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AND FAMILY VISITOR.

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DON'T BECOME RICH AGAIN.

"I've lost all my fortune," said a merchant as he returned one evening to his home; "we can no longer keep our carriage. We must leave this large house. The children can no longer go to expensive schools. Yesterday I was a rich man. To-day, there is nothing I can call my own."

"Dear husband," said the wife, "we are still rich in each other and our children. Money may pass away, but God has given us a better treasure in those active hands and loving hearts."

"Dear father," said the children, "do not look so sad. We will help you to get a living."

"What can you do, poor things?" said he.

"You shall see, you shall see," answered several cheerful voices. "It is a pity if we have been to school for nothing. How can the father of eight children be poor? We shall work and make you rich again."

"I shall help," said the youngest girl, hardly four years old. "I will not have

any new things bought, and I shall sell my great doll."

The heart of the husband and father, which had sunk within his bosom like a stone, was lifted up. The sweet enthusiasm of the scene cheered him, and his nightly prayer was like a song of praise.

They left his stately house. The servants were dismissed. Pictures and plate, rich carpets and furniture were sold; and she who had been so long mistress of the mansion, shed no tear. "Pay every debt," said she; "let no one suffer through us, and we may yet be happy."

He rented a neat cottage and a small piece of ground a few miles from the city. With the aid of his sons, he cultivated vegetables for the market. He viewed with delight and astonishment the economy of his wife, nurtured, as she had been, in wealth; and the efficiency which his daughters soon acquired under her training.

The eldest one assisted her in the work of the household, and also assisted the younger children. Besides, they executed various works, which they had

learnt as accomplishments, but which they found could be disposed of to advantage. They embroidered with taste some of the ornamental parts of female apparel, which they readily sold to a merchant in the city.

They cultivated flowers, and sent bouquets to market, in the cart that conveyed the vegetables; they plated straw; they painted maps; they executed plain needlework. Every one was at her post, busy and cheerful.—The cottage was like a bee-hive.

"I never enjoyed such health before," said the father.

"And I was never so happy before," said the mother.

"We never knew how many things we could do when we lived in the great house," said the children; "and we love each other a great deal better here, you call us your little bees."

"Yes," replied the father; "and you make just such honey as the heart loves to feed on."

Economy as well as industry was strictly observed, nothing was wasted. Nothing unnecessary was purchased. The eldest daughter became assistant teacher in a distinguished female seminary, and the second took her place as instructress to the family.

The little dwelling which had always been kept so neat, they were soon able to beautify. Its construction was improved; vines and flowering trees were planted around it. The merchant was happier under his wood-bine covered porch, in a summer's evening, than he had been in his showy drawing-room.

"We are now thriving and prosperous," said he; "shall we now return to the city?"

"O, no, no," was the unanimous reply.

"Let us remain," said the wife, "where we have found health and contentment."

"Father," said the youngest, "all we children hope you are not going to be rich again; for then," she added, "we

little ones were shut up in the nursery, and we did not see much of you or mother. Now we all live together; and sister, who loves us teaches us, and we learn to be industrious and useful. We were none of us happy when we were rich, and did not work. So, father, please not to be a rich man any more."—*Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.*

A CHAPTER FOR YOUTH.

THE FOUR WORDS.

FOUR little words did me more good when I was a boy, than almost anything else," said a gentleman the other day: "I cannot reckon up all the good they have done me; they were first the words which my mother taught me."

"Indeed; what were the four little words?" said I.

He answered me by relating the following story.

"My father grafted a pear-tree; it was a very choice graft, and he watched it with great care. The second year it blossomed, but it bore but one pear.—They were said to be a very nice kind of pear, and my father was very anxious to see if they came up to the man's promises. This single pear, then, was an object of some concern to my father. He wanted it to become fully ripe; the high winds, he hoped would not blow off the pear; and he gave express directions to all the children, on no account to touch it. The graft was low and easily reached by us. It grew finely. 'I think that the graft will meet my expectations,' said my father many times to my mother; 'I hope now there is some prospect of our having good pears.'

"Every body who came into the garden, he took to the graft, and every body said, 'It will prove to be a most excellent pear.'

"It began to look very beautifully; it was full and round; a rich red glow was gradually dying its cheeks, and its grain was clear and healthy.

"Is it not almost ripe?—I long for a bite," I cried, as I followed father one day down the alley to the pear-tree.

"Wait patiently, my child; it will not be fully ripe for a week," said my father.

"I thought I loved pears better than any thing else: often I used to stop and look longingly up to this. Oh, how good it looks, I used to think, smacking my lips; I wish it was *all* mine.

"The early apples did not taste as good; the currants were not as relishing, and the damsons I thought nothing of, in comparison with this pear. The longer I stopped alone under the pear-tree, the greater my longing for it, until I was seized with the idea of getting it. O, I wish I had it, was the selfish thought that gradually got uppermost in my mind.

"One night, after we were in bed, my brother fell asleep long before I did; I tossed about and could not get to sleep. I crept up and went to the window. It was a warm, still, summer night; there was no moon; no noise except the hum of numberless insects. My father and mother were gone away. I put my head out of the window and peeped into the garden. I snuffed a pleasant smell. I traced the dark outlines of the trees. I glanced in the direction of the pear-tree. The pear-tree, and then the pear! My mouth was parched; I was thirsty. I thought how good would a juicy pear taste. I was tempted.

"A few moments more found me creeping down the back stairs, with neither shoes, stockings, or trousers on. The slightest creaking frightened me, I stopped on every stair to listen. Nancy was busy somewhere else, and John had gone to bed. At last I fairly felt my way to the garden door. It was fastened. It seemed to take me ages to unlock it, so fearful was I of making a noise, and the bolt grated. I got it opened, went out, and latched it after me. It was good to get out into the cool night air. I ran down the walk. The patting of my feet made no noise on the

most earth. I stopped a moment and looked all around, then turned in the direction of the pear-tree. Presently I stood beneath its branches.

"Father will think the wind has blowed it off; but there was not a breath of air stirring. Father will think somebody has stolen it—some boys came in the night and robbed the garden—he'll never know. I trembled at the thought of what I was about to do. Oh, it will taste so good, and father never will never can know it; he never would think I took it.

"I leaned against the trunk of the tree and raised my hand to it, and to snatch it. On tiptoe, and with my hand uplifted and my head turned upwards, I beheld a star looking down upon me through the leaves. 'THOU GOD SEEST ME!' escaped from my lips. The star seemed like the eye of God spying me out under the pear-tree. I was so frightened I did not know what to do. 'THOU GOD SEEST ME!' I could not help saying over and over again. God seemed on every side. He was looking me through and through. I was afraid to look, and I hid my face. It seemed as if father and mother, and all the boys, and every body in town would take me for a thief. It appeared as though all my conduct had been seen as by the light of day.—It was some time before I dared to move so vivid was the impression made upon my mind, by the awful truth in these four words, 'Thou God seest me.' I *knew* he saw me—I *felt* that he saw me.

"I hastened from the pear-tree; nothing on earth would at that moment have tempted me to touch the pear. With very different feeling did I creep back to bed again. I lay down beside Asa, feeling more like a condemned criminal than anything else. No one in the house had seen me, but oh, it seemed as if every body knew it, and I should never dare meet my father's face again. It was a great while before I went to sleep. I heard my parents come home, and I involuntarily hid my face under the sheet. But I could not hide myself

from a sense of God's presence. His eyes seemed everywhere, diving into the very depths of my heart. It started a train of influences, which, God be praised, I never got over. If I was ever tempted to any secret sin, 'Thou God seest me,' stared me in the face, and I stood back restrained and awed."

The gentleman finished: his story interested me greatly, I think it will interest many children. I hope it will do more than interest them, I hope it may do them much good.

