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THE
GASPE' MAGAZINE,

AND

INSTRUCTIVE MISCELLANY.

Vol. 1. March, 1850. No. 8.

Price---Two Pence Half-penny per Month.

NEW CARLISLE:

PRINTED BY R. W. KELLY, AT THE OFFICE OF THE GASPE' GAZETTE.

NOTICE.



THE SUBSCRIBER,
General Agent for
the District of Gaspé,
for the Sale of the GRÆ-
FENBERG COMPANY'S
MEDICINES, informs the
Public that at length
he has received, after
considerable delay, di-
rect from New York, a
consignment of the

Company's celebrated compound
EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA,
PRICE, \$1 PER BOTTLE.

The deserved estimation which this Medi-
cine has so justly attained, has induced nume-
rous persons to the dishonest system of imi-
tating the Company's Preparation of Sarsa-
parilla, but the deception is easily found out.

As a purifier of the Blood, SARSAPARILLA
is highly efficacious; and in almost all the dis-
orders to which human nature is liable its be-
neficial effects are great.

The well known and highly respectable
character of the gentlemen connected with
the Græfenberg Company, (now chartered by
the State of New York), is a sufficient guar-
antee, that nothing spurious or useless should
be honored with their Seal, and the General
Agent considers himself bound to recommend
the same to the District of Gaspé.

In the years 1832 and '31, during the pre-
valence of the devastating Cholera, SARSA-
PARILLA acquired additional recommenda-
tion; for it is a well attested fact, and every
Medical writer on the subject has admitted it,
that those persons who had been in the habit
of using Sarsaparilla, were not liable to be at-
tacked by that dread disease.

One Bottle of the above is equal in strength
to four of those generally sold, and can be re-
duced so as to make a very pleasant daily be-
verage.

To ladies, both married and single, it is re-
commended as a highly important Medicine:
In certain cases it is invaluable.

The Local Agents throughout the District
are informed, that as soon as the roads are in
good order, a quantity of the above shall be
forwarded to them.

R. W. KELLY,
General Agent.

Grand Pabos Novr. 21, 1848.

ROOM PAPER. FANCY SCREENS.

THE Subscriber informs the Public, that
he has just opened a select assortment
of French Room Paper, Fire Screens, Win-
dow Blinds, which he will sell cheap for Cash.
Jan'y 4, 1848. R. W. KELLY.

TO BOOK BINDERS.

THE Subscriber has received direct from
New York, a choice Consignment of
Plain and Colored Leather, Morocco, &c. suit-
able for the Trade, and which he is instruct-
ed to offer on reasonable terms.

R. W. KELLY.

New Carlisle, January, 1849.

AUCTION & COMMISSION AGENCY.

The Undersigned begs leave to inform
the Public, that he has re-
sumed business in this
District, as

AUCTIONEER & COMMISSION AGENT,

And he trusts, from the experience he has
had for upwards of twenty-five years in Great
Britain and Canada, that he will be able to
give satisfaction to those who may please
honor him with their confidence.

Out Auctions and Valuations attend-
ed to, and Cash advanced on all Consigna-
ments of property forwarded for Sale.

R. W. KELLY.

New Carlisle, Sept., 1849.

ENGRAVINGS,

AND LITHOGRAPHIC PRINTS.

THE SUBSCRIBER has received direct
from New York, a choice selection of
Engravings and Lithographic Prints, which
he offers cheap for Cash, or Produce.

R. W. KELLY.

New Carlisle, Jan. 4, 1849.

Old Rags, Rope, Nets.

THE SUBSCRIBER will purchase any
quantity of old Ropes, Rags, Sails,
Nets, for which he will pay cash.

R. W. KELLY.

New Carlisle, July, 1849.

Patent Medicines, Drugs, &c.

GODFREY'S CORDIAL, F. Vermifuge
Paregoric Elixir, Opodeldoc,
Stoughton's Bitters, Moffatt's Pœnix Bit-
ters and Pills, Epsom Salts,
Essence of Peppermint, Castor Oil,
Campher, Sulphur & Cream of Tartar,
British Oal, Poor Man's Friend,
Magnesia, Liquorice, West Indian Peppers,
Walnut Shaving Soap, Brown Windsor, &c.,
Fancy do., scented., Oil for the Hair,
Cold Cream, Eau de Cologne,
Smith's Exterminator, for Rats, Mice, Cock-
roaches &c., on sale at this Office.

New Carlisle, July, 1849.

LOOKING GLASSES.

AND

PICTURE FRAMES.

THE SUBSCRIBER has for sale a choice
Variety of *Looking Glasses*, assorted
sizes, Mahogany Picture Frames, &c., from
one of the first New York Manufactories.

R. W. KELLY.

New Carlisle, January, 1848.

Trunks for Sale.

SEVERAL EXCELLENT BRASS MOUNTED
LEATHER TRUNKS for sale, apply
at this office.

New Carlisle, July, 1849.

THE GASPE' MAGAZINE,

A N D

INSTRUCTIVE MISCELLANY:

Vol. 1.

MARCH.

No. 8.

POETRY.

SPRING.

Hail, welcome Spring! delightful Spring!

Thy joys are now begun:

Earth's frozen chains are rent in twain

By yonder glorious sun.

The dews of eve, on meadows green,

And waring blades of corn,

Like diamonds set in emeralds sheen,

Are twinkling in the morn.

Sweet Spring!

In thee the snow drop finds a grave;

Meanwhile the primrose pale

Grows sweetly on the sunny bank;

The daisy in the vale

With golden eye looks beautiful;

Young trees fresh odours fling,—

Their incense rises to the skies

In worshipping the Spring.

Sweet Spring!

All living things that life enjoy

Are now instinct with love:

In pairs fond creatures woo on earth,

In pairs they woo above.

The echoing woods in music speak,

As winged minstrels sing,

Uniting heaven and earth with song

In welcoming the Spring.

Sweet Spring!

Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, all

Their lesson read to man,

And teach him sorrow 's not the end

Of Heaven's benignant plan:

However great our cares may be,

However deep their sting,

Like Winter's storms they pass away,

And welcome glorious Spring.

Sweet Spring!

LITERATURE.

A Tale of Irish Life.

BY SAMUEL LOVER, ESQ.

[Continued.]

Mr. Furlong, it has been stated, was an official of Dublin Castle, and had been despatched on electioneering business, to the country. He was related to a gentleman of the same name, who held a lucrative post under government, and was

well known as an active agent in all affairs requiring what in Ireland was called "Castle influence;" and this, his relative, was now despatched, for the first time, on a similar employment.

After Andy had driven some time, he turned round and spoke to Mr. Furlong through the pane of glass with which the front window-frame of the chaise was *not* furnished.

"Faix, you wor nigh shootin' me, your honor," said Andy.

"I should not wepwoach myself if I had," said Mr. Furlong, "when you quiced stop on the woad: wobbers always qui stop, and I took you for a wobber."

"Faix, the robbers here, your honor, never axes you to stop at all, but they stop you without axin', or by your lave, or wid your lave. Sure I was only asfered you'd dhrive over the man in the road."

"What was that man in the woad doing?"

"Nothin' at all, faith, for he wasn't able; he was dhrunk, sir."

"The postillion said he was his own bwother."

"Yis, your honor, and he's a postillion himself, only he lost his horses and the shay—he got dhrunk, and fell off."

"Those wascally postillions often get dwunk, I suppose."

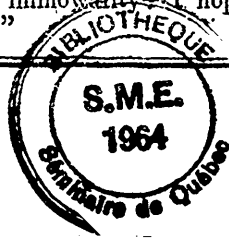
"Och, common enough, sir, particlar now about the 'lection time; for the gintlemin is dhrivin' over the counthry like mad, right and left, and gives the boys money to dhrink their health, till they are killed a'most with the falls they get."

"Then postillions often fall on the woads here?"

"Throth, the roads is covered with them sometimes, when the 'lections comes an."

"What howwid immowality! I hope you're not dwunk!"

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3, rue de l'Université,
Québec 4, QUE.



"Faix, I wish I was," said Andy. "It's a great while since I had a dhrop; but it won't be long so, when your honor gives me something to drink your health."

"Well, don't talk, but dwive on."

All Andy's further endeavors to get his "his honor" into conversation were un-availing; so he whipped on in silence till his arrival at the gate-house of Merryvale demanded his call for entrance.

"What are you shouting there for?" said the traveller; cawn't you wing?"

"Oh, they undherstand the *shilleo* as well, sir;" and in confirmation of Andy's assurance, the bars of the entrance gate were withdrawn, and the post-chaise rattled up the avenue to the house.

