

sides, I saw I had one good chance in my favor, for, luckily for me, they had outridden one another a good deal.

"Well, you see, the first chap was within a few yards of me, when I covered him sure and fired. The bullet struck him in the head, near the eye, I think, and he gave me no more trouble—he threw up his arms, his horse swerved, he wavered from side to side, and rolled out of his saddle, about twenty yards from me, with a crash like a blacksmith. His comrade was just within reach of me as he fell; this second one was a big, black-bearded fellow; he came on, with his white teeth set and his sword raised, and as his horse half pulled up to jump over the dead one in front of me, I thrust the bayonet of my piece into its chest up to the muzzle.—The poor beast never rose at the leap, but its fore-legs seemed to double under it, and it rolled over the dead horse, carrying me to the ground before it, and falling heavy on its rider. I was on my legs again immediately, tugging at my musket to get it out of the carcase, but as ill-luck would have it, the bayonet had got crossed, or, as I thought, jammed amongst the bones somehow, and in the hurry of the moment I didn't see how, and couldn't free it. I was quite defenceless, and thought it was all over with me when the third one galloped up, and reached me this cut across the face. I gave another despairing tug at my musket, but with no better success; it felt as if fixed in a vice; when the Frenchman gave me his second across the arm here. Half blinded with blood, and feeling savage as a tiger, I quitted my piece, turned round, and sprang at him, trying to close and grapple with him or his horse, I didn't know which, when I felt the point of his long sword among my ribs, and that's a sensation that brings a man down at once. All this didn't take longer in doing than I've taken in telling it. When I fell, the Frenchman galloped off, I dare say thinking that he had settled my accounts out and out, and I wasn't sure about the same myself at first. But although hurt severely, I wasn't quite helpless yet. I lay on the ground for some time faint and giddy, but gradually getting better, staggered to my feet again in time to get out of the way of a regiment of our own cavalry that passed at a quick trot. I felt weak, but had all my wits about me; and binding up the wound in my arm the best way I could with my handkerchief, I set about to recover my musket, and by pulling in the right direction it came out easily enough.—The second cuirassier still lay groaning or swearing, with his left leg under the horse; I think his leg must have been broken in the fall, or he would have been able to disentangle himself; but I did not think of that at the time. When he saw me recover my weapon, he made fresh efforts to free himself, and begun to speak fast, asking mercy or quarter, as I supposed. His face was pitiful enough now; but I recollected it looking very different, and felt savage and thirsty for his blood. 'You shall have the kind of mercy you and your comrades wanted to show me,' said I; and I put the bayonet through his neck. I shall never forget the look he gave me as I did it! When in hospital afterwards, all through many a long feverish night, I fancied I saw his upturned eyes looking at me from the ground at my bedside. I felt I was doing wrong as the bayonet was passing through him; for he was disarmed and helpless in my hands; but he was dead before I could wish it undone again; and God forgive me if I wasn't justified in taking his life.

"I went back to poor Joe Watkins after this, and found him quite dead. He lay on his face, poor fellow, with one arm over his head, as if he was fast asleep. I thought the dragoons had ridden over him, but if they did, they hadn't touched him as he lay. I looked at him for the last time, and then hastened away to rejoin my regiment if possible, and if not, to get to the rear as well as I could; but I hadn't gone far when my giddiness got the better of me: I stood holding on by a broken gun carriage for some time, and then fainted. A corporal of the 69th was sitting beside me when I came too again; he had been wounded himself, and was passing to the rear, when he recognized me and stopped. He told me the battle was over and the French beaten out of the field. He went away, promising to send two men to help me in, and

was as good as his word, otherwise my wounds wouldn't have been dressed till next day, and that might have been too late, for they didn't stop bleeding till I got into the doctor's hands. I was then sent on to Brussels, but there was no accommodations there for us; every place was already full, and the wounded were lying in the passages, and even in the streets in some places; so I was boated off with a lot more to Antwerp, where I remained in hospital till the end of September, when I was sent to England, and some time after claimed my discharge and came home here."

"You was then still a young man," said I; "why did you leave the service before you was entitled to a pension?"

"I had only ten years' service, and claiming my discharge, of course got no pension," rejoined Harvey; "but I thought I had had enough of soldiering, and although I may have sometimes wished myself back among my old comrades, still I shouldn't regret having left the 69th, for my only brother died whilst I was in hospital at Antwerp, and I returned to take care of mother and his farm, till she died, and the children grew up to manage their own affairs."

