

## FUNERAL HYMN.

By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

Pastor! thou from us art taken  
 In the glory of thy years,  
 As the oak by tempest shaken,  
 Falls, ere time its verdure sears.

Here, where oft thy lip hath taught us  
 Of the Lamb who died to save,  
 Where thy guardian care hath brought us  
 To the pure baptismal wave.

Pale and cold we see thee lying  
 In God's temple, once so dear,  
 And the mourner's bitter sighing  
 Falls unheeded on thine ear.

All thy love and zeal to lead us  
 Where immortal fountains shine,  
 And on living bread to feed us,  
 In our sorrowing hearts we shrine.

May the conquering faith that cheer'd thee  
 When thy foot on Jordan prest,  
 Guide our spirits while we leave thee  
 In the tomb that Jesus blest.

Hartford, April, 1837.

Maine Monthly Mag.

## THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

A TERRIFIC SKETCH.

By George Croly. L. L. D.

At the exact close of the prophetic period, in 1793, a power, new to all eyes, suddenly started up among nations: an Infidel Democracy! France, rending away her ancient robes of loyalty and laws, stood before mankind a spectacle of naked crime. And, as if to strike the reason of ruin deeper into the mind of all; on the very eve of this overthrow, the French monarchy had been the most flourishing of continental Europe; the acknowledged leader in manners, arts, and arms; unrivalled in the brilliant frivolities which fill so large a space in the hearts of mankind; its language universal, its influence boundless, its polity the centre round which the European sovereignties perpetually revolved, its literature the fount from which all nations 'in their golden urns drew light.' Instantly, as by a single blow of the divine wrath, the land was covered with civil slaughter. Every star of her glittering firmament was shaken from its sphere; her throne was crushed into dust; her Church of forty thousand Clergy was scattered, exiled, ruined; all the bonds and appliances which once compacted her with the general European commonwealth were burst asunder, and cast aside for a conspiracy against mankind. Still there was to be a deeper celebration of the mystery of evil. The spirit that had filled and tortured every limb of France with rebellion to man, now put forth a fiercer malice, and blasphemed. Hostility was declared against all that bore the name of religion. By an act, of which history, in all its depths and recesses of national guilt, had never found an example, a crime too blind for the blindest ages of barbarism, and too atrocious for the hottest corruptions of the pagan world, France, the leader of civilized Europe, publicly pronounced that there was no God! The decree was rapidly followed by every measure which could make the blasphemy practical and national. The municipality of Paris, the virtual government, proclaimed, that as they had defied earthly monarchy, 'they would now dethrone the monarchy of Heaven.' On the 7th of November, 1793, Gobet, the Bishop of Paris, attended by his Vicars-General, entered the hall of the Legislature, tore off his ecclesiastical robes, and abjured christianity; declaring that 'the only religion thenceforth should be the religion of liberty, equality, and morality.' His language was echoed with acclamation. A still more consummate blasphemy was to follow. Within a few days after, the municipality

high altar, and worshipped by the public authorities and the people. The name of the cathedral was thenceforth the Temple of Reason. Atheism was enthroned. Treason to the majesty of God had reached its height. No more gigantic insult could be hurled against Heaven.