Andy alighted and gave a thundering tantara-ra at the door. The servant who opened it was surpris'd at the sight of Andy, and could not repress a shout of wonder.

Here Dick Dawson came into the hall, and seeing Andy at the door, gave a loud halloo, and clapped his hands with delight—for he had not seen him since the day of the chase—"An' is it there you are again, you unlucky vagabone?" said Dick; "and what brings you here?"

"I come with a gintleman to the mather, misther Dick."

"Oh! it's the visitor, I suppose," said Dick, as he himself went out, with that unceremonious readiness so characteristic of the wild fellow he was, to open the door of the chaise for his brother-in-law's guest. "You're welcome," said Dick; "come, step in, the servants will look to your luggage. James, get in Mr.—I beg your pardon, but 'pon my soul I forget your name, though Moriarty told me."

"Mr. Furlong," gently uttered the youth.

"Get in the luggage, James. Come, sir, walk into the dinner-room; we haven't finished our wine yet." With these words Dick ushered in Furlong to the apartment where Squire Egan sat, who rose as they entered.

"Mr. Furlong, Ned," said Dick.

"Happy to see you, Mr. Furlong," said the hearty squire, who shook Furlong's hand in what that gentleman considered a most savage manner. "You seem fatigued."

"Vewy," was the languid reply of the traveller, as he threw himself into a chair.

"Ring the bell for more claret, Dick," said Squire Egan.

"I neveh dwink."

Dick and the Squire both looked at him with amazement, for in the friend of Moriarty they expected to find a hearty fellow.

"A cool bottle wouldn't do a child any harm," said the Squire. "Ring Dick. And now, Mr. Furlong, tell us how you like the country."

"Not much, I pwotest."

"What do you think of the people?"

"Oh, I don't know: you'll pawdon me, but—a—in short, there are so many wags."

"Oh, there are wags enough, I grant; not funnier d—ls in the world."

"But I mean *wags*—tatters, I mean."

"Oh, rags. Oh, yes—why indeed, they've not much clothes to spare."

"And yet these wetches are fwceholders, I'm told."

"Ay, and stout voters too."

Well, that's all we wequire. By the by, how goes on the canvass, Squire?"

"Famously."

"Oh, wait till I explain to you our plan of opewations from head-quarters. You'll see how famously we shall wally at the hustings. These *Iwish* have no idea of tactics: we'll intwoduce the English mode—take them by supwise. We *must* unseat him."

"Unseat who?" said the squire.

"That—a—Egan, I think you call him."

The Squire opened his eyes; but Dick, with the ready devilment that was always about him, saw how the land lay in an instant, and making a signal to his brother-in-law, chimed in with an immediate assent to Furlong's assertion, and swore that Egan would be unseated to a certainty. "Come, sir," added Dick, "fill one bumper at least to a toast I propose. Here's 'Confusion to Egan, and success to O'Grady.'"

"Success to O'Gwady," faintly echoed Furlong, as he sipped his claret. "These *Iwish* are so wild—so uncultivated," continued he; "you'll see how I'll supwise them with some of my plans."

"Oh, they're poor ignorant brutes," said Dick, "that know nothing: a man of the world like you would buy and sell them."

"You see they've no finesse; they have a certain degvce of weadiness, but no depth—no weal finesse."

"Not as much as would physic a snipe." said Dick, who swallowed a glass of claret to conceal a smile.

"What's that you say about snipes and physic?" said Furlong; what queer things you *Irish* do say."

"Oh, we've plenty o' queer fellows here,"—said Dick; "but you are not taking your claret."

"The twuth is, I am fatigued—vewy—and if you'd allow me, Mr. O'Gwady, I should like to go to my woom; we'll talk over business to-mowvow."

"Certainly," said the Squire, who was glad to get rid of him, for the scene was becoming too much for his gravity. So Dick Dawson lighted Furlong to his room, and after heaping civilities upon him, he left him to sleep in the camp of his enemies, and then returned to the dining-room to enjoy with the squire the laugh they were so long obliged to repress, and to drink another bottle of claret on the strength of the joke.

"What shall we do with him, Dick," said the Squire.

"Pump him as dry as a lime-kiln," said Dick, "and then send him off to O'Grady—all's fair in war."

"To be sure," said the squire. "Unseat me, indeed! he was near it, sure enough, for I thought I'd have dropped off my chair with surprise when he said it."

"And the conceit and impudence of the fellow," said Dick. "The ignorant *Irish*'—nothing will serve him but abusing his own countrymen!—'The ignorant Irish'—Oh, is that all you learned in Oxford, my boy?—just wait, my buck—if I don't astonish your weak mind, it's no matter!"

"Faith he has brought his pigs to a pretty market here," said the Squire; "but how did he come here? how was the mistake made?"

"The way every mistake in the country is made," said Dick: "Handy Andy drove him here."

"More power to you, Andy," said the Squire. "Come, Dick, we'll drink Andy's health—this is a mistake on the right side."

And Andy's health *was* drunk, as well as several other healths. In short, the Squire and Dick the Devil were in high glee—the dining-room rang with laughter to a late hour; and the next morning

a great many empty claret bottles were on the table—and a few on the floor.

Notwithstanding the deep potations of the Squire and Dick Dawson the night before, both were too much excited by the arrival of Furlong to permit their being laggards in the morning; they were up and in consultation at an early hour, for the purpose of carrying on prosperously the mystification so well begun on the castle agent.

"Now, first of all, Dick," said the Squire, "Is it fair do you think?"

"Fair?" said Dick opening his eyes in astonishment. "Why, who ever heard of any one questioning anything being fair in lo', war, or electioneering; to be sure it's fair—and more particularly when the conceited coxcomb has been telling us how he'll astonish with his plans the poor ignorant Irish, whom he holds in such contempt. Now let me alone, and I'll get all his plans out of him—turn him inside out like a glove, pump him as dry as a pond in the summer, squeeze him like a lemon—and let him see whether the poor ignorant *Irish*, as he softly calls us, are not an overmatch for him, at the finesse upon which he seems so much to pride himself."

"Egad! I believe you're right, Dick," said the Squire, whose qualms were quite overcome by the argument last advanced; for if one thing more than another provoked him, it was the impatient self-conceit of presuming and shallow strangers, who fancied their hackneyed and cut-and-dry knowledge of the common places of the world gave them a mental elevation above an intelligent people of primitive habits, whose simplicity of life is so often set down to stupidity, whose contentment under privation is frequently attributed to laziness, and whose poverty is constantly coupled with the epithet "ignorant." "A *poor* ignorant creature," indeed, is a common term of reproach, as if poverty and ignorance must be inseparable. If a list could be obtained of the *rich* ignorant people, it would be no flattering document to stick on the door of the temple of Mammon.

"Well, Ned," said Dick, "as you agree to *do* the Englishman, Murphy will be a grand help to us; it is the very thing he will have his heart in. Murtough will be worth his weight in gold to us; I will

ride over to him and bring him back with me to spend the day here; and you in the mean time can put every one about the house on their guard not to spoil the fun by letting the cat out of the bag too soon; we'll *shake her* ourselves in good time, and maybe we won't have fun in the hunt."

"You're right, Dick. Murphy is the very man for our money. Do you be off for him, and I will take care that all shall be right at home here."

In ten minutes more Dick was in the saddle, and riding hard for Murtough Murphy's. A good horse and a sharp pair of spurs were not long in placing him *vis-à-vis* with the merry attorney, whom he found in his stable-yard up to his eyes in business with some ragged country fellows, the majority of whom were loud in vociferating their praises of certain dogs; while Murtough drew from one of them, from time to time, a solemn assurance, given with many significant shakes of the head and uplifting of hands and eyes, "that it was the finest badger in the world!" Murtough turned his head on hearing the rattle of the horse's feet, as Dick the Devil dashed into the stable-yard, and with a view-halloo welcomed him.

"You're just in time, Dick. By the powers, we'll have the finest day's sport you've seen for some time."

"I think we will," said Dick, "if you will come with me."

"No; but you come with me," said Murtough. "The grandest badger-fight, sir."

"Pooh!" returned Dick; "I've better fun for you."—He then told him of the accident that conveyed their political enemy into their toils. "And the beauty of it is," said Dick, "that he has not the remotest suspicion of the condition he's in, and fancies himself able to buy and sell all Ireland—horse-dealers and attorneys included."

"That's elegant," said Murphy.

"He's come to enlighten us, Murtough," said Dick.