#### ABSURD CALCULATIONS.

Every now and then—and at pretty regular intervals—we come, in the newspapers, upon an elaborate table, making known to us the immense sum we might realize by foregoing cigars and tobacco, mint juleps, or theatres, or something else in the small expenditure line. In other words, we are told if we should lay by six-pence a day, and put it out at interest for forty years, we might come into possession, at the time we were about sixty or seventy years old, of some twenty or thirty thousand dollars. This is certainly a very agreeable prospect for enterprising men—but it has one or two little drawbacks worth noticing. In the first place, the little problem we refer to, requires for a successful solution, that the six-pence aforesaid should be invested at compound interest. Now, we are not acquainted with any bank, broker, or other corporation, or gentleman in the money business, who have made arrangements to take sums of that amount on deposit. If we could find a stock jobber of an extraordinary imagination—a little hard up for a drink—we might perhaps persuade him to accept a loan of that amount on deposit, but how it is to be effected in the ordinary course of dealing we are not sufficiently familiar with the market to see just at the present time. In the second place the tables in question (so accurately prepared) go upon the ingenuous supposition that man is especially constructed for a six-penny saving machine, and that the gratification of his natural functions is a foolish and idle perversion of the original design. To save six-pence a day, it is taken for granted, is the sole end and purpose of his being. If he had been formed of wood, cast iron, or sheet tin, like a child's money-box, this would be an exceedingly plausible theory, but as he happens to have a heart, a pulse, tongue, and two or three other lively appliances, he is very apt to forget the necessity of laying by six-pence a day, and clapping an extinguisher upon all his faculties and enjoyments, while the investment is accumulating at compound interest, in some imaginary and impossible bank.

Were we disposed to deal further with our profound and far-seeing table-makers, we should humbly suggest that some men would like to have a little return for their economy some time this side of seventy, when we would suppose, according to the Psalmist's computation, that promissory personal notes drawn upon this world, are very likely to run out. To have twenty thousand dollars just when you don't want it, is neither mercantile nor religious, nor even plain common sense; it is good husbandry neither for the present nor the next world. Thrift is very well in its way; without economy of some kind or other, no man can make sure of a day's peace or happiness; but vague and impracticable propositions for saving, like these oft repeated calculations of the newspapers, are likely to bring discredit upon everything in the name of economy. By presenting impossible and unbusiness-like statements, they discourage the young from the very idea of prudence, and drive them abroad into a still freer indulgence in the very expenses they are meant to warn them from. Figures (as a great philosopher once said) do sometimes make awful blunders.

Cornelius Mathers.

#### THE ROMISH CONTROVERSY.

The zeal with which Roman Catholic priests defend and promote their tenets, and the blind obedience which the great majority of the laity show to the assumption of their priests, clouded and sanctified as it is by the imposing antiquity of "the Church," is no reason why we should succumb to their authority when such authority is opposed to reason, to sound philosophy, and to the religion which they claim to monopolize.

In the earlier disputes between the Protestants and the Roman Catholics, the Protestants laid great stress upon the *Bible*—the Romans upon the *commentators*; and hence the dispute could never come to a conclusion, as both argued from *data* which the others would not admit. But one great result remained to the Reformers which the others absolutely rejected—"the liberty of thought and the right of private judgment." This is the corner-stone of Protestant dissent; and this the Roman Catholic Church has endeavoured, by every means within her power, to suppress and to annihilate. But, when the improvement, of the human mind consequent upon the discovery of printing made the struggle more violent between the two religions, and the Pope was obliged to summon a council at Trent to reconcile or decide the differences, the old argument was revived of the *Bible* being the sole authority on the one hand, and of the referential authority of the fathers on the other. As both argued from *data* mutually inadmissible, the Protestants took the strong ground that belief in Christ was the sole requisite, and that a sincere faith in Christ would be followed by corresponding works; that all virtue was comprised in the Ten Commandments, and in doing unto others as we should wish that others should do unto us. The Romans contended equally for the principle of faith, but that good works were essentially necessary, and might be carried even to a superfluous extent; and of those good works "the Church" was to be the judge.

But what are good works? Was it the massacre of Saint Bartholomew? And yet of this "the Church" approved at Rome. Was it the revocation of the Edict of Nantes? This was entirely at the instigation of the priests. Was it the expulsion of the Moors from Spain?—This was entirely also a religious movement. But they cannot repeat this now: therefore "the Church" is not infallible. But, if "the Church" had now the power, has it the will? Then the Church is not immutable. The "justification by faith" is, therefore, the second ground upon which the Protestant meets the Roman.—But there is still a stronger ground. Our Saviour says—and so says sound philosophy and common sense—"Ye shall know them by their fruits" (Matt. vii. 16. 20). No Roman pretends that these words are not in St. Matthew, and that our Saviour did not use them. They are in every manuscript and in every translation.

