



LITERATURE.

HOME! SWEET HOME!

Round the earth we might wander in search of our home;
Now through men's busy haunts, now through waters we might
roam:

Yet we never should find out the object of quest;—
No, we never should light on the place of our rest.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!

There is no place like home! there is no place like.

Where the holds of the mighty proud pageants denote,
Where, at eve, the crook guides to the well watted cote;
Or where riches are thought a requital for care,
We might seek it; but find it we never should there.
Home! home! &c.

We might seek it where science is held the chief good;
Or where roves uninstructed the child of the wood,
We might seek it—and is it our mortal parts bed?
Surely not! our home is not in the house of the dead!
Home! home! &c.

Shall we upwards, then, turn an inquiring eye,
And demand, if our home in the firmament lie?
Neither so! of the orbs which in brightness there roll,
None could furnish the needed abode for the soul.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home,
Far above is our home! far above is our home!

Whither, then, shall we look? whither? Ask that within!
Ask with faith, and an answer of peace you shall win:—
You shall learn that our home, our abiding place, must
Be the mansions where dwell the repentant made just.
Home! Home! sweet, sweet home,
Yes, on high is our home! yes, on high is our home!

And can exiles, we exiles, recover it? Say!
Yes: our Lord has himself thither opened the way:
And thence, by his spirit, calls us all to believe,
That he homeward draws all who his offers receive.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
We can now return home! we can now return home!

Let us all then, through Christ, with hearts contrite, implore
Our true Father's full grace, and his mercy adore!
So, with joy shall we sing; never more shall we roam:
With the Father and Christ, with our God is our home.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
Surely there is our home! Surely there is our home!

The Death Bed of Peter O'Haggarty.

A CHARACTERISTIC SKETCH.

BY R. D. ADDISON.

"ARRAH, then, where shall we go this evening?" said Peter O'Haggarty, as he rose from our mess-table at Port William. "How shall we keep up the evening?"

"Let us go to the theatre at—"

"Sure that won't do at all, at all. I'm after being under a cloud, you see, just now, and it would niver do to see the spalpeens that lounge about there turn their backs upon me. Faith, I'm thinking I'd be after making a mistake, and throwing them into the pit, if they did so."

"As you did the little Major?"

"Come now don't be tazing me about that same. Sure the story's only half true."

"What, do you mean to say that you didn't throw the little Major at the Paymaster's head, right across the table, because you had a quarrel with the latter?"

"Ah then bother, what's the use talking of it. Sure it was in the late of argument."

"That's the reason, I suppose, you amused yourself by beating your Portuguese boy this morning—for I hear you were giving it to him soundly when Thomson called on you."

"Sure I found him staleing my tay and brandy, the thief of the world."

"Peter, old boy, take care what you are about. The Portuguese are dreadfully revengeful."

"To the devil I pitch their vengeance. As long as Peter has this good arm, it's not himself will be frightened. Sure the boy's cousin, who kapes a sort of inn in the Loll Bazaar, swore she'd be the death of me for bating the whelp. But do you know how I sarved her for it?"

"Sure I gave her a kiss, a regular Tipperary salute, and swore I'd go and sup there to-night to give her an opportunity of poisoning me if she wished. It would be, you see, a short mode of putting off my court-martial."

"When does it come on?"

"On Monday week, sure."

"And what are the charges?"

"Why first, you see, for calling out one of our Field-Officers. There's nothing in that, I'm thinking. Then there's for pulling our Assistant-Surgeon's nose for not coming to see me when I was ill. And thirdly, for bating the four sons of the reigning Prince of the province when

I was on detachment, in order to compel them to carry me to head-quarters in my palanquin, when I thought I was dying; and lastly, they've stuck in "for being generally quarrelsome;" whereas all the world knows I never was in a quarrel on my own account in all my life."

"Didn't you shoot Charleston of the Rifles?"

"Because, you see, he was bullying a young Ensign of sixteen."

"Were you not convicted of an assault on a civilian named Jones?"

"Sure I caught the blackguard bating his wife, so I gave him a polthogue or two."

"And Drubble, the gambling house keeper?"

"Because why? Sure he was chateing. But enough of this, boys. Where shall we go?"

"I'm going to a school-ball," replied one of the party. "Let's all go," cried Peter.

The motion was agreed to, and away we trotted.