"And maybe we won't return the compliment," said Murtough. "just let me put on my boots. Hilloa, you Larry! saddle the gray. Don't cut the pup's ears till I come home: and if Mr. Ferguson sends over for the draft of the lease, tell him it won't be ready till to-morrow. Mol-

ly! Molly!—where are you, you old devil? Sew on that button for me,—I forgot to tell you yesterday,—make haste! I won't delay you a moment, Dick. Stop a minute, though. I say Lanty Houligan—mind, on your peril, you old vagabone don't let them fight that badger without me. Now, Dick I'll be with you in the twinkling of a bedpost, and *do* the Englishman, and that smart! Bad luck to their conceit!—they think we can do nothing regular in Ireland."

To be continued.

MAGNANIMOUS INDIAN.

A pledge is considered very sacred and binding among the North American Indians. The following is an instance: During the Winnebago war of 1827, Dekkerre, a celebrated chief of that nation, with four Indians of his tribe was taken prisoner at Prairie du Chien. Colonel Snelling, who then commanded that garrison, dispatched a young Indian into the nation with orders to inform the chiefs of Dekkerre's band that unless the Indians who were perpetrators of the horrid murders of some of our citizens were brought to the fort and given up within ten days, Dekkerre and the other four Indians who were retained as hostages, would be shot at the end of that time. The awful sentence was proclaimed in the presence of Dekkerre, who though proclaiming his own innocence of the outrages that had been committed by others of his nation, exclaimed, that he feared not death, notwithstanding it would be fraught with serious consequences to his large and dependent family of little children; but if necessary, he was willing to die for the honor of his nation. The young Indian had been gone several days, and no intelligence was yet received from the murderers. The dreadful day being near at hand, and Dekkerre being in a bad state of health, asked permission of the Colonel to go to the river and indulge in his long accustomed habit of bathing; in order to improve his health. Upon which Colonel S. told him that, if he would promise, on the honor of a chief, that he would not leave the town, he might have his liberty and enjoy all his privileges until the day of the appointed execution. Accordingly he first gave his hand to the Colonel, thanked him for his

friendly offer, then raised both his hands aloft, and in the most solemn adjuration, promised that he would not leave the bounds prescribed, and said, if he had a hundred lives, he would sooner lose them all than forfeit his word, or deduct from his proud nation one particle of its boasted honor. He was then set at liberty. He was advised to fly to the wilderness and make his escape. "But, no," said he, "do you think I prize life above honor; or that I would betray a confidence reposed in me for the sake of saving my life?" Nine days of the ten elapsed and his nation was not heard from, but Dekkerre remained firm, his fidelity unshaken, his countenance unmoved. It so happened that on that day Gen. Atkinson arrived; the order for the execution was countermanded, and the Indians were permitted to repair to their homes.

THE DESERTER'S EXECUTION.

A surgeon, stationed during the war of 1812-14 at Greenbush, N. Y., says, "One morning several prisoners, confined in the provost guard-house, were brought out to hear their sentences. Some wore the marks of long confinement, and upon all had the severity of the prison-house stamped its impression. They looked dejected at this public exposure, and anxious to learn their fate. I had never seen the face of any of them before, and only knew that a single one had been adjudged to death. Soon as their names were called, and their sentences announced, I discerned, by his agony and gestures, the miserable man on whom that sentence was to fall—a man in the bloom of youth, and the fullness of health and vigor.

"Prompted by feelings of sympathy, I called next morning to see him in his prison. There, chained by his leg to the beam of the guard-house, he was reading the Bible, trying to prepare himself, he said, for the fatal hour. I learned from him the circumstances of his cause. He was the father of a family, having a wife and three young children, thirty or forty miles distant from the camp. His crime was desertion; and his only object, he declared, was to visit his wife and children. Having seen that all was well with them, it was his intention to return. But, whatever his intention, he was a deserter, and, as such, taken and

brought into the camp, manacled. The time between the sentence and its execution was brief; the authority in whom alone was vested the power of reprieve or pardon, distant. Thus he had no hope, and requested only the attendance of a minister of the gospel, and permission to see his wife and children. The first part of the request was granted; but whether he was permitted or not to see his family, I do not now remember.

"Dreading the hour of his execution, I resolved, if possible, to avoid being present at the scene. But the commander sent me an express order to attend, that I might, in my official capacity of surgeon, see the sentence fully executed. The poor fellow was taken from the guard-house, to be escorted to the fatal spot. Before him was his coffin—a box of rough pine boards—borne on the shoulders of two men. The prisoner stood, with his arms pinioned, between two clergymen. A white cotton gown, or winding sheet, reached to his feet. It was trimmed with black, and had attached to it, over his heart, the black image of a heart—the mark at which the executioners were to aim. On his head was a cap of white, also trimmed with black. His countenance was blanched to the hue of his winding sheet, and his frame trembled with agony. Our procession formed, we moved forward with slow and measured steps to the tune of a death march, (Roslin Castle,) played with muffled drums, and mourning files. The scene was solemn beyond the power of description; a man in the vigor of life *walking* to his grave—to the tune of his death march—clothed in his burial robes—surrounded, not by friends assembled to perform the last sad offices of affection, and to weep over him in the last sad hour, but by soldiers with bristling bayonets and loaded muskets, urged by stern command to do the violence of death to a fellow soldier. Amid reflections like these, we arrived at the place of execution, a large open field, in whose centre a heap of earth, freshly thrown up, marked the spot of the deserter's grave. On this field the whole force then at the cantonment was drawn up in the form of a hollow square, with the side beyond the grave vacant. The executioners, eight in number, had been drawn by lot. No soldier would volunteer for such a duty. Their muskets

had been charged by the officer of the day, seven of them with ball, the eighth with powder alone. Thus each may believe that *he* has the blank cartridge, and therefore has no hand in the death of his brother soldier—striking indications of the nature of the service. The coffin was placed parallel with the grave; and about two feet distant. In the intervening space, the prisoner was directed to stand. He desired permission to say a word to his fellow-soldiers; and thus standing between his coffin and his grave, he warned them against desertion, continuing to speak until the officer on duty, with his watch in his hand, announced to him in a low voice, 'Two o' clock, your last moment is at hand—you must kneel on your coffin.' This done, the officer drew down the white cap, so as to cover the eyes and most of the face of the prisoner. The kneeling was the signal for the executioners to advance. They had before, to avoid being distinguished by the prisoner, stood intermingled with the soldiers who formed the line. They now came forward, marching abreast, and took their stand a little to the left, about two rods distant from their living mark. The officer raised his sword. At this signal, the executioners took aim. He then gave a blow on a drum which was at hand; the executioners all fired at the same instant. The miserable man, with a horrid scream, leaped from the earth, and fell between his coffin and his grave. The sergeant of the guard, a moment after, shot him through the head, holding the muzzle so near that his cap took fire; and there the body lay upon the face, the head emitting the mingled fumes of burning cotton and burning hair. The whole line then marched by the body, as it lay on the earth, the head still smoking, that every man might behold for himself the fate of a deserter.

"We then started on our return. the whole band struck up, with uncommon animation, our national air, (Yankee Doodle,) and to its lively measures, we were hurried back to our parade ground! Having been dismissed, the commander of the post sent an invitation to all the officers to meet at his quarters, whither we repaired, and were treated to a glass of gin and water!"—*Arvin's Cyclopaedia of Moral and Religious Anecdotes.*

WOMAN.

BY CRABBE.

Place the white man on Afric's coast,
Whose swartly sons in blood delight;
Who of their scorn to Europe boast,
And paint their very demons white;
There, while the sterner sex disdains
To soothe the woes they cannot feel,
Woman will strive to heal his pains,
And weep for those she cannot heal!
Her's is warm pity's sacred glow;
From all her stores she bears a part,
And bids the spring of hope reflow
That languished in the fainting heart.
'What, though so pale his haggard face,
So sunk and sad his looks,' she cries;
"And far unlike our nobler race,
With crisped locks and roiling eyes?
Yet misery marks him of our kind:
We see him lost, alone, afraid;
And pangs of body, griefs in mind,
Pronounce him MAN, and ask our aid,
Perhaps, in some far distant shore
There are who in these forms delight;
Whose milky features please them more,
Than ours of jet, thus burnished bright,
Of such may be his weeping wife,
Such children for their sire may call
And if we spare his ebbing life,
Our kindness may preserve them all!"
Thus her compassion woman shows;
Beneath the Line her acts are these;
Nor the wide waste of Lapland snows
Can her warm flow of pity freeze.
"From some far land the stranger comes,
Where joys like ours are never found;
Let's soothe him in our happy homes,
Where freedom sits with plenty crowned.
'Tis good the fainting soul to cheer,
To see the famished stranger fed,
To milk for him the mother deer,
To smooth for him the furry bed.
The powers above our Lapland bless
With good no other people know;
To enlarge the joys that we possess,
By feeling those that we bestow!"
Thus in extremes of cold and heat,
Where wandering man may trace his kind,
Wherever want and grief retreat,
In WOMAN they compassion find;
She makes the female breast her seat,
And dictates mercy to the mind.
Man may the sterner virtues know,
Determined justice, truth severe:
But female hearts with pity glow,
And woman holds affliction dear.
For guiltless woes her sorrows flow,
And suffering vice compels her tear!

