

But it is the *life* and not the *death* which in general, must afford us grounds of hope. Even in death there may be a triumphant excitement which there is too much reason to fear to be fallacious.

Among the awful examples of levity and even merriment upon the subject of the Cholera, followed by the stroke of judgment, we cannot avoid reverting to the accounts received\* of a kind of masquerading performance or dramatic exhibition in a festival-time at Paris, in which the Cholera is said to have been personated, with a train of figures representing in a ludicrous manner, the contortions of persons suffering from that disorder. This is said to have immediately preceded the infliction of the pestilence upon that City, with a severity unknown in other parts of Europe.

Several cases of a similar kind, where individuals were concerned, fell within my own knowledge in Quebec.

A young man who was mimicking the writhings of the patients, was suffering from the reality not many hours afterwards, soon succeeded by the sad realities of death.

A girl near the burial-ground who said in a jesting manner to the sexton, *Well, Mr. Sexton, it will be my turn next!* had hardly spoken the words before she was seized in a manner which obliged her to go into a house, from which she was conveyed home in the first cart that could be procured. I have never been able to trace the account of her any farther.

A carpenter who pressed an acquaintance to drink, and offered to treat him, saying that he was making his fortune by coffins, was, in a few hours more, in a coffin himself.

I told one man who was on his death-bed, of a story which I had heard that one of the first victims had tossed off a glass, on the morning of the day of his death, *to the health of the Cholera!* *Ah!* said he, *that is like me—God has served me right!, for I was making a joke of this Cholera* †

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The inhabitants of Quebec of all denominations united in forming an Association, under the name of the *Beneficent*

\* I have not means of turning to any recorded account of the occurrence. I repeat it from memory as it was told to me.

† THE natural propensity of the human mind to delight in the *marvellous*, and to prefer occurrences of a striking nature to the plain history of common life, develops itself, no doubt, very frequently in *religion* as