"But persecution had still its work. All the churches of the republic were closed. All the rites of religion were forbidden. Baptism and the communion were to be administered no more. The seventh day was to be no longer sacred; but a tenth was substituted; and on that day a public orator was appointed to read a discourse on the wisdom of Atheism. The reign of the demon was now resistless. While Voltaire and Marat (infidelity and massacre personified) were raised to the honours of idolatry, the tombs of the kings, warriors, and statesmen of France were torn open, and the reliques of men whose names were a national glory tossed about in the licentious sport of the populace. Immortality was publicly pronounced a dream; and on the gates of the cemeteries was written, 'Death is an eternal sleep.' In this general outburst of frenzy, all the forms and feelings of religion, true and false, were alike trodden under the feet of the multitude. The Scriptures, the lamps of the holy place, had fallen in the general fall of the temple. But they were not without their peculiar indignity: copies of the Bible were publicly insulted; they were contemptuously burned in the havoc of the religious libraries; in Lyons, the capital of the south, where Protestantism had once erected her especial church, and where still a remnant worshipped in its ruins, an ass was actually made to drink the wine out of the communion cup, and was afterwards led in public procession through the streets, dragging the Bible at its heels! The example of those horrors stimulated the daring of infidelity in every part of the Continent. France, always modelling the mind of Europe, now still more powerfully impressed her image, while every nation was beginning to glow with fires like her own. Recklessness, licentiousness, and blasphemy, were the characters and credentials by which the leaders of overthrow, in every land, ostentatiously proceeded to make good their claims to French regeneration.

"Why do I thus dwell on topics whose very touch makes the blood run cold? Why thus, with shuddering hand, lift up the gory folds of the shroud that wraps the dread rebellion? Why thus call on you to follow me from depth to depth of history, until we seem to have reached the borders of the kingdoms of darkness, and exchanged the language of man for the sounds and maledictions of the undone? Certainly not in any desire to re-imprint the stamp of reprobation on that ill-omened people. Certainly not to harass your minds by gratuitous remembrances of human crime. But if we may unpresumptuously penetrate the will of Providence, it was then its will to show to all mankind the necessity of religion, even for the common purposes of society; the infinite value of that divine Spirit, which, like His rain shed upon the just and the unjust, the God of all power and mercy sheds even upon the partial and worldly economy of nations. Now, for the first time, man was to make the dreadful experiment of trusting altogether to his own nature. Despotisms had been subtle, ambitious, and revengeful; republics stern and cruel; democracies wild, capricious, and sanguinary. But there was still a saving principle: religion was not altogether abjured; and, deeply as the true God was lost to human view, in the incense offered to the passions and imaginations of man, that Holy Spirit which strove with the generations before the flood, still hovered above the darkness of the earth, and infused peace into its reluctant bosom. But, now all religion was abjured; and, as the act was utterly without example, so were the horror, that instantly followed. Vice itself assumed a blacker hue. 'A hundred thousand heads must fall!' was the unequivocal principle of the leaders of the state. The fact outran the calculation, and the massacre amounted to millions. The scaffold groaned from morning till night. The leaders themselves were successively swept away in the cataract of blood which they had let loose. Atheism, the last fury of the mind, had brought in Anarchy, the last torturer of nations."

## NED OF THE TODDEN.

An affecting story of an idiot.

From the interesting letters of Espriella, just published by Dearborn, we make this extract:—

"A long time ago there was in these parts a poor idiot, who, being quite harmless, was permitted to wander whither he would and receive charity at every house in his regular rounds. His name was Ned of the Todden, and I have just heard a tale which has thrilled every nerve in me, from head to foot. He lived with his mother, and there was no other family: it is remarked that idiots are always particularly loved by their mothers, doubtless because they always continue in a state as helpless and dependant as infancy. This poor fellow in return was equally fond of his mother; love towards her was the only feeling which he was capable of, and that feeling was proportionately strong. The mother fell sick and died: of death he knew nothing, and it was in vain to hope to make him comprehend it. He would not suffer them to bury her, and they were obliged to put her in the coffin unknown to him, and carry her to the grave, when, as they imagined, he had been decoyed away at a distance. Ned of the Todden, however, suspected that something was designed, watched them secretly, and as soon as it was dark, opened the grave, took out the body, and carried it home. Some of the neighbors compassionately went into the cottage to look after him: they found the dead body seated in her old place in the chimney corner, a large fire blazing, which he had made to warm her, and the idiot son with a large dish of pap offering to feed her. "Eat, mother!" he was saying, "you used to like it." Presently, wondering at her silence, he looked at the face of the corpse, took the dead hand to feel of it, and said, "Why d'ye look so pale, mother, mother? Why be you so cold?"

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