"Thou God seest me." Those four little words are from the Bible. Hagar uttered them. She fled in anger from her mistress, Sarah, and went into the wilderness. An angel met her by a fountain of water, and told her things which should come to pass. "Thou God seest me," she exclaimed. Then she knew it was the angel of God, for nobody but he could look into the most secret things.

Children, learn these four small words. Impress them upon your heart. Think of them when you lie down, when you get up, and when you go by the way, when alone or with your companions, both at home and abroad, remember, "Thou God seest me."

A CHEAP BREAKFAST.

A son of Erin, at Schenectady, heard the breakfast bell ring on board a canal boat just starting out for Buffalo. The fragrance of the viands induced him to go aboard.

"Sure, captain, dear, (said he) an' what'll ye ax a poor man for thravelling on yer illegant swan ov a boat?"

"Only a cent-and-a-half a mile and found," replied the captain.

"An' is it the vittals ye mean to find, sure?"

"Yes. And if you're going along, go down to breakfast."

Pat didn't wait to be told a second time, but having descended into the cabin and made a hearty meal, he came

again on deck and requested that the boat might be stopped.

"What do you want to stop for?" enquired the captain.

"How far have we come, jist?" asked Pat.

"Only a little over a mile."

Pat thereupon handed the captain two cents, and coolly told him that he believed he would not go any further with him, as Judy would wait her breakfast, not knowing that he breakfasted out!

The joke was so good that the captain took the two cents, ordered the boat stopped, helped Pat ashore, and told him that should he ever have occasion to travel that way again he should be most happy to carry him.

Original.

Lines written on standing near the Graves of my Father and Mother—Auncaster, August 30th, 1849.

BY C. M. D.

Loved beings who are gone—forever gone—

To the silent—silent grave—

Above thy mould'ring dust here stands alone,
Thy son mourning, though twenty years have
flown,

Thy loss whom nought from death could
save.

Affection bids the heart a tribute tear,

Upon thy sacred dust to shed,

And whispers in my breast—"forever bear"
Sweet memories of thy love thy fondling care,
A mother's watchings o'er my bed.

This tear—my heart's affection freely given,

May wet the dust upon thy tomb;

'Tis all—it cannot bring you down from hea-
ven!

Call to act in life thy souls which here have
striven,

Or alter man's eternal doom.

'Tis not my wish—this cruel sure would be,
For earth the work of God—though good,

Has not the peace of Heaven—its sweet felicity
Is endless as the souls bright being in eternity,
There life has no ebb but an endless flood.

Loved beings who are gone, I'd call below,
Thy souls again for this alone,
More fondly to repay the filial debt I owe,
Again to see thy faces dear and by kindness
show

The fervent duty of thy son.

Oh! life hath been to me a chequered scene,
Since you were with me here below,
Tossed on the ocean of stormy life I've been,
Full many things have seen a wanderer's
heart to wean

From all that earth can give or show.

From the Heaven of Heavens thy resting
place,

Thy thoughts upon my welfare turn;
Lo! struggling with the ills of life, you trace
In me the fate of man—care-worn with the
world's embrace,

Man from his birth "is made to mourn."

A THRILLING NARRATIVE.

JAMES Morgan, a native of Maryland, married at an early age, and soon after settled near Bryant's Station, in the wilds of Kentucky. Like most pioneers of the West, he had cut down the cane, built a cabin, deadened the timber, enclosed a field with a worm fence, and planted some corn.

It was on the 7th of August, 1782. The sun had descended; a pleasant breeze was playing through the surrounding wood; the cane bowed under its influence, and the broad, green leaves of the corn waved in the air.—Morgan had seated himself in the door of his cabin, with his infant on his knee. His young and happy wife had laid aside her spinning wheel, and was busily engaged in preparing the frugal meal. That afternoon he had accidentally found a bundle of letters, which he had finished reading to his wife before he had taken his seat in the door. It was a correspondence in which they

acknowledged an early and ardent attachment for each other, and the perusal left evident traces of joy in the countenances of both; the little infant too, seemed to partake of its parent's feelings, by its cheerful smiles, playful humor, and infantile caresses. While thus agreeably employed, the report of a rifle was heard; another followed in quick succession. Morgan sprang to his feet, his wife ran to the door, and they simultaneously exclaimed, "Indians!"

The door was immediately barred, and the next moment their fears were realized by a bold and spirited attack of a small party of Indians. The cabin could not be successfully defended, and time was precious. Morgan, cool, brave and prompt, soon decided. While he was in the act of concealing his wife under the floor, a mother's feeling overcame her—she arose, seized the infant, but was afraid that its cries would betray her place of concealment. She hesitated—gazed silently upon it—a momentary struggle between duty and affection took place. She once more pressed her child to her agitated bosom, and again and again kissed it with impassioned tenderness. The infant, alarmed at the profusion of tears that fell upon its cheek, looked up in its mother's face, threw its little arm around her neck, and wept aloud. "In the name of Heaven, Eliza, release the child, or be lost!" said the distracted husband, in a soft, imploring tone, as he forced the infant from his wife, hastily took up his gun knife and hatchet, ran up the ladder that led to his chamber, and drew it after him. In a moment the door was burst open and the savages entered.

By this time Morgan had secured his child in a bag, and lashed it to his back; then throwing off some clapboards from the cabin's roof, he resolutely leaped to the ground. He was assailed by two Indians. As the first approached, he knocked him down with the butt end of the gun. The other advanced with uplifted tomahawk; Morgan let fall his gun and closed in. The

savage made a blow, missed, but severed the cord that bound the infant to his back, and it fell. The contest over the child now became warm and fierce and was carried on with knives only. The robust and athletic Morgan at length got the ascendancy; both were badly cut and bled freely, but the stabs of the white man were better and deeper, and the savage soon fell to the earth in death. Morgan hastily took up his child and hurried off.

The Indians in the house, busily engaged in drinking and plundering, were not apprised of the contest in the yard until the one that had been knocked down gave signs of returning life, and called them to the scene of action.—Morgan was discovered, immediately pursued, and a dog put upon his trail. Operated upon by all the feelings of a husband and a father, he moved with all the speed of a hunted stag, and soon outstripped the Indians, but the dog kept in close pursuit. Finding it impossible to outrun or elude the cunning animal, trained to hunts of this kind, he halted and waited until it came within a few yards of him, fired, and brought him down. In a short time he reached the house of his brother, who resided near Bryant's Station, at Lexington, where he left the child, and the two brothers set out for the dwelling.—As they approached, light broke upon his view—his steps quickened, his fears increased, and the most agonizing apprehensions crowded upon his mind.—Emerging from the canebrake, he beheld his house in flames, and almost burnt to the ground. "My wife?" he exclaimed, as he pressed one hand to his forehead, and grasped the fence with the other, to support his tottering frame. He gazed on the ruin and desolation before him, advanced a few paces and fell exhausted to the earth.

Morning came, the luminary of heaven arose, and still found him seated near the almost expiring embers. In his right hand he held a small stick, with which he was tracing the name of

"Eliza" on the ground, and his left hand lay on his favorite dog, that lay by his side, looking first on the ruins, and then on his master, with evident signs of grief. Morgan arose. The two brothers now made search and found some bones burnt to ashes, which they carefully gathered, and silently consigned to the mother earth, beneath the wide spread branches of a venerable oak, consecrated by the purest and holiest recollections.

Several days after this, Morgan was engaged in a desperate battle at the lower Blue Licks. The Indians came off victors, and the surviving whites returned across the Licking pursued by the enemy for a distance of six and thirty miles.