'Tis hers to soothe the ills below,
 And bid life's fairer views appear.
 To woman's gentle kind we owe
 What comfort and delights us here:
 They its gay hopes on youth bestow,
 Our care they soothe, our age they cheer.

THE OLD MAID AND THE GUN.

MY DEAR SIR CRISTIFER,

There's naething I so much admire about you as the real simplicity o' your ways of going on. I always used to think, that as folk grew greater they grew aye the prouder: indeed, I've seen't sac in some folk myself; there was Mrs. Duncason, the bailie's wife—as douce, quiet behaved a woman in her shop as could be—ccevil and respectable to all the customers—when her man was made a Sir, for carrying up a dress, or something o' that kind, till his Majesty—no the present man, but his brother—he aye cared, mair for his clothes than this sailor ane—she was neither to hold nor bind; she answered as sharp as could possibly be, if a body only spiered the price o' an article, till folk was just frightened out o' her shop; for ye ken it wad not have done to have threip'd about maybe a bawbee, wi' such a grand woman, and “yer leddyship” coming out at every word. But that's no the way with you. Ye are just the same kind-hearted, even-down sort of a man that I have always known ye, unco agreeable to the leddies, and no elevated wi' yer dignity above what is just and proper in a man o' yer station. I could not help ithinking o' this the ither night when ye cam yer wa's up to yer tea, just as ye used to do, lang lang syne, afore ye ever thought o' being made a knight or a baronet either. We were just all delighted wi' ye; but I'll no tell you a' that was said of you after you were gone. I most sincerely hope the roomatism has not returned, and I can really and truly recommend coarse brown paper neist the skin, as the very best remedy I hae ever tried. It keeps out the cauld beyond belief. Weel, that night, ye mind, ye were sac amused, or was pleased to say sac, with my adventure wi' the ship at Portsmouth, that ye begged o' me to write it down for you, to read and laugh at it at yer leisure. Ye'll maybe think me an auld fool for my pains, but I can refuse ye naething; so, as I hae naething else to do the noo, I will c'en write it a' as it took place, as nearly as I can recollect.

Ye remember wec Johnny Henderson, the white-headed laddie, that lived wi' me ever since his mither, my niece, died o' a consump-

tion, poor thing; he was aye a mischievous callant, an' I hope ye've forgi'en him for the tricks he used to play upon us baith—do you mind when he sawed awa' about a foot frae yer crutch, and when ye gaed to show Mrs. G. to her coach, ye cam' down on yer nose on the carpet? Aweel, aweel, I hope ye've past a' that, for there was nobody that wec Johnny liket sac weel as yoursel. He was ower high in the spirit for a poor auld maid like me to manage, so, wi' the advice o' the ither friends, though sair again' my inclination, I agreed to let him gang for a sailor, for he was extraordinary mad for the sea. I had had the care o' him by that time for more than ten years, and he was just the same to me as if he had been my ain.

Weel, we got him appointed a midshipman on board of the Jennyveeve, a frigate of war, with thirty-six guns in her. When the news cam' down he was just wild wi' joy—he gaed about the house singing “Cease, rude Boreas,” and “The gallant Harry Thusa,” till my maid—do ye mind aul' Jenny?—declared he was fey, and naething gude would come of it. The time cam' on at last when he had to gang up to England an' join his ship. He had his uniform on—I mind him so weel—wi' his little dirk hinging at his side, and looking sac bonny, wi' a little cockit hattie upon his head—oh, he didna look like as if he was ganging to the wars; an' I thought he was a bit orphan, an' that he might have staid sac happy at hame wi' his auld auntie—and my heart nearly misgave me, and I was sorry I had agreed to let him gang. But it was ower late to draw back; an' as the bit creature lung greetin' ower my shouther, I vowed, if he was spared this voyage, he should never quit me again. I, wi' tears and grief, said fareweel to wec Johnny, and lookit forward wi' the greatest impatience to the time when I was to see him again. He hadna been gone from me above a month, when he writ me a letter, tellin' me his ship was ordered to go to a station in South America, an' stay there for three years—an' I wasna to see him for a' that time! It made me regret a thousand times that ever I allowed him to gang, but it couldna be mendit noo, so I consoled myself as weel as I was able. It's extraordinary how soon ye come round out o' the bitterness o' grief at parting, as lang as ye hae ony hope o' meetin' again. I thought ever time I heard frae him he was aye nearer the hame-comin'; and I amused myself in the meantime by mendin' his torn shirts he had left, and putting cloutings in the hinder part o' his breeks—five pair o' ankeens, and three jances, forbye an auld pair o' corduroys. Every letter he

wrote me, showed he was getting mair and mair edication. They had a chaplain on board of the vessel, that was a good old gentleman, and very kind to wee Johnny, learning him Latin and Greek at his orra hours, beside navigation, and boxing the compass, and astronomy, that they need in their profession as officers. The other parts o' their duty, such as speeling the shrouds, firing off little pistols, and rowing in boats, I's warrand Johnny learned them without troubling the reverend gentleman muckle in the teaching—for he was aye an active kind o' an ettercap, and unco find o' the pouter—an' as to the climbing, I lost him ae time fer a hail day, and fand him, at last, on the outside o' the lumm.

The three years at last pa. ower, an' a letter cam' frae him to say his ship would be at Portsmouth some time in the end of July or beginning o' August. This cam' to me in June, and I couldna sleep for thinkin' o' my dear wee Johnny's comin' back to me again. At last I made up my mind I wad gang up myself and receive him when he cam' back; for, thinks I, the bit laddie will need some decent person that knows the ways o' the world to tak care o' him, after being sac lang awa' frae the dry land. I telled my resolution to no living; and upon the fifteenth day of July, I took my place in the James Watt steam-boat for London, and intended to tak the coach the minute I got there, and wait at Portsmouth till the Jennyveeve cam' hame. Captain Bain, the captain o' the James Watt steam-boat, was a very nice chatty man, and telled me in every way how it was best for me to proceed. So, when the ship arrived at Blackwall, I gaed, intill a hackney coach, to the Green Dragon hotel, and was just as happy as if I had been in my ain house. Next morning, I gat into a coach wi' four horses, in a long street called Oxford Street, and was just entering into chat wi' a leddy on the other side, when an ill-fawred man opened the door, and told me he had put my luggage into the boot. I tell'd him I was muckle obliged to him for being sac kind, and was gaun on speaking to my fellow-passenger, when the man interrupted me again, and told me "he expected me to pay him for his trouble, as he had put the trunk and portmanty at the very bottom o' the boot, as I was going the whole way thro' to Poachmuth."—"Mercifu' gracious!" cried I, "dinna tak me to ony such place. Tell the coachman not to gang on, on ony account; for I took my place last night for Portsmouth, and paid." The impudent vagabond turned and winket to a companion beside him, and said

something about "queerin' the old Scotch un;," but, thinks I, my birkie, ye'll get the warst o' the queerin' if ye begin till't. The leddy noo telt me I was in the richt coach, and it was only the blackguard's way o' speech. Upon which I was greatly at my case, and resolved no to gie the insolent rascal a single bawbee. Weel, he threipit on an' on; but I aye pretended to be deaf, and never answered to all his begging; for he didna ask it at a' in a respectable manner. At last he grew to such a pitch of abusing me, that he told me to keep my coppers, as he supposed they would be a fortune to an old skinflint like me in my own beggarly country. Upon which I put my head out o' the window o, the coach, and telt him says I, "Ye needna laugh at me, ye ill-fawred loon, or speak about beggarly countries, ye're a beggar yersel, an' wad be a robber too, an ye had the courage! Gin ye had keepit a ceevil tongue in yer head, ye wad hae chanced to hae had a siller saxpance in yer pocket! Sirs, wha has the best o't noo?" Upon that a great guffaw gat up again' the vagabone; and the coachman crackit his whip, an' away set I, still in a great passion; for ye ken I'm easy angered, Sir Cristerfer; but still it was pleasant to hae saved a sixpence frae such an ill-mannered scoundrel as yon, an' so thought the leddy too, for, in the hurry an' stramash, he had forgotten her a' thegither.

