy the bride that the sun shineth on."

Knell out drearily,
Measured and wearily,
Sad old bells from the steeple gray.
Priests, chanting lowly;
Solemnly, slowly,
Passeth the scene from the portal to-day.

Drops from the laden clouds heavily fall
Drippingly over the plume and the pall;
Murmur old folk as the train moves along,
"Happy the dead that the rain raineth on."

Toll at the hour of prime,
Matin, and vesper chime,
Loved old bells from the steeple high—
Rolling, like holy waves,
Over the lowly graves,
Floating up, prayer-fraught, into the sky.

Solemn the lesson your lightest notes teach
Stern is the preaching your iron tongues
preach;
Ringing in life from the bud to the bloom,
Ringing the dead to their rest in the tomb.

Peal out evermore—
Peal as ye peal'd of yore,
Brave old bells, on each Sabbath day,
In sunshine and gladness,
Through clouds and through sad-
ness,
Bridal and burial have both pass'd away.

Tell us life's pleasures with death are still
safe;
Tell us that Death ever leadeth to Life;
Life is our labour, and death is our rest,
If happy the living the dead are the blest.

THE MALCOLMS.—Few names shine with such lustre in the annals of India as that of Malcolm. It is not a star but a constellation. From a remote place in Scotland came the four brothers, who, in different employments; won fortune and distinction on the fields of battle or diplomacy of British Hindostan; men who, starting in life without any advantages of high birth or influential connexions, achieved distinguished reputations and honourable positions by the sheer force of their energy and talents.—About the middle of the last century George Malcolm, the son of a minister of the Scotch church, obtained a lease of the little sheep farm of Burnfoot, in Eskdale, Dumfriesshire, to which he added that of an adjoining farm; and, having married Margaret Pasley, of Craig, sister of Sir Thomas Pasley, he settled down to agricultural pursuits. In the course of time he had a large family, no less than ten sons and seven daughters. It was not an easy matter to support them upon the slender

profit of a small farm, and George Malcolm consequently entered into speculations to increase his means. The result was failure, and the sale of the whole of his little property to meet his debts. To this apparently inauspicious opening may be directly ascribed the whole of the subsequent prosperity and advancement of the family. In the adversity of George Malcolm, who appear to have been a man of the strictest integrity, there were not wanting friends to come forward with offers of service. One of Mr. Malcolm's brothers was a physician at Madras, another was a merchant in London, and both were able to help in providing for the family. Through their assistance, and by the aid of other friends, the oldest son, Robert, received an appointment as a writer in the East India Company's Service, which yielded him in a few years an income of £1,000 a-year; James, the second son, afterwards Sir James, was placed in the Marines; and Pulteny, the third son, afterwards Sir Pulteny, obtained a Midshipman's berth in a man-of-war. John, the fourth son, was taken to London, where he was put to school, by his uncle, Pasley, the merchant. John, born on the 2nd of May, 1769, was not at all remarkable for the studiousness of his habits; but he was distinguished by intelligence, fearlessness, and activity.—According to the domestic tradition, he was the scapegrace of the family, and was always ready for mischief. The earliest note recorded of his character is an observation of the old Eskdale schoolmaster, who used to say, whenever any wild pranks were committed, that 'Jock was at the bottom of them.' Jock never quite lost this character to the end of his life; but he lived to be at the bottom, not only of a great deal of enjoyable mirth, but of some of the gravest affairs that happened in his time. In London he seems to have in some degree retrieved his reputation for ill-nature, by displaying so much assiduity in his studies that the schoolmaster to whom his uncle confided him deplored his early removal so much as to offer, if it were connected with pecuniary considerations, to educate him gratuitously. It was necessary, however, to put him out in the world, and a nomination to the Military service of the East India Company having been procured for him, he was taken to Leadenhall street; but, being only twelve years of age, nobody expected he would pass the ordeal. The incident is a key to the qualities and life of the man. "Towards the end of 1781, John Malcolm was taken to the India House, and was, as his uncle anticipated, in a fair way to be rejected, when one of the Directors said to him, 'Why, my little man, what would you do, if you were to meet Hyder Ali?' 'Do sir?' said the young aspirant, in reply, 'I would cut with my sword and cut off his head.' 'You will do,' was the rejoinder, 'let him pass.'

AWFUL COLD WEATHER.—We have had a touch of the climate of Greenland of late. Very severe, dry, cold frosty weather, with now and then a little snow and comparative mildness. On 22nd, at the Toronto Observatory, the thermometer was, at 6 in the morning, 12 degrees below zero; at 2 afternoon 11½; at midnight 19½; at 8 a.m. 23rd. 17 below zero. This is a fair specimen of other days; and at that cold place, Albany, the thermometer went down to 26 degrees, and at Montreal to 30 degrees. During the terrible weather Kane met in the northern regions the mercury was at one time down to 59 degrees. The weather is now far more moderate.

MILITARY EXECUTION AT VINCENNES.

The now rare spectacle of a military execution took place on Monday at Vincennes, in the presence of at least 6,000 troops, marched from different quarters of Paris.—A number of Prussian, Bavarian, and Belgian officers in uniform, were remarked on the ground. The criminal, a private of the 51st of the line, named Sureau, was condemned for a foul murder upon an old woman who kept a wine shop at St. Maude. He was the last customer in the house late at night on the 29th of May last, and as he was already half drunk the landlady refused to give him more brandy, and urged him to go away. Thereupon Sureau, who was alone in the house with her, knocked her down, dragged her to the cellar stairs, threw her down among some bottles, and then picked up her bleeding body and strangled her deliberately with a rope. He afterwards went up stairs, broke open a tin box, and taking what money he found, amounting to thirty or forty francs, made off. He was captured shortly afterwards, found guilty, and sentenced by a court-martial to be shot. On the morning of the execution he repeatedly warned his comrades against "brandy and bad women," which he said had brought him to that end. On descending from the cellular wagon in which he was brought to the place of execution he started greatly on seeing the firing party of four soldiers, four corporals, and four sergeants, drawn up in readiness to shoot him. But he soon recovered his courage. He twice refused a handkerchief offered to bandage his eyes. He deliberately took off his waistcoat, and placing his hand upon his heart, he said, "My friends, I am an old soldier, like yourselves; take aim and fire here. Spare my head." He repeated several times the injunction to aim well at his heart, but the men did not succeed in obeying it, for although he fell pierced by twelve balls he was found not to be dead, and a sergeant in reserve marched up to his body, and applying the muzzle of the musket close to the ear, gave him the coup de grace by shooting him through the head.

The number of gas works in Great Britain at the present time, is stated to be seventy-six, employing collectively a capital equal to \$62,500,000, on which an average annual dividend of five per cent. is paid.—The number of persons employed in the manufacture is about 54,000. The quantity of gas annually produced in these works is 10,000,000,000 cubic feet, requiring for its production the consumption of 1,350,000 tons of bituminous coal. Owing to the greater cheapness of coal and labor in Great Britain, the gas is furnished to consumers at one dollar per 100 cubic feet.

A NEW FRENCH FASHION.—A Paris correspondent of the New York News, says a singular robbery was recently committed on one of the French railroads. The following is a synopsis of the *modus* of the thing: A stranger enters into a familiar conversation, takes a dram from the cup of his drinking flask, begs pardon for not offering you a "horn" first, and turns out another; the cup has a secret compartment filled with drugged liquor. You drink and go asleep; the rogue takes your money and goes off the train at the next station.

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