

Why is he here? He is a whole souled fellow, and is afraid to seem ashamed of any fashionable gaiety. He will sip his wine upon the importunity of a friend newly come to town, and is too polite to spoil that friend's pleasure by refusing a part in the game. They sit, shuffle, deal; the night wears on, the clock telling no tale of passing hours—the prudent liquor-fiend has made it safely dumb. The night is getting old; its dank air grows fresher; the east is grey; the gaming, the drinking, the hilarious laughter are over, and the youths wending homeward. What says conscience? No matter what it says; they did not hear, and we will not. Whatever was said, it was very shortly answered thus: "This has not been gambling; all were gentlemen. There was no cheating—simply a convivial evening; no stakes except the bills incident to the entertainment. If anybody blames a young man for a little innocent exhilaration on a special occasion, he is a superstitious bigot; let him croak!" Such a garnished game is made the text to justify the whole round of gambling. Let us, then, look at

Scene the second. In a room so silent that there is no sound except the shrill cock crowing in the morning, where the forgotten candles burn dimly over the long and lengthened wick, sit four men. Carved marble could not be more motionless, save their hands. Pale, watchful, though weary, their eyes pierce the cards, or furtively read each other's faces. Hours have passed over them thus. At length they rise without words; some, with a satisfaction which only makes their faces brightly haggard, scrape off the piles of money; others, dark, sullen, silent, fierce move away from their lost money. The darkest and fiercest of the four is that young friend who first sat down to make out a game! He will never sit so innocently again. What says he to his conscience now? "I have a right to gamble! I have a right to be damned too, if I choose; whose business is it?"

Scene the third. Years have passed on. He has seen youth ruined, at first with expostulation, then with only silent regret, then consenting to take part of the spoils; and, finally, he has himself decoyed, duped, and stripped them without mercy. Go with me into that dilapidated house not far from the landing at New Orleans. Look into that dirty room. Around a broken table, sitting upon boxes, kegs, or rickety chairs see a filthy crew dealing cards smouched with tobacco, grease, and liquor. One has a pirate-face burnished and burnt with brandy, a shock of grizzly, matted hair, half covering his villain eyes, which glare out like a wild beast's from a thicket; close by him wheezes a white-faced, dropsical wretch, vermin-covered and stenchful; a scoundrel Spaniard and a burly negro (the jolliest of the four) complete the group. They have spectators—drunken sailors, ogling, thieving, drinking women, who should have died long ago, and when all that was womanly died. Here hour draws on hour, sometimes with brutal laughter, sometimes with threat, and oath, and uproar. The last few stolen dollars lost, and temper too, each charges each with cheating, and high words ensue, and blows; and the whole gang burst cut the door, beating, biting, scratching, and rolling over and over in the dirt and dust. The worst, the fiercest, the drunkest of the four is our friend who began by making up the game!

Scene the fourth. Upon this bright day stand with me, if you would be sick of humanity, and look over that multitude of men kindly gathered to see a murderer hung! At last, a guarded cart drags on a thrice-guarded wretch. At the gallows' ladder his courage fails. His coward feet refuse to ascend; dragged up, he is supported by bustling officials, his brain reels, his eye swims, while the meek minister utters a final prayer by his leaden ear. The prayer is said, the noose is fixed, the signal is given; a shudder runs through the crowd as he swings free. After a moment, his convulsed limbs stretch down, and hang heavily and still; and he who began to gamble to make up a game, and ended with stabbing an enraged victim he had fleeced, has here played his last game—himself the stake!—*H. W. Beecher.*

D I E D,

On Thursday, the 25th February, 1864, HERBERT WHITTON, youngest son of the Rev. W. F. Clarke, of Guelph, aged two years six months and six days.