I needna tell you ony thing about the gourney down, but it was a lang way o' gate, and altho' the ither leddy was particuar kind, and telt me a' the places, as we passed along the road, I'll no say but at the end o' the day I was very ow'come with sleep. The ither leddy she fell asleep too; but, just when we gat within maybe three miles o' the town, there was the most awfu' firing o' guns that could be. We baith started up in alarm, and the firing still continued boom, booming extraordinary. "Oh it's the French, the weary French!" cries I, for I mindit o' the panick in Edenburgh in the year eighteen hundred and twelve, when a French fleet was reported to be down at the Bass; but my neighbour pat me in mind we were at peace with the French, and then she thought it wad maybe be saluting some ither fleet that was coming in frae foreign parts. "It'll be the Jennyveeve," thinks I; "Oh! I hope, mem, they dinna salute wi' cannon-balls, for I hae a nephew in a ship that I'm expecting is coming hame just about this time?"—"Oh no," says she, "be quite easy;" but the guns still gaed on firing far faster than the Castle on the fourth o' June; an' I couldna rest till I fand out the occasion,—so I put my head out o'

the window, and skirled to the coachman as loud as 'I was able—"Coachman!" says I, "what's a' the guns firing for the noo?" The coachman was a very ceevil man, as indeed a' the English coaches are, and says he, "It's the lord Igh Admiral, maum, a-kimming hover from the Hisle of Vight." That was our king that is noo; and awfu' pluffin o' the pouthier they made about him. At last I got into the hotel, the George, where the coach stoppit, and they telt me the house was unco croudet, because the Prince was in the town and a great army o' officers come to wait on him. But after a deal o' do, they said they wad pit me up, and so after a cup o' tea, me and the ither ledly gaed out to see the town. Every body was fleem, boaut as if the enemy was at the gate, grand officers wi' their cock-it hats, and epalits on their shoulders, and fine leddies walking about. Indeed we were baith of us very delighted, wi, the sight. But I meun mak my story short; for, to tell you the truth, I'm no muckel used to the writin', and my fingers are getting unco stiff.

Weel, the next morning I gat up, and after my breakfast, I askit the landlord if he could tell me ony thing about the Jennyveeve, for I expectit her in about that time. He was a very polite man, and promised, the minute she cam into the "hoffing," which I thought was maybe some part o' the harbour he would let me know. A' the forenoon I gaed walking about the town, ca'in every noo an then at the hotel, just to ask about the vessel; but at last I thought I wid gang doon to the harbour myself. Weel, the first thing I sees is a gentleman wi' a prospect glass in his hand, and after keekin, through it a lung time, he turned about to his friend, and said, "Jennyveeve in the offing; I know her by her trim." I gaed up till him, and askit if it was really the Jennyveeve frigate, and how far off the part o' the offing was she was in. He telt me she was just rounding St. Aclen's, and would be at anchor in two hours. Noo, a thought struck me, I would like to surprise wee Johnny; and as the sea was quite calm, and the day as warm as could be I agreed wi' a man to tak me out to her in a boat. Away, we went through the water, an' amang a' the ships, quite enchantit. I saw the Victory, where Lord Nelson was killed, and she lookit just like a three-story house in Abercromby Placc. We sailed, and sailed, and at last we reached the side o' the Jennyveeve. A gentleman lookit over the bannister at the side o' the ship and I telt him I wantit him to let me come on board, as I had a friend in the ship, that I was very particular to see. Weel, he gaed awa' for a

while, and than he cam back, and in a few minutes a stair was let down, and up I gaed, and fand myself on the floor o' the vessel, standin' beside the gentleman that had spoken to me first. I telt him who I was, and that I wantit to see wee Johnny Henderson, that was a bit middie in their ship. He said I wad see him belive, but in the meantime he wad introduce me to the captain—a nice, brisk little bust-ling man, though rather ower much gave up to the swearing, he turned out to be. He was standin' on the raised up part o' the floor giein' his orders, and speakin' to me, a' in the breath. "You want Mr. Henderson, I think madam? excellent young man—highly pleused with him"—and then he said something about the ship. "Oh, I was sure ye wad be that, captain, for I aye brought him up myself wi' the greatest care." The captain laugh'd and spoke very familiar, as if we had known ane another for long; but in a while he turned to the gentleman I spoke till, and desired him to send Mr. Henderson. The gentleman—he was a life-tenant o' the ship—turned awa' in a moment but as he passed me to execute the order, I could hear the birkie was humming the tune o' Black Eyed Susan. Weel, in a short time up cam wee Johnny; but I declare to ye, Mr. North—Sir Christfer, I should say—I wad not hae known him, he was sae changed. He had grown tall and strong, and in naething like the strippling he had been, save in his bonny, wild-looking blue ee;—but when he saw me, and rushed forward and kissed his puir auld auntie, I kent he was the same warmhearted creature he used to be—I'll no say but I grat wi' perfect happiness at seein' the lad again—and I think Johnny himself was unco near the greetin'.

The captain and the ither gentleman had goen awa' which was very considerate, but they soon cam back again, when they saw us in conversation. "Oh, Johnny," said I, "what a great chield ye have grown! the brecks that I mended for ye 'll be o' nae use to ye now, and the sarks 'll be perfectly thrown awa'." He began to laugh, when I said this, wi' the same wild laugh he used to do at home; and said, "What! auntie, always thinking about the pence yet?"—"It'll maybe be the better for you some day, if I do; for if ye're no greatly changed, a baw-bee aye burned a hole in your pocket unco soon." But now began a great blazing awa o' the guns, much the same as the day before; a' the ships gettin' covered up wi' the smoke, but sometimes atwixt twa o' the clouds we could see a boat rowed wi' somebody in't o' great consequence, and some ither boats fol-

lowin't to keep it company. I telt them it was the Lord High Admiral, the King's brither, seein' the ships; but the captain, cried out, it was very unlucky he had not known of it before—but that they must exert themselves noo. Accordingly, he ordered every one to his station, to get the ship in the grandest order, in case the Prince should come on board to inspect her. So for a good while I was left to my ain reflections.

It was just astonishin' to see how neatly they gaed about it—a' as quiet an' active as possible, nae clish-maclaver gaun on amang the men, like what ye hear whan a wheen woman's brushing up a dining-room or washin' a stair. I stood for a lang time, and admired the quickness o' their motions, and the ship at last lookit just like a new peen. The guns in the ither ships were still firin' awa at intervils, and we were very near to them noo, and could see every thing that gaed on. The boat we had seen before, keceptit, rowin' frae ship to ship, and aye the gws keceptit blowing on, till my very een grew sair wi' the winkin'; for its onpossible to keep the een open when such a great thud o' sound comes blash upon yer ear; it was for a' the world just like a skelp on the cheek o' the head. Weel, when I was tired wi, joukin' my head, an awfu' fear cam' upon me that the guns in our ain ship wad be obligated to be fired; an' I weel kent, that if I wasna killed by the burstin' of the cannons, I wad die o' the fright. So says I to the captain, "Oh, Captain Pagan, Captain Pagan, do ye think ye'll hae to fire aff the guns o' the ship? It'll just kill me outright." Then he laughed extraordinar, and said, "Fire?" said he; "yes, egad, old Billy's a bluff one, and if we don't give the royal salute, he'll blow us up sky-high!"—"Oh Lord hae a care o' me!" says I, "he wad surely never do such a cruel thing as blow us a' up for no firin' a salute? Oh, they're weary things, thae salutes baith for auld and young!" I sat down just perfectly overcome wi' my apprensions, when to my great delight and astonishment, wee Johnny comes up to me, and telt me that a flag or signal o' some sort or ither was put up, to gie them to understand that the Lord High Admiral didna want to be saluted; but he wad just come in about half an hour, and see how they were after being three years from home.