James Morgan was among the last who crossed the river, and was in the rear until the hill was descended. As he beheld the Indians reappear on the ridge, he felt and saw his wrongs, and recollected the lovely object of his affections. He urged his horse and pressed to the front. While in the act of leaping from his saddle, he received a rifle ball in his thigh and fell; an Indian sprang upon him, seized him by the hair, and applied the scalping knife.—At this moment Morgan cast up his eyes and recognized the handkerchief that bound the head of the savage, and which he knew to be his wife's. This added renewed strength to his body, and increased his activity of fury. He quickly threw his left arm around the Indian, and with a death-like grasp hugged him to his bosom, plunged his knife to his side, and he expired in his arms. Releasing himself from the savage, Morgan crawled under a small oak, on an elevated piece of ground, a short distance from him. The scene of action shifted, and he remained undiscovered and unscalped, an anxious spectator of the battle.

It was now midnight. The svago band had, after taking all the scalps they could find, left the battle ground. Morgan was seated at the foot of the

was in some way concerned in our loss. This was at once confirmed by the answer of a boy in the crowd, that he had met Indian John on the road, on horseback, with a sick squaw wrapped in a blanket before him; and, he added, that he thought that he had the squire's bay horse. I flew to the stable—the horse was gone.

We were soon mounted and on our way to the woods. I burst the door of the wigwam—it was deserted. We had now no clue to guide us, but followed any path we happened to descry, by the light of a clouded moon. Once or twice we found the clearings of white men, but when aroused they could give us no information. At length, just as the day was breaking, we reached the bank of a river, and a log-hut, the owner of which told us there were wigwams on the opposite side. I was about to dash into the stream, but the man called to me to take his boat. The ford was not safe, he said, though an Indian had crossed it that night on horseback. I left the boat for men in their senses, and made my own way across, I know not how.

From this moment my recollections begin to be less distinct. I remember the beating of my heart, which shook me from head to foot. I remember, too, that with a tiger-like stealth, I crept to the nearest hut, and looking through a crevice in the side. I see my wife now—as she sat on the ground, propped against the wall—her face pale and swollen, and her eyes so fixed and glassy that I thought for a moment I beheld but her lifeless body. But the Indian too was there, and, as he moved, those deathlike orbs turned their ghastly light upon him, with an expression of such terror—I stood like stone—cold, powerless, almost senseless—till he moved toward her—then, with a yell like his own, I sprung upon him—but I know no more.

We were in the boat on the river—they put an oar into my hands, and my wife lay in her father's arms uncon-

scious of our presence, or of any thing that had befallen her. One man steered, and another held the cord with which they had bound the arms of the Indian. My mind was perfect chaos—but one idea stood out clear amid the confusion—that was vengeance. "Vengeance!" seemed the voice of every breath I drew, and all distracted as I was, I had yet mind enough left to plan its execution. I had no weapon for instant action; but the idea of plunging the wretch into the water, as soon as Margaret should be in safety, and holding him there until his hated breath had ceased, feasted my boiling passions, and I rowed with convulsive eagerness to hasten the blissful moment. Vengeance was sure, and already I seemed to roll the sweet morsel under my tongue, when the Indian, bursting the cord, with one bound sprung over me, seized Margaret, and, with a yell of triumph, plunged with her into the water. I followed, but rage blinded me; and he easily eluded my grasp, darting off whenever I approached, and always keeping his helpless burthen under water. At length, casting toward me the now lifeless corpse, he made for the farther shore. To others I left the care of my beloved, while I pursued her destroyer. I overtook him as he gained the opposite bank, grappled with him, and snatching his own knife, buried it in his heart. He fell dead, but my hatred still survived. I continued to plunge the weapon again and again into his abhorred carcase, until my fiery strength failed, and I sunk exhausted and insensible upon the ground. The efforts of those about me recalled me to a brief sense of my misery, but fever and delirium followed, and, before I recovered my reason, the form I had so idolized was forever hidden from my sight.

From the time that I once more awoke to the knowledge of my utter desolation, my mind has never possessed its original clearness, until now that the light of another world seems rapidly opening upon it. Yet I remember the slow re-

turn of reason, and that the first use I made of my powers was to crawl to the window of the room to look at my once happy home. I had been carried to my father-in-law's, and nursed with all the care that cruel kindness could suggest, to preserve a life which could be but a burthen. My illness must have been of long continuance. The fields were bare; the trees were in the latest livery of autumn. The little brook, bound in icy chains, no longer sparkled on its way, as when Margaret and I last stood on its green banks, and spoke of its sweet music, and of the old willow which shaded half its width. Death seemed stamped on all things. When my eye rested on that beloved roof—the window where she sat at work so often—the arched gate at which she used to wait my alighting—I expected to see a funeral procession pass down its leaf-strewed walk. When I last saw it, all was repose and beauty without; all love and happiness within. Now—but who can enter into such feelings? Let me hasten to a conclusion.

When my strength returned, and I was endeavoring to form some definite plan for the wretched remnant of life, I was informed that a trial would be necessary. A trial! It was but a form, they said, but it must be submitted to. I was passive—dumb with utter misery—yet I must undergo an examination, and I did endure it; I remember the tearing open of my yet bleeding wounds—the coarse handling of these who could not conceive the torture they were inflicting; and I was told that I must be ready to answer yet again. From that time I brooded over the means of escape from this new suffering—not only for my own sake but for that of others. I shudder even now at the recollection of my feelings toward the unconscious questioner; for the madness of grief was yet on me, and the rude calling up of the image of my lost love, pale, dying, as I had last beheld her, brought also the blind rage of the moment, till I longed to clutch again the reeking knife.

It was too much. I left the roof which so kindly sheltered my wretched head, and rushed onward without a plan—without a hope for the future. I need not dwell upon my unhappy wanderings; upon the cold, the hunger, the bitter suffering, which assails him who roams without money and without friends. The wants of the body were disregarded they became intolerable, and then, if some kind hand did not give what nature required, I dug the earth for roots, or climbed the trees for nuts, like the scarce wilder denizens of the forest. By day my thoughts wandered in aimless misery from my past happiness to my present condition, too often mingling with thoughts of wo, blasphemous murmurings against the Author of my being. In dreams the last dread scene was a thousand times repeated. Again I grappled with the destroyer of my peace, and felt his warm blood in my face; or endued by a revengeful fancy with supernatural power, and no longer limited to such puny retribution, whole tribes seemed given to my revenge. I hunted them to the brink of precipices, and hurled them headlong down; or, kindling forests, and enclosing them within the blazing circle, I gloated upon their fierce agonies unsatisfied even then. After a whole year of wandering, during which I endured more than words can describe, I bethought me of this wild spot. I had visited it once during my college life, and knew it was too difficult of access to be thought worth cultivation. Here I built this rude shed, and none noticed or molested me. One winter I had passed in the half-roofed hovel, but at the return of the next I left it for a warmer clime, but hastened back in the spring in time to plant for the support of the life I loathed, yet might not, unbidden, lay down. These journeyings, the tillage of this hard soil, and the daily wants which belong even to savage life, occupied much of my time; but I had still many hours of wretched leisure, in which to brood over the past.

and to lift my daring thoughts in impotent questionings of the justice of God.

The change that has come over my feelings, though one which has turned darkness to light, and blasphemous murmurings to humble praises, is one which, with all its blessedness, I am unable to describe. I know not when it was that I began to be a new creature; but I know that the first proof of it to my own conviction, was the longing desire to return to my parents—to throw myself at their feet, and ask their forgiveness for my early fault. But, alas! I had thrown my life away. Not only were my habits such that I could now scarcely endure the sight of my fellow beings, but the years that had elapsed since my mad flight left no hope that my parents were yet among the living. I must carry this sorrow with me to the grave, in humble hope that my late repentance may be accepted. Having been found of him that I sought not, I wait with a calmness, beyond my hopes, for that happy moment when, in His good pleasure, He shall dismiss me from the scene of my sins and sufferings, to an union with the loved and lost.

To the Memory of a Friend.

Go, saint beloved; thy toils, thy sufferings o'er,
Enjoy that perfect bliss denied below;
Go, and with angels on a happier shore,
Reap the rich recompense of every woe.