These school-balls in Calcutta are, perhaps, the most extraordinary assembling in the world—I had almost said—the most immoral. Open to every one who chooses to go there, the strangest scenes take place. The young ladies are, generally speaking, *Chi-Chis* (half castes,) tho' occasionally Europeans are foolish enough to send their children to these establishments for education. How they are brought up I know not. The course of their studies may be perfectly correct, but I have no hesitation in saying that the frequent balls given by the heads of these academies, for the ostensible purpose of amusing their pupils, and teaching them manners, do more harm to the poor girls than the corruptions of any of their after years. Young men loiter in; they amuse themselves by indulging in conversations which it is to be hoped the innocence of the young ladies prevents them from understanding, make the most desperate love, do not hesitate to promise marriage to the dingy damsels, persuade them to promise elopement, instil into them the most glaring mistatements, and all this under the very nose of their school-mistresses, who fancy, poor things, they are benefitting their scholars in thus indulging them in what they conceive to be an innocent amusement.

The childishness, or to speak more properly, the silliness of the half-caste girl is proverbial. The selfish desire to create fun in the breast of a young officer is not less so. No wonder, then, that many poor girls are ruined by listening and believing, when dancing before their governesses at one of these school-balls.

To describe the lute on the particular evening to which I have referred, would be unnecessary. Suffice it to say, that after dancing and laughing till we were all tired, the party—with the exception of Peter O'Haggarty, who left us in order to go and sup at the hotel of the beautiful Portuguese—returned once more to our quarters, and during the meal, compared notes of our "sayings and doings" during the evening.

I had been in bed about two hours when my *sedar* (bearer) rushed in and begged of me instantly to repair to Major Peter O'Haggarty's. Some dreadful accident had befallen him. He had sent an express to request my immediate attendance. In less than half an hour I was by his bedside.

There, upon a miserable pallet, lay the late healthy and robust Major. The bloom had left his manly cheek, and the smile which almost always lit up his countenance was gone. His eyes were closed and he breathed with difficulty.

"What is all this?" demanded I, much alarmed, of one of the persons standing round him.

"I'm murdered dead," murmured the sufferer, for a moment looking up.

I turned to the bystanders. They were unable to give me any explanation beyond the fact that poor Peter had been found, an hour before, lying without his coat, groaning dreadfully, in one of the narrow streets in the Loll Bazaar. For a moment none dared approach him, for it was well known that he was more than ordinarily violent when intoxicated; and as he really seemed to be so to them, and as they knew his force to be greater than that of any European who had yet visited India, they prudently kept out of his reach. Induced, however, by his moaning to come nearer, they had managed to raise him and carry him home. A surgeon had visited him, and declared that several of his ribs were not only broken, but bent into his lungs, and consequently there was no hope of his recovery. Indeed, his professional man expressed a doubt that he would live till morning. Having heard this, O'Haggarty sent for me.

Such was the only statement I could collect,—a statement which puzzled me much. That my poor friend had been murdered was clear, but how he had been so I could not make out. Fully six feet high, athletic, and bold as a lion, I was confident no party of natives, however numerous, would have dared to set on him. Yet that he had been foully assassinated was evident to me. My suspicions fell on the Portuguese boy, and I instantly ordered him to be arrested. Poor O'Haggarty, who heard the order given, looked up suddenly. "By all that's holy, I wish I had only the dressing of him for half an hour, and I'd die content," burst from him. This convinced me my surmise was correct.

I now urged Peter to tell me how the matter had occurred. After some little trouble I persuaded him to repeat it to me, but not till the room was cleared, and I was left alone with him.

"You must know, my dear fellow, either I lift, I went to sup at Loll's the Portuguese. Well sure she began upbraiding me, and bothering me about her cousin, had luck to the rascal till I almost lost my patience, although I had a sort of snaking kindness for her; so you see I kept my temper soft and daisy-like. Alther supper, says she, 'here you seen the new star?' 'Not I, says I.' 'Go and look at it,' says she, pointing to the balcony, which like all the other balconies in the Loll Bazaar, is a mere slab of marble without any railing to it. 'What will you give me if I do,' says I. 'A kiss,' says she. 'Done,' says I, and out I went. 'Faith before I had well stepped on it, I felt a push. It was her I had been saying swate things to, and as I had drunk more than one glass of

brandy and water, I was rather top heavy; so before she could repeat it, I fell headlong into the street, a fall of about twenty feet, and before I could rise or know whether I was kilt or not, the rascally Portuguese boy, with four other scoundrils, jumped upon me, and bated in my ribs with thick clubs, and there's all I know about the matter, except that the doctor says I can't live till morning; and so God bless you, my boy, and say kind things to those who liked me."