Weel pleased, as ye may imagine, was I to hear the news; for I made sure a' danger was over; and I couldna help thinkin' how very kind it was in the Prince, no to let the sailors, poor fellows, run the risk o' firin, noo they had come sae near to the shore in

safety. But just in the midst of my keekling and rejoicing, up comes wee Johnny again, and telt me, that as the Admiral didna like to see petticoats on board, I must be stowed away into some quiet corner where his Royal Highness wadna see me. Oh! I was willing to gang ony place, I was sae perfectly happy to have escaped the guns. But oh, Sir Christifer! whar do you think that neer-do-weel callant persuaded me to be hidden? There wasna a single part o' the ship, he said, that the admiral wadna see in a jiffey; he wad gang intill every corner, till no a mouse wad be in the haill of the vessel that he wadna ken whar its biding-hole was; so, after threeping and telling me every thing was safe, he just prevailed on me to slip intil ane o' the guns. Weel, he telt me, and swore till't, that no salute was to be fired, and that there was no chance o' my being fund out in such a place as that; and so, at last, in great fear and trembling, I let him lift me up, and put me, feet foremost, into ane o' the cannons at the side o' the ship. Ye ken what a wee jimpy body I am; and I assure you I've lain in mony a waur situation than you; I couldna turn myself, fo be sure, but I was in safety, and the Prince, they telt me, wadna stay more than twenty minutes. Weel, I hadna been lang in the gun when I heard the patter of oars in the water below where I was; then I heard the boat stop; and syne I heard a great stamping on the floor, or the deck as they call it in a ship. Then the noise all ceased for maybe a quarter of an hour, and then the stamping began again. And as the party stood very near whar I was, I could even hear a wee o' what they were sayin'. I could just catch a voice nows and thens sayin' something about damnation—an' I was sure frae the rest that I heard, that it was the Prince was speakin'; but the captain gied at good as he got, and speak' a great deal about damnation too; so that really whether they were swearing, as sailors generally are in the habit of doin, or expounding a text, I couldna weel determine; but, however that may be, there gat up a great laugh, and the Prince seemed unco weel pleased, by the tone o' his voice. But oh, Mr. North!—there, I've forgotten yer teetle again—just fancy my feelings when I heard the captain ask leave to salute his Royal Highness as he went away! Oh dear me, thinks I, I'll be sent flecin' thro' the air frae the mouth o' a gun! And what sort o' death is that for a decent auld maiden leddy to dee! Oh that I had never set my foot intill a ship! And wi' that I tried to scream to them to stop, but my throat was sae dry I could mak' no sound;—

I tried to creep out, and hoped to tumble intill the sea and be drown'd but I couldna move hand or fit, I was sae jammed intill the gun. And noo, tho' I was mair than half dead, I had a terrible consciousness o' every thing that was gaun on. I heard the party gaun down into the boat; I could fancy I saw them laughing and chatting awa' sae happy and contentit; and there was I, stuck into the mouth o' a gun, ready to be fired awa' in honour o' the Lord High Admiral!!! I thought I could see the very part o' the wall about twa miles aff that I wad reach to, and yet I hadna power to cry out and tell the Prince the jeopardy I was in. But very soon a greater degree o' the fear cam' ower me, for the ship shook and staggered as if a great blow had been hit, and then cam' a roar o' the cannon, and I felt that the bitterness o' death was began; then gaed aff anither: and then, in the pauses between, my ears were preternaturally sharpened, and I heard a voice saying, "Oh, auntie, farewell—but don't be very much alam'd, for she is not loaded with ball,—and you've a chance of being picked up by the boats." Then gaed aff anither gun, and I felt by the sound they were coming regularly up the row where I was—and then I heard the captain, standing just at the end o' my gun, say to the man that was firing them aff—"Here—run out this old jade!" Merciful me, could the cauld-hearted vagabone be speakin' that way o' me!—"Rise up her breech a little, and lay on!"—Here my senses a' thegither forsook me—to be spoken o' in such an undelicate manner before sae mony great sturin' menfolk, was waur than being shot out o, the gun; and being perfectly overcome wi' shame and fright, I sank into a dwain. The rest o' the story is very soon told. The vagabones kent a' the time they were never gaun to fire her aff; but the captain and that good-for-nothin' creatur, wee Johnny did it a' for their ain amusement. However, when they gat me out o' the gun they really behaved sae weel, and made sae mony kind speeches about it, that I couldna find it in my heart to be angry. So I just forgied them baith; but if ever ony body catches me playing hide-and-sceek in the body o' a gun, they've my free leave to fire it aff, and send me ficein' to the back o' Beyont. And noo, Sir Cristifer, I hae gien ye the account o' my adventure, that ye wantit. Ye maun mak a' allowances for the spelling and the language o' this account; for the truth o' the matter is, that if I tak either to writin' or speakin' o' the English, I dinna come nearly sae good a hand as when I think and write in my ain native tongue. So, wi'

best wishes to yourself, and to Mrs. G. the next time ye see her, I remain,
My dear Sir Cristifer,
Your affectionate friend and
weel wisher.

Addressed to my Boy During Sickness.

Sleep breathes at last from out thee
My little patient boy,
And balmy rest about thee
Smooths off the day's annoy.
I sit me down and think
Of all thy winning ways,
Yet always wish, with sudden shrink,
That I had less to praise.

Thy side-long pillowed meekness,
Thy thanks to all that aid,
Thy heart, in pain and weakness.
Of fancied faults afraid;
The little trembling hand
That wipes thy quiet tears,
These, these are things, that may demand
Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I've had, severe ones—
I will not think of now,
And calmly, 'midst my dear ones,
Have wasted with dry brow;
But when thy fingers press
And pat my stooping head,
I cannot bear the gentleness—
The tears are in their bed.

Ah! first born of thy mother,
When life and hope were new
Kind playmate of thy brother,
Thy sister, father, too:
My light where'er I go,
My bird when prison-bound,
My hand-in-hand companion—on—
My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say—"he has departed,"
"His voice—his face—is gone,"
To feel impatient hearted,
Yet feel we must bear on,—
Oh! I could not endure
To whisper of such woe,
Unless I felt this sleep ensue
That it will not be so.

Yes, still he's fixed and sleeping!
This silence too the while—
Its very hush and creeping
Seems whispering us a smile—
Something divine and dim
Seems going by one's ear,
Like parting wings of Cherubim—
Who say—we've finished here.

THE MISER'S DEATH-BED.

From the Italian of Luigi Beretta.

On the night of the 24th of January 1827, I watched by the bedside of my uncle, whose convulsed breast seemed every moment about to breathe the parting sigh. My sole impression was that of grief at the approaching death of a relative whom I sincerely loved; nor did a second thought arise in my mind to divert, or enfeeble, the sense of sorrow. The worldling will find it difficult to believe that affliction at the loss of kindred or of friends can occupy the thoughts of an heir just within reach of the goal, to the exclusion of more joyous and, to him, natural sentiments. Well, "the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light;" but could ideas of prospective advantage and of anticipated inheritance have insinuated themselves into the heart of a youth only fifteen years of age? Had they even entered, they could not have struck deep root there. Reason, at this tender age, cannot entirely banish instinct; nor commit such havoc on the sanctity of the heart as to extirpate every God-given feeling, and implant in its stead self-love and sordid egotism. The youthful bosom is not so soon deserted by those holy impulses, which constrain us to sympathize with a being in pain, whether parents, friend, acquaintance, or even the brute; it is sufficient to know the object suffers, in order to awaken our sorrows. Nature, man, and society undergo similar revolutions and the same stated crisis. In the first, the gradations are "the seasons' difference," typical of the youth, manhood, and old age of the second; while the rise, the decline and the fall of empires mark the progress of the third. Thus, too, the mental-state of man passes through three several stages corresponding with his physical variations:—Virtue,—virtue mixed with vice, "a mingled yarn"—vice; and even so the civil phases of society present a like trait—democracy, monarchy, or aristocracy—anarchy. This classification is founded on analysis, the last of the sciences invented by man, and of which he makes the most prodigal use. It offers up society as a sacrifice, in order to gain from its immolation a fictitious life, a galvanic existence. Religion, po-

litics, philosophy, the fine arts, are then laid out for examination and analysis—that most potent solvent, which in seeking to anatomize, decomposes and consumes all.