From mortal darkness to the throne of day,
Ah! never did a purer spirit rise,
More meekly firm, more innocently gay,
More humbly good, or charitably wise.

When life's last anguish wrung thy wasted frame,
Still brighter beamed the triumph of thy mind
From thy pale lips no sighs, no murmurs came,
No grief, except for those thou left'st behind.

Yet still we weep the daughter, sister, friend,
Snatch'd, in life's morn, untimely from our eyes;
Oh, teach us then, as o'er thy tomb we bend,
To trace thy steps and join thee in the skies.

ELIZABETH FRY.

HERE is a "pleasant" story, "too Good" not "to be true," that has been circulated very widely for some years. It is to this effect. In a certain town lived two men, the one a clergyman, the other a dissenting minister, both of whom happened to bear exactly the same name. This circumstance naturally occasioned inconveniences, letters and parcels being often delivered, and sometimes opened wrong. Once upon a time an epistle, intended for the schismatic teacher, reached the regularly ordained priest, who, on discovering the mistake, forwarded it to its lawful proprietor with the wrathful message—"Sir, if you had not assumed a *title* (Reverend) to which you have no right, this mistake would not have occurred." Nothing more took place, we believe, on that occasion, but some time after a parcel was delivered at the house of the Dissenter, which, on being opened, was found to contain *MS. Sermons!* There was no room for doubt. They must of necessity be meant for the *other Mr.* ———, to whom accordingly they were despatched, with the laconic epistle—"Sir, if you had not assumed an *office* to which you are utterly incompetent, this mistake would not have occurred." The contrast thus pithily noted between official regularity and personal power is forced upon us every day in the year, and is naturally suggested by the example of those who, like Mrs. Fry, achieve the highest good of their fellow creatures, in violation, not merely of ceremonial rules of right, but of conventional notions of social propriety.

Elizabeth Fry united to many graces of person and disposition a spirit of remarkable benevolence, which she early gratified by engagements which indicated not only her love but her power—Religion came to the help of nature, and her philanthropy was deepened, purified, and directed by "the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus," which weaned her from pursuits and scenes of

pleasure in which she took delight, and which she was peculiarly fitted to adorn, making a divine work and habit of what had been a merely human charity. Filled with the largest and loftiest views and convictions, she lived not to herself, but the world. Nothing was alien to her that concerned humanity. She was and felt herself to be, her "brother's-keeper." Wise as merciful, she looked not at man in some only of his wants and his relations. The poor, the ignorant, the oppressed, the deprived, all obtained her pity and her aid. Connected with a religious body that permits a female ministry, she brought the charms of a most persuasive address and the force of clear spiritual convictions to bear upon the souls of men, and not without proportionate effect. The missionary, as well as the minister, of the gospel, she travelled largely in her own country and on the continent of Europe, receiving everywhere a cordial welcome, and everywhere diffusing a rich savour of grace and truth. Her charity was multiform. Her light had many colors. She had the key to the human heart, and the skill to adapt her services to all the varieties of need and woe—the child, the criminal, the invalid, the maniac.

"The leading object, however, of her benevolent exertions was the amelioration of prisons. Her long and persevering attention to this object, which continued to be dear to her until her end came, commenced with a circumstance which is already well known to the public; both at home and abroad. At an early period of her life in London, she was informed of the terrible condition of the female prisoners in Newgate. The part of the prison allotted to them was a scene of the wildest disorder. Swearing, drinking, gambling, and fighting, were their only employment; filth and corruption prevailed on every side.—Notwithstanding the warnings of the turnkeys, that her purse and watch, and even her life, would be endangered, she resolved to go in without any pro-

tection, and to face this disorganized multitude. After being locked up with them, she addressed them with her usual dignity, power, and gentleness, soon calmed their fury and fixed their attention, and then proposed to them a variety of rules for the regulation of their conduct, to which, after her kind and lucid explanations, they all gave a hearty consent. Her visits were repeated again and again; and with the assistance of a committee of ladies which she had formed for the purpose, she soon brought her rules to bear upon the poor degraded criminals. Within a very short time the whole scene was marvelously changed. Like the maniac of Gennesaret, from whom the legion of devils had been cast out, these once wild and wretched creatures were seen neatly clothed, busily employed, arranged under the care of monitors, with a matron at the head of them, and, comparatively speaking, *in their right mind.*

"Every morning they were assembled in one of the wards of the prison, when a chapter of Scripture was read aloud in their hearing, either by the matron or by one of the visiting ladies. On one particular morning of the week it was Elizabeth Fry's regular practice to attend on these occasions, and to read the Bible herself to her prisoners. This office she performed with peculiar power and sweetness. The appropriate modulations of her deeply-toned voice gave great effect to her reading, and the practical comments which she often added, after a solemn pause of silence, and sometimes a melodious prayer in conclusion, were the frequent means, under divine influence, of melting the hearts of all present. The prison was open, on the appointed morning to any visitors whom she chose to admit; and her readings were attended by a multitude of persons, both English and foreign, including many of high rank and station in the world, who were all anxious to witness this extraordinary scene of order and reformation. It might often be observed that the poor prisoners them-

selves, and the visitors of every class, were equally affected.

“The attention of Elizabeth Fry, however, and of the other ladies, whom she had formed into a visiting committee, was by no means confined to Newgate. The female criminals in some other prisons of the metropolis soon came under their care, and after the successful formation of the ‘British Ladies’ Society for the Reformation of female Prisoners’ (which has now continued its useful efforts and interesting annual meetings for more than twenty years), a similar care was extended, by means of associated committees, to most of the principal prisons in Great Britain and Ireland. Subsequently, the plans of Elizabeth Fry were adopted (chiefly in consequence of her own influence and correspondence) in many of the prisons of France, Holland, Denmark, Prussia, &c., and have been acted on with much success at Philadelphia, and elsewhere in the United States. The great objects of the British Society, and of those who followed in its footsteps, were in the first instance, to place the female inmates of these several prisons under the care of matrons, and other officers of their own sex; and, secondly, to arrange a plan for their being constantly visited and superintended by benevolent ladies, whose mild yet assiduous Christian influence might be the means of gradually weaning them from their evil ways, and of restoring them, as useful members, to society.”

We exceedingly regret that our space does not allow of any further detail of Mrs. Fry’s benevolent operations, or of their results, convinced, as we are, that one of the finest examples of quiet spiritual power that modern times have furnished, is presented in her history.—What she *was*, and what she was *not*; the features of her charitable course, and the absence of other features, made her and it alike remarkable. She acted not from feeling, but from principle, and a principle that took entire possession of her soul. Her work did not consist of

violent plunges of the heart, but was the regular application of a deep and sustained power—was not the result of feverish fits of charity, but of an even flow of perfect health—came not of galvanism, but life. She was always the same even to the end—and *what?* Remembering her sex, its characteristic qualities, and social state, who may be compared with her? It was not in flaming, theorising, criticising; that she employed and exhausted her benevolence, though she could bring, and did bring when needed, a clear and wise intelligence to such engagements. She labored with her own hands and voice, labored abundantly, and in scenes and ways that would have frightened a more timid, and have disgusted a less healthy philanthropist. The moral courage and patience that she put forth might make up a dozen very respectable martyrs; and she put them forth without the stimulus and excitement of martyrdom, and did it from the “charity” without which the giving of the “body to be burned” is nothing. It is one thing to talk in tones of melting humanity about the poor and the imprisoned, it is quite another to go into the midst of the wretched and the degraded, and “seek their good”—and yet another to accomplish it. Eloquent discoursing upon the nobleness of moral endurance is somewhat different from being in the lions’ den! Yet, after all, a reference to any one engagement or characteristic of Elizabeth Fry will do her but meagre justice.