Look to Spain and Portugal, the lowest of all nations in proportion to their natural means and magnificent territory! Look to France, where Romanism was followed by Atheism, and where a revolution occurred from which with all her advantages, she has not yet recovered! Look to Belgium, whose priestly zeal has deprived the finest soil and the happiest rivers of the colonies which give wealth to Holland and make her the second commercial country of our globe. Look to Italy, where ignorance and beggary are a standing criterion of sacerdotal tyranny triumphing over climate and abundance. Look to Ireland, where "mendacity" and "mendacity" are become national characteristics!—Look to South America, where every thing is stationary but the concurrence of abortive revolutions. On the other hand, look to England and to Scotland, where Protestant liberty is synonymous with wealthy intelligence and prosperity! Look to Switzerland and its contrasting Protestant and Romish Cantons! Look to Holland where religious toleration enables her to improve her trade and silently to speed her sails over every sea! Look to Hamburg, Bremen, Sweden, Denmark, and the United States of North America, where the rapid development of the resources of man forms a fine contrast with the unintelligible confusion of the ascendancy of "the Church of Rome" in the south! Protestants have, therefore, three grounds upon which the Romanists can never meet them—first, the right of private judgement; secondly, the justification by faith alone; thirdly, the state of those countries where priestly power predominates on the one hand and perfect toleration prevails on the other—*Church & State Gaz.*

#### All Sorts of Paragraphs.

The commonest and coarsest clocks mark the hours; it is only those which are made with the greatest art that mark the minutes. So ordinary minds feel the difference between simple probability and an entire certainty; but it is only the delicate minds which feel the greater or less certainty or probability, and who mark, that is to say, the minutes of their feelings.

Some exchange paper illustrates the advantages of a "division of labor" by the following anecdote:—

A certain preacher was holding forth to a somewhat wearied congregation, when he lifted up his eyes, to the gallery, and beheld a youngster pelting the people below with chestnuts.—Dominie was about to administer *ex cathedra*, a sharp and stringent reprimand for his flagrant act of impiety and disrespect, but the youth, anticipating him, bawled out at the top of his voice—

"You mind the preaching, daddy, and I'll keep 'em awake!"

"Barney where have you been?" "To widow Mulloney's ball, and an illigant time we had of it,—four fights in fifty minutes and a knock down with the watchman that left but one whole nose in the house, and that belonged to the tea kettle. Be-dad, the likes were never seen since we waked old Donnelly." From these remarks it will appear that some people's ideas of the "illegant" differ somewhat from others.

YANKEE COURTSHIP.—A love-sick swain broke a wish-bone with his "heart's queen," somewhere in New Hampshire.

"Now what did you wish, Sally?" demanded Jonathan, with a tender grin of expectation.

"I wish I was hansum," replied the fair damsel, "hansum as Queen Victory."

"Jerusalem! what a wish!" replied Jonathan "when you're hansum, nuff neow. But I'll tell yer what I wished, Sally, I wished you was locked up in my arms, and the key was lost!"

We heard the other day a good story of a Connecticut parson. His country parish raised his salary from \$300 per annum to \$400. The good man objected for three reasons. Said he—"1st, because you can't afford to give more than three hundred dollars. Second, because my preaching isn't worth more than three hundred. Third, because I have to collect my salary, which heretofore has been the hardest part of my labors among you, and if I have to collect an additional hundred it will kill me!"

The following is an extract from the argument of a young lawyer before a Mississippi Justice:—

"May it please the Court—I would rather live for thirteen hundred centuries on the small side of a thunderbolt—chew the ragged end of a flash of lightning—swallow the corners of a Virginia worm fence, than be thus bamboozled by these gentleman."

'De congregashun vil plesh to sing the von thousand and tow'th psalm said a Dutch Parson as he gave out the morning hymn. 'There are not so many in the book, responded the chorister.' 'Vel den plesh to sing so many as tare be.'

When you are addressing blockheads be as gradiloquent as possible—for the less such people understand, the more profound they think you are. In a vacuum, recollect feathers fall as fast as guineas. Members of the Legislature will please look at that.

Remember, that if you marry for beauty, thou bindest thyself all thy life for that which perchance will neither last nor please thee for one year; and when thou hast it, it will be to thee of no prize at all—for the desire dieth when it is attained, and the affection perisheth when it is satisfied.

"Mind, John, if you go out in the yard you will wish you had stayed in the house."

"Well, if I stay in the house I will wish I was in the yard—so where is the great difference, dad?"