Heirship is the basis, the religion, the life of man, in his social existence; it is the abstract of all the passions generated in communities that are over-ripened, or rather decayed by civilization; it is the spring that moves the limbs of the social skeleton, as the wire puts in motion the puppet. Whilst the lust of inheritance may be called the vital principle of civilized society, it is nevertheless the death of the individual. It is venom which, imbibed by the veins of man, wasted his flesh like the corrosion of a cancer, lending to society the materials for other existences, inasmuch as from the corruption of one being is born the life of another. I had too much of the enthusiast in me to dream of reasoning, or calculating, upon an inheritance, and if these ideas could have entered my mind, the scene around me would have quickly expelled them. The dying man,—a friar, with the beads and crucifix in his hand,—vials lying in every direction, and on the hearth some half burnt logs, whose dull, hissing, crackle smote sadly on the ear. A waning lamp shed a sepulchral light over the room, and the chill night-air every now and then awoke me from the dreamy slumber provoked by the fatigue of watching. All was well calculated to make me spurn existence, and to render its loss easy, if not desirable. I sat watching with instinctive piety the tranquil countenance of the dying man, and from time to time he opened his glazed eyes, and cast on me glances tremulous and shifting as the momentary flashes of waning light. Then the monk who waited on him, perhaps to withdraw my attention from the gloomy sight, drew me a few paces from the bed. "Enviably," he said to me, "most enviable are the peace of mind and serenity of countenance with which your uncle waits his allotted hour. For him death is but the complement of life; he looks for it, as at night we look for sleep. As he has lived, even so he dieth. I who have known your uncle from boyhood can bear witness that he was always good, charitable, and just; and he is now about to receive the reward of all his virtue. No remorse agitates his consci-

ence; no crime nor evil action rise spectre-like before his eyes to appal his parting soul; he is enjoying the death of the righetous. Ah! had you, my son, been a spectator of the death-bed to which I was called, scarce a year ago—" at these words the monk heaved a deep sigh, and passing his hand across his furrowed brow as if to banish a painful thought, he then continued,—“ you would better appreciate this tranquil deathscene, and it would be hallowed by you as something celestial.” His words and gesture aroused my curiosity, at the same time that they inspired me with a species of alarm. I opened my eyes, fixing them upon his face, as if to invite him to relate what he had witnessed—a puerile manner of interrogation which springs from an ardent desire to hear or to see what we nevertheless fear will affright us—a mute struggle betwixt all powerful curiosity, and nervous anticipation. He understood me, and making me draw near the hearth, whilst he raked together and roused the dying embers, he then approached the bed, and perceiving the sufferer sunk in peaceful slumber he sat down by his side and began his narrative.

“ Don Andrea C——, after having economised his life during more than seventy years, balancing parsimoniously the cost of the indulgencies his infirmities required with the endurance of their pains, took at length to his bed. Celibacy, though,” said the monk, “ it is not only legal, but even natural, is perhaps the principal fount of selfishness and avarice. The want of social relations, which, as it were, multiply man, and take him out of himself, niches him into the sombre *Z*, renders him insensible to all the woes or humanity. The sensibility with which nature originally endowed him is wholly employed in the preservation of his dear self. He has no views beyond his own individual being and welfare; and thence arises the necessity of having a power materialized in pounds and pence by which he may purchase those services that would have been cordially offered to him, had not he at first denied them to others. There is the poor man “*par excellence*.” He lives in the midst of riches as solitary as in a desert. There is no heart in the world that beats responsive to his own, and he is of all

mortals the most certain not to be loved for his own sake. Celibacy is a mutilation of physical and of moral man; it is a unfilled existence—an abortion! Don Andrea C—— was both single and a miser. Swayed by his profoundly egotistical philosophy, he pronounced, strange judgments on the human passions. Of all the affections incidental to the nature of man, he admitted that of gold as the only legitimate, constant and positive one. Love of woman, according to him, was an infernal contract, which brought its own punishment;—that of one's country secured the martyrdom of fools,—and that of God was inconvenient; since the Gospel precepts could not be bought to harmonize with the salutary increase of wealth. Besides, he added, thirty *soldi* could at all times buy pardon for our sins. His worship was that of the golden calf; and in riches he saw the power of satisfying every human passion; like Jugurtha, he imagined that every mortal had his price. This inordinate love of grasping indurated his heart, until it became hard as the nether millstone. With a domestic smile on his lips he usuriously griped the property of the wretched; and, like Faustus, would have trafficked for his soul with the devil. As soon as his nephews knew of his illness they repaired to his house with the usual promptitude of expectant heirs, in order to nurse their *good* uncle. At first, (indeed as long as his illness seemed unattended by danger,) he received their attentions with an expression of cordiality calculated to flatter their fondest hopes. Although, however, he showed confidence in their services, he did not therefore deem them disinterested. Don Andrea had deeply studied the human heart and his seeming content sprung from his hopes of speedy recovery, when he chuckled over the idea of dismissing them with a quiet “thank ye.” But the thoughts which harrowed his breast, and which he hid with a smile, as a brilliant colour often conceals the secret consumption, were doomed to burst forth, the stronger of the restraint he had put upon them, with the increase of his malady. The physician one day, after a long visit, perceiving a sudden and serious alteration in his patient, thought it his duty to tell him not to despair if he advised him to call in his spiritual director. Rapid as the change of

Lot's wife into a pillar of salt or as the descent of the guillotine on the doomed head, was the alteration discoverable in the Dying Miser. The words of the physician stunned his ear like the mournful toll of the passing bell. In a moment the sad past, and the fearful future glided before his eyes like a funeral procession. The pleasure he had anticipated in mocking the wishes of his nephews was changed into venom,—into vengeance. They each appeared to him in the light of an assassin, ready to laugh at his death to master his treasure, to plunge into drunken revelry on the same night, and then insultingly pillow their heads on his detested corpse. A prey to these thoughts he could no longer endure their presence and from that moment forbade any one, except the medical man, the nurse, and the confessor, to enter his room. These were the last distinct words he uttered. A life of instinct, or rather of habit, acquires at its close a more decided character. The passions which held chief sway during its progress are concentrated into a phrase or a look, resulting from the struggle betwixt the energy of an instinctive or habitual will, and the impotence of organic life to give such will utterance. Like a small vase which may contain in essence what it is deficient in quantity, we loose part of the volume, but the spirit remains. When I entered,—summoned by his nephews into the room of the dying man, who then for the first time became my penitent, his usual confessor having died a few days before,—it was night-fall;—the sick usually feel worse at this time, as if light were the fount of life. The sufferer seemed to have lost every sense except that of sight, and in this appeared concentrated his whole remains of vial strength.

[To be Concluded.]

FEMALE TEMPER.—No train of character is more valuable in a female than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night wearied and worn out with the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition! It is sunshine falling on his heart. He is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten.—*Mrs. Ellis.*

An Adventure with Wolves.

[From "Livonian Tales."]

In the midst of a severe winter of famine, and still more distressing vexation from the oppressor, Mart was one evening coming home through the wood in his sledge when he was beset by wolves. "The track deep, between accumulations of high snow, gave only just sufficient width for the little horse and sledge. Mart's eyes were closed, and his senses was heavy with weariness; nevertheless he soon began to be aware that the animal was quickening its pace unwontedly: again it jerked forward—quicker still—and a low neighing sound of terror effectually roused the drowsy man. He looked in front; all was as usual—a wild scanty forest, deep in a bed of snow—the narrow trough of a track winding through it—here and there pyramids of snow, which showed the huge ant-bills of the country—The heavens bright—the earth white—not a living object but the horse before him. He looked behind; the scene was just the same—white snow and leafless trees, and a winding track; but close to the sledge were three dark gaunt animals, heavily galloping, and another was fast gaining behind. The jaws of the foremost, with the lowness of the sledge, were within the reach of Mart's shoulder. He cared not for that; he knew that it was his horse they wanted first; and saw in an instant that all depended upon the animal's courage more than his own. If the frightened creature could have the nerve to keep steady in the track, the chances were much in his favour; for the moment the wolves turned off, in order to pass and get ahead of it, the depth of the snow diminished their speed; but should the horse, in its terror plunge aside and flounder, in the snow, Mart knew it would be lost. He leaned forward, called the animal cheerfully by its name, and laid his hand upon its back, as he was wont do in times of fatigue or difficulty; the poor beast knew the kind voice and hand, raised its ears, which were laid flat back with terror, and fell into an even pace.

"Mart shouted violently; but the wolves were either too keen or too many; it made no impression. It was an awful time both for master and horse. Mart kept his hand on the animal, whilst his

eye watched the ferocious brutes which were often within arm's length. He had a hatchet, which he always carried on these occasions, to chop the frozen fish, he felt for it and grasped it in his hand, but forbore to use it; for the closer the wolves kept at the back of the sledge, the less were they seen by the horse. Every minute, however, one or more of them broke out of the track in the attempt to pass; and although they instantly lost footing in the snow, yet the unblinking eye of the little animal had caught sight of the dreadful foe, and a plunge forward made Mart turn with anxiety to see that it kept straight in the narrow track.