Her great excellence was *completeness*. As a philanthropist we know of none that can be compared with her in this respect. If it were as true of moral character as of material substances, that it is only as strong as its weakest part, she would yet be strong. She could bear as well as do, could give as well as work, could devise as well as execute, labour in darkness as well as light. She was without crotchets. She had no hobbies. She did not believe in any universal remedy for the social and

physical ills around her. Her wisdom was not only "full of mercy," but "without partiality." She took a comprehensive view of men and things, and "gave a portion to six and also to seven." And a singular *healthfulness* marked her benevolence. She was perfectly free from the *cant of humanity* which is becoming the cant of the times, did not esteem a great criminal a great hero, nor wish that innocent thousands should be punished for the sake of guilty units. Nor did she sacrifice the *home duties* to public works. Her charity was according to the rule and order of Providence. "Those loved her the best, who knew her the most in *private life*. She was, truly, an attached and devoted wife—a cherishing and cherished mother—a loving and a grateful sister—a dispenser of the true balm of Christian comfort in every hour of need, to her intimate associates and friends. Her love, which flowed so freely towards mankind in general, assumed a concentrated form towards the individuals of her own immediate circle. There was not one of them who did not live in her remembrance; not one who could not acknowledge her as an especial friend—a helper and sustainer in life."

We are quite aware that this representation of Elizabeth Fry may be suspected of exaggeration. It has been often remarked that there is danger in making out a very good case in argument—the doubt is apt to arise that there must be some great flaw in the reasoning, which, if it were as solid as it seems, could scarcely fail to convince minds now dissident. So is it with very perfect characters. Their vast superiority to the common standard suggests the thought of extravagant description.—We can only say, if such a thought has been excited now—"Pursue the inquiry for yourselves, and may conviction lead to imitation."

Keep God thy friend in prosperity, and thou may with confidence resort to him in adversity.

THE MEXICAN SMUGGLER.

A HISTORICAL FACT.

DURING my residence in England, I became acquainted with a young Scotchman by the name of Boswell. He was one of the deluded men who followed Sir George McGregor to his empire in the marshes of Musquito Shore; for a grand name they call it *Poyquiss*. I am not going to mount the high horse of romance, and will therefore observe that he was not of high birth, as most of the characters in modern stories are sure to be. He was no relation to Dr. Johnson's Boswell, nor to the Boswells of Auchinleck, with its unfortunate Sir Alexander Bunceswells of Canting Corner, famous preachers in the time of Charles I.; but was in truth nothing more than the son of a small grazier in Lanarkshire. Yet, though born in humble life, Robert Boswell was not without the visions of future glory, which, quite as often, where the liberty to hope greatly is the birthright of all, visit the pillow of the low-born as of the nobler and far-descended. He was in truth a romantic being, and built a larger number of those mansions without underpinnings, called "castles in the clouds," than Don Quixote relieved distressed damsels. How many a sweet vision of beauty and loveliness, merit and daring, were dispelled by the very unpoetical call from his father to fold the sheep. The latter being a plain practical, every-day man, cared little for the aversions of the son, and the consequence was, that Robert ran away, and enlisted as a volunteer in Sir Gregor's expedition, with a promise of becoming Earl de Bayou des Centipedes, or count de Riviere des Caymanas in the Caciquery of Poyaiss.

I shall not enter into the details of his passage to the theatre of his anticipated exploits and glories. Finding on his disembarkation at Angustura, that he had been made the dupe of an adventurer, and weak and drivelling,

unprincipled and wicked, he left Poyais, and proceeded to the city of Montezuma. His journal, until he reached that metropolis, exhibits nothing worth remarking upon; but soon after his arrival an incident occurred which bade fair to involve him in serious consequences.— This was nothing less than falling in love with the beautiful daughter of the ex-Conde Tobasco, a prominent member of that singularly disinterested band of Mexican nobles, who, in the effervescence of patriotic zeal, threw away their fortunes, from motives as rational as those which induced Don Quixote to deliberate the galley-slave.

My readers are undoubtedly aware of the many obstacles which exist in old Spain to the intercourse, otherwise than by stealth, of the sexes amongst the higher orders; but they may require to be told that it is perfect freedom, boundless license, compared with that imposed upon the Patrician order in New Spain, and, indeed, throughout Spanish America. In the former, intercourse, regulated indeed by absurd caprices, and always liable to be terminated on the wildest and most unreasonable suspicions, is still, in some sort, permitted; in the latter country, the sexes seldom see each other till marriage takes place. They are less together than in any Christian land with which I am acquainted; less, perhaps, than in Mahomedan countries.

Nevertheless, spite of manners and customs, and spies and duennas, and bolts, and bars, and all that sort of thing, the enterprising son of the Lanarkshire grazier found opportunities to whisper soft things, "all alone by the light of the moon," in the ears of the fair Mexican, who so far forgot her parentage, and the blood of all her line's Castilian's lords, as to confess her love to its delighted object, and to promise to fly with him to ———, judging from his present prospects, something less than a cottage. Love is not famous for foresight; the phrase in low life, "we shall get along well enough," supplying the full stock

of antenuptials precaution and preparation.

They named the night for the elopement, and provided the assistants and confidants; the lady's that convenient promoter and indispensable appendage of a Spanish intrigue, a crafty and obsequious waiting maid; the gentleman's a *mestizo*, following the desperate trade of smuggler. The latter was not of a calling to inspire confidence; and yet instances of fidelity and good faith are not uncommon with men of this class. Dirk Haitterack, murderer and arch fiend as he was, "accounted to his owners for the last stiver." Men who disregard all law but that of their own licentious will, are very apt to entertain a code, some of the provisions of which, shame the *lex scripta* of regularly ruled states.

The night fixed for the elopement arrived; and Pedro, the contrabandist, repaired to the lodgings of the enamored Caledonian. Knowing better than his employer the difficulty of stealing a Mexican heiress, he brought with him a bandarello; a fellow of enormous size, and ruffian-like aspect, with a complexion little lighter than those Indians who figure in the vegetable market of the city of Mexico. He was indeed a formidable looking fellow. His coal black whiskers were as large as those preserved in the Cathedral church of Saragossa, belonging to St. Thomas the Apostle; and his eyebrows of the same color and magnitude, shadowed eyes as fierce as those of a tiger. Altogether, Carlo looked and moved a most appalling personage; nevertheless, Carlo the Swarthy might be Carlo the Honest. It is not always that a savage appearance denotes a savage temper, nor a mild one a corresponding disposition. Commodus and Carcalla were not feminine and delicate in their features; and the monster Nero, while he sat fiddling to the flames which were devouring the Eternal City, might, from his mild, sweet, beautiful face,

have been taken for a kind angel sent down to arrest their progress.

Armed in the prevailing style of Mexican equipment, each with a pair of heavy horse pistols, a short sword and dagger, the latter unhappily the most frequently and fatally used, the principal and his two aids found themselves, just as the great clock in the church of St. Mary Magdalene was tolling twelve, beside a little wicket in the inner gardens of the Tobasco palace. The reader will undoubtedly demand how they gained so facile an admittance gate. I know not, nor was the lover prepared for so easy an introduction into those high-walled and triply-barricaded gardens; but the contrabandista produced keys to the various gates as promptly as if he were the authentic porter. A dim taper, burning in a low window in the eastern side of the palace, acquainted them with the apartment occupied by the fair Leonora. No scaling of walls, or wrenching off of rusty bolts, was necessary, however; the lovely girl, enveloped in that wicked disguise, a Spanish cloak, soon made her appearance, and in less than twenty minutes the nuptial party stood at the door of the little church of St Pedro, in the extreme northern verge of the city. "If this is stealing a Spanish lady," thought our hero, "it is by no means so hazardous a business as I had supposed it."

A slight blow at a small side-door, which led to the sacristy, aroused the keeper, who conducted them into the chapel. At the altar stood a venerable man, whose garb bespoke his functions, though it was the immediate observation of the shrewd Scotchman, that his eye was lighted up by a fire, holy or otherwise, as might best suit the beholder to regard it. Viewing the lovers for a moment, with an impatience evidently kept under with difficulty, he said:—

"You are come hither to be joined in the holy bands of matrimony?"