I recalled the persons into the room. With them came the officers of justice and the Portuguese boy who had been seized.

"Here's your murderer, is it not so?" pointing to the now trembling wretch.

"Sure it is."

"You'll swear to it?" demanded the officer of the police.

"To be sure I will. Peter O'Haggarty's word and his oath were always equal."

"You'll sign, then, this deposition, which will of course convict him."

"And if he's convicted what'll they do with him?"

"He'll be hanged."

"Whew!" whistled the dying man, "and will that do me any good? Dence o' me will put my hand to paper to take the life of a fellow being. If he stood before me till I could bate him to a jelly, or a fair stand up duel with pistols, I'd show you how I'd sarve him. But to become an approver will never do for Major Peter O'Haggarty. I've lived with honour, and I'll die with honour, although the rascal has taken unfair advantage over me. He has murdered my body but he shall never murder my principles. Bad luck to ye, ye blackguard; stand out of the light, sure I cannot see my friends. My eyes are growing dim. God bless you all! No, no, I'll not turn approver. May be the spalpeen may live to repent," and with these words one of the noblest and best of fellows, though one of the most eccentric that ever existed, fell back upon his pillow and expired.

LIVE THEM DOWN.

Calumnies are as old as our race. Satan began them in Paradise. He is well named—accuser. He is the father of lies and of liars. There are different ways in which those who are calumniated seek to put down the false and inurious reports. Some render railing for railing. They are foolish enough to vie with their detractors in taunts and revilings. It is a miserable resort. If you are very much excited by evil reports, and descend to retaliation, you at once raise the suspicion that there is some truth in what your enemies say of you. Conscious innocence does not stoop to recrimination.

Some affect a supercilious indifference respecting the evil that is said of them. They assume an independence which is not wholly consistent with a modest appreciation of one's self. They who care not what is said respecting themselves, are not likely to live above merited reproach. The only virtuous and good are far from being indifferent to what may injuriously affect their reputation.

Some prosecute their defamers. They go into a civil court to establish their innocence. Perhaps this is sometimes necessary; but, I think it is a measure of doubtful expediency. It probably seldom occurs that a slander suit improves any person's character. The motives of prosecution are usually supposed to be revengeful. A truly worthy person will not be easily persuaded to go before judges, jurors, lawyers, and a crowd of spectators, to prove his character.

Some are at great pains to contradict all false rumours. Such often have their hands full of business. The more notice you take of slanderers, the more industriously will they defame you. They are a class of persons who have very little character, and are right glad of an opportunity to attract some notice by attacking those whose names are associated with respect.

Is there not a far better way than any of those? "Not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing; but contrariwise blessing." "For so is the will of God, that with well doing you may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men." Nothing else will so effectually silence slanderers. Let your life contradict their falsehoods, and you will have no need to defend your character. There is something noble, dignified, lovely in the silence of conscious innocence, when the tongue of detraction is carping and slandering. There is something Christ-like, when they who are reviled revile not again; and when they bless those who persecute them, and say all manner of evil against them falsely. There is a homely proverb that "he who spitteth against the wind, spitteth in his own face." It is so with him who epits venom against the character of the innocent and virtuous. All the assaults of his malice recoil on his own head. Be not disturbed by him. Let him have his own way, and your innocence and his infamy will both be made apparent. It may cost some trial of your patience, but that will be a profitable exercise. Your name may for a brief season, be under the cloud; but it will shortly appear brighter than before. Possess your soul in patience. Move quietly and steadily onward in an upright way, and fear not the evil which is aimed at you. "Who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?" No one. There may be those who will try to injure you. They may be the more inimical towards you for the very reason that they cannot provoke you to be revengeful. Be it so, if it must. "Commit the way unto the Lord: trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass; and he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noon-day."—N. Y. Evangelist.

EFFECTS OF STOVES UPON HEALTH.

All experience has demonstrated their debilitating influence upon the nervous system; and nothing is more true than that the mind sympathizes with the body in all its derangements. Our old men remember when the aggregate of good health was far above its present standard; when men and women could endure twice the fatigue they can now; and when consumption, the present scourge of the North, and New England in particular, was

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