"One of the wolves was more than usually huge and long limbed, and more than once it had contrived, in spite of the deep snow, to advance nearer abreast of the sledge than any of its companions. Upon this grim creature Mart more especially kept watch, and caught the green light which played from its eye-balls. It turned off again—the snow lay flatter for a space; the wolf kept its footing; it gained, for their pace is enormous—the little horse's eye glared around at it. Mart withdrew his hand, wet with the animal's perspiration; the wolf was just beyond arms reach, but he kept his hatchet in readiness. The horse was now in a desperate gallop, and the wolf was just abreast—it suddenly turned sharp towards it—now was Mart's time. He dealt a tremendous blow. The wolf avoided it, but stumbled in the snow, and in a moment was yards behind.

"The distance from home was now quickly shortened beneath the horse's hoofs which continued to carry the sledge at full gallop, till the fear of an overturn became a source of fresh anxiety. Mart was quite aware by this time that these were no common lazy wolves he had to deal with, but sharp-set determined brutes to which man or beast would be alike welcome. These were not the animals to be deterred by the signs of man's dwelling, as is usually the case, and there was an ugly verger of wide open space between the out skirts of the forest and his house, which he looked to with real apprehension.

"They were now at the very edge of the wood—the road became opener—the wolves gained on each side—the horse bounded furiously forward; caught

the sledge against the stump of a tree—it overturned—was swept away at a tremendous pace and Mart was left alone in the snow. In a moment a heavy claw had slit the throat, and down the front of his sheep-skin; it was well Anno's wrapper lay so thick beneath. He threw off the brute and rose. His hatchet had been jerked out of his hand in the fall; he cast a desperate glance around but saw it not. The horse was now almost out of sight; two of the wolves were close to the defenceless man; and the two others, deserting the animal, were bounding back to him. Mart faced the foremost, he could do no more; and in an instant was surrounded."

The arrival of the horse roused the women, and the moment the door was opened Karria Pois rushed forth, led by his kindly instinct. Anno flew wildly after him. To resume the narrative; Mart "knew what it was to put forth his strength in games and wrestling matches, and it was such as, shoulder, and muscle to muscle, few could withstand. But it was nothing now against the heavy weight, the vice-like teeth, the rending grasp that held him down on every side. For a few seconds the desperate violence of a man to whom life is sweet, and such a death most horrible, shook off the pitiless assailants; but his own blood had dyed the snow, and the sight of it seemed to turn ferocity into fury. The bloodhounds closed again upon him—they pulled him down!

"People say there is no time to think in sudden dangers; they have never known one. There are more thoughts struck from the mind in one moment's collision with sudden and desperate peril than in days of fearless security. The sweets of this earth; the home that lay so near; the mystery of Heaven, swept over poor Mart's mind; nay even particulars found time to intrude. He thought how Anno and Liso would watch through the night; how his mangled remains would tell all in the morning; Anno's despair; the village lament. He thought of all this, and more, and knew himself in the jaws of hungry wolves! Then those foul lurid eyes glared over him; the tightening of the throat followed and thinking was over. Still he struggled to release his arms; the grasp on the throat was suffocating him; his senses reeled; when, in

a moment, dash came another animal hard-breathing along; threw itself into the midst with one sharp howl, and fastened upon the chief assailant. The wolves relaxed their fury for an instant: Mart reeled giddy to his feet, and recognized his brave dog. For a second he stood stunned and bewildered, when he saw one wolf retreating, and all three attacking the dauntless Karria Pois. He turned to help him, and a bright object caught his eye; it was his hatchet lying on the snow within arm's length of his last struggle. Mart snatched it up and was now himself again. Blood was dripping from him, but his limbs were uninjured, and furious were the strokes he dealt.

One wolf soon lay at his feet; the other cowed and retreated, spilling his blood as it went, and held off, skulking round; and now Mart poured his whole fury on the great monster which held Karria Pois in as stifling a grasp as he had done his master. It was no easy task to release the dog. The hatchet rung on the wolf's skull, rattled on his ribs, and laid bare the gaunt backbone; but the dog's own body interrupted any mortal wound, and the wolf seemed to feel no other. Poor Karria Pois's case was desperate; his legs were all drawn together, protecting the very parts he thought to wound, when suddenly he stretched himself out with some fresh agony, and the hatchet was buried deep in the wolf's throat. Many more fierce strokes were needed before life was extinct; and as Mart rose, a hand on his shoulder started him and his wife fell on his besom.

"Mart?"

"Anno!"

Long did the young couple stand in speechless embrace, but the weaker supported the stronger; for Mart's manly nerve was gone, and he leant on Anno like a strengthless child.



THE BANKRUPT'S ENTERTAINMENT.—Dr. Franklin relates the following anecdote of Mr. Denham, an American merchant, with whom he once went a passenger to England. "He had formerly," he says, "been in business at Bristol. had failed, in debt to a number of people, compounded, and went to America; there by a close application to business as merchant,

he acquired a plentiful fortune in a few years. Returning to England in the ship with me, he invited his old creditors to an entertainment, at which he thanked them for the easy compensation they had favoured him with; and when they expected nothing but the treat, every man, at the first remove, found under his plate an order on a banker for the full amount of the unpaid remainder, with interest."

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50	81 4	41 5	20 11

TABLE 2.

Age.	First 5 Years.		This Table increases every 5 Years, until 21st Year!
	s. d.	s. d.	
25	23 6		
30	26 4		
35	30 4		
40	36 1		
45	44 6		
50	56 7		

TABLE 3.

Age.	For 1 Year.		For 7 Years.	
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
25	21 6		21 10	
30	22 1		22 7	
35	22 11		23 11	
40	24 9		26 9	
45	28 6		32 2	
50	35 4		41 5	

TABLE 4.

Annual Premiums required for an Assurance of £100 for the whole Term of Life, the Rate decreasing at the expiration of every Fifth Year, until the Twentieth inclusive, after which period no other payment will be required.

Age.	1st 5 Yrs.		2d 5 Yrs.		3d 5 Yrs.		Last 5 Yrs.	
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	
25	72 7	55 6	38 2	22 11	19 11			
30	78 6	60 10	42 6	22 4	22 4			
35	85 10	67 8	47 10	25 3	25 3			
40	95 5	76 4	54 4	28 6	28 6			
45	108 6	87 4	62 2	32 2	32 2			
50	124 3	101 1	71 7	36 5	36 5			

HALF CREDIT RATES OF PREMIUM.

Age.	HALF PREMIUM.		WHOLE PREMIUM.	
	During 7 Years.		After 7 Years.	
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
25	19 7		39 2	
30	21 9		43 6	
35	24 11		49 10	
40	29 2		58 4	
45	34 10		69 8	
50	42 6		85 0	

If it be preferred, the unpaid seven Half Premiums can be left as a charge on the Policy, when it becomes a claim.

MUTUAL ASSURANCE BRANCH.

Supported by the Proprietary Branch.

TABLE A.

Age.	Anni. Prem.	Half-Yearly.		Quarterly.
		s. d.	s. d.	
25	44 4	22 5	11 3	
30	49 10	25 3	12 8	
35	57 0	28 11	14 6	
40	66 6	33 8	17 0	
45	79 0	40 1	20 2	
50	95 6	48 7	24 6	

The assured, under this table, are entitled after Five years, to an Annual Division of the profits.

TABLE B.

HALF CREDIT TABLE.

Age.	Half Premium.		Whole Premium.	
	First 5 Years.	After 5 Years.	After 5 Years.	After 5 Years.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
25	22 2		41 4	
30	24 11		49 10	
35	28 6		57 0	
40	33 3		66 6	
45	39 6		79 0	
50	47 9		95 6	

The Assured, under this Table, are entitled also to participate in the Profits, on certain conditions.

Quebec, August, 1849. 18

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Montreal, 7 Juin, 1849. 21

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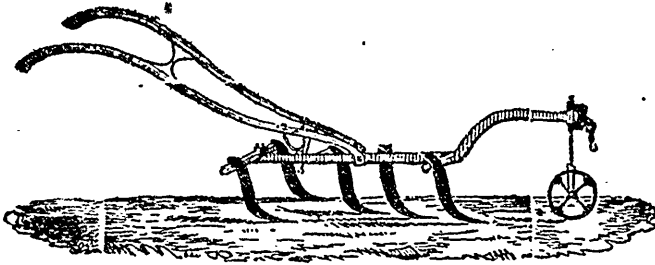
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