"We have," answered the Caledonian.

"As a priest of the Holy Catholic Church, and as a good member of the Mexican state, I require to be informed of the name, station, family and fortune of the bridegroom. I should be wanting in my duty both to God and my country, if I omitted to ascertain the true character of all, who, under such suspicious circumstances, wish to partake of the holy sacrament of marriage."

"Well," said the youth, "to avoid a long talk, may be to small purpose—I will answer all your questions. I am Robert Boswell, a Scotchman from Lanarkshire, low born, and as poor as a kirk mouse."

"I need not inquire the name of the bride; I know her well," said the priest, dropping his hood. "Wretched girl! The only daughter of the house of Tobasco, going to be married to a beggarly foreigner, in the obscure church of St. Pedro, accompanied by a lying waiting maid and a ragged smuggler."

"Holy mother!" exclaimed the terrified girl, falling upon her knees; "it is my father. Robert, it is my father.—Join me, dear Robert, in my prayers, that he will grant our lives."

"We never do that in Scotland till we have tried the temper of our swords," said the lover resolutely. "And so it seems you are the Count Tobasco.—And who are you? (to the bandellero.) Make me acquainted, at once, with the various disguises assumed to deceive.—I shame the boasted sagacity of my nation—a Scotchman."

"I am my master's valet," answered the bandallero, throwing off his sable appendages of whiskers, eye-brows and moustaches.

"And who are you, traitor?" to Pedro.

"O, I am still Pedro the smuggler," replied he, laughing as unconcernedly as if nothing had happened. "There is not much disguise about me, and I repel with disdain the epithet traitor."

"And now, sir, give me that sword," said the Count, fiercely.

"Never, replied the bold Scot, "till I know what conditions are to be imposed upon me, nor until I receive a suitable guarantee for the kind treatment of this dear girl."

"Then I will call those who will enforce an unconditional surrender." And calling thrice, the door of the vestibule opened, and a dozen armed men entered. "Now, what say you, rash man? Does not the Conde Tobasco know how to protect the honor and dignity of his house from the assaults of foreign adventurers! It's my turn to laugh, Contrabandista."

"It may soon be your Excellency's turn to weep," said Pedro; and he gave three careless blows with his heel upon the floor. "We'll soon see whose magic calls up the master spirit." The blow had scarcely yielded its last reverberation, when a hundred men, clothed in as many different styles of dress, and exhibiting the greatest possible variety of equipment,—for instance, a sword, with an elaborate gold hilt, by the side of a musket which would have been made dear in Brummagem at half a dozen shillings—entered and filled the church. The Conde's people seeing how much they were outnumbered, would have retreated to the chancel, but were prevented.

"Ha, ha! you thought you had foiled a smuggler, did you?" exclaimed Pedro, with a hearty laugh, in which many of his tatterdemalions joined. "Be pleased to understand that when you stole upon the lovers in the orange bower, in the Tobasco gardens, and overheard their plan of elopement, I was at your elbow; that when your scoundrel of a valet, who shall yet swing for his many crimes, contrived with a confederate, the plan of surprisal, which has done so much to bring his master's wisdom into discredit, and to disqualify him from the post of chief rascal to a grandee, I overheard that also. Be assured that no part of your plan has escaped my knowledge. I even know in what cell of your spacious dungeons you would

have immured this young man, whose only crime is love. He would have occupied the same dreadful cell, in which for seven dreary years, you consigned your poor brother Juan."

"In the name of the Holy Virgin, how did you learn all this?" demanded the astonished Conde, with horror depicted in his countenance. "You must be well acquainted with the secrets of the palace."

"I should be, for I was born in it," answered the other.

"Who are you?"

"Juan de Tobasco," and throwing off his various disguises, he stood before them a swarthy Spaniard.

"It is indeed my—brother—Juan, whom I thought—dead," ejaculated the conscience-stricken grandee.

"Ay, your brother Juan, whom you thought dead; whom you did your best to provide such a death for," replied Juan. "But, thanks to a faithful friend in my father's house, I escaped that death, to whisper in the ear of the usurper of my wealth and title, that, ere this, the legitimate proprietor of both is in possession of his own again. And now, brother, it is my pleasure that you bestow my pretty niece on this brave young man, whose honesty and courage I have proved, even when himself was not aware of it."

"It must be as you say, I suppose," replied the other.

"You have answered well; it must be as I say. Call Father Mark."


Father Mark was called, and soon united the youthful pair.

"And now, Leonardo, said Juan, "I will show you of what different stuff we are formed.—Willed by my father, to inherit as his eldest son, the chief part of his fair possessions, you, by the aid of a set of the greatest wretches that ever disgraced humanity, contrived to incarcerate me for seven of the best years of my life in the dungeons of the palace, mine own by right and law. My wealth you wasted in revolutionary plans, or in still more disreputable and

unworthy uses; my name you dishonored by a well-contrived report, that I had perished in a loathsome intrigue.— Be this my only revenge. You shall retire within twenty-four hours to the estate our father possessed at the Pass of St. Joseph, near the city of —, which property, together with ten thousand Mexicanoes, shall be yours, on condition that you turn an honest man, and remain so, I will myself occupy the palace, and my private fortune shall be the dowry which my sweet little niece shall carry to her husband."

After this amicable adjustment of a family quarrel, they all returned to the Tobasco palace, and spent the night in feasting. The events predicted by Juan had actually taken place: the palace was tenanted by his retainers.— Within ten days Captain Boswell and his wife set out for Vera Cruz, and at that port embarked for England. Arrived safely, he purchased a beautiful villa with extensive grounds, in Cambridgeshire, and at the time I visited him, was so busy in improving them that he had no time for anything, save to relate the foregoing Mexican adventure.

A DOG STORY.

 BRUSSELS paper states that a nobleman lately, for a large wager, rode round the whole boulevard of that city in a light two-wheeled carriage, drawn by eighteen small Scotch terriers, harnessed six abreast. He drove them with whip and reins at full speed, followed by all the fashionable and sporting men of the city, accomplishing the task in thirty-three minutes. After it was over, the charioteer coolly released the dogs from their harness, wrapped each of them in a small blanket, and carefully laid them in his own carriage, into which one of his grooms also stepped, and returned with them to his lordship's residence. The nobleman himself walked home having pocketed six hundred pounds by his feat.

Original.

TYRE.

BY JAMES M'CARROLL.

On the spot where now's scattered the fisherman's home,
Stood the rival of Carthage, the rival of Rome;
But, how vainly we seek in its shade, to behold
E'en a trace of the greatness that marked it of old;
Long locked in the merciless grasp of decay,
For ages its ruins have moulder'd away.

'Tis the curse of Omnipotence, rests on thee,
Tyre!

Eternally plunged in the gulf of his ire,
One glimm'ring of hope, is forbidden to shine
Thro' the gloom of that terrible sentence of thine;

The flame of thy glory, extinguished at last,
Thou shalt wither forever, a wreck of the past!

Say where is the flash of the Syrian gem
That hung upon Ithobaal's diadem,
When, in purple and gold, all your princess
bow'd,

As he pass'd with a shout thro' the shining
crowd?

'Tis fled with the gleam of the treasurer untold,
That built up thy Temples, and Idols, of old.

Or, where is the broider'd Egyptian Sail,
That unbosomed its beautiful hues to the gale,
Till thy Gallies, stretch'd out o'er the ocean at
Even,

Seem'd the fringe of the golden ting'd drap'ry
of heav'n

Or the shores of some far distant fairy Isle
That Glimmer'd away in the sun's last smile?

All are gone! and the voice of thy mirth is no
more;

The Sidonian's song, and the Bashan oar,
The Chariot the horsemen, the Grecian slave,
The wealth of the mine and the Indian wave,
The Grammadim's strength, the Arvadian's
treasur;

Are things that have long passed away with
the dead!

The God who shakes heaven, and earth beneath,
 When his shining brand flies from its thunder cloud sheath;
 Who rolls up in slumbers the wings of the storm,
 Or melts into moonlight its terrible form,
 Hath trodden thee down, in the strength of his ire,
 Oh!—desolate!—desolate!—desolate!—Tyre.

STORY OF DOCTOR BLACK.

IT is now upwards of sixty years since a young man named Henry Black, was attending the classes of the Edinburgh University. His parents were highly respectable, but extremely poor, and the cost of his maintenance and education were defrayed by a rich uncle, to whose wealth, in the absence of all other relatives, it was natural to suppose he would become heir. Knowing this, Henry Black adopted the idea which most young men in his situation are apt to do; namely, that, seeing he had the certainty of an ample fortune before him, it would be but a waste of time and labor to vex himself with hard study, and learning things *which he would never have any use for*. In this humor he passed easily through his classical curriculum, for little was exacted from the students than beyond personal appearance in the class room; but as decency required him to fix upon some profession as an ostensible means of subsistence, at the end of his course he selected that of medicine. At that time a young physician in Edinburgh had lately begun—a somewhat rare circumstance in those days—to give a course of private lectures; and so fast had his reputation risen, that it soon was considered by the students an indispensable part of their professional education to attend him for a season.—Henry Black, of course, became a pupil; but he soon found reason to regret taking out his ticket. His new instructor was a very different man from the

easy-going, indulgent professors. He instituted a system of rigorous and frequent individual examination upon the subjects of his lectures, not by the usual mode of appointing fixed days for that purpose, but calling upon the students indiscriminately, and when least expected, so that they were necessitated always to be in their places and on the alert. The effects of poor Black's indolent habits and indifference to his studies were soon visible; and he speedily became conspicuous in the class for his ignorance and inattention. The teacher was stern and unrelenting, and would not be satisfied with the invariable reply of "not prepared," with which his pupil endeavored to shelter himself from his interrogatories.

On the contrary, he redoubled his call upon him, and his reprimands became more and more severe, until Henry thought proper to wait upon him, and state that his attendance at the class was merely by way of pastime—that he had no intention of following out his profession—and, in short, explained his situation and future prospects, with no small degree of self-importance.—The physician listened to him with a smile of contempt, but said nothing. In the class next day, however, he took occasion to advert to the mean spirit of some young men, who, because born to a competency, reckoned themselves entitled to forego all personal exertion—to sit down in sloth and ignorance, and basely content themselves with feeding upon the earnings of others. He expatiated at great length upon the sinfulness as well as degradation of such conduct, illustrating his remarks by the parable of the slothful servant, who hid the talent given him by his master in the earth. The lecturer did not speak of Henry Black by name, but the allusions were too pointed to be misunderstood; and in fact, the confusion manifested by the pupil would have betrayed him.—The young man retired from the class room, boiling with shame and indignation; but the latter feeling soon obtained the mastery of the former, and in his

foolish rage he wrote a violent letter to the physician, demanding an apology. This only made matters worse. Next day, the lecturer took out the epistle from his pocket, and read it aloud to his pupils, commencing on it as he proceeded in terms of severe and cutting irony. He had scarcely reached home, when a young man waited upon him as Mr. Black's friend, with a demand either of a public apology, or what was then, as now, termed the *satisfaction of a gentleman*. The physician treated both alternatives with scorn; adding, that whatever were Mr. Black's prospects the difference between their present respective ranks in life, sufficiently entitled him to refuse any meeting of a hostile nature. The young man then requested a few lines, stating the latter view of the matter, for the satisfaction of his principal, which the physician readily gave him, and he returned to Black, expecting a renewed scene of passion and violence. But the result was very different. For some time after reading the physician's note Henry Black appeared so stunned and overwhelmed, that his friend began to fear for his reason; but he gradually recovered himself and seemed to be forming some internal resolution. He at last calmly took the physician's note, wrote something on the back of it, and enclosed it in an envelope, which he sealed and handed to his friend. "Keep this, my friend," said he; "this affair shall go no farther at present, I promise you; and I beg you will endeavor to forget all the circumstances connected with it, until I again ask this packet from you." The other stared with surprise, but undertook the charge requested of him, mentioning at the same time another place of depositing it, in case of his own death, or his leaving the country.

From that hour, Henry Black was a changed man. From notorious idleness and vacancy of mind, he became remarkable for studiousness and assiduity. Nothing could divert him from his studies, which were now principally

directed to the science of surgery; and in due time he received his diploma, with the most flattering marks of his instructors' approbation. At this time his relatives strongly urged him to commence practice in his native district, but he resisted all their solicitations, and proceeded to London, where, after prosecuting his studies for some time further, he obtained an appointment on board of a man-of-war, then about to proceed to the concluding scene of the American contest. There the ship was engaged in several actions, and Henry Black discharged his duties with a professional skill, and an anxious humanity; that endeared him both to officers and crew. Upon the conclusion of the war in 1783, the ship was ordered to a station in one of the West India Islands, and thither the young surgeon also proceeded. He had scarcely arrived, when he received a notification of his uncle's death, who had left him sole heir to his great wealth. The only reply he made to this communication was a letter appointing certain individuals trustees upon his property; directing the greatest part of his income to be paid over to his parents in the mean time, and the remainder to be invested in the funds.— He was determined to remain and practice in the island, and was fortunate enough to be soon afterwards appointed surgeon of the naval hospital at the seaport where his ship was stationed. He acquired, by degrees, great celebrity; but it is needless to detail his career, during the ten years he remained on the island. Suffice it to say, that, between the emoluments of his situation, and the produce of his general practice he acquired in that period a fortune more ample than what had been bequeathed to him. He then embarked for his native land, and, upon his arrival in London, graduated as a physician.

Meanwhile his former instructor had increased in fame and eloquence, and at the period at which we have now arrived, had held a professor's chair in

the University for several years—which by the way, he occupied to the extreme limits of a very long life. He was seated in his study one evening, when a gentleman on urgent business was announced, and the stranger without ceremony followed the servant into the apartment.

"You are Doctor —, sir, I believe," said the stranger.

"I am."

"Then, sir, I am *Doctor Black*," observed his visitor emphatically.

"Pray, sir," asked the professor, after a considerable pause of surprise at his tone and manner, "is this a professional visit?—for—excuse me—I am sure—that is, I do not recollect of our having met before, Dr. Black.

"We *have* met, sir; but it was when we were differently situated towards each other. Do you not remember a Mr. Henry Black, a pupil of yours some fourteen years ago, whom you wantonly exposed to shame, and treated with insult before your whole class, and afterwards refused the slightest satisfaction to his wounded feelings?"

"Really, sir, such a circumstance has altogether escaped me."

"Perhaps, sir," said Black, handing him a slip of paper, "this document may recall it to your recollection." The other took it and read the contents, and then replied, musingly,—

"I think I do recollect some of the circumstances connected with this writing, and that the individual who wished to provoke me to fight was an idle young man, who, because he had the prospect of succeeding to the fortune of some rich relation, thought it unnecessary to apply himself to his studies.—But may I ask your purpose in recurring to an affair of this nature after such a length of time?"

"Because it is only now that he could speak to you upon an equal footing. I am the individual, sir—I have been prosecuting my professions abroad almost ever since the date of that paper, until within the last few months—I have

earned a fortune by my own exertions—the difference of our rank is now removed—there, sir, are the certificates of my degrees. And now, sir, I am come to claim that satisfaction as a physician which you refused to grant me as a student."

"This is most singular," said the professor in astonishment. "Is it possible, sir, that you have brooded over this matter for the space of fourteen years? Excuse me if I say, sir, that such a disposition is little consistent with the principles of a Christian."

"That is nothing to the purpose now, sir. To obtain my present privilege has been the grand aim of my life; and but for that, I would not have been the independent and professional man I now am."

"In that case," replied the professor, kindling with a pleasant emotion, "it would ill become me to refuse such a boon to a man whom I have caused to labor so hard for it. Let me hope, however, that you will agree to pacific terms. I must certainly have been guilty of something unduly and undeservedly severe towards a man capable of exerting such remarkable determination of purpose. Dr. Black, I beg you will accept of my apology, and along with it—if it seems worth your while—my friendship."

"I accept of both," returned his visitor, "with pleasure and gratitude.—And now, allow me to say, that, from the bottom of my heart, I thank you for the lessons you read me. I knew not myself till then; it is you I have to thank for awakening me to a sense of the sacred duties of existence; and let me add should you ever again find a pupil surrendering himself, as I did, to habits of idleness and indolence, I hope you will administer a dose that will operate as salutarily as that which has proved my own salvation. In the meantime, however, be pleased to look at the back of that paper, and observe what were the first violent effects of your prescription. That a resolution formed in the spirit

of revenge should have been blessed with such happy results, is more than I deserve."

The professor turned over the slip of paper, and there read, in words too solemn to be here set down, a vow, that the writer would toil without intermission till he had made an independence by his own exertions, and attained a rank and reputation to entitle him to demand satisfaction for the injury he had received. Such is a veritable account of the remarkable history of Dr. Black.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

LOVE of one's country is alike lawful and commendable. By cherishing and evincing this, in suitable forms, the rights of none are invaded; and it is commendable, because it is proof of a just sense of obligation, and, of the existence of that patriotism which should be found among the people of every nation, especially of greatly enlightened and christian nations. Love of country is always strongest in the breasts of those persons who are natives of an old and long established nation, provided the government and institutions, of such nation, be of a character to secure and perpetuate the approval of the populace. When one can look upon his native land as the birthplace of his sire and matron, and as having been the home of his ancestors, his breast will instinctively glow with love for it. Long established systems and institutions beget for themselves a reverence, by their increase of years, so that they become subjects of admiration for their antiquity, if for nothing more.

To look at the battle fields, where one's countrymen have fought, bled, and died, in defence of cherished institutions and to save the nation from the grasp of an invading foe; to enter the halls of science and learning, which have stood for hundreds of years; to count the spires which for more than an age have been pointing upward, to Heaven, above the massive walls of the sacred edifices, dedicated to the worship of the living God; and to read upon the page of history the names of distinguished statesmen, scholars, and divines, who, in succession for ages past, have blessed the nation and blessed the world; are circumstances every way calculated to awaken feelings of patriotism, and to inspire one with warm emotions of veneration for his country.

We have more than intimated that there is a property of human nature that prompts to the love of country, to which we should add; that education and refinement, and religion, combine to strengthen, and perpetuate, genuine and enlightened patriotism.—In all the nations where the gospel is faithfully preached and generally received; where education and science are diffused; and where the laws and institutions, are founded in equity and justice, the people are faithful, and true, to the general interests, and labor to advance their countries weal. The man who has no love for his country; and who will not strive to advance its interests, is unworthy to share in the privileges and blessings of civilization and refinement—Where true patriotism exists, it will be evinced, by corresponding efforts for the diffusion of correct principles, and the

support of whatever is right and profitable in the nation.

In a comparatively new country, whose inhabitants are mostly foreigners, and emigrants from other lands, it can hardly be expected that much love for the country, will exist. The few born therein will, of course, feel an attachment for it, but their affections will, in many instances, be divided between their native land, and that of their forefathers; and not unfrequently, the love for the latter will preponderate. And that portion of the population who have adopted the country as their own, some for life, and others for a shorter period; have made it their home for various purposes and from different motives.—Some for the purpose of enhancing their wealth; others have fled to it to escape persecution on account of their religious faith; and others, on account of having failed to establish, or to perpetuate, freedom and liberty in their own land, have here sought a place of safety; but none have come to the country and made it their home out of pure patriotism for it. It is not until emigration to a country has mostly ceased, that much love of country can exist therein. It requires time to exchange mere adventurers and speculators, for interested and true citizens and subjects. The land of one's birth can never be forgotten. Its scenery—hills—lakes and rivers—and its towns and cities, will all form associations in the mind, and lead to reminiscences, calculated to fill the soul with the warmest emotions; and to resuscitate and continue feelings of patriotism for it.

In a country having a population

composed of native subjects, who can look upon it as their only *home*, and as containing the graves of their parents; a population from their infancy accustomed to its form of government and various institutions, and whose history and interests are identified with the history and interests of their country, true principles and feelings of patriotism will exist: love of country will abound; leading to proper obedience to the constituted authorities, and to all reasonable efforts and sacrifices for the good of the nation.

Now let our remarks be applied to Canada, and it will be seen why it is that there is so little love for the country therein. Our native population is too small, comparatively; our institutions too young, and unsettled; and the subject of patriotism too little talked of among us, to foster and establish much love of country. We are not now speaking of loyalty to the British throne. Thousands of adopted Canadians are truly loyal to the crown of England, who possess but little love for Canada. Had they happened to have been born here, or was this their father-land, it would have been different with them in this respect.

But love of country is something more than obedience to its laws, and a veneration for its government and institutions. The man that loves his country will embark in no business calculated to injure its reputation, or mar its prosperity; he will not lend his influence, nor his example, to support doctrines and symptoms tending to injure the principles and morals of the people; but he will be ever ready to give his

sanction and support, to whatever is calculated to promote the prosperity of his country, in its civil, religious, educational, and general interests. Let Canadians love their country. It is worthy of their most enthusiastic and abiding patriotism. It is a fair and fertile portion of the globe; and must soon possess a fame for its religion, education, agriculture, commerce, and manufactures, that will spread far and wide.

PRINTING OFFICES IN TORONTO.

THIS City can now boast of its twenty-five printing offices, or thereabouts. Some of these are job offices, exclusively, where job and book printing is executed in great variety.—But publications, in the form of Monthlies, weeklies, semi-weeklies, or tri-weeklies, are issued from most of the printing establishments; affording the means of intelligence and knowledge. Of monthlies; we have, the Canadian Gem, the Ecclesiastical and Missionary Record, the Journal of Education, the Farmer and Mechanic, the Agriculturalist, the Sunday School Guardian, and the Unfettered Canadian. Of weeklies; the Christian Guardian, Christian Messenger, Evangelical Pioneer, Church, Examiner, Mirror, and Independant. Of semi-weeklies; the Patriot, and the British Colonist. And the Globe, published tri-weekly. And there are, we believe, three or four more periodicals published in Toronto, the names and times of issue, of which, we have not learned.

If any of our citizens are ignorant of

passing events, or of general intelligence, they cannot attach any blame to the Press. More than one hundred Printers are employed constantly, and others occasionally, in this City; sending out the means of information and mental improvement.

MENTAL BREAD.

BOOKS are to the mind what bread is to the body. With bread the body is fed and supported, and fitted for exercise and usefulness. By means of books the mind is fed and invigorated, and rendered a blessing to the world.—But if our bodily food be unwholesome, it will weaken the functions of the body and prevent its usefulness. So with our mental bread; it must be sound and good, or it will poison the mind and weaken its moral powers.

OUR NUMBERS.

NONE more number will complete the current volume of this Magazine. We began late in the year, with our issues, and we allowed the numbers to fall behind; but it was unavoidable, on our part, owing to the negligence of many of our Subscribers, in respect to paying for the Gem. We have, however, of late been making up for our lost time; and we shall complete the volume within the year.

If our subscribers who have held fast to their money until they have received the last number for the year, save one, would now send us the amount due, it would be very acceptable. Their accounts can be easily made out; seven shillings and six-pence a year. Each will know whether he is in arrears for one